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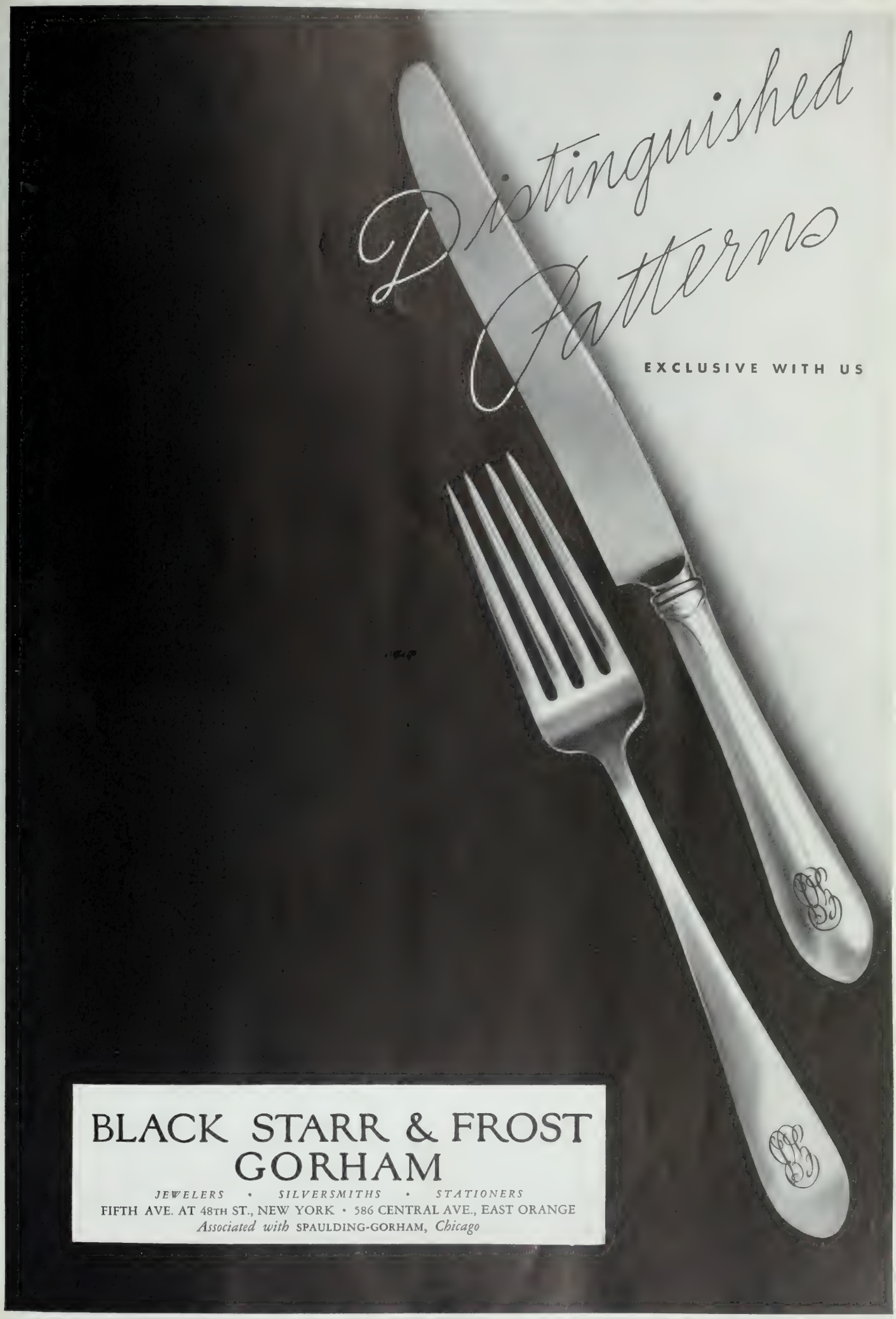
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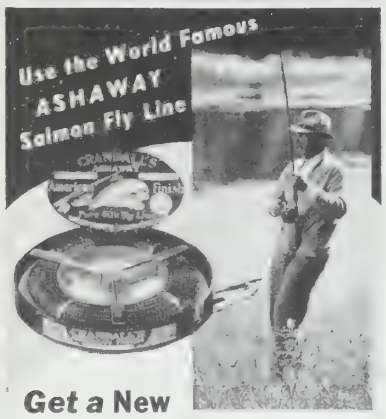

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Country Life & The Sportsman, May, 1938, Vol. LXXIV, No. 1. Published monthly at Erie Avenue, F to G Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., by the Country Life-American Home Corporation. W. H. Eaton, President-Treasurer. Henry L. Jones, Vice-President. Jean Austin, Secretary. Executive, Editorial and Advertising headquarters, 444 Madison Avenue, New York. Subscription Department, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York. Branches for advertising only: 248 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.: Archer A. King, Inc., 410 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; A. D. McKinney, 915 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.; W. F. Coleman, Henry Building, Seattle, Wash.; W. F. Coleman, 485 California St., San Francisco, Calif.; W. F. Coleman, 530 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Copyright, 1938, by the Country Life-American Home Corporation. All rights reserved. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. Subscription price $5.00 a year; 2 years $6.00; foreign postage $2.00 a year. Entered as second class matter at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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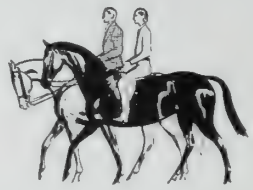

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Fox Hunting

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WE WILL start from the good old days of handlebar moustaches and mutton whiskers when the gentle folk dashed through the brown London fog around Hyde Park behind a spanking team, with the wind sweeping up off the gray Thames whistling in their whiskers, and those glorious beavers fairly singing in the breeze, as hirsute horsemen chirped through their spinach-like foliage to their pounding Clevelands—sporting gentry, each bearing a fractional acre of herbage luxuriously growing on his chin and making the alfalfa of the Smith Brothers' beavers look like the Dust Bowl. For as Sir Alfred Pease, the world's greatest authority, says, "during the height of the London season hundreds of pairs of these magnificent animals might be seen in Hyde Park every afternoon." Real hunters are as scarce in America as the proverbial Plymouth Rock's dentures. The following two comparative tables of their respective qualifications will throw some light on the reason for this hunter shortage. The Thoroughbred has for generations been bred for the following, as compared with the average hunter:

The Thoroughbred: to carry seldom more than 100 lbs. at only a dead run for usually a mile or less on a level and manicured track a dozen races a year.

The Average Hunter: to carry 200 to 300 lbs. at all gaits, walk, trot, and gallop for 30 to 40 miles a day (average pace 7 miles an hour times say 5 hours) over ground which is practically never level, over fences, ditches, rocks, gullys, plough, etc. 75 to 100 times a year. And on top of all this, not kick hounds, not pull, respond to the aids, and a lot of other qualifications.

From the above it will be seen that it is only an exception in Thoroughbreds which can make a really satisfactory good weight carrying hunter.

In desperate attempts to get both size and quiet dispositions in hunters all kinds of crosses with the Thoroughbred have been tried, from Percherons to common farm mares. Obviously, however, this type of breeding is a wild gamble. The blood lines on one side are either entirely unknown, or else the two lines are of two extreme differences. This to our minds is the strongest argument of the Cleveland Bay breeders, namely the fact that they have a purebred animal to use for the cross, and in addition an animal which already carries a slight infusion of Thoroughbred blood. This was when the name became the New Cleveland Bay. Previously they had the Yorkshire Coach Horse, the Old Cleveland Bay, the Yorkshire Bay, the Yorkshire Bay Coach Horse, the Cleveland, the Old Cleveland, the New Cleveland, the Improved Cleveland, the Cleveland Agricultural, the Cleveland Coach Horse, and the Cleveland Bay—in fact, about everything under the sun except the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce.

The American Remount Association which took over the Genesee Valley Halfbred Stud Book upon the death of its founder, Mrs. Wadsworth, made a great move in opening the Anglo-Cleveland section for foals by a Cleveland Bay sire out of Thoroughbred mares. Among the many sportsmen who use this cross is Mr. Claude Parkinson of Roto Rua, New Zealand, who has his own private pack of hounds. All the jumping is the characteristic dread New Zealand wire fences referred to in Mr. Haines's "Hunting in Australia" last month. In a letter Mr. Parkinson says, "I am quite convinced that the Cleveland Bay Thoroughbred cross is the cross for weight carrying hunters, but you will not in my opinion get anything like the certain results by using the Thoroughbred sire on the Cleveland Bay mare that may be anticipated in the case of the Cleveland Bay sire and the Thoroughbred mare. These hunters are sensible, good-mannered and bold, but brainy in the hunting field, and, as you can see from the photograph, are up to any weight." The photograph unfortunately was a bit too foggy to try and get by our esthetic art director as the focus was somewhat fuzzy, and the down under Cleveland merely resembled a leaping spiritualistic ectoplasm.

It is an interesting characteristic that unlike the Thoroughbred, which breeds only true in color in chestnuts, the Clevelands could at an early stage be relied on for the characteristic rich bay color with black mane, tail, and legs. The Thoroughbred cross most significantly was of the vintage of four mile races and upwards, and weights which would today be regarded as more fitting for wrestlers than jocks. Then from the Cleveland cross comes the natural ability of the coach horse to trot, as this is a gait which can cover ground fairly fast and with less effort than a gallop, which is the Thoroughbred's natural gait. This is illustrated by the U. S. Army Cavalry schedule of twenty-five minutes trotting each hour interspersed with walking, leading, and a five minute rest period, and with no galloping. The weight carrying ability of the Cleveland Bays, no doubt, comes from the "Chapman" horses from which they were descended. The word "Chapman," meaning peddler, is derived from Chepe Man, as many of the peddlers purchased their wares in Chepeside or Cheapside market. The pack horses of the East Riding of Yorkshire were greatly sought after by the peddlers on account of their outstanding ability to carry heavy loads, and hence came to be known as Chapman horses.

CLEVELAND BAYS. Some of the Cleveland Bays' exploits included carrying 16 stone 16 miles in an hour, and Peirson's Plato trotted 18 miles within the hour carrying 18 stone. A stone being 14 pounds, this makes a weight of 252 pounds. Another Cleveland carried seven hundred pounds sixty miles in twenty-four hours, four times a week, and "a Cleveland left London with a man on his back, and reached York on the evening of the third day, continued his journey on the same evening another forty miles to Yarm; rested there and mounted at 6:00 A.M. and gone on to Darlington (another 8 or 9 miles) and, when put into (*Continued on page 24*)

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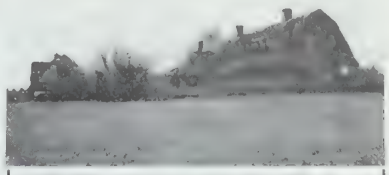

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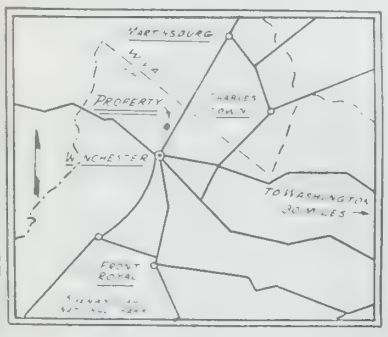

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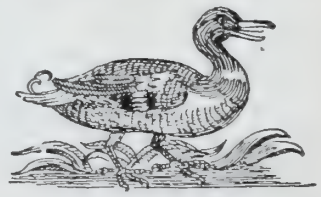

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DOG STARS

Poodles . . . Origin . . . Clipping . . . Wins . . . Fanciers

Edited by VINTON P. BREESE

BECAUSE of the rapid rise of the Poodle in popularity, the success of certain individual dogs in variety competition within the past few years, and the unfamiliarity of the general public with the breed in its several sizes, colors, and utility, some comment upon these particulars and the breed in general seems appropriate at this time. At the recent Westminster Kennel Club exhibition, held in Madison Square Garden, Poodles numbering eighty-eight, an advance from fifty at last year's renewal, registered the greatest proportionate gain of any breed represented and a similar increase has been evidenced in recent registrations with the American Kennel Club. So, at the present time, the Poodle has not only equaled the heyday of its popularity of about thirty years ago but has far exceeded it and promises to continue forging forward. Indubitably much of this rocketing rise in popularity is due to the energetic and concerted efforts of the breeds' sponsors who have extensively brought it to public notice in news print, moving pictures, advertising, the importation of famous foreign dogs, et cetera. But, primarily, it was because of the Poodle's intelligence, versatility, utility, equable and affectionate disposition, and other favorable characteristics which are found in this one of the very best breeds of "man's best friend."

Although the exact origin of the Poodle is unknown, it is supposed by some authorities to have originated in Germany where it was known as the *Pudel* or *Canis Familiaris Aquatius*. The latter term, of course, connects the breed with the large family of water dogs which includes the Spaniels. Incidentally, the present day resemblance between the Poodle and the Irish Water Spaniel is quite marked save that the latter is born with short hair on the face and the tail. Whether or not the Poodle originated in Germany, it has for many years been regarded as the national dog of France where it was commonly used as a retriever and as a traveling circus performing dog and was known as the *Caniche,* derived from *chien canne* or duck dog. The English name Poodle was doubtless derived from the German, *Pudel,* and the expression "French" Poodle was undoubtedly adopted because of the breed's great popularity in France. Despite the fact that the origin of the Poodle is unknown, it is not at all difficult to trace its history from very early times as nearly every work dealing with dogs describes the breed and it was noted for its retrieving capabilities, swimming powers, remarkable nose, and as an important member of the sporting dog group. Moreover, ever since those early times the Poodle has been a well-established breed, for, according to records and standards, it has scarcely changed at all in general appearance throughout the centuries and the various standards of the breed in different countries today are much alike.

HISTORY. Among the earlier writers to whom we are indebted for comment on the Poodle is Dr. Caius, about 1570, who mentions it as the "water spaniel or finder." Gesner, Aldrovandus, Cirino, Topsell give illustrations of the dog with the hindquarters clipped and a tuft of hair at the end of the tail. Later sporting prints appeared showing gunners shooting pheasants, partridges, ducks, and hares with clipped Poodles ready to retrieve. Gervase Markham, in 1621, deals in detail with, "The use of the Water Dogge and the manner of trayning them." Departing somewhat from his ancient diction, a brief resumé of his remarks describes the Poodle as a dog well known and of general use in England—to be of any color—the hair long and curled not loose and shaggy—head round—ears broad and hanging—eyes full and lively—teeth strong—body compact—ribs curved—belly gaunt—buttocks round—legs straight—feet full and round. He continues at length upon the clipping of the coat from the latter portion of the dog and stresses the points that because the hindquarters are deeper in the water than the foreparts the long hair becomes burdensome and its removal facilitates swimming, that the full coat left upon the forebody is sufficient protection against wet and cold, and that the clipping of hair from the legs permits more nimble action at all times. As to training, he advocates a course of fetching or retrieving sticks, staves, bags, then round stones and other objects more difficult to mouth and if the dog refuses he suggests that food be withheld.

This description of the Poodle by a writer of over three hundred years ago fits fairly well with present-day general type and is valuable in evidencing the long establishment of the breed. Bewick, Bingley, Taplin, and other writers around 1800 have furnished considerable interesting information on the breed. In these writings emphasis is placed upon the dog's attachment to the water, swimming powers, retrieving of aquatic fowl, keen sense of smell, and kindred characteristics. Rev. William Hamilton in 1784 describes the use of the dog by fishermen who when seining shallow streams for salmon had their dogs take a position to the seaward and turn the fish back toward the net. Thomas Bell tells a tale of the dog's keenness of scent and ability to find lost articles. A friend who had lost a *louis d'or* searched for it diligently but to no avail. Returning home late that evening he was informed by a sad-faced servant that his dog was ill and had not eaten but would not allow her food to be removed. No sooner had the master entered than the mysterious malady was cured. The *louis d'or* was in her mouth where she had held it all day and now having delivered it to her master she devoured her food with great gusto. So much for the early history of the breed.

DESCRIPTION. Regarding the unfamiliarity of the general public with the several sizes and colors of the Poodle be it stated that the breed is divided by size only and can be of any solid or even color. The sizes are the standard or large size, which must be fifteen or more inches in height at the shoulder with no maximum limit; the miniature or smaller size, which must be under fifteen inches in height at the shoulder; and the toy or smallest size which must be under twelve pounds weight. Incidentally, it is the generally accepted rule (*Continued on page 20*)

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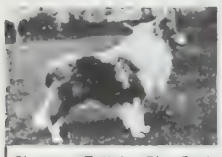

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that no specimen of any toy breed should actually exceed twelve pounds in weight, although this occasionally occurs and is passed over. This definitely describes the classification of sizes. Concerning color, it has been stated that any solid or even color is allowable. However, the skin of some of the best white specimens is pigmented; that is, it is pink with silver or gray markings or spots. Among many fanciers, especially in England, there is an increasing demand for these so-called "silver" or "blue" skinned white Poodles which describes not only a dark marked hide but frequently the tint to cover the entire dog and is the result of black outcrosses in the immediate preceding generations. The pure pink skin usually implies Albinism and successive mating of such specimens together is apt to produce light colored or dudley noses, light eyes, pink eye rims, and deafness, all of which are objectionable. All whites, blacks, blues, and creams or apricots should have dark or black eyes, noses, lips, and nails. The reds and browns may have dark amber eyes and dark liver noses, lips, and nails. The skin of the blacks and blues is either of a light bluish color or matches in a lighter shade the color of the coat. That of the reds, browns, and creams is likewise a lighter shade of the same color as the coat.

The coat of the Poodle should be profuse and consist of a dense woolly underjacket and a long harsh outer covering. Whether it is of a frizzed, curly, or corded character is largely a matter of choice and care. The present mode seems to favor the frizzed or fluffed out coat which permits the canine tonsorial artist to comb the hair out to a length of six or more inches, giving the dog a most unique and handsome hirsute adornment with the advantage of cleanliness. The curly coat must be kept of lesser depth else the curls are apt to mat or form into cylindrical cords. If the later type is desired, some artificial aid is necessary such as starting the curls to cord or twist with the thumb and forefinger. When the cords are fairly formed and of moderate length no more artificial manipulation is necessary as they will continue to twist and lengthen of their own accord until, according to the vitality of the coat, they reach unbelievable lengths. Due to the labor involved and to the fact that such coats seriously hamper the dog's action and are difficult to keep clean, corded Poodles have become less and less popular with fanciers until at the present time they are seldom if ever seen.

CLIPPING. There are several styles of clipping the Poodle, which are largely a matter of choice, but the most popular today are the English and the Continental. The English style is somewhat more elaborate and probably the more pleasing as it enjoys greater vogue in this country. It shows the latter third of dog, or from the last rib back for a short space clipped bare then a blanket or saddle of short curly hair left over the hips or rump and covering the hindquarters down to the stifle joint, then bare to a bracelet of longer hair just above the hocks, then bare again to another bracelet just above the feet, and the tail bare save for a large rosette or "puff ball" of hair at the end. The forelegs are clipped bare except for bracelets around the pasterns. The face is bare save for mustaches which are optional and an added touch is to comb the hair on the forehead back and secure pompadour style in order to show the eyes. The Continental style is similar except that the latter part of the dog is clipped bare with rosettes left over the hips instead of the short curly saddle. In bygone years instead of the rosettes or saddle over the hips it was customary to substitute fanciful designs such as crests, monograms, initials, and other emblems.

DIGNITY. Although the fashion of clipping the Poodle has frequently been criticized as artificial and detrimental to the dignity of the dog, it is of such ancient tradition, is so closely associated with the breed, and in many ways is so practical that it seems certain to continue. In fact one has

Walter Levick

Four owners tied for the COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN Perpetual Trophy for Obedience Tests. Left to right are three of the winning dogs: W. P. Pfeiffer's Ch. Schwartzpelz von Mardex U. D.; Thomas C. Marshall's Blackwater Boy C. D. X., an Irish Water Spaniel; and Miss Marie J. Leary's Ch. Anthony of Cosalta C. D. X., a German Shepherd as was the first dog mentioned. The fourth winner, Ch. Jill of Garastenna U. D., a German Shepherd also, owned by Dr. Compton, was not present

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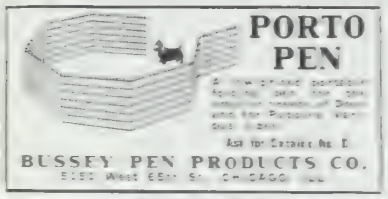

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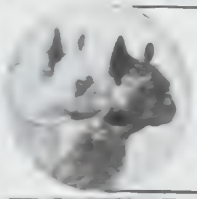

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only to become familiar with the Poodle to realize that its great natural agility, intelligence, and sportsmanship are not affected but rather enhanced by this unique and ancient style of barbering the coat. It has been remarked that this article was prompted by the rapid rise of the Poodle in popularity, the signal successes scored by certain individuals and the unfamiliarity of the public with the breed. The first count was partially dealt with when it was stated that the Poodle showed the greatest proportionate increase of any breed at Westminster from 1937 to 1938. To this may be added that the breed within the past five years, or from 1933 to 1938, has steadily advanced from twenty-four dogs to eighty-eight dogs at Westminster, and fanciers of the breed throughout the country have shown a proportionate increase. Regarding the last count, the unfamiliarity of the public with the breed, it is hoped that subsequent comment has been comprehensive and informative. And now, as to the middle count, or distinguished individuals of the breed. In long bygone years it was no unusual occurrence to see Poodles place high in variety competition, even unto best in show, but at this writing there is neither need nor space to recount individual instances. Suffice to say that such has been the case. Then the breed sank into a more or less lethargic condition and this continued until just a few years ago.

INDIVIDUALS. During these latter years the first really big noise the breed received was in 1934 when Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's imported white Ch. Nunsite Duc de la Terrace made his American debut at Westminster, won best of breed and best non-sporting dog and was runner-up for best in show. The following year, 1935, he carried on to win the premier prize, a triumph he had scored on eight other occasions, when he was retired from the show ring. In 1936 a puppy appeared which was destined to score a series of sensational successes and carry the breed to further heights of glamour and glory. This was Mrs. Milton Erlanger's home-bred, black Ch. Pilloow Rumpelstilskin, which during that year won eight group victories and in 1937 added twenty-nine more of the same and six best in show triumphs to win the American Kennel Clubs annual $250 prize for best American-bred dog of all breeds. His latest victory was best non-sporting dog and runner-up for best in show at Westminster 1938. Just after Duc appeared Mrs. Justin W. Greiss imported a beautiful white [illegible] Ch. Edelweiss de Labory, which scored numerous group and best in show successes.

WINS. At four of the last five Westminster shows Poodles have won best non-sporting dog, Duc in 1934, 1935 and 1936, and Rumpelstilskin in 1938. During this same period the breed has

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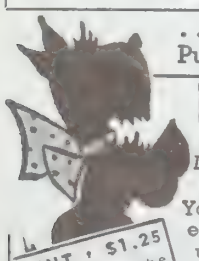

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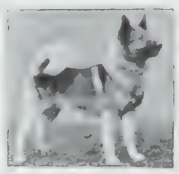

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won best sporting brace every year; Mrs. Whitehouse Walker's Pierette Labory and Stillington Claus in 1934; Mrs. Justin W. Greiss' Edelweis du Labory and Nunsoe Con Amore, 1939; Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Ambroise of Misty Isles and Blakeen Right Royal, 1936; Mrs. Walker's Carillon Celeste and Bon Coeur, 1937; and Mrs. Greiss' His Highness and Happy Choice of Salmagundi, 1938. In 1936 and 1937 Mrs. Walker's Carillon entries also won best non-sporting team. At the present time some splendid home-breeds are hitting high in variety competition, Mrs. Hoyt's, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau having been best in show at New Haven, her third win of the kind, and her litter brother, Ch. Blakeen Eiger, runner-up for like honors at Baltimore. Mrs. Erlanger's Ch. Pillicoc Aplomb, best non-sporting dog at Boston, and several others are making it uncomfortable for renowned ringsters of all other breeds.

FANCIERS. In addition to the aforementioned fanciers others who have done much toward popularizing the Poodle are Miss Miriam Hall, whose Cartlane miniature swept the boards at Westminster, Miss Jean Walker, Miss Katherine Fisk, Mrs. Byron Rogers, Mrs. Robert Winthrop, Mrs. Douglas Sheppard, Mrs. Leo Brady, Mrs. D. K. Jay, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Sanborn, Mr. and Mrs. George Putnam, Mrs. W. French Githens, Mrs. T. Whitney Blake, Mr. Kaisley Blake, Mrs. Twachtman Pell, Miss Elizabeth Pell, Miss Mary McCreery, Miss Ann Hoguet, Miss Catherine Bredt, Mr. and Mrs. Francis V. Crane.

POODLE SHOW. Poodle fanciers will gather at Bernardsville, N. J., the day before the Morris and Essex for the first specialty show of the Interstate Poodle Club. A beautiful setting for the event has been provided on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Ogden H. Hammond. Mr. Hammond was formerly ambassador to Spain and he and Mrs. Hammond are greatly interested in Poodles through his niece, Mrs. W. French Githens, who is first vice-president of The Interstate Poodle Club and owner of the Ensarr Kennels. Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt, owner of Blakeen Kennels and secretary of the Club, announces many cash prizes and handsome trophies. Mrs. T. Whitney Blake is offering one hundred dollars in cash for the best Poodle in the show. Mrs. G. E. L. Boyd of England will adjudicate.

Fox hunting

(*Continued from page* 6)

the King's Head Stables, ate like a hawk." And the breed as a whole "has been known to do on the road seventy miles a day, six days a week." However, just as a white-faced bull established the color of the Herefords, and an unknown Rob Roy—the Clydesdales —so it was that The Hob Hill Horse with an unknown pedigree, stamped many generations of Clevelands. Of the blood sires the Stud Book considers the chief contributors: Manica (by the Darley Arabian) and Jalop (by Regulus, by the Godolphin Arabian, which was a Barb). . . . The Cleveland Bay quarter and the set of the tail is "pure Oriental." . . . This comes chiefly through Manica. The Thoroughbred has comparatively little Arabian blood and a great deal of Barb blood." Establishing the origin of the Cleveland Bay is like trying to trace the "original mares" from which the Thoroughbreds come. Few people realize that even "if you could extend completely a pedigree back to the twentieth generation, you would, in that generation alone, have to write down the names of 1,048,576 sires and mares."

The first Cleveland to come to America was imported by Col. R. H. Dulany of Loudoun County, Virginia, in 1856, and to encourage people to breed to him he offered a prize the next spring for the best colt. This was apparently the start of the Upperville Colt Show, the oldest horse show in America. Scrivington not only started the Upperville show but had the rollicking, amorous life of a traveling man during the Civil War. "Garner Peters, the colored groom who had charge of the stallion, in order to save him from the Yankees took him up into Pennsylvania, where he kept him during the period of the war, making a living for the horse and himself by breeding to the mares in the neighborhood. After the war he brought the horse back to Welbourne" where he sired many fine colts. Next came over Scrivington's son, Havelock, imported by Dr. John Woods of Holkham, Ivy Depot, Virginia, where for many years I visited Tatnall Lee. Then Dr. Woods arranged to buy a well-known English stallion Napier "who had won fifteen silver medals in England." He paid $6,000 and was told that his pride and joy would arrive "accompanied by one of the most experienced grooms in England." Over fifteen thousand people came to watch the horse get off from Liverpool. In spite of "the experienced groom" Napier strangled himself on the briny, and "all that reached Holkham was his halter and blanket, and the fifteen silver medals." However, Dr. Woods was a game chap, and succeeded in getting over safely a four-year-old stallion, Symmetry, which, on his way to his new home, picked up the blue ribbon at the Maryland State Fair. "His descendants were many and were all noted for their gentleness and safety." They had plenty of room as the Holkham fields averaged 175 acres apiece, and each field had its own name. The elder Mr. Woods had taken the estate with a debt of $30,000, and built it up to half a million dollars, sending all his children to the best schools and colleges on

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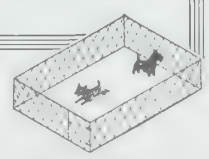

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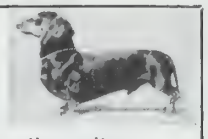

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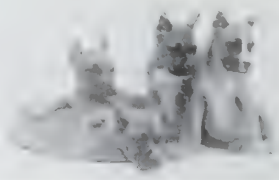

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The description of the Cleveland Bay way back in 1827 in the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal was the ideal one: "Height 16.1 to 16.2½. Good sloping shoulders, short back, powerful loins, long quarters, head rather plain, but well carried, the whole appearance denotes activity and strength combined in a manner not seen in any other breed." His action "is not remarkably high, but is the sort of action for getting over the ground." Color "bay, either light or dark, with black legs, clear of hair." White "save a small star or a few white hairs in the heel is not admissible, a blaze or a white foot proclaiming at once the admixture of foreign blood."

Time will, of course, tell the story, and it is only a shame that so much of the old Cleveland blood in Virginia has died out or disappeared. Meanwhile, with the present terrific premium on heavy weight hunters, it would seem sensible for hunter breeders to try the Cleveland Bay—Thoroughbred cross, especially when clean bred brood mares, with faults which do not hurt their breeding ability and with marvelous blood lines, can be picked up for a few hundred dollars.

BATTLESHIP, QUALIFIED FOXHUNTER. Thanks to the sensational press all literate Americans are doubtless aware that various weighty U. S. citizens won fabulous amounts on the Irish Sweepstakes, and if they persevered through the soul-revealing statements of the big winners, from the high man, viz., the dusky jewel who was "going to get drunk all alone," right on down, the patient readers would eventually have unearthed the fact that the horse's name was Battleship and that he was a son of Man O' War and was owned by Marion duPont Scott; but three interesting points which the gentle reader would not have gleaned were: one, that Battleship came off the flat track a crippled stake winner and was made to go sound by improved shoeing so he no longer toed out and no longer over reached, and was hunted by his guardian, the late beloved Noel Laing, with Sterling Larrabee's Old Dominion Hounds; and, two, that he was acclimated two years in England before the race; and, three, that the English, instead of being put back on their heels as some fiery journals would have it, had actually for years been hoping that an American horse would win and all my friends on the other side have corroborated this for years, because first, the English are fine sportsmen, and second, any change in a monotonous string of victories is good for any sport, just as an English nautical victory in the Cup Race would be desirable. And lest any think that Battleship is old at 11, they should remember Sergeant

WIRE FOXTERRIERS

Painting by L. W. Lucas

For fifteen years, Wildoaks has imported and bred the finest Wire Foxterriers in the world. The list of Champions and International Champions bearing the Wildoaks prefix is a very long one. Wildoaks dogs are known in the four corners of the globe for their superb quality. Therefore, if you wish to own or breed a dog of which you can be truly proud, come to Wildoaks.

Our famous studs are available and we will be pleased to send particulars upon request.

WILDOAKS KENNELS

MRS. RICHARD C. BONDY

GOLDENS BRIDGE **NEW YORK**

MAC SILVER • MANAGER

Murphy winning the Grand National at 13, and old Bess, Mr. Gates' Thoroughbred, who died recently at her Nebraska farm at the ripe age of 51, which in this battery-burning, angina pectoris, high blood pressure life of today, isn't, by any means, bad for a man, let alone for a horse.

CONSERVATION. Recently we have received dozens of clippings a week from small town papers in Ohio, Illinois, and Iowa which tell of the weird houndless foxhunts with clubs and shotguns, participated in by several hundred strange characters recruited from an apparent leisure class. Usually more people than foxes appear to be wounded. However the inflamed editors still bellyache about the "pests destroying chickens and game." The real foxhunters of those states should send their local press some of the data which has appeared of late in this golden treasury. To which can be added these pertinent facts: The head of the Game Commission of Kentucky has just liberated one hundred young red foxes in his state, which doesn't look as though he thought they were very harmful. Mr. Ralph King, Director of the Roosevelt Wildlife Station at Syracuse, and formerly scientist at the University of Minnesota, writing recently in the Journal of Forestry on Ruffed Grouse Management, states that "we know of only two instances where incubating hens have been killed by accidents or predators. . . . The several hundred nests for which we have records show nest destruction from all causes to be slightly less than three percent. Although we could not positively identify the predator responsible for each of these nest losses we do know that one was the work of a wild-ranging house cat, another was the result of red squirrel activity, and a third was the work of a woodchuck. . . . Losses of young birds due to predation are insignificant insofar as we have been able to determine."; another western state is importing foxes not for foxhunting, as this activity is practically nil in the state, but to help their game as various diseases have depleted their game as the natural balance of nature has been destroyed by trapping, and there are not enough foxes to kill off the diseased birds before the diseases are spread. We have brought out before that it is mostly diseased game that the foxes catch as such sufferers cannot escape them the way healthy specimens can. And as a strong believer in wildlife conservation this department sincerely hopes that Ding Darling's General Wildfire Federation had a sturdy response to its Restoration Week and really artistic stamps. And Raymond Deck's "Guest Book of Vermin" which appeared in our last month's issue should certainly carry the light into a great many dark places of bigoted ignorance and give food for thought to those who condemn certain forms of wildlife.

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Liberal Payment Plan To Responsible Parties.
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WHITEFISH BAY WISCONSIN

GERMAN SHEPHERD PUPS
(Police Dogs)
Whelped March 10, 1938; Black with tan markings. Sire: Von-Morse Lodge (Bred in Germany); Dam: Roxy vom Trollyheim (imported direct from Germany). Both dogs registered with American Kennel Club.
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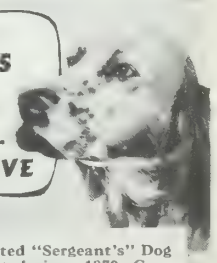

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Walter Leuck

Above: Mrs. Anthony A. Bliss handled Star Lea Skipper in the Spring Trial of the Long Island Retriever Field Trial Club. Right: Hiker's June and Ivor Knoll Spotty, a Pointer

George Turrell's MONTH IN THE FIELD

Cantor

RETRIEVERS JOCKEY HOLLOW LIBERATING BIRDS

It was good judgment on the part of the Long Island Retriever Field Trial Club and Chesapeake Club to modify their spring trials as they did. Continuing with either of these events in their original form would have meant that many of the good All-Age dogs would have been quarantined out of the trials, so giving championship points would have been quite unfair. Moreover, there was no point of running an unnecessary risk of spreading the streptococcus infection which descended on many of the kennels during the late winter and early spring, the situation being gravely serious as it was. However, this temporary drawback hasn't lessened enthusiasm for the sport in the least, and if there are still a few shreds of our civilization left in the fall there should be several new owners in the game and quite a few new dogs. As a matter of fact any of the breeds of retrievers should be a good investment in these troubled times, for when pandemonium reigns we can think of no finer companions. They are adaptable dogs and should be no end of help to their masters in foraging for food through the overgrown and deserted city streets.

The Chesapeake people abandoned their trial which was to be down in Maryland, as usual, on the R.R.M. Carpenter estate, but because of the keen disappointment of the local owners of Chesapeakes who had been eagerly training their dogs for the event, and especially for the local handlers stake which was to have been a part of it, this local stake was held anyway, though much later in the season. The Long Island Club limited their event to a members' non-winners stake, open to dogs which had never placed in a recognized open stake or first in a non-winners stake, and limited to amateur handlers, members, or their immediate families. It was held at Kilsyth the estate home of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Livingston at Huntington, Long Island, where there is excellent upland cover and a harbor with a strong tideway running into the sound for the water work. The judges were Messrs. Robert Morgan, Edward V. Ireland, and Henry P. Davis, famous as a judge of Pointer and Setter trials. The prospects for the trial were viewed with alarm beforehand, the lack of entries causing it to be cut down from two days to one, but luckily the chosen day proved to be a fine one, a good gallery turned out, and all in all the whole affair was so much better than anyone dared hope that under the circumstances it should be considered a great success. As a matter of fact the tests set for the dogs were much more strict than in this organization's fall meeting which, in our opinion, fell so far below the standards which were originally set for it.

Granted that many of the dogs didn't do as well with their amateur handlers as they might have with the professionals they are used to, still there were several exhibitions which would have done justice to any open all-age, and several dogs came into the limelight which may well be threats in any company at future trials. In particular we have in mind the two Labradors that got first and second—Meadow Farm Knight, owned and handled by Charles L. Lawrence, and Toff of Hamyax, the imported dog, owned and handled by E. Roland Harriman of trotting horse fame who is a new convert to the retriever game. Mr. Harriman did himself proud too, for he came exceedingly close to handling the winner of the trial—there wasn't a great deal of choice between either of these two dogs except that Knight had harder work to do which he did well, for he proved himself to be a dog with good eyesight and a great deal of persistence. His water work was really magnificent. His first bird was hit very lightly, if at all, and went sailing off far up the beach. It looked like an impossible bird to the guns so they gave him two more, a cripple and a dead bird. However, Knight had seen where the first bird went and got it after a long swim. He then proceeded to buck the tide out in the harbor to bring in both the dead bird and the crippled one, which dove repeatedly.

JOCKEY HOLLOW TRIAL. That field trial course on the public shooting grounds down at Clinton, New Jersey, has become famous, and one of the most important contributing factors to this fame is the Jockey Hollow trial which is held there every year. This, as you probably already know, if you are interested in Pointer and Setter trials, is very near the head of the list as far as the one course trials are concerned, and this year it came closer to the top than ever before. This spring they offered a thousand dollar guaranteed purse in the Open Free-For-All, which appealed to the professionals and resulted in a list of entries that looked like a "who's who" of the big time Pointers and Setters of the country. The crowd that came on Saturday and Sunday to see these dogs run must certainly have set a new attendance record for field trials of any kind. There was only one drawback; they shouldn't have attempted to make it a three-day trial with the huge entry they had. For, though they ran dogs from the crack of dawn until dark the Junior All-Age wasn't finished until late on Saturday and the Open which was started immediately after lasted until Sunday night. This meant that the Shooting Dog stake, also well filled, had to be run on Monday. This trial should have been started earlier in the week with the grand finale of the All-Age coming last and finishing on Sunday—perhaps another year if they offer "big money" again they'll do this. Incidentally the All-Age stake was quite a triumph for Dewey English, well-known professional handler—he not only won the stake with C. E. Eyster's Pointer Uncas Flying Devil, but was also the handler of Dr. Longsdorf's Garwood, placed second, and Dr. Longsdorf's Gee Whiz, placed divided third with Vestal Hills Laddie owned by Mrs. Couperthwaite. Three out of four is a pretty good average, especially with the competition that there was in that stake.

One of the reasons that New Jersey has so many successful field trials these days is because the state furnishes the birds, both quail and pheasants, for the trials. This removes a burdensome (*Continued on page 104*)

English and American Ch. Pennine Paramount of Prune's Own

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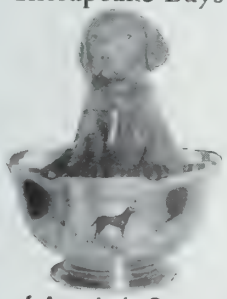

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These kennels have for years bred from an actual working strain and have been winners in Field Trials with their own strain of Spaniels. This is the only kennel in the world owning two Dual Champion Spaniels.

The above picture is of a three-generation family of Field Trial winners. This is the headquarters for good looking Cocker Spaniels and English Springer Spaniels that hunt and we have available broken dogs, Field Trial winners and puppies of working strains.

Heading the Cocker Kennel is *Dual Ch. Rowcliffe Hillbilly* (lower left hand corner of above picture). The Springer Kennel is headed by the thoroughly well-known *Dual Ch. Bozo's Bar Mate.*

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Only dual champion Retriever in America
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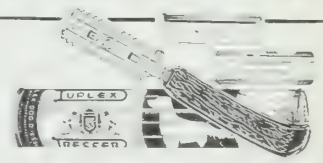

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ON THE COUNTRY ESTATE

Biltmore Dairy Farms

Edited by
GEORGE TURRELL

It isn't very often in these times that you hear of a dairy farm on a large estate that not only is run on a business basis but that is actually in the black at the end of the year. However, this is true of the Biltmore Dairy Farms, situated in the beautiful community founded by George W. Vanderbilt forty-three years ago near Asheville, North Carolina. Moreover, this magnificent herd of Jerseys has for the second year in succession set a national production record. This tremendous herd of approximately 500 Biltmore owned or supervised Jerseys is managed with super efficiency, being the foundation of a milk and ice cream business which is believed to be the largest privately owned dairy project in the country. The milk and ice cream plants are considered among the finest in the United States, and to give you an idea of their volume of business, in 1936 more than 1,000,000 bottles of Jersey milk, one half-million pounds of butter, and 150,000 gallons of ice cream went to market in Biltmore's own fleet of delivery trucks, all produced under such safeguards to protect their wholesomeness that rigid detailed inspections of the entire plant and barns are daily routine.

Not only does Biltmore produce a tremendous amount of milk at the farm but around one hundred North Carolina farmers with Jersey herds, supervised by Biltmore, sell milk to them. It is estimated that more than $300,000 is paid yearly to these farmer producers by the Biltmore Company, so not only is this institution a fine object lesson in dairying for the farmers of North Carolina but it furnishes a living for a very considerable number of people in the locality, either by employing them on the farm or by the purchase of milk from their own herds. The farm is still owned by members of the G. W. Vanderbilt immediate family. The Biltmore estate and the Farms, handled as the Biltmore Company, a corporation, is under the able direction of Judge Junius G. Adams, president of the corporation, and long prominent as an attorney and as legal representative of the Vanderbilt family in Asheville.

RECORDS. Back in 1936 the Biltmore Jerseys with 147 cows entered, almost 50% of which were under three years of age, broke the national and world's record for butterfat yield by an officially tested Jersey herd of more than 100 cows. In this test the herd averaged 389.48 lbs. of butterfat, 7,768 lbs. of milk per cow. In 1937, the records at this writing, having just been officially confirmed, they did it again by producing 1,304,884 lbs. of milk, 66,755 lbs. of butterfat in a one-year official production test, thereby breaking the records of all dairy breeds for size of herds tested and for total amount of milk produced by a Jersey herd as well as the record for the average per cow yield for Jersey herds of more than 100 cows. With 211 different cows entered in the test during the year, averaging 171.56 cows with an average of 147.14 cows milking daily, the Biltmore herd is the largest purebred dairy herd ever officially tested and the average production of 389.11 lbs. butterfat 7,606 lbs. milk per cow makes the new high for Jersey herds of more than 100. More than one quarter of the total number of cows in the test herd were first calf heifers when entered in the test. No other Jersey herd in the country has ever produced 1,000,000 lbs. of milk in a year and it is believed that few herds of any dairy breed have ever reached this peak of production, and certainly no other dairy herd of more than 200 cows has ever been officially tested.

Some of the cows were milked twice daily and others three times daily during the test. Several of them made individual records of above 500 lbs. butterfat, the highest being made by Eminence Ever Poetess 727225 which was entered in the test in her eleventh year, and in 293 days in milk produced 545.75 lbs. butterfat, 9,490 lbs. milk. Judge Adams says that the showing made by the Jerseys is most gratifying, in view of the fact that not a single cow was culled from the herd on account of production during the year's test. The previous year an error was made by culling some of the first calf heifers, so this mistake was carefully avoided in 1937. Judge Adams says that "we let the entire herd stand on its own feet through the year." However, there are some outstanding youngsters coming in this year which will eventually force out some of the low producers.

MANAGEMENT. This immense business was really started by Mr. Vanderbilt's gifts of Biltmore Jersey milk to persons who were ill, and to his friends. This soon led to repeated requests from an ever-growing group, thus starting the first deliveries from the estate. Mr. Vanderbilt's willingness to sponsor any project to benefit people in that section of North Carolina resulted in the present enterprise. The same principles of good will and the same policy of furnishing the consumer the most wholesome dairy products possible are maintained today. The steady progress made by the farm is proof of Judge Adams' enthusiastic interest in the cattle, while the practical gains of the herd's production and the profit made by the entire farm are additional testimonials to his wise directions and the excellent work of Everitt D. Mitchell, General Manager of the Biltmore Dairy Farms, who came there several years ago after a most successful managership of Forsgate Farms in New Jersey.

Each department of the dairy farm is in charge of someone particularly equipped by training and experience for the work. George M. Wallis, associated with Biltmore for more then ten years, is farm director supervising the operation of the 2,500 acre farm which produces the feed and pasture for the herd. He also plans the feeding ration for the herd, the general supervision of which comes under his direction. Arthur M. Towe, for more than thirty years active in the Biltmore work with Jerseys and the first hersdmen, is now herd statistician and devotes his entire time to the important job of keeping the extensive herd records. John Wood, formerly of England, is herdsman and directly in charge of the care and milking of the great herd. Dr. M. M. Leonard, veterinarian, supervises the health of the herd and is definitely instructed, according to Mr. Mitchell, that under no circumstances is any animal to come into the herd, or be retained in it if not one hundred per cent healthy. For more than twenty years the herd has been free from tuberculosis and is entirely clear from Bang's disease and mastitis. Two laboratories are maintained on the estate, one completely equipped for work on disease control and the other for testing the milk and dairy products.

FEEDING. The feeding of the herd and the cultivation of the feed crops are of basic importance in any dairy, and at Biltmore are very closely related to the success of the herd, for the farm is an outstanding example of the use of scientific methods and of profit making. Not a single barren field is to be found on the place, as every attempt is made to preserve the soil by preventing erosion and providing a firm turf in the pastures, for much of the land borders the French Broad River for six or more miles, which at times has overflowed. Some of the finest temporary and permanent pastures in the South have been developed in the fertile bottom lands, most of them of small acreage and each fertilized and planted according to the soil requirements. Also all of the pastures are provided with a supply of water. Such an efficient system has been worked out that pasturage time has now been increased seventy-five days or approximately two and a half months over the usual period. Mr. Wallis has devoted years to perfecting the pastures and Judge Adams estimates that in season they are worth $45 a day in feed value.

During the past five or six years Mr. Wallis has been able to forecast the amount of feed required so closely (*Continued on page 104*)

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Just as "a man is known by the company he keeps," so the estate becomes known by its selection of FENCE . . . for instance—

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The GRAND NATIONAL—1938.

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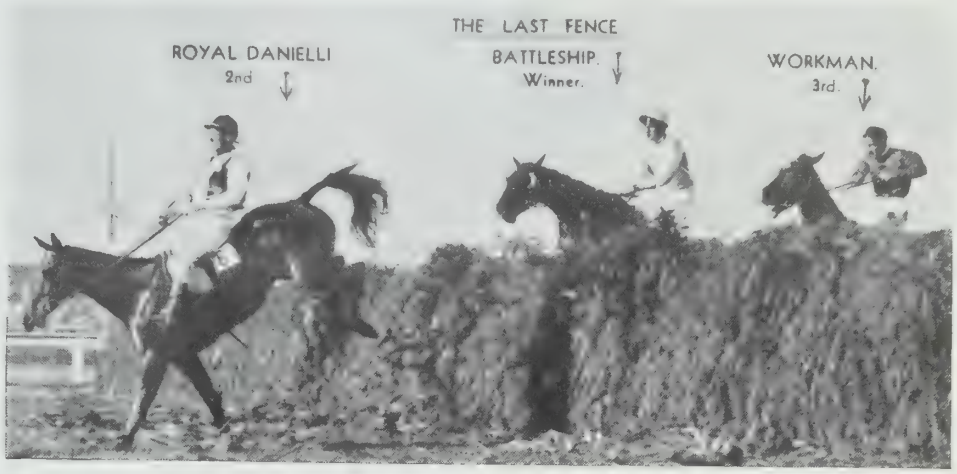

Mr. REG. HOBBS the Trainer of "BATTLESHIP," *writes as follows:—*
March 28th, 1938.

". . . . I have used **"Kossolian"** for 15 years for both Hunters and Horses in Training and cannot speak too highly of it. **"Battleship"** had it regularly right up to the day of the Race.
I have also found **"Aintree" Liniment** excellent for keeping the Legs fresh."

Mr. RUTTLE the Trainer of "WORKMAN" *writes:—*
March 29th, 1938.

". . . . I am a great believer in your **"Kossolian"** having used it for several years, and all the Horses under my care get it regularly. It makes them eat their Feed with relish, and when new Horses come in I notice they show the benefit of **"Kossolian"** after a couple of weeks.
I feel sure **"Kossolian"** was a great help in getting **"Workman"** fit for the Grand National."

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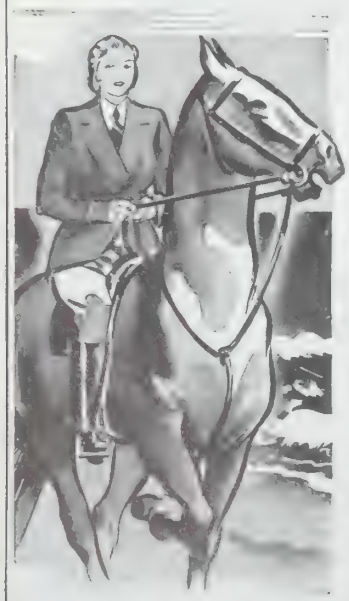

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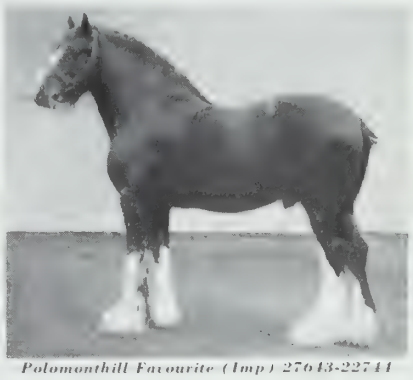

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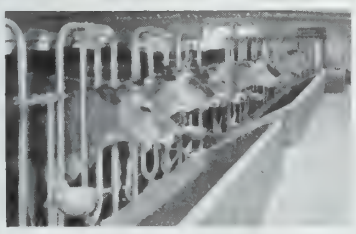

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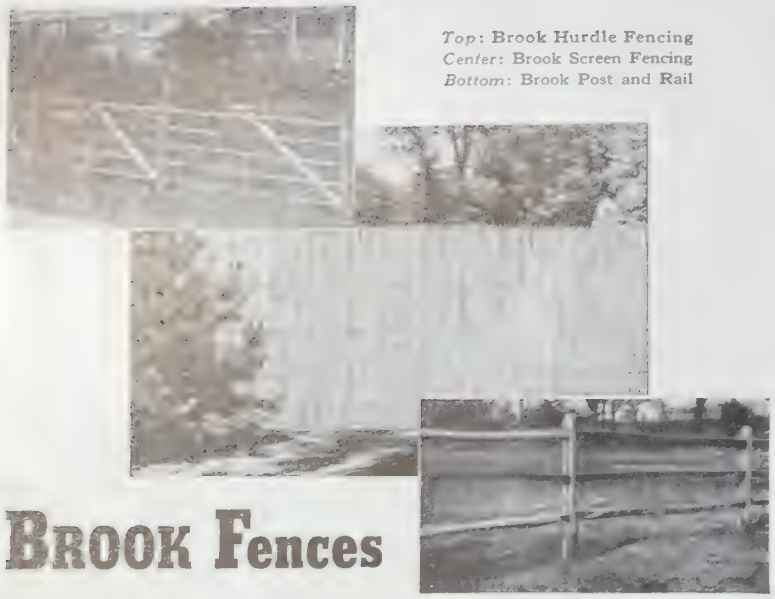

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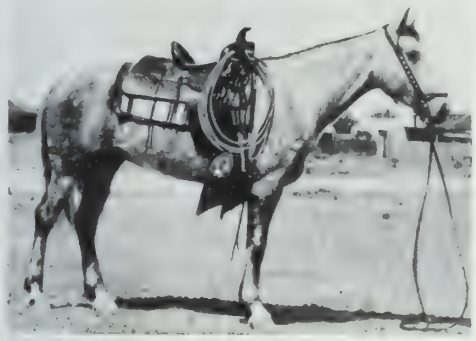

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Radio Telephones . . . . Marblehead Racing

College Yachting . . . . Bermuda Race

A NUMBER of yachts in this year's Bermuda race will be equipped with radio telephones. Modern science, we are frequently informed, is a wonderful thing. Personally, we have always felt and still feel that this ship-to-ship-to-shore-to-Coast Guard phone business would take half the fun out of cruising by destroying the sense of isolation the cruiser enjoys at sea or in a lonely anchorage. Also it would make it too darned easy to yell for help when something happens that a seaman ought to be able to get himself out of. It certainly will take a lot of the suspense out of ocean racing, if enough boats carry and use the contraptions, and part of the fun in the past has been in not knowing where everybody else in the fleet was. (I almost said "in not knowing just where you were," but changed it to spare the navigators embarrassment.)

One salutary feature of the situation, as we understand it, is that most of these phone installations are one-way systems and you would have to pay two or three hundred dollars more to get a phone on which people ashore can ring you back. This should save us from being called out in the midst of a watch below to talk to some drunk who insists "you simply must get dressed and come over, it's a swell party."

Of course telephones on yachts may be just a passing fad, like the horseless carriage. But if it really amounts to much I have a mental picture of strange goings-on in the Bermuda race fleet. For instance, of John Alden, aboard *Mandoo II,* being called up by a frantic client from some other boat in the race fifty or a hundred miles away saying, "John, do you think I'd do better if I went over on the port tack?" Or Bob Johnson in *Stormy Weather* telephoning to Rod Stephens (wherever Rod may be) with something like, "Rod, she's down to the cabin house. Would you take the ginny jib off if you were me?" Or Phil Rhodes, aboard *Escapade,* getting a query from Bob Baruch, "Hey Phil, the centerboard just dropped out. What do we do now?" And then will come the finish of the race and inevitably the winner will take down his phone and call up home with the yachting equivalent of the prizefighter's radio salutation, "Hiya, maw. I win easy."

MARBLEHEAD RACING. The New York Yacht Club will make its first cruise around the Cape since 1933, this summer, but the really revolutionary features of the program are combining the King's Cup race with the annual regatta and holding both off Marblehead. Time was when the King's Cup, presented by King George V in 1912, provided one of the most important races of each season. Those were the days of big yachts, when dozen of racing craft qualified for the trophy by being "in the case of a single-masted vessel, of a waterline length of not less than fifty feet, and in the case of a [illegible] of more than one mast, of a waterline length not less than sixty feet." The big schooners disappeared from racing years ago, except for an odd one that pops up here and there, and except for the America's Cup class and a few scattering class M sloops there are no racing single-stickers over fifty feet waterline any more. The King's Cup in recent years has been simply one more trophy for the class J sloops, with a few M's coming out to have an outside shot at it. The last King's Cup winner other than a J-boat was Winthrop Aldrich's class M sloop *Valiant* in 1931. This year there are no J-boats in commission, so the King's Cup race promises little excitement. A handful of M-boats and old Fifties will doubtless race for it, while the smaller fry compete in their own classes in the annual regatta. The New York Yacht Club's flag officers have the option of changing the eligibility rules as regards waterline length, on ten months notice, and it may be the time has come for them to think about opening it up, in 1939, to at least the Twelve-Meter class.

As to the locus of the annual regatta, it seems to get farther east each year. Held at Glen Cove it drew such small fleets in recent years that something had to be done and in the last two years it was held on Buzzards Bay during the cruise, with the result that it again drew big fleets and provided fine racing. Marblehead being this year's farthest east, it seems like a good place to hold the regatta, and it will give a chance for those Marblehead yachts that are enrolled in the New York Y.C. but don't, as a general rule, get to go on the cruises to join the party.

COLLEGE YACHTING. There may be some hope for the future of yachting, after all. Jack Wood, director of yachting activities at M.I.T., recently conducted a survey of undergraduate yachting among the colleges, and came up with some interesting facts. He found thirty-one colleges in this country and Canada where sailing is an established sport, in most cases under the auspices of a club of some sort but occasionally run directly by the institution. An incomplete list of club members and students participating in the sport numbered 1333 undergraduates, M. I. T. having the biggest membership with 479, and Annapolis next, with 200.

The combined fleets of boats numbered 161, of which the majority were sailing dinghies. Frostbite boats of the D and X classes are especially popular but some have larger craft, including twenty-five 18-foot knockabouts owned by the Coast Guard Academy. Navy has a few Stars and —most pretentious of all college yachts—the ketch *Vamarie.* M.I.T., with a fleet of forty-six sailing dinghies designed by its own naval architecture department, leads all the rest as far as numbers go.

Most of the colleges in the survey recognize yachting officially as a sport but only a few give letters for it. Some 75 intramural and 27 intercollegiate races were listed as being held during the past year. Most of the colleges, or the yacht clubs within the colleges, provide instruction, both afloat and ashore, for beginners.

The most significant thing of all, however, is that most of the growth of sailing in the colleges is a recent and flourishing development. Brown and Yale have yacht clubs that were founded back in the '80's, though they were inactive for a good many years in between. A few more date back about ten years to the beginning of intercollegiate racing, for which the McMillan Trophy is the present palm competed for among Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, Princeton, Williams, and Cornell. The rest have all sprung up in the last three or four years, with a number still in the process of formation. The sailing dinghy has added great impetus to the game. Prior to its adoption the six "Ivy colleges" racing for the McMillan Trophy were hard put to borrow enough boats of such classes as the Atlantics, S's, or Interclubs to hold their races each spring, and for that reason couldn't open the competition to other colleges. But it is nothing unusual now to find eight to a dozen colleges competing in the races held at M.I.T. or Brown, which so far have staged most of the regattas. Eight colleges took part in a Frostbite regatta during Christmas vacation, one crew from each sailing in class D boats at Manhasset Bay and another crew from each in X boats at Greenwich, and comparing scores by telephone afterward. This arrangement, necessitated by the difficulty of borrowing sixteen boats (*Continued on page 118*)

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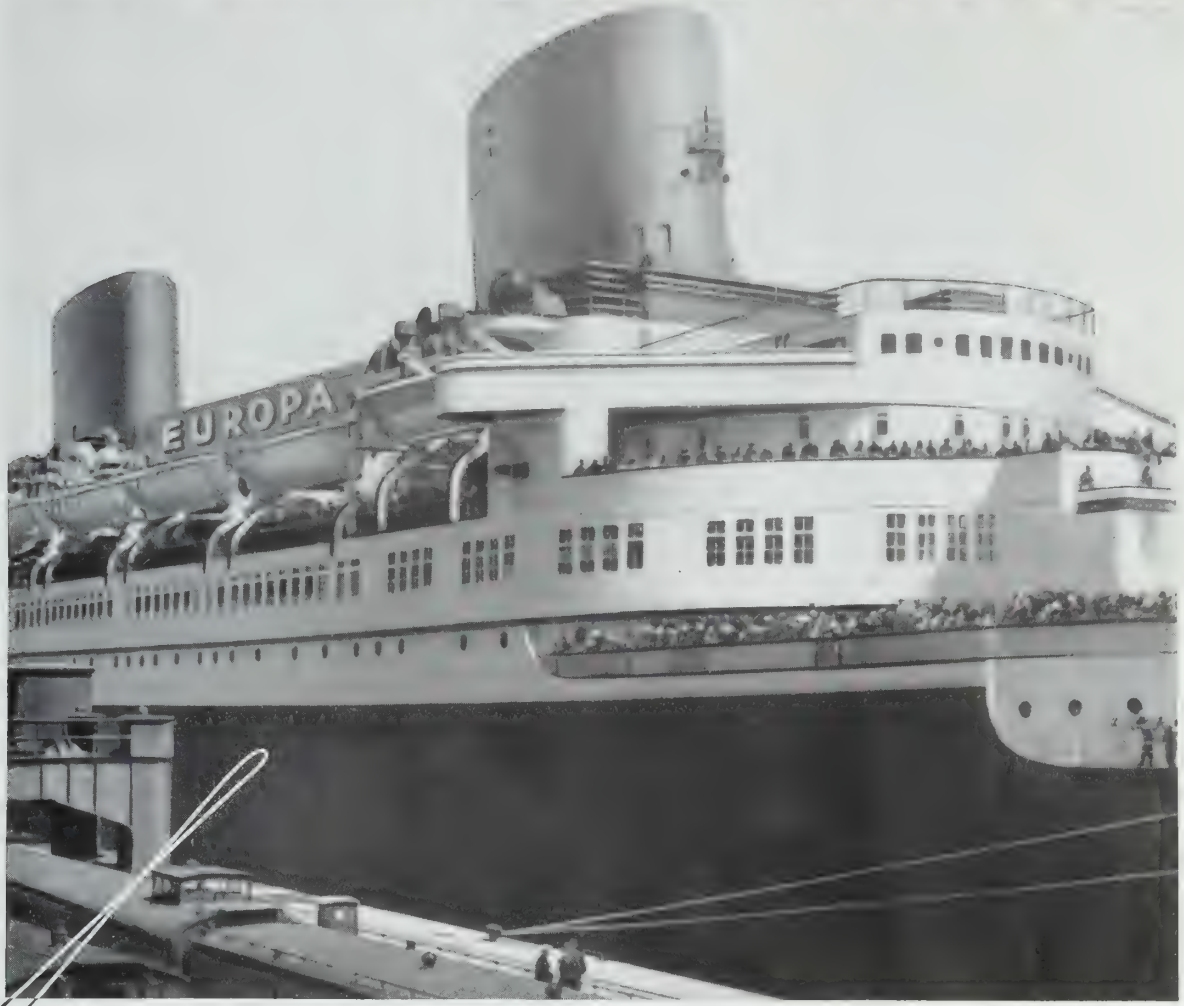

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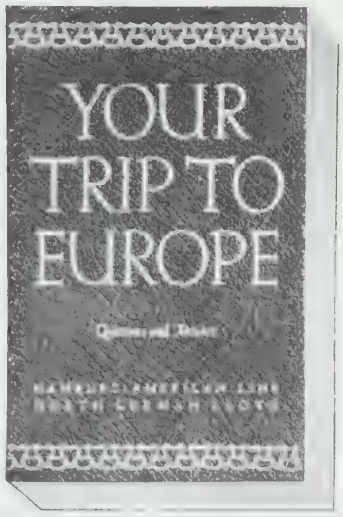

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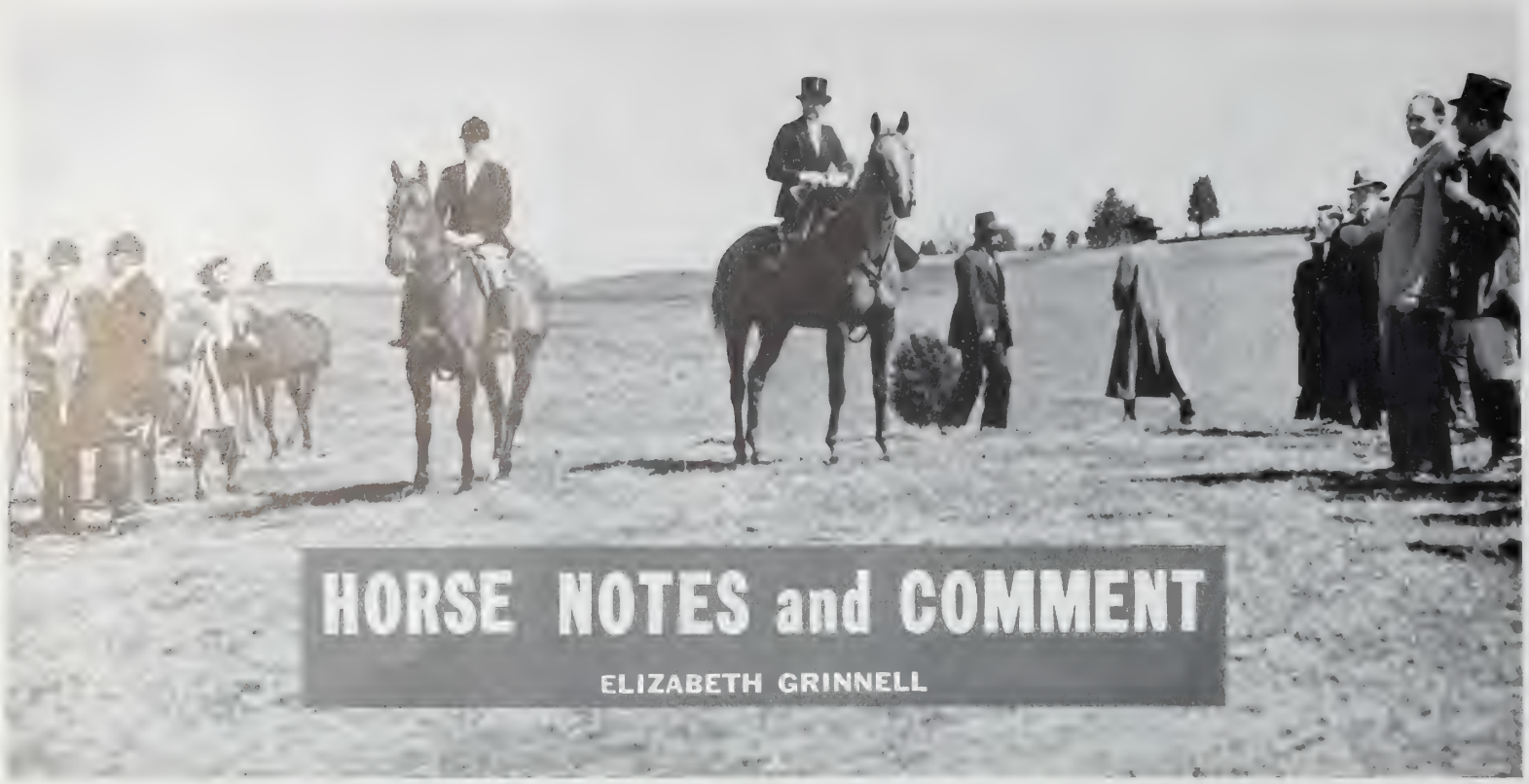

HORSE NOTES and COMMENT

ELIZABETH GRINNELL

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Revival of point-to-point racing. Clark T. Baldwin Jr. and Mrs. Amory Carhart waiting for the start of the Warrenton team race which was won by William Streett and Miss Elizabeth Duer finishing first and second

THE MONTH OF MAY . . . HORSE SHOWS

POINT-TO-POINT . . . FATHERS AND SONS

THE merry month of May is full of red-letter days in the horse world. For flat racing the Kentucky Derby, of course, and Pimlico's Preakness, two thirds—with the Belmont for the other part—of America's most eagerly anticipated three-year-old test. The horse that can win one of them is famous, he that wins two is great, and the one that takes "The Triple Crown" earns for himself a niche in the equine hall of fame.

With no steeplechasing at Pimlico this year the followers of racing through the field will, for the first week of the month, turn to the hunts meetings, which promise to provide them with plenty of interest divided between races over timber, brush, and hurdles. The Virginia Gold Cup, on the 7th. is run over one of the pleasantest of courses, which combines excellent "visibility" with an appropriate back country atmosphere and, although the race from which the meeting takes its name is run over timber, the tremendous duPont type fences furnish such spectacular and truly run brush races that they deserve fully as much attention as the "feature." It's rather a shame that the Whitemarsh meeting should conflict with Virginia but in any case it will make a good conditioner for the Northern horses that are planning to run at Radnor and they'll need it too, because this year one of the most famous of all amateur brush races will be run at Radnor. It's quite probable that the Billy Barton will be the most important of all the spring races run over brush at the hunts meetings and that it will even take the limelight from the historic Radnor Hunt Cup, the big timber race of that meeting. Meanwhile the big-time steeplechasing will have started at Belmont on the 9th., then there will be two days at Rose Tree, the 11th. and 14th., with Fairfield and Westchester to polish off the events of the month on Memorial Day.

HORSE SHOWS. Busy days but actually quiet compared to the horse show calendar which lists twenty-three shows for the month. According to allotment, this should leave better than a week free but things never work that way. Shows rarely are limited to one day and they *are* limited to include week ends, so what it really means is an inconvenient piling up of dates, necessitating an adamant choice which will probably turn out to be, in my case, Washingon, Atlantic City, Wilmington, and Devon. There's variety and interest in this routine no matter how many times you do it. All sorts of mature horses, except the heavy harness division, at Washington, then Atlantic City with the "Garden" Glamour of a full-dress indoor show. There has been a certain amount of comment concerning the changing of Atlantic City's famous indoor-outdoor hunter course but none that has been adverse from those who have to ride over it and, as spectators usually like good performances, it is to be hoped that there will be none from them either. Then Wilmington, to bask in the beauty of its charming setting and admire the best that the hunting stables have to offer and for the grand finale, Devon, with the very best of every division represented from babyhood to famous, established champions. Devon has never yet disappointed me and I don't think that it ever will.

Along with the new amateur interest in trotting horses has come the resurrection of the roadster in the ring. Washington has provided a $500 stake for them and Atlantic City and Devon are both rebuilding their rings to favor rapid motion for these classes as well as the five-gaiters. Nothing is much more fun than a hotly contested roadster class, with the horses straining every muscle for more speed, the boys hanging out of their buggies, and the threat of collision imminent at every moment. Given a few good roadster classes, no show should have to worry about providing any "extra added attraction."

POINT-TO-POINTS. The revival of the old-fashioned point-to-point race is, undoubtedly, one of the best things that have happened in the horse world in many a day. They fill the place in hunting life that was left empty when the so-called "hunts meetings" went big time and serve to add zest to the whole season as well as a gala final day to every hunt's calendar. At present there is no regular set of rules, each hunt making their own to suit their book, and the arguments about what should be done about it are endless. But since the first aim of each individual organization is to retain the informal spirit of these occasions and to plan them so that as many people as possible can compete, I doubt if they will go far wrong. Plenty of weight to be carried over long distances of unflagged natural country by thoroughly qualified hunters is a sound, fundamental idea and the less red tape that is added, the better, probably, the results will be. One of the most valuable acquisitions of a first-flight rider to hounds is ingenuity in getting across country, and this constitutes a great deal of the pleasure of riding in point-to-points. It certainly isn't going to increase the popularity of these races to have an aptitude for getting around rules become a favorable asset but, since time began, rules have been made to be broken. Here's hoping that the hunts continue to make their own rules for their own fields and that the point-to-points will stay local, informal, and fun. As soon as they fall under the influence of too much inter-club competition and win-at-all-costs sentiment, their chief aim will be defeated.

Miss Ruth Ryan and Mr. George Hoblin won the team race at Meadow Brook this year. Miss Sidney Sharp and Mr. Charles C. Harrison 3rd. the one at Happy Hill Farms and Miss Elizabeth Duer and Mr. William B. Streett at Warrenton. Some of the individual winners were James O'Neil on Radnor Hunt's Pardner, Julian Marshall on Thomas McKelvey's Magic Wonder at Happy Hill, and Mrs. George Cutting on her own Irish Buckle at Warrenton.

FATHERS AND SONS. Man O'War's twenty-first birthday party could scarcely have come at a more auspicious time for not even during his glorious racing career was his name more of a public by-word than it was around the 29th. of March. With one already famous son having (*Continued on page 119*)

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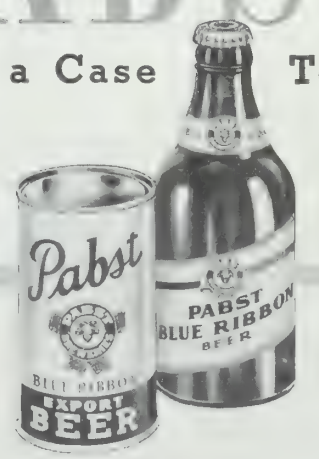

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GOOD TASTE FOR 94 YEARS

GUNS & GAME

Rhino Fury . . . Birds
Musings . . . Angling

Black Star

COL. H. P. SHELDON

A LITTLE time ago the Director of one of our great zoological parks had occasion to move two elephants by truck to new quarters. The writer was invited to arm himself suitably and stand by in case anything went wrong and the big animals got loose among the populace. The invitation occasioned considerable excitement. It offered the least bit of a chance to realize some part of juvenile ambitions for big game shooting in Africa, long since cast away together with my hopes for the White House and a squadron of the Third Cavalry to serve as an escort whenever I might choose to go call on my friend M. P. I had it in mind that the cavalry might entertain my small godson and vice versa while M. P. and I were inside discussing grave problems of state over a cup of tea. M. P. himself wanted to act as gunbearer, but withdrew his application when I insisted upon a certain fidelity to elephant shooting tradition which included for the gunbearer a breechclout of hen's feathers and a bone through his nose. Since my own battery had no elephant rifle, Captain Schaufler of Abercrombie and Fitch Co. sent me a fine double Jeffery rifle of 475 caliber and 20 rounds solid for it. Janet was alarmed. She said she didn't like the notion of my going out of my placid, unhazardous way to get trampled by an elephant and she didn't think twenty cartridges would be enough anyhow. Suppose I missed a few times? What did I know about shooting elephants, anyway? I'd never shot one, had I? And if I were going to insist on going out there and getting killed, couldn't the children go along too and have a little fun?

As a sporting event the thing fell flat. The elephants behaved like perfect ladies. If you can think of a timid, grandmotherly person, weighing a couple of tons, taking her first ride in a car, you'll know how those elephants acted. They were transported in huge crates made of three-inch oak planking. Occasionally one of the beasts, becoming a little nervous, would roll over on its back like a tent collapsing, put both hin[illegible] the end of the crate, and give a gentle little push, bending the planking as if it were made of willow withes. There wasn't a m[illegible] their two tails, and shooting them w[illegible]

been as noble an enterprise as stalking the residents of an old ladies' home and bowling them over at their knitting.

Perhaps the Editors will refuse to print this little anecdote in the chaste pages of COUNTRY LIFE, but if they won't then they can keep it in their files for their own exclusive amusement.

It concerns a lady who devoted several minutes to an absorbed contemplation of an elephant at the zoo. Then she sought out a keeper who was Irish and quite new at the job of keepering.

"Is that elephant a male or a female?" she inquired.

"Glory be, ma'am," was the reply, "I don't know. Ye'll have to ask another elephant!"

RHINO FURY. They had a rhino out there who took an instant and violent dislike to me. In fact he didn't seem to be very fond of anyone and made me think of Doctor Johnson. Occasionally he would rouse himself from his sour and gloomy reflections, pull his whistle cord, and charge me, coming up against the bars of his cage with a resounding crash. Then he'd glare at me and snort and charge again. Such was the infectious quality of this manifestation of hateful meanness that I found myself wishing I had the brute out in the open with me and Captain Schaufler's big rifle. I hadn't said a darned word to him.

Stewart Edward White doesn't like rhinos, either. He described a pleasant occasion when one charged him ferociously but was halted by a deep narrow fissure in the earth—too wide to jump, too deep to risk, and too long to get around. So, realizing his unique opportunity, Mr. White sat calmly and in safety on the opposite edge, and gave that rhino some of his own back. He didn't want to kill the brute and the bullets from the light rifle only stung through the armored hide. The enraged animal charged and snorted and squealed and charged again. Whenever he gave it up and started to leave, another shot would bring him back as full of futile ferocity as ever.

If you saw that Trader Horn movie a year or two ago, you may recall an incident wherein a rhino charged the young white hunter's party and seemed to strike one of the porters. The black gunbearer snatched the rifle and killed the beast. It seemed odd to me that the director would have permitted such an obvious inaccuracy as to have the gunbearer do the shooting, and I spoke of it to someone connected with the making of the picture.

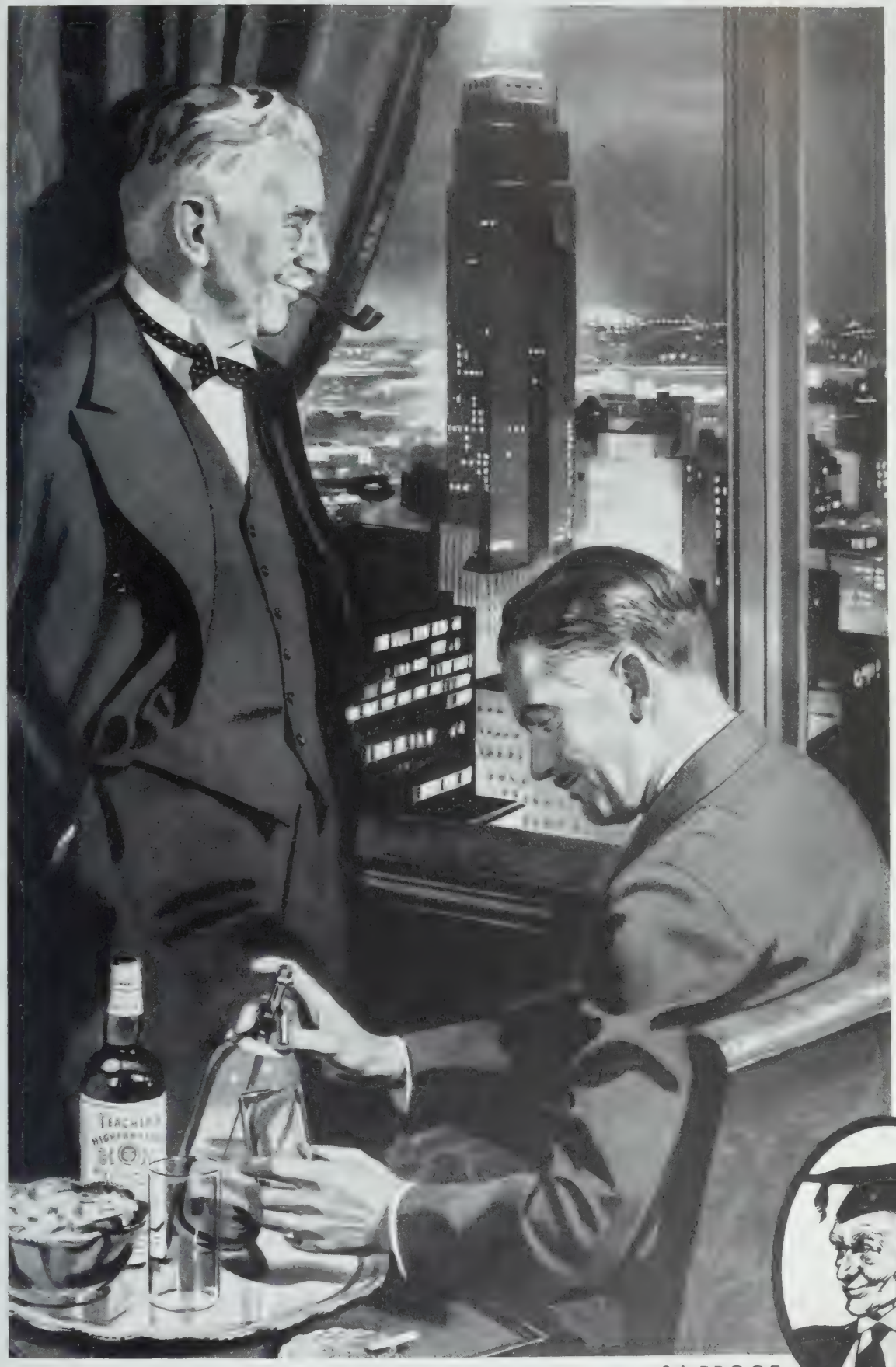
"It *was* odd," said my informant. "That was a real charge—an unexpected one. The white actor didn't know how to shoot and the gunbearer did. That porter, unfortunately, was actually killed."

BIRDS. Nature seems to be in a kindlier mood toward the wild creatures than she has shown for the past several years. The winter was unusually mild and everywhere there was an abundance of natural food available. Groundfeeding birds like the quail have a hard time of it when heavy snow or sleet comes to cover the food supplies. It requires but a little time for a bird to starve to death—much less than for a mammal. Birds have the function of carrying on the constant battle against insects; they keep weeds and noxious vegetation from overrunning the universe, by eating seeds, and some of them, like the vulture and the crow, operate as scavengers. To fit them for this work Nature has given them a highly intensive sort of vitality that causes an insatiable appetite. I don't know whether the word metabolism can be applied to describe this condition of the birds, but it seems to fit, for the energy generated by the food they eat is dissipated almost as fast as it is converted. It is impossible for a bird to store up a reserve of energy in the form of fat to last more than a few hours. When you hold a live bird in your hand you are astonished by the rapidity of the heart beat and fail perhaps to realize that the quick pulse rate is a most important thing—one of those incredibly astute natural provisions for the control of various prolific pests. Someone has said that "Birds are winged hunger." With few exceptions, in their almost ceaseless efforts to get food enough to sustain that rapidly beating heart, they are doing something to make life easier for mankind.

PHILOSOPHICAL MUSINGS. A few days ago I stopped at a neat little filling station in the hills of West Virginia. The proprietor recognized me, and no wonder, for he had been with me on the preceding evening and had been compelled to sit on a hard chair for forty-five dreary minutes while he listened to a lecture that was pretty damned poor. I'd delivered it myself. But he was a charitable man, not seeking reprisals. A clear and beautiful stream flowed past the station and some inquiry as to fish brought on the following philosophical conversation.

"It's full of bass. We all try to take care of it, too. Good fishin' water ain't so plentiful as it was. Three four days ago a pair o' kingfishers took up on that stretch down yonder an' I thought I'd better go down an' shoot 'em. Well, sir, I went down to do it an' I got to watchin' 'em an' then I seen what they was doin'. Do you know what them two birds was doin'? Daggoned if they hadn't dug a hole in the bank an' was buildin' the purtiest nest you ever did see! First time I ever knew kingfishers made their nests in the ground. Well, sir, I got so darned interested that I hate to kill 'em." (*Continued on page 111*)

TEACHER'S *Perfection of Blended* SCOTCH WHISKY



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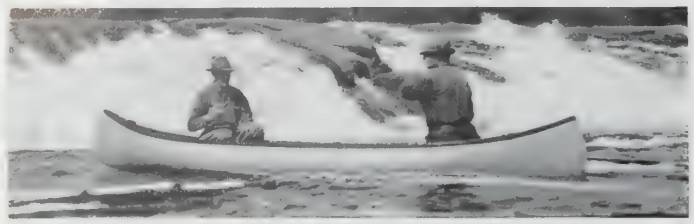
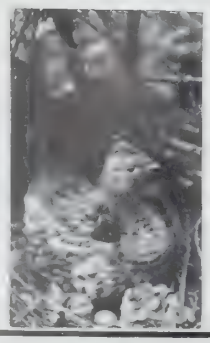
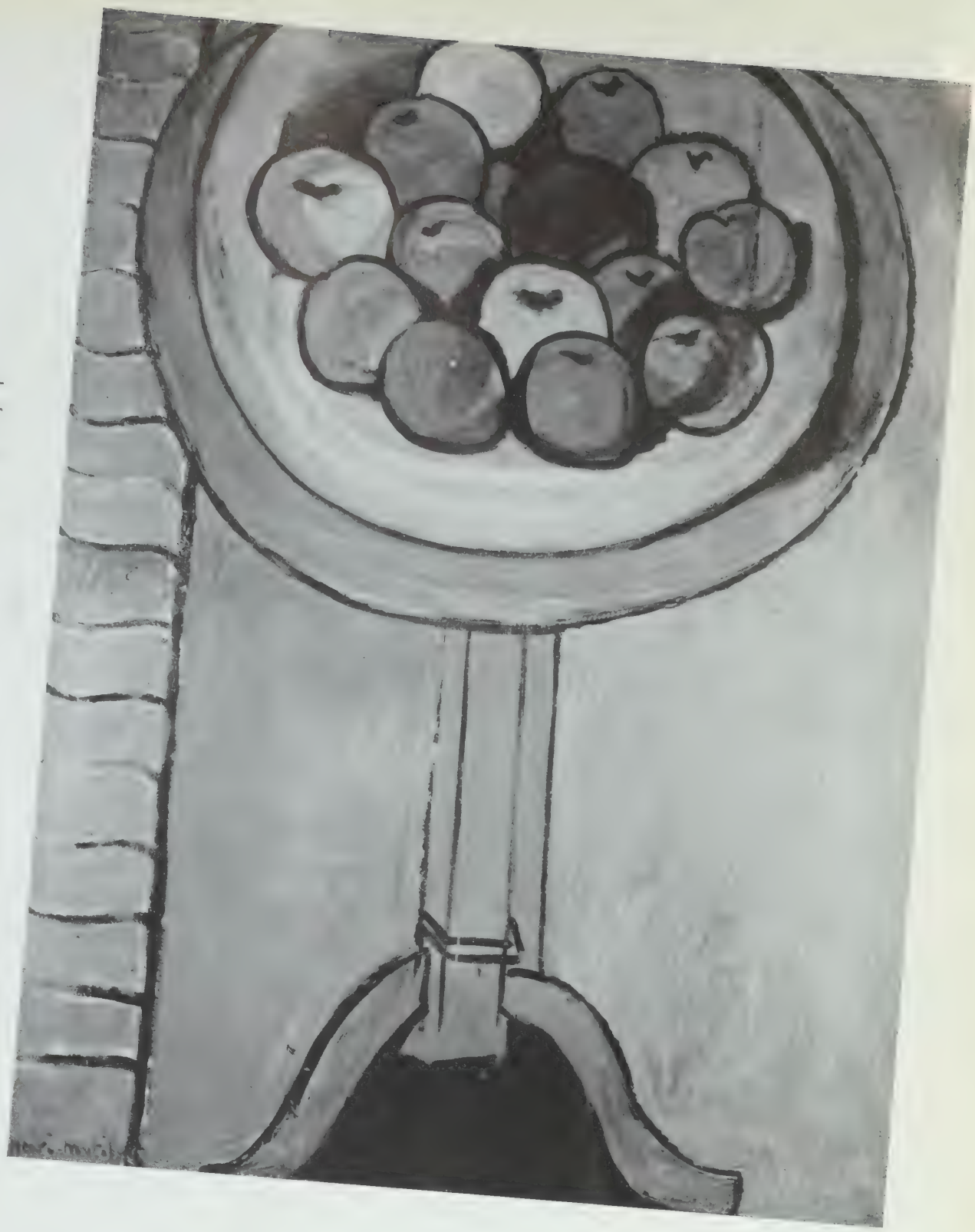
Country Life Sports Calendar May, 1938

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
1 [illegible] Club Dog Show, Pikesville, Md. Harrison, N. Y. Horse Show. Northern California Amateur Golf Championship, Pasatiempo Country Club, Santa Cruz. (also May 7th-8th.) North Shore Skeet Club Tournament, Huntington, L. I., N. Y. Williams Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Davidson, Mich. Bloomington Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Bloomington, Ill. Lincoln Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Lincoln, Ill. Field Trial, Pointers and Setters, Cental N. Y. Pheasant Dog Ass'n.	**2** Maryland Jockey Club Meeting, Pimlico, Md. (until [illegible]) Baltimore Spring Handicap Pimlico. Aurora Ill., Horse Racing (until May 28th). Roseland Community Gun Club Skeet Tournament, New Jersey (until 3rd). Northern California Women's Golf Championship, Sequoia Country Club, Oakland, Cal. Field Trial, Pointers and Setters, Southwest Virginia Amateur F. T. Ass'n., Roanoke, Va.	**3** Derby Trial, Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky. Rennert Handicap, Pimlico. San Bruno Handicap, Tanforan, Calif. End of Roseland Skeet Tournament. 	**4** New Haven Horse Show, Conn. (until 7th). 1st Running Gittings Handicap, Pimlico.	**5** Washington Horse Show, Rock Creek Park, Md. (until 8th). Horse Racing, Louisville Handicap, Churchill Downs, Ky. Horse Racing, Masquerader's Stakes, Pimlico.	**6** Stuyvesant School Horse Show, Warrenton, Va. Atlanta Ga. Horse Show (until 8th). Horse Racing, Swift Handicap, Pimlico. Horse Racing, Debutante Stakes, Churchill Downs, Ky. Ventura Calif. Dog Show (until 8th). Irish Setter Club of New England Field Trial, Newport, R. I. (until 8th). Berkshire Beagle Club Field Trial, Pittsfield, Mass. (until 8th). Rockville Fish and Game Club Field Trial, Pointers and Setters, Conn. Vallejo Cruise of Corinthian Y. C., Calif.	**7** Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky. Virginia Gold Cup Meeting, Warrenton, Va. Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Race Meeting, Broad Axe, Pa. Horse Racing, Great Jubilee Handicap, England. End of Racing, Jamaica, L. I. (from Apr l 16th). Cavalier Horse Show, Virginia Beach, Va. (until 8th). End of New Haven Horse Show. Northern Calif. Amateur Golf Championship, Pasatiempo Country Club, Santa Cruz (until 8th). Bryn Mawr Kennel Club Dog Show, Philadelphia, Pa. Villa Duchesne Kennel Club Dog Show, Clayton, Mo. Erie Kennel Club Dog Show, Erie, Pa. (until 8th).
8 East Longmeadow Rod and Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Mass. (Connecticut Valley Championship). Twin Pike Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Ambler, Pa. Southern Hills Country Club Skeet Tournament, Tulsa, Okla. Denver Municipal Trap Club Skeet Tournament, Colorado. Decatur Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Decatur, Ill. Northwest Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Chicago, Ill. Blue Park Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Chicago, Ill. Kemba Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Detroit, Mich. Lawridge Horse Show, Rye, N. Y. Brussels Belgium Horse Show.	**9** Horse Racing, Westchester Racing Ass'n., Belmont Park, N. Y. (until June 4th). End of Horse Show, Atlanta, Ga. Horse Racing, San Diego Handicap, Agua Caliente. (1st Running). Trenton Dog Show, N. J. End of Dog Show, Erie, Pa. End of Ventura Dog Show, Calif. End of Irish Setter Field Trial, Newport, R. I. End of Berkshire Beagle Field Trial, Pittsfield, Mass. End of Cavalier Horse Show, Virginia Beach.	**10** Atlantic City Horse Show, New Jersey. Horse Racing, Survivor Stakes, Pimlico. Horse Racing, Twin Peaks Handicap, Tanforan. Golf, Intersectional Team Match, Sands Point Club, L. I. (until 11th).	**11** Radnor Hunt Race Meeting, Berwyn, Pa. Horse Racing, Dixie Handicap, Pimlico. End of Intersectional Team Match (Golf), Sands Point, L. I. 	**12** Horse Racing, Carroll Handicap, Pimlico.	**13** Horse Racing, Pimlico Nursery Stakes. Tidewater Horse Show, Norfolk, Va. (until 15th). Nassau Trapshooting Club Skeet Tournament, Mineola, L. I. Orange Kennel Club Dog Show, South Orange, N. J. Gem State Kennel Club Dog Show, Boise, Idaho. Southern Conference Golf Tournament, Hot Springs, Va. Polo, Whitney Cup Finals, London (Hurlingham).	**14** Preakness Stakes, Pimlico (end of Pimlico Race Meeting). Radnor Hunt Race Meeting, Berwyn, Pa. (Radnor Hunt Cup, Billy Barton Steeplechase). Churchill Downs Handicap Horse Racing. Horse Racing, Woodside Handicap, Tanforan. Rockwood Hall Horse Show, Tarrytown, N. Y. (until 16th). End of Atlantic City Horse Show. Horse Racing, Commonwealth Handicap, Suffolk Downs. Sound Beach Skeet Club Tournament, Old Greenwich, Conn.
15 Albany-New York Motorboat Marathon. Horse Racing, Prix Poules d'Essai, Paris, France. Oaks Hunt Horse Show, Great Neck, L. I. End of Tidewater Horse Show, Norfolk, Va. End of Brussels, Belgium, Horse Show. Chemung County Rod and Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Elmira, N. Y. Kankakee Marsh Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Ill. Peoria Skeet and Gun Club, Skeet Tournament, Ill. Huntingdon Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, Noble, Pa. Northeastern Indiana Kennel Club Dog Show, Fort Wayne, Ind.	**16** British Ladies' Golf Championship, Burnham and Berrow (until 20th). End of Rockwood Hall Horse Show, Tarrytown, N. Y.	**17** Horse Racing, Trial Handicap, Tanforan, Calif. 	**18** Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club Race Meeting, Media, Pa. (also on 21st).	**19** Wilmington Horse Show, Del. (until 21st). Babylon Skeet Club Tournament, Babylon, L. I.	**20** Valley Rod and Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Fresno, Calif. (until 22nd). Hampton, Va., Horse Show (until 23rd). End of British Ladies' Golf Championship. Minnesota Field Trial Ass'n, (Retriever and Spaniel Trial), Near White Bear Lake, Minn. Ladies' Kennel Ass'n. of America Dog Show, Mineola, L. I. Louisville Kennel Club Dog Show, Ky.	**21** Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club Race Meeting, Media, Pa. Fort Leavenworth Hunt Race Meeting, Kansas. Horse Racing, Puritan Handicap, Suffolk Downs. Longmeadow Junior Horse Show, Mass. Prague Dressage Horse Show (until 24th). End of Wilmington Horse Show. San Benito Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Texas (until 22nd). Williams Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Davidson, Mich. Texarkana Skeet Club Tournament, Arkansas (until 22nd).
22 Long Island Kennel Club Dog Show, Rockaway Hunt Club, Cedarhurst, L. I. Izaak Walton League Dog Show, Terre Haute, Ind. Arkansas Valley Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Wichita, Kansas. End of San Benito Skeet Tournament, Tex. End of Williams Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Davidson, Mich. End of Texarkana Skeet Tournament, Ark. Passaic - Hackensack River Motorboat Marathon, Rutherford, Y. C. Watchung Riding and Driving Club Horse Show, Summit, N. J. (until 23rd). Queens County Horse Show, N. Y. End of Minnesota Retriever and Spaniel Trial, White Bear Lake.	**23** Vassar Horse Show, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. End of Watchung Horse Show, Summitt, N. J. End of Horse Show, Hampton, Va. Philadelphia Women's Golf Championship, Merion Country Club, Haverford Pa. (until 27th). British Amateur Golf Championship, Troon (until 28th). Southern Calif. Women's Golf Championship, Riviera Country Club, Los Angeles, Cal.	**24** Devon Horse Show, Devon, Pa. (until 30th). End of Prague Dressage Horse Show. Empire Day Race Meet, Knutsford Park, Jamaica, B. W. I.	**25** **26** 	**27** Interstate Poodle Club Dog Show, Bernardsville, N. J. End of Philadelphia Women's Golf Championship, Haverford, Pa. End of Southern California Women's Golf Championship, Los Angeles.	**28** Morris and Essex Kennel Club Dog Show, Madison, N. J. Fourth Annual Spring Races, Off Soundings Club, New London, Conn. Horse Racing, Agawam Park, Mass. (until July 9th). Horse Racing, Fair Grounds, Detroit (until July 9th). End of Aurora, Ill. Race Meeting. Warsaw, Poland, Horse Show (until June 6th). Lisbon, Portugal, Horse Show (until June 5th). Old Dominion Golf Tournament, Hot Springs, Va. End of British Amateur Golf Championship, Troon.
29 Cavalry School Horse Show, Fort Riley, Kan. (until June 1st). Wissahickon Kennel Club Dog Show, Whitemarsh, Pa. Peoria Skeet and Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Ill. Country Club of Detroit Skeet Tournament, Mich. Power Boat Regatta South Bend, Ind.	**30** Fairfield and Westchester Hounds Race Meeting, Rye, N. Y. Lincoln Fields, Ill., Horse Racing (until June 25th). Fairmount Park, Ill., Horse Racing (until July 4th). End of Churchill Downs Race Meeting. End of Devon Horse Show. Staten Island N. Y. Horse Show. Hilltop Skeet Club Tournament, Holliston, Mass. Delaware County Kennel Club Dog Show, Wallingford, Pa. Powerboat Race around Absecon Island, Atlantic City, N. J.	**31** 				

Announcing the recent acquisition by Mr. Walter P. Chrysler, Jr., of another great work by Pablo Picasso is the publication of "Femmes Au Bar" in full color reproduction on the opposite page. Phenomenal use of tonal variation expresses the profound formal understanding of the theme. At right: The leader of the Fauves, Henri Matisse, shows how both emotion and painting technique vitally recreate a "Bowl of Apples"



JOHN LERCH

OF TWENTIETH CENTURY MASTERPIECES

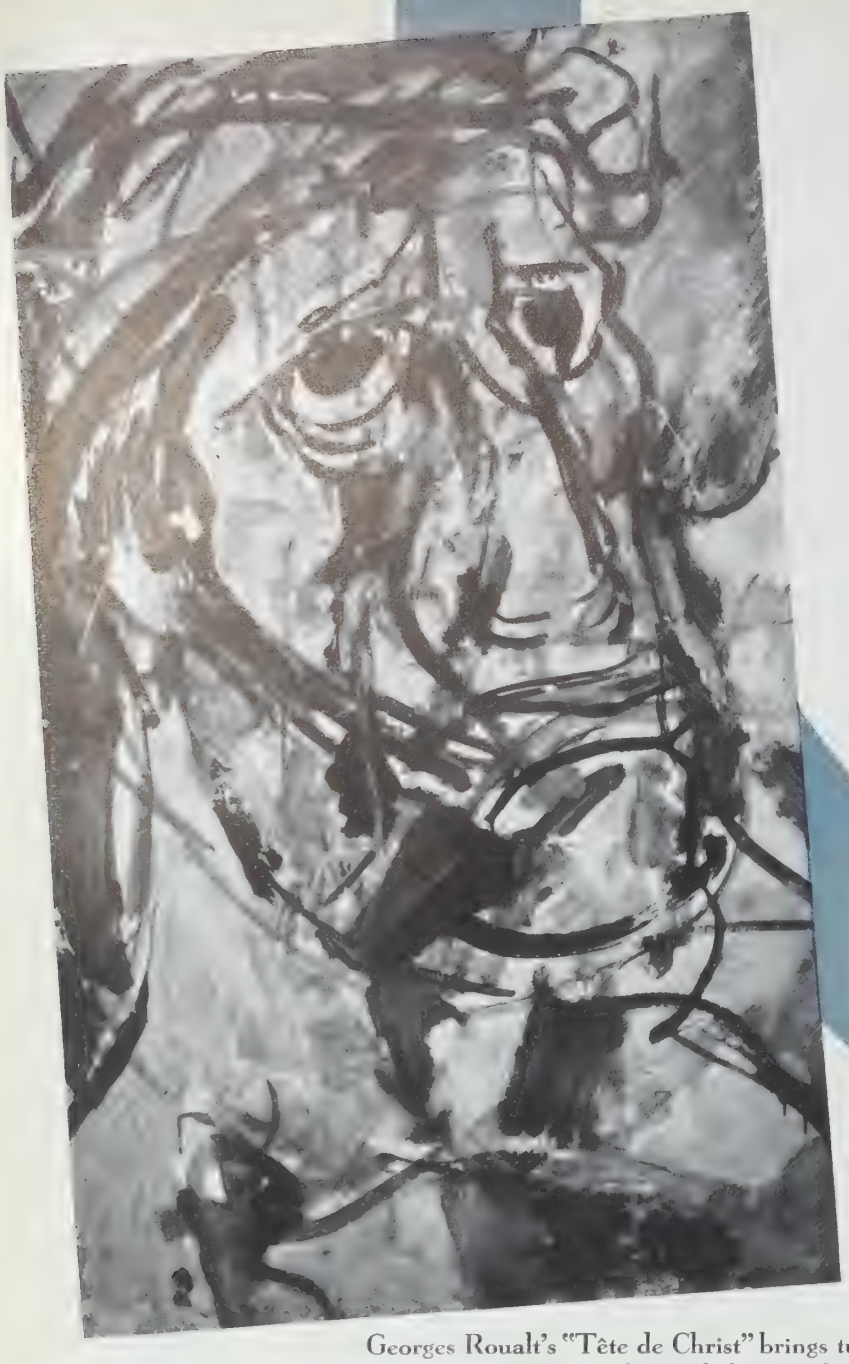
WHEN Cézanne was painting the final canvases of his beloved "Montagne Sainte-Victoire" in this century's opening years, a small group of artists had assembled in Paris who alone in this world were to comprehend the touching words of the Master of Aix, written shortly before his death in 1907: "I am too old; I have not realized; I shall not realize now. I remain the primitive of the way which I have discovered."

While acknowledging the greatness of Cézanne's genius, these fellow-artists nevertheless perceived the truth of his statement. The technic of Post-Impressionism was theirs but it had to be cultivated if it were to mature as a full-grown pictorial style.

This was their task which they proceeded to fulfill. Precious was their heritage, and greatly has it been enhanced through the intelligences of these inheritors and the magnitude of their own talents. Despite the derision of a world that blessed their beginning efforts with the name of Fauvism (pertaining to wild beasts), these artists achieved a supremacy, commensurable today in terms of the great influence their pictorial approach and method have on the works of their younger contemporaries—at last in America, as in Europe.

In the past thirty-five years the leaders of the modern "School of Paris," chief contenders being Pablo Picasso and Henri Matisse, have created considerable oeuvres. But it was only many years after the Blue and Pink periods of Picasso, and after Cubism had passed through many of its phases that the Armory Show of 1913 gave New York City its first adequate glimpse of this new painting. The general public, wrapped snugly in the pastel mists of Impressionism, already half a century past its origin, was so shocked that few indeed were the American collectors bold enough to profit by this first meeting. Grudgingly grew the wonder of Cézanne in the 'twenties, and with reticence some collectors even sought the works of living Expressionists and the Cubists. In our decade at last has come definite assurance through occasional temporary loan exhibitions that the alert connoisseurs possess various items of the leading painters of our era. Fortunate, indeed, is it that one private collection encom-

Natural color photograph on opposite page by F. M. Demarest



Georges Roualt's "Tête de Christ" brings tumultuously alive an immortal visage in stark, cruel thrusts of red and somber blue

passes a group of twentieth century pictures ample for a complete accounting of such a master as Picasso, and in addition the canvases of others significant of the twentieth century international art situation as a whole.

The young American whose brilliant taste for modern works of art has secured him this private collection, greatly esteemed by art lovers, is Mr. Walter P. Chrysler, Jr. Vitality of the ensemble is continually stimulated by the addition of new discoveries. But only those properly qualified will do. An already select and almost perfect representation of paintings by noted artists makes it highly imperative that any recent acquisitions be important, intrinsically and for the entire collection.

Just arrived from the Continent to fill an exacting place among Mr. Chrysler, Jr.'s some twenty other paintings by Pablo Picasso is the superb canvas "Femmes au Bar." Chronologically it is earlier than other examples such as the equally great "La Jeune Fille au Chapeau Jaune," "Tête Negre," "Bone Forms Against Sky" (Project for a Monument), "Les Deux Soeurs," and "Mother and Child." All are magnificently worthy in a collection of Picassiana that also includes thirty-seven authentic papers in the form of drawings and several water colors.

This speaks eloquently of Mr. Chrysler, Jr.'s appreciation of the acknowledged genius of the age, but in the general scheme of this closely thought-out collection, he champions other major masters of abstract art: Ferdnand Leger with eight paintings and twenty-one drawings, and Georges Braque with ten paintings. Nor does Mr. Chrysler hesitate to favor another Cubist luminary seldom seen in American cabinets, Gris, whose death in 1927 limited—in quantity, although not in quality—his artistic contributions of which three more have been obtained recently for this collection.

Astounded one must be to learn that the total number of art works in the whole collection is nearly three hundred items—of course too large in scope for a detailed account here of oils, drawings, pastels, water colors, gouaches, as well as the fine pieces of sculpture included. Suffice it must, to say that the works of the "School of Paris" are dominant, with an international gathering of supplementary items, American, German, Dutch, English, Mexican, Italian, and Spanish. All are integrated by the bond of consistent taste which chose them and brought them together, evidence of a profound personal interest in the significance of painting as art.

Active by nature, of medium stature and physically lithe, of dark complexion, broad brow, and with a calm, discerning look in his eyes, it is an intelligent discourse which occurs with this knowing young man, who speaks conscientiously of a grand pastime.

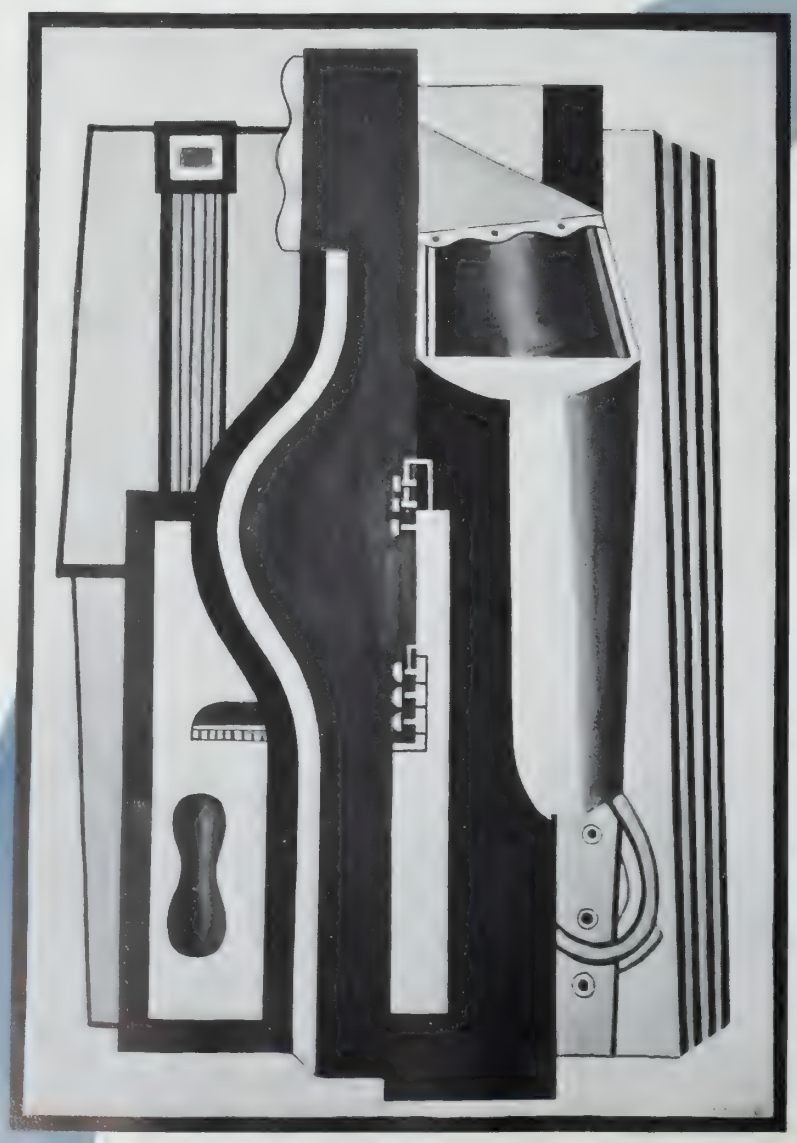
The demonstrative, factual presence of his acquisitions aside, stalwart in his convictions, the younger Chrysler can personally give an arresting account of how and why abstract art has triumphed as a pictorial mode. His animated presentation of reasons, given in a firm yet affable manner, strikes a note of enthusiasm bound to clear the conversation of those futile, ridiculous clichés which are the residue of mob-capped critics.

The pith and pact of his collecting is motivated by the awareness that the dignified tradition cherished by good painting of today is of the same capacity as in the masterpieces of old. Mere fashionable collecting, or the procuring of paintings for interior decoration, has absolutely no weight with what Mr. Chrysler, Jr. is about. One proof of this is the natural type of personal pleasure that he obtains from these modern masterpieces not relegating them to isolation in an old-fashioned picture gallery, but placing the favorites of the moment in auspicious positions on the walls of his home. Everywhere are works of modern masters, pure in color and intense in expression, creating between pictures and spectator something uniquely of the world today, yet universal. That is their purpose which they can accomplish detached of any décor.

The new Picasso is already installed at the end of the drawing room—a paneled period room of handsome boiserie, but there are also old Dutch masters hanging there, and the furniture is of the graceful eighteenth century type. In the gay dining room, with its bright scenic wallpaper, the classic Piscasso "Mother and Child" hangs above the mantel, while to either side of the fireplace are recessed cupboards filled with Chelsea porcelain and Staffordshire pottery dogs. The Roualt "Tête de Christ" and two Cubist pictures by Braque are appropriate for the intimacy of the library, and in the hall are many paintings old and new among which appear the Matisse "Bowl of Apples," Leger's "L'Accordeon," and "Le Deux Soeurs" by Picasso. The standards of the connoisseur of Fine Arts are today as yesterday, based upon the significance inculcated in the very works of art by the masters, old or new, having nothing of the temporary.

It is this necessity of "a knowledge and appreciation of modern art as contrasted with historical

(*Continued on page 94*)



In "L'Accordeon" by Ferdnand Leger classic cubism is fully achieved. Exquisite calculation rationalizes the dynamism of geometrical idealions in colorful compass-and-rule areas in reciprocal voids

Above: George Braque's "La Nappe Rose," glorious in color, suggests in the newest analytical manner of this Cubist master, purple fruits reposing in a décor red and yellow, of great creative pictorial élan

Below: Sedate yet delightful in manner, this canvas by Juan Gris, late eminent Spanish Cubist, is organized with refinement as to ingenious tonal relations, producing a cerebral beauty typical of abstract art

Photographs by S. Wolpert

FRANK C. TRUE

Spring

POETS may sing of springtime and artists retreat to secluded brooks with their canvases to depict the glories of a world blooming into life, but the unbounded joy of a yachtsman in fitting out for the season can't quite be put into words.

There is something reminiscent of the last day of school, of youth reborn, as a boat owner takes an afternoon away from the office, hurries to the boatyard and looks over the "little ship" to see if orders for painting and repairs have been carried out. But, as in many forms of human pleasure, the aftermath occasionally is a headache and boating, in far too many instances, is no exception to the rule. Especially is this true of new boat owners.

It is a Utopian thought to assume that all men basically are honest, but, just as the world will never know how many appendixes have been removed unnecessarily, few boat owners ever learn—except after it is too late—the extent to which they have been swindled by unscrupulous boatyard proprietors. It is a fact that about 90 per cent of all boatyards throughout the country are operated honestly, but the remaining 10 per cent do more damage to the industry than does dirt in gasoline.

You bought a 38-foot cruiser last year. You gave orders along in January, at the suggestion of the yard owner, for her to be repainted and the engine overhauled. Spring is here! You can hardly wait to see what she looks like after a winter of idleness. Your enthusiasm blinds you to an itemized bill which indicates that piston rings were needed in the engine and two cracked ribs in the hull were replaced. You question nothing, especially if you are a novice. The boat glistens in her new paint and you are overjoyed.

Comes August, and the paint begins to crack and peel. Barnacles and other growths attach themselves to the bottom. And this, just when you have invited some out-of-town friends for a cruise. Angrily you return to the boatyard, but there you are pacified by a suave proprietor who tells you that no paint can be guaranteed against oily water and a blistering sun. Such a statement, of course, is absurd, but your inexperience is easily capitalized upon. Eventually you learn that you paid for a first-class paint job and received the cheapest.

You also learn that the bottom paint usually used is a copper mixture which varies in retail cost from $3.50 to $18 a gallon. And you are surprised to discover that a marine engine, built especially for durability, seldom needs repairs at the rate an automobile motor does. Furthermore, those two "cracked ribs" for which you paid probably never existed. Any impact sufficient to crack two ribs in a new boat would have been remembered—vividly remembered!

You meet a friend, a veteran yachtsman, and unburden your woes. "Yes," he grins, "that once happened to me. I paid $190 for two coats of paint and varnish on my 38-foot cabin cruiser. I wanted the best. But when the paint cracked and the bottom grew "whiskers" the yard owner gave me an excuse much funnier than was given you. He told me that the labels on the paint cans had been torn off accidentally and that $3.50 paint was used on my boat instead of that costing $18 a gallon, for which I paid. I made him make the job good, though."

Perhaps the most chagrined boat owner in the country last season was a Stamford, Conn., yachtsman whose two-year-old engine was entirely condemned by a mechanic employed in a New York City

Somewhere in the Wind Rivers

DAVID LAVENDER

WE HAD made up our minds. And if ever you've driven a thousand miles to find some new stream which looks exactly like the one you fish each season in the Adirondacks; or if you've spent a good chunk of your summer vacation trying to lure that big Brown from its mossy retreat in the deep pool by the fallen pine, you know how fiercely steadfast was our decision. Anglers are queer and unreasonable folk, as wives have long since discovered.

Grim, sodden, and uncomfortable, four of us were on our way to Island Lake. It was a day early in August; a miserable day that could have no excuse for happening. Flat, gray light filtered through swollen rain clouds that shut vision down to the rock ridges, between which the trail wandered in seemingly aimless fashion. For guidance we were relying on tracks left by the horses of our packer, who had preceded us that same morning from Surveyor's Park, which is above Pinedale, Wyoming.

Bob Humphreys, in the lead, was grumbling: "If I ever get dry again, I'll never look at another trout. What prompted this trip, anyway?" Answer was neither given nor expected. The remark was rhetorical, a sort of last obeisance to that now expired hope with which all fishermen set out, but whose fulfillment they never really expect: perfect weather. Bob wouldn't have turned back if every water hole in the Wind River Mountains had overflowed and washed that entire wild, rugged region down into the desert.

On we rode, twisting between endless masses of boulders and at last emerged on a grassy, tree-lined bench. At the left was a tremendous gorge, its bottom invisible in the fog. At the right towered a knobby-faced cliff. In between, where they had been strewn on the soggy ground by our packer and advance "guide," lay our tents, bed rolls, duffel bags, and food.

"What the ——" Charley Stephenson exploded.

The packer we had hired on blind chance in Pinedale became volubly apologetic. The trail, it seemed, "petered out" a short distance farther on. "This was the only suitable camp site. Under the circumstances—"

"Yes," Will Chandler said with magnificent self-control, "but where is Island Lake?"

The packer didn't "rightly know," but supposed it was somewhere around. And it soon became apparent that he didn't care, because he placidly but unbudgingly refused to go on. This was an impasse we hadn't considered. We dismounted, loaded our pipes, and discussed the situation. And, as you've probably guessed, we decided to find the lake for ourselves. The packer, however, claimed he needed his horses for another party. A minor difficulty. After considerable bickering we persuaded him to leave us two stick-legged old nags; one a hoary white, and the other a long-lipped beast that had started out to be black, but at the last moment switched to a smoky bay. We could, we thought, carry ourselves on our own legs and our equipment on the horses.

The packer left, promising to return in two weeks and transport us back to Pinedale. And there we were, quite lost, somewhere in the Wind River Mountains. During the afternoon the clouds dissolved into long, wiggly wisps. Our supplies had fared well, weather considered, and we soon put ourselves on the outside of enough hot food to restore even a Scrooge to good humor. By dark, tents had been pitched and luxurious beds of spruce boughs prepared. Campfire talk that night was lively. The morrow offered nothing definite, but promised everything. Anticipation is a zestful elixir. It explains, perhaps, even a fisherman's antics.

The next morning, armed with tackle, we set out to reconnoiter. Reasoning that in the fog of the previous day we quite possibly had strayed from the correct trail to Island Lake, we back-tracked ourselves. It was a fruitless search. Disgusted, Charley climbed a knoll for a view of the surrounding country. He reached the hill's top, yelled something the rest of us missed, and then completely disappeared from view down its far side.

Hopefully we rushed after him and came to a small lake, cupped in a forbidding granite bowl. We eyed it without enthusiam. It was by no means big enough to be Island Lake. There was a splash.

Top right: Fishing a high-altitude lake in the Rockies. Below: The party arrives at Island Lake

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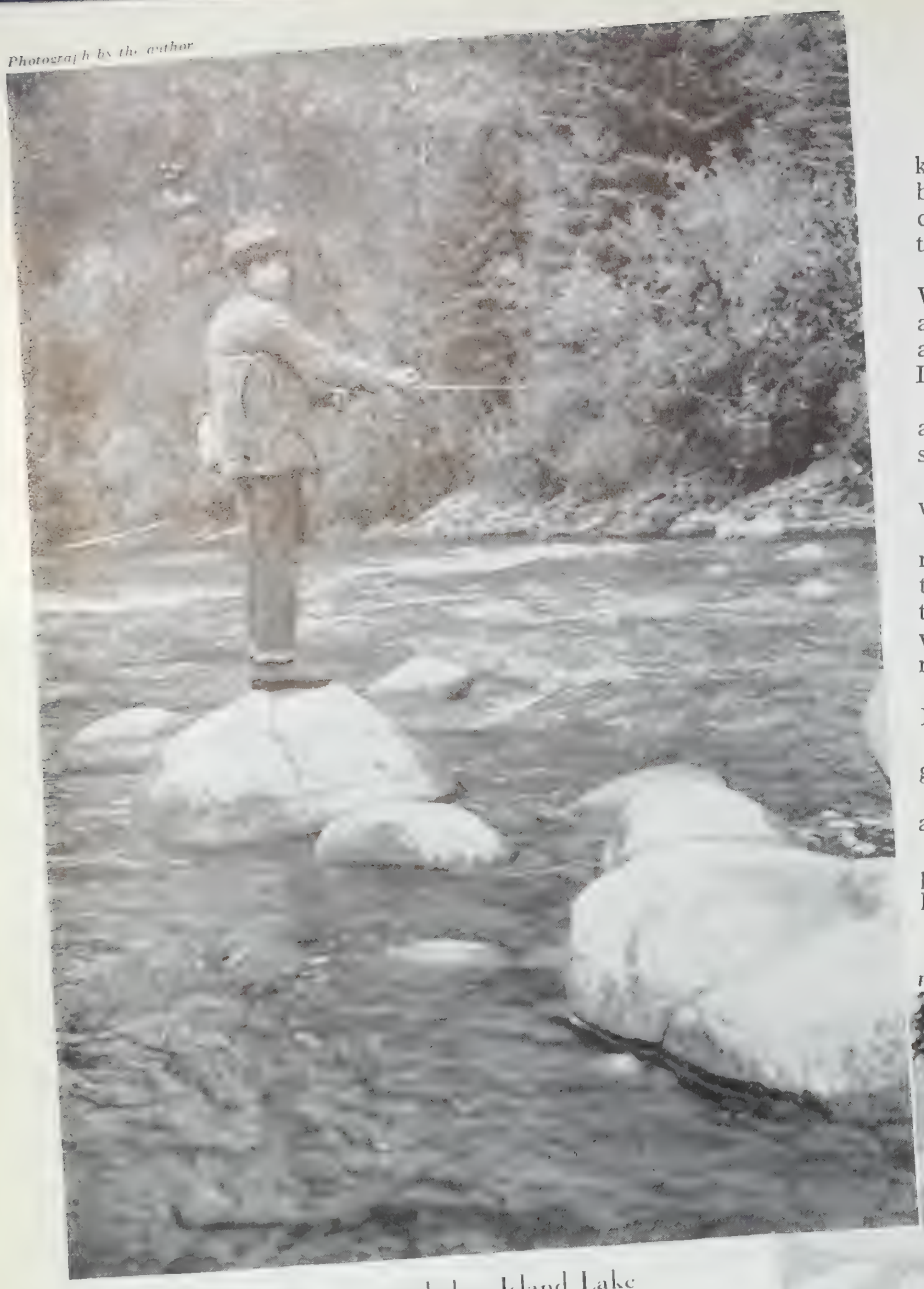
OPPOSITE PAGE:
Crater Lake, Oregon. A photograph by John Kabel



Photograph by the author

Along the stream below Island Lake

And a moment afterwards a widening coil of ripples appeared a cast's distance from shore.

"Did you see that?" Bob asked, unnecessarily. We were already jointing our rods.

It was an unpredictable, womanish sort of day. High-ribbed clouds streaked the sky, and the wind blew in chill, fitful gusts. The trout, we discovered, were as temperamental as the weather. We could see them loafing around in the glass-clear water, some fifteen yards out from shore, where the submerged rock shelf which circumvented the lake dropped away into unfathomable green-blue depths. But we couldn't catch them, not with any sort of lure, as long as the air was still.

Then a skimming breeze would set the surface waters a-dancing, and the trout would rise to somber-colored flies; Black Gnats, Gray Hackle, and Will's favorite, the Chama Willow Special. The fish moved deliberately, and at first we missed several strikes by being too impatient to set the hook. For awhile, therefore, results were very disappointing.

We learned to hold back, and soon we were experiencing a new kind of battle; a deep, stubborn plunging, quite different from the bounce and rush of swift water native or brook. Again we miscalculated our opponents and lost several by tearing the hooks out of their mouths in a too hasty attempt to bring them to net.

We returned to camp that evening with tempers somewhat soothed. We'd made a fair catch. In addition we'd run into what was, for us, a new set of circumstances, which we had learned to master—always a comforting balm to an angler's soul. But we hadn't found Island Lake—and we were more determined than ever.

We tried again the next morning. We climbed a break in the cliff above our camp and walked straight into a surprise. At our feet stretched a shimmering lake.

"Not a quarter of a mile from camp, and we never guessed it was here!" I observed. "No islands in it. Wonder what one it is?"

Later we learned it was Seneca Lake. Right then, however, the name didn't matter. We unlimbered our tackle and deployed around the shores. We had no luck. Bob did land a nice two-pounder near the outlet, taken surprisingly enough on a gay Jock Scot, but that was all. On a hot day when the trout are sulky, lake fishing is monotonous. Shortly after noon we gave up and went back to camp.

"Lakes here, there, and everywhere," Charley grumbled, "but no Island Lake. I'm beginning to think the place is a myth."

"What matter if we don't find it," I ventured, "as long as we get good fishing?"

"It's the principle of the thing." And that, of course, is the answer I quite rightfully deserved.

K.P. duty for the evening fell to Will and me. I started peeling potatoes for one of his famous mulligans. Charley snored, flat on his back on a sun-drenched rock. Bob fussed with his tackle box.

Photograph by Melvin Griffiths

Timber Line Camp in the San Juan Mountains of Southwestern Colorado

None of us saw the man who slipped from the trees and padded soundlessly up to the campfire around which we were then sitting.

"Howdy," he said, and we all jumped as though shot.

He was a typical mountain man. His keen, humorous blue eyes were lost in a mass of wrinkles. His bushy gray beard was streaked with tobacco stains. It soon became apparent that he was going to attach himself to us for the duration of our stay, whether we liked it or not. Fortunately, we liked it. His shrewd humor and tall tales won us immediately, and we later found we had secured both an efficient camp tender and prime entertainer. Ed was all the name we ever learned from him.

We asked him, "Do you know where Island Lake is?"

"Sure," he said and told us it lay at the base of a horseshoe of peaks we could see from "yonder ridge."

"Are there fish in it?"

"Fish!" Ed's eyes (*Cont. on page 108*)

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

Many well-known sportsmen and sportswomen handled their own dogs in the field trial held by the Long Island Retriever Field Trial Club during March at Kilsyth, the Huntington, L. I., estate of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald M. Livingston

Above: Mr. Henry P. Davis and Mr. E. V. reland who, with Mr. Robert Morgan, were he judges that day

Right: Mr. Franklin B. Lord of Syosset congratulates a few of the handlers that were there to watch the amateurs at work

Above: Placed second. Mr. E. R. Harriman and his dog Toff of Hamyax on the afternoon's upland tests

Left: Mrs. W. F. C. Ewing who handled her own labrador retriever, The Wench, and Mr. David Schumacher who was a gun

Above: At lunch during an intermission. Mrs. Edmund C. Stout of Port Washington enjoys a cup of hot coffee. Many of the gallery brought picnic lunch along

Above: The third judge, Mr. Robert W. Morgan, and Mrs. Morgan. Mr. Charles L. Lawrence handled the winner of the trial, his own dog Meadow Farm Night

Above: One or two fires were built in safe places to ward off the chill March wind during the midday intermission. A group around Mr. E. Warner's fire

Below: A group of the amateur competitors. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony A. Bliss with Mr. and Mrs. E. Roland Harriman. Mrs. Bliss handled Star Lee Skipper

Above: Another gun. Mr. Ernest Brooks Burton, and Mrs. G. W. Chapman. For an early non-winner's stake the work the retrievers did was very commendable

Below: Back to work after a lunch and a rest. Mr. Schumacher, Mr. Gilbert W. Chapman, Mrs. Chapman, and Mr. E. Burton. Mr. Warner shot with them

Photographs by Matney and Morgan

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

At the Sandhills race meeting, run over the Barber estate between Southern Pines and Pinehurst, North Carolina, Mr. Owen Anderson of Montana with Mrs. Samuel Sloan Colt of Tuxedo Park, New York

Below: On top of the car in space "D" at Sandhills races, Mrs. Livingston L. Biddle and Mr. T. Markoe Robertson. Fifty-six horses were entered to run on the flat and over fences in the five races on the list

Mrs. John T. Skinner, whose husband rode Mr. Paul Mellon's Corn Dodger to win the Sandhills Cup, and Mrs. Robert B. Young. Mr. Young is also an amateur rider and has owned several good steeplechasers

Below: On their way from the paddock at the Sandhills meeting are Mr. Thomas B. Gay and Mrs. Robert C. Winmill of New York. The Winmills have a place in Virginia from which they hunt with the Warrenton

The secretary at Sandhills, Mr. Richard Wallach, knows how a race meeting should be run because he has ridden in any number of them himself

People came to Pinehurst for the races from all points of the compass. Below are Mr. Paul Brightman of Aiken with Mrs. Leonard J. Cushing of New York and Mrs. Richard G. Croft of Pittsburgh, Penna., at the course

Here and there with the followers of the foot beagles. At the left is Mr. Richard Turnbull, one of the Readington whips, and Mrs. Hovey C. Clark of Far Hills. Above: Miss Mary Mellon, Miss Eleanor Philler, and Miss Barbara Lucas with Treweryn and, on the right, Mrs. John Copperthwaite and Mr. Thomas B. Fulweiler, who whips for Treweryn

Photographs by Rotofotos and Spencer Fulweiler

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

Above: Warrenton's spoint-to-point day is sure to collect a typical Virginia hunting crowd. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor S. Hardin came from "Newstead" their Upperville place

Above: Winner of the big race of the day. Mrs. G. W. Cutting rode her own horse, Irish Buckle. Below: Watching a race. Mrs. W. Tilden Hazard from Middleburg, Va. and Brookville, Long Island

Right: Spectators at Warrenton. Mrs. Alfred McQuillan Jr. of Washington and Mrs. Frank A. Yates of Buckingham, Virginia, saw the races on the club's fields

Above: The Edward Friendlys, correct from their toppers to toes, were one of the couples to compete in a race for teams of two over Warrenton's country

Left: Mrs. James Hinckley of Long Island, who hunts in Virginia with The Old Dominion and Mrs. George Cutting, who is wife of the Secretary of the Gold Cup Race

Left: Mrs. George Sloane who rode in the race for teams, and Mrs. James F. Curtis. When not living in Virginia, Mrs. Sloane and Mrs. Curtis are residents of Long Island

Point-to-point committee. Mr. W. H. Pool, Mr. Amory S. Carhart, Miss Dorothy Neyhart, Col. John Butler

At the right: Miss Polly Buchanan and Miss Mary Kennedy who hunt on Long Island or in Virginia as the weather or their inclination suggests. This shows them in Warrenton

Photographs by Wor...

Farms in the BLACK

III.

W. NEWBOLD LEY, JR.

TEN miles northeast of Camden, outside the sleeping Quaker municipality of Moorestown, New Jersey, a rapier-witted gentleman named F. Wallis Armstrong indulges in what he has known and loved since he was knee-high to a Jersey mosquito—horses. Now, to nine out of ten rich men (Wallis is reputed to have been the first to make a million in advertising) indulging oneself to the extent of keeping fifty-eight Thoroughbred horses around one's place would be almost as bad as keeping a hundred-foot yacht. However, Mr. Armstrong does not confine his brains to advertising, and Meadowview Farms, actually operated at a profit, qualifies for our "Farms in the Black" series.

The reasons for its prosperous condition are many and varied and, like many other successful things in life whether it be a sales organization or a pack of foxhounds, the pleasant outcome is due to the perfect functioning of a large number of details. One of the main reasons for the Meadowview success is the fact that Mr. Armstrong sells his yearlings each August at Saratoga and lets somebody else

Above: The grand old sire at "Meadowview Farms," John P. Grier

Photographs by
WILLIAM M.
RITTASE

Left: Down the lane goes Sir John, Mr. Armstrong's favorite hunter. Number 2 and Number 3 barns are at end of lane

hold the feed-bag from then on. Another very important reason is the fact that in the words of his veteran manager, Fred Parsons, who has been with him for twenty-six years, "there ain't nuthin' fancy around here,—just everything plain and workmanlike." There is not a gigantic plant investment in bricks and mortar and architects' fees. Landscape experts, in the process of converting some of the Wall Street faro boys into "country gentlemen," take their pants off them just as smoothly as the "boys" in turn take the nether garments off some of their customers. But the Duke of Dionis, as his Nantucket friends christened him up there last year, knows his way around when it comes to horses and the soil. It wasn't for nothing that he used to get up at five-thirty and start his two hour trek by trolley, ferry, trolley, and train to Rose Tree in his youth to follow those famous hounds for twenty seasons. In fact, he knew his way around when Fairplay was still "cafeteriaing" off his dam.

Everything at Meadowview is laid out in the most inexpensive yet practical manner, and so by keeping the overhead down, and the Saratoga sales up, there can be but one outcome in the Meadowview ledgers when Mr. Armstrong's gimlet-eyed accountant at 16th and Locust Streets in Philadelphia, takes time off from figuring the advertising profits and, by way of a change, takes a turn up and down the Moorestown track.

Three hundred and fifty acres of rolling grass fields, checkerboarded by post and rail, dotted here and there with a patch of woodland. Mrs. Armstrong had a dream of some orchards but the apple trees had a brief career, and Mr. Armstrong's tractor came and took them away because good grass is better for the future track burners than apples. The soil is a medium heavy loam marvelous for growing. On top of this is the way it has been pastured and cared for; steers ran on it in the fall for certain years; the fields rolled; the result—pasture land which would make the bluegrass sections of Kentucky never stop talking about it if they could grow grass like it. Even in dry seasons the grass never gets burned off. The old Dorrance place is only three quarters of a mile away, where, of course, the head of Campbell's Soup always had one of his tomato farms; and on the north are the Henry Dreer Seed Farms, which did not come there just on a whim. The Armstrong fields are limed every other year, and the manure, fresh from the stables, is spread on the fields every week. In this way the manure does not have a chance to burn up as it does when kept any length of time in the conventional pile—those traditional mounds which are allowed to rise slowly, like gigantic steaming pyramids, for weeks or even months with the ingredients meanwhile losing much of their potent qualities. When the Meadowview Farms manure is spread on the pasture fields it is put wherever the grass is the shortest. These fields are not used for anything but grazing. Separate fields are used for hay. These pasture fields total about fifty acres and are made up of red clover, alsike, which is a low-growing Swedish clover, and blue grass. It is interesting to note that there is no timothy at all in these fields. In fact, you can walk all through them without seeing a single spear of the old *Phleum pratense*. Incidentally, few know that this perennial grass was named after Timothy Hanson who brought it into the Carolinas around 1720, and that timothy is from the Greek and means "honored of God." And it's honored by all horsemen as we well know; in fact Manager Fred thinks that good hay is even more important than good oats. Timothy is not neglected, however, at Meadowview Farms, and it is raised for the brood mares along with the alfalfa and cover on the farm division, which has

Top: Vanity, a saddle mare, and Imp. Lady Kilmond, a hunter, with Fred Parsons, Mr. Armstrong's veteran manager. Bottom: Yearlings at Meadowview Farms. Left to right: Chestnut filly by John P. Grier out of Imp. Hastily; chestnut filly by Imp. Teddy out of Mistress Grier; brown filly by Imp. Teddy out of Green Girl; black filly by John P. Grier out of Manicure Maid

about a hundred acres used for just growing crops. Fred finds that the alfalfa keeps their bowels open, but it has to be fed judiciously as too much of it is bad for the kidneys. By feeding them alfalfa he finds the mares do not need to feed so much bran. They dry their hay in the field, and do not bale it till it is in the barn. Twelve to fourteen quarts of oats a day are fed when the mares are carrying a foal, as they figure it is really three to one. In other words, there is the mare herself, the foal she is carrying, and the one she is nursing. Some say it's the cool nights, but whatever it is, all of us in the Middle Atlantic states and South seem always to have to end up with Western oats. This is the case at Moorestown where they are fed crushed. The Armstrong farm does not feed any corn except very occasionally when a particular horse may get off its feed.

One of the main features of his farm of which Mr. Armstrong is especially proud are his large circular stone fountains. There is one in every field and the water comes straight from artesian wells. In addition, Fred drops a lump of lime in each fountain. Water is such an important factor in breeding livestock and so often ignored by all but the most knowing. For some strange reason people think that water is water and do not appreciate the fact that certain valuable chemical properties are present in some water and not in others, and that all this influences the bone and development of the the animals they are raising.

And to show how this New Jersey menu refutes the exclusive claims of Kentucky's bluegrass we might list a few of the graduates of Meadowview Farms. Boojum, by John P. Grier out of Elf, which broke the world's record in the Hopewell at Saratoga; Jack High, another Grier out of Priscilla, which under George Widener's colors broke the American record at Belmont Park; High Jack, which Mr. Widener said was the fastest horse he ever owned, but hurt himself in training; Stand Pat, now heading the Seegram farm in Canada; Case Ace, by the imported Teddy out of Sweetheart, the lady who holds the track record at Louisville; and so on. But the experts know them all anyhow, and the plain playing public usually get a bit bilious from too many pedigrees. So we'll just pass by with a salute to Hastily, the dam of Cavalcade. And just to show that Mr. Armstrong treats his Saratoga customers right, Cavalcade went for $1,200 and proceeded to win a quarter of a million, which even non-horsey people must confess is a fairly decent rate of interest in depression years.

Case Ace mentioned above has just returned to his birthplace and is standing here for his first year at stud. He is a bay with good bone but a bit on the coarse side. He won over $100,000 for Mrs. Ethel Mars' Milky Way stables.

Now for a brief glance at these famous names while they are Meadowview undergraduates. In fact, lesson number one comes when, with two men holding it and wedged in by the dam, a halter is first put on the palpitating weanling. Then the class is led out in a bucking procession, with an old lead horse without shoes as the pilot, so no chances are taken on the leader planting an iron-shod hoof on one of the youngsters which might bump into the veteran's hind legs.

Every day that it is not snowing or raining all the horses are out in the fields, and much of their health and freedom from disease it attributed to this life in the wide open Jersey spaces.

Now, in all this discussion about the mothers and the offspring the poor old man has been neglected as is so often the case. So here's to good old John P. Grier, by Whisk Broom 2nd out of Wonder, with twenty summers resting on his beautiful chestnut head.

With horse or hound the writer has (*Continued on page 127*)

Above: A weanling colt. Sire, Imp. Teddy; dam, Sea Moss.. Note the salt box on fence. Right: Imp. Hastily, by Hurry On out of Henley, and the brood mares' mascot, Reds

Seen and Heard

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

All those of you who are in the least familiar with British sporting journalism will recall an interminable series of controversial articles as to the list of the twelve best shots in Great Britain. The lists invariably began with the late King and then descended slowly through the peerage, generally ending with one commoner, just to prove that England was a democratic country. Bitter articles were written to prove that the Duke of Chose was a better shot than the Marquess of Thingumabob, the opinions of the writers being supported by statistics of stupendous slaughter on a certain day in 1893. I have always suspected that the superiority of the nobility and the gentry was largely due to the fact that they owned the coverts and the birds and that the commoner was given the poor end of the stick. I have no real proofs in this matter; it is, I must admit, just the suspicion of a low mind.

A writer in the London "Field," turning with a natural revulsion from this discussion, recently produced an article entitled "The Twelve Worst Shots" and he has consequently started another discussion in his turn. But a constructive one.

I know very little about the worst shots in England or Scotland or Wales. I have only shot—fired would be, perhaps, the better word—during one short season in Scotland, and that was years ago. But I recall the unanimity with which the gillies behind me, if I so much as turned my head to look at the view, would hurl themselves flat in the heather with their arms over their heads, uttering strange wailing Gaelic cries; I suppose a lament for Lochiel or Lochaber or something similar. Even the pannier ponies knelt down and prayed. I say it was a short season for, after two days of firing, I was appointed official trout fisherman for the party. I spent my time drifting fruitlessly about lochs in the rain, accompanied by an ex-police commissioner from Singapore—at least that is what he claimed to be—who was detailed to keep me from drowning. Conditions were never right on those lochs. "Ye'll get no fush the day," the commissioner would assure me every morning. It seemed that if the wind blew from the north, south, east, or west, no trout would take a fly. There was one tiny point on the compass card, something like east northeast by east one half east, of which trout highly approved, and when the wind came from that obscure quarter, they were voracious. But it never did, in my experience. It always came from N., E., W., or S. So we drifted while I flogged the sullen waters and the rain poured down and the commissioner ate my cigars. I have watched congressmen and senators who were no mean performers at cigar eating but I have never seen such virtuosity as that of the commissioner. He not only devoured them with relish and gusto but also contrived at the same time in a heavy rain to keep alive a slight "glimmer, glimmer," and to emit, when we were on the roughest portion of the loch, clouds of smoke which were no credit to my tobacconist.

Garrett Price

Twelve Worst Shots

However, this has little to do with the "Twelve Worst Shots." Let us leave foreign shores and come back to our own dear land. The competition for a place in the ranks of Twelve Worst Shots in this country will probably be keener than in England. Some fifteen million gunners, all actively firing, will make a choice difficult—and dangerous. I do not wish to seem immodest but I am sure that, if I had not retired from active competition, I could have made the team—perhaps in the capacity of captain. I have given up firing, not so much because as a conservationist I feared that I would contribute to the extinction of upland game or other vanishing wild life, but rather because I love trees and forests. My invariable practise of firing from the hip into the nearest tree must be injurious to our vanishing supply of standing timber. A load of chilled No. 7's, delivered at point blank range, lacerates the bark severely. And besides, when I go quail shooting I generally fire, by mistake, both barrels loaded with No. 4's, or even buckshot—and this wounds the tree even more profoundly. Such wounds make life too easy for the woodpeckers, and I do not believe in making life too easy for woodpeckers. They should work for their living, just like the rest of us and not go probing around in ready-made holes where I have been firing. There is, of course, some solace in the thought that, if they do so probe, they will sooner or later hit the shot and get a sore nose and a stiff neck. Robins are the lowest form of birds; next come whippoorwills; and then woodpeckers—so that, if I do not regard woodpeckers with active animosity, I cannot feel sad about the possibility of their bumping their noses on my shot. At any rate the question is purely academic as I have resigned my claims and shall not put myself forward as a candidate.

I have, however, a candidate for captain in mind, whom I shall back with all the power that is in me. I well recall the time when he went out—with me—on his first firing party. We were, as they say, walking up pheasants, without (*Continued on page 120*)

"High tide or no high tide, I *thought* we scraped bottom when we came in last night."

WOODBROOK FARM

The Home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Cullman, Purchase, New York

AYMAR EMBURY II, *Architect* MARIANNE DEAN, *Landscape Architect* BERTHA SCHAEFER, *Decorator*

Water Color Sketches by ANN SCHABBEHAR

Greek Revival lattice decoratively encloses stable group

...ge leads toward pond and pool from the piazza

SITUATED on a hill surrounded by beautiful old trees, Woodbrook Farm at Purchase, New York, has been made by its present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Cullman, into an attractive country dwelling and farm. Smart iron railings and masonry steps lead up to a Late Colonial arched doorway beneath a portico of boxed columns upholding an entablature of the Regency mode. Indeed, so harmonious in appearance is the entire facade with its shuttered windows and old hand-split shingled walls, that it is impossible to tell which are the architectural elements recently added to make a perfect habitation of this more-than-a-century-old house.

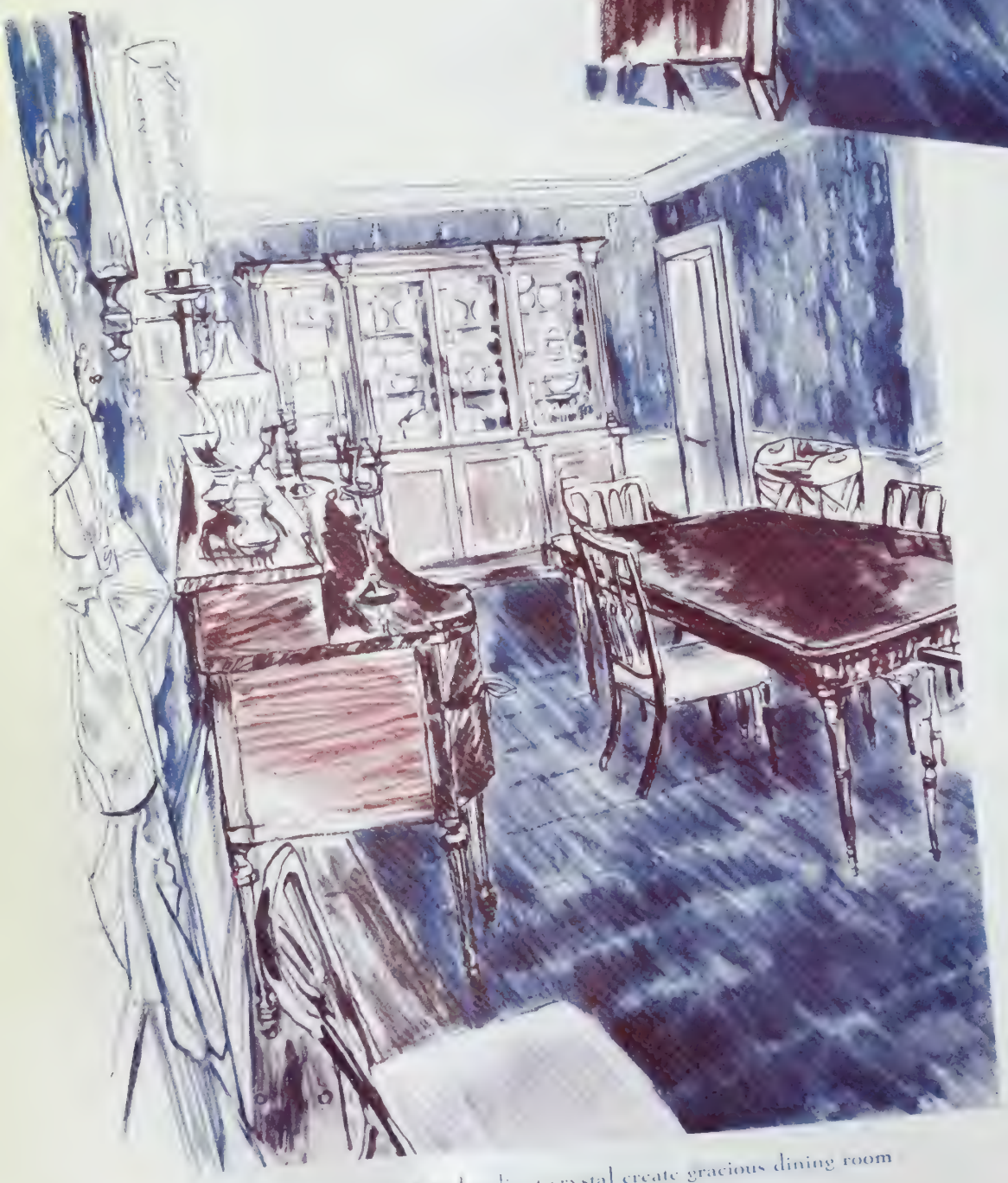
Woodbrook Farm well exemplifies how subtle must be the ministrations of owners and architect when they endeavor to make livable a country house that from its constant use through the years, naturally—almost humanly—has evolved a definite character.

Built about 1760, the oldest part of the house is away to the left of the front entrance. This was the original farmhouse,—pegged floors and rough-hewn beams dating from the Revolutionary period. In 1830 more space was needed, and a larger house was built, for which the farmhouse became the service wing (as it is today). Remaining untouched through Civil War times and the post-war period, inhabitants of about 1900 felt the urge to modernize their property —among other features adding a bay window directly in front. To reform this vagary by inculcating it in the present entrance was only one of twenty or more operations required to accomplish a tactful ensemble.

Carefully prepared drawings were made for every change, so that the beauty of grace resulting has not been generated by chance, nor by mere dry delving into historical architecture. Love of simplicity and delicacy inspired much creative thinking on the part of all concerned. All aspects of the house and estate were studied with the purpose of bringing out the latent best. Reconstruction went ahead slowly over a period of years. The Greek Revival sitting room was perfected three years ago; the living room and

An outdoor living room is the flagged terrace done by Mrs. Cullman herself in California furniture, sturdy pine block and reeded, covered with tangerine duck—bright splashes against the verdure

Victorian Chanticleer vases add gayety to living room arranged in blue, white, green. A child's room with blue plaid wallpaper has red trimmed chintz draperies at windows



English furniture and radiant crystal create gracious dining room

stairhall, a year ago. Wherever possible, inside or out, the original material was left untouched; for instance, in the dining room and in the double guest room on the third floor with its timbered walls and ceiling. And this attitude likewise preserved typical aspects of the farm scene like the lane leading down to the pool—and this a natural pool, itself, where bullrushes grow, and where during the wintertime there is ice for skating.

Where the lane ends at the house is a comfortable piazza overlooking the garden. Here Mrs. Cullman herself has done an outside sitting room with flagstone floor and California furniture of the heavy pine block, also reeded types, covered in vivid tangerine duck. There is room enough here to seat twenty or twenty-five people for cocktails, a most ideal location, whence it is possible to view distantly, off to one side, the stable and kennels (for the cows, dogs, and other pets the family may desire), garages, and the gardener's house.

Down the garden in another direction are uniquely landscaped terraces and a swimming pool, created by Marianne Dean, that in total beauty is natural, yet of planned style. At one end of the pool are whitewashed brick houses with steep roofs of Regency type: one the women's dressing room, the other the men's. Between them is a covered passageway. It is the custom of Woodbrook Farm to have luncheon and supper parties here, food being heated or prepared in a neatly equipped kitchenette in one of the dressing rooms.

Healthy and gay as parties are in the open,

they are strongly contested by the interior delights of the Cullman farm-home. Inside, a graceful archway separates the vestibule from the main stairhall running from the front to the back of the house. Spacious in character, there prevails a pleasant informality exactly suited to life in the country where sports attire is requisite most of the time, and outdoor activities demand a constant coming and going. If one has entered from the garden through the Dutch door connecting the hallway with the piazza, it is agreeable to rest a few minutes on the bench, cushioned in green to match the leafy foliage of the French handblocked paper with an old blue ground and flowers in rust. This warm color is matched in the rug, and white woodwork offers a traditional finishing touch to the decorative scheme.

This stairhall completely divides the lower floor so that one part includes a little Greek Revival sitting room, dining room, and the service wing, while the other is devoted to a large living room with outside terraces accessible on two sides.

In the living room, pine and fruitwood furniture, rich in texture and form, is thrown into contrast with a blue, white, and green scheme that takes in draperies, upholstery, and boiserie. One wall is arranged for blue and green wallpaper while the other walls are wainscoted, with carved effects over the bookcase and fluted panels. The woodwork is white.

At the windows are chintz draperies patterned in white lilies on a blue ground, and there is a chair in chintz to match them. The sofa against the papered wall is in blue cotton with crisscross design in white. Other chairs covered in cotton rep and chenille are blue and white, and blue and green. A comfortable lounge chair is entirely in white homespun. Giving the room a (*Continued on page 94*)

A Greek Revival sitting room has old boiserie painted dead white with marble mantel and Regency chairs with yellow leather seats

Attic ceiling beams lend rustic charm to this huge double guest room with its wallpaper pattern of Farmer Brown and his garden implements. In the hall downstairs is a large, green-cushioned bench

A pleasant walk through green lawns from the house is the swimming pool with its entourage of landscaped terraces and twin bath houses of Regency style with roofed passageway between. It is the happy custom at Woodbrook to have supper parties here, one of the shelters harboring a completely modern kitchenette

Morris *and* Essex

Etching by Victor G. Becker

Giralda Farms in May is again the scene of AMERICA'S LARGEST DOG SHOW

VINTON P. BREESE

SEVERAL important outdoor dog shows will take place during the month of May, but there is one that is so important that it may well be termed the grand opening of the outdoor season. It goes without saying that this is the twelfth annual exhibition of the Morris and Essex Kennel Club to be held May 28th at Giralda Farms, the 3,000 acre estate of Mrs. Hartley Dodge at Madison, N. J. Even the term "grand opening" doesn't fully convey the magnitude of this show, for it not only quadruples the size of other important outdoor events, but it is both the largest canine classic in the Western Hemisphere and the greatest outdoor dog show in the world. It has held the former record for the past five years and the latter almost from its very inception. Speaking of records, it has registered the greatest annual increase in entries during its eleven years of any kennel exhibition in the world and has set many more marks that have never been equaled.

The advances made since its premiere in 1927 with 595 dogs as the total are amazing. This number had jumped to 2,346 in 1933, establishing the record as America's largest show, a record it has held ever since with 2,827 dogs in 1934; 3,175 in '35; 3,751 in '36; and 4,104 last year. There are innumerable reasons for this unprecedented and tremendous success. Chief among these are that it was originally designed as an event catering not only to confirmed fanciers, canine campaigners, and show dogs in general, but to all who own purebred dogs, regardless of whether they be of high or low caliber. Therefore the novice exhibitor, the single dog owner, and such may enter their pets in competition with the great and the near great, enjoy the thrill of showing, learn the comparative merit of their dogs under experienced judges, and indulge in a delightful day's outing; all at minimum cost. Then for those more materially minded there is the lure of the $20,000 prize money which is divided into cash prizes of $10, $3, and $2 for first, second, and third in the classes throughout all breeds; a sterling silver trophy; cash of $10, $5, and $3 for first, second, third, and fourth in the six variety groups; and the 300 solid silver trophies to be won outright. In addition, thirty-one breed specialty clubs have designated this as their specialty show and are offering their club trophies and cash prizes to members, and in some cases, open to all. As its slogan proclaims, this is "The Exhibitors' Show" where gold, glory, thrilling entertainment, and free catering are offered to all who enter dogs.

In order that some conception of this mammoth exhibition may be formed be it stated that the venue is the vast polo field of velvety greensward some 1,500 feet long and 500 feet wide, bordered on two sides by two rows of canvas "big tops" 400 feet long and 80 feet wide for the benching of the dogs, enclosing the fifty-four judging rings—and all in a virgin forest frame. Extra tenting is in readiness for the judging in case of inclement weather, and there is also a large refreshment tent and cafeteria. Every conceivable arrangement is made for the convenience of canines and humans alike and a particular point in this respect is a field hospital with a physician and two nurses in attendance. As soon as the frost is out of the ground crews of men go to work rolling the polo field and repairing roads; painters refurbish the buildings and plumbers check the water system which completely circles the field. The day of the show eighty policemen are on duty directing the traffic as it nears and enters the grounds, forty Burns detectives are in sharp-eyed attendance, and some seventy-five workmen from the es-

Edwin Levick

An impressive array of solid silver trophies offered at Morris and Essex

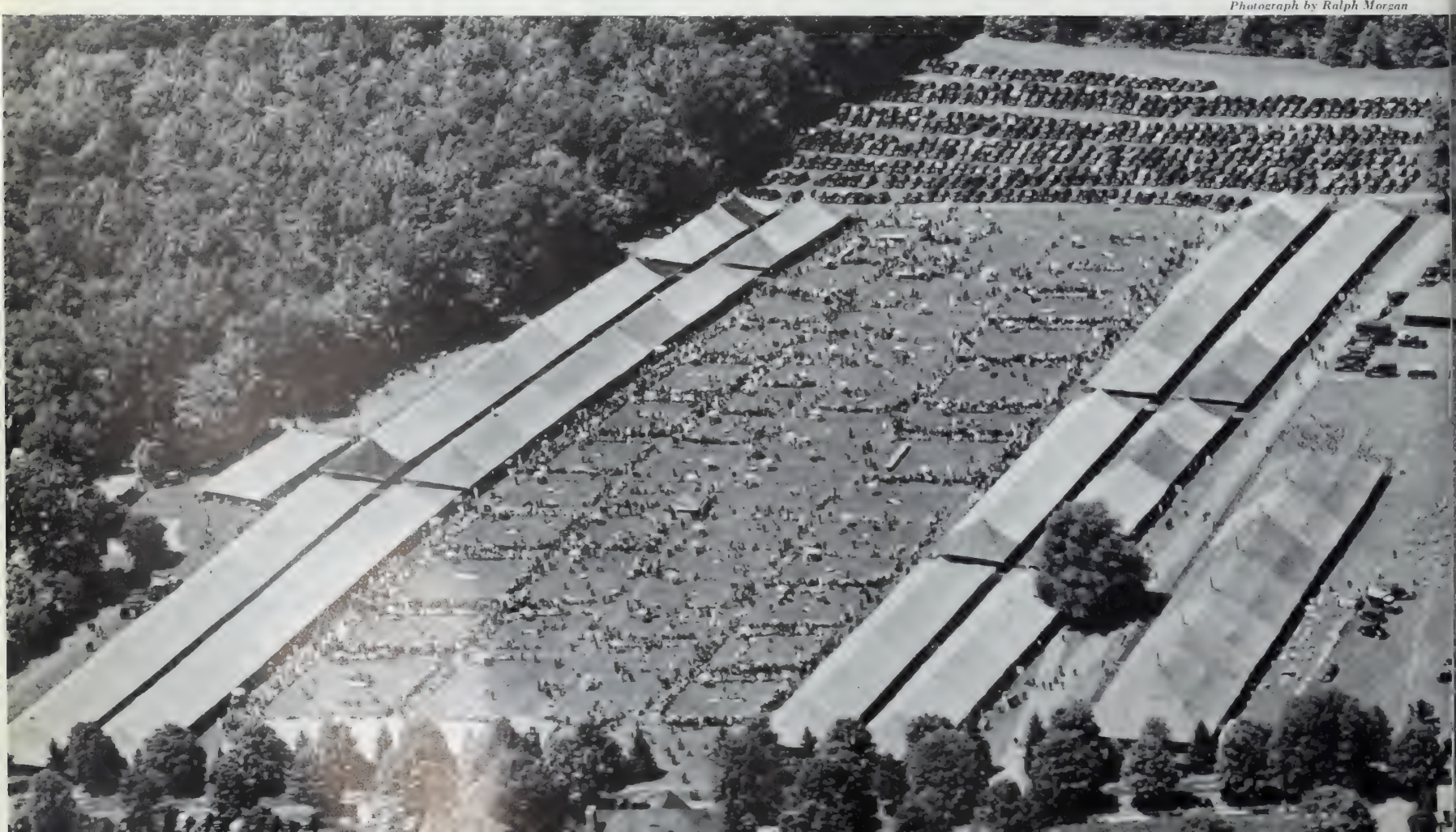
Photographs by Edwin Levick

tate are present for emergency duty. There are also 200 runners to keep the rings supplied with dogs. Finally there are the judges, stewards, and others in clerical positions, which altogether make a total of some 600 persons engaged in efficiently conducting the affair according to schedule. At last year's renewal there were 10,000 motor cars and an estimated 40,000 persons. The towering tops and fluttering flags aloft, the gaily garbed multitude below, and dogs of every size, shape, and shade, going through their classes in rapid sequence, presented the most elaborate and spectacular show ever staged under open skies.

Now, how did all of this come to pass? Formally known as the Morris and Essex Kennel Club Exhibition, it is familiarly termed "Mrs. Dodge's Show," and quite rightly so for, finding its inception in her mind a dozen years ago, it is the culmination of an idea to create an event devoted chiefly to exhibitors and she, as its sole sponsor, with lavish expenditures of money, time, and trouble has brought it to its preeminent peak of perfection. Having attended many of the one-day outdoor events during the early nineteen twenties, which frequently, due to lack of system, too few or hesitant judges, and other causes, were wont to drag along until dusk or darkness overtook the proceedings, Mrs. Dodge conceived the idea of staging a show to eliminate all such drawbacks and permit exhibitors to leave in time for the usual dinner hour. Especially impressed by the efficient judging of the late Walter H. Glynn, she tried to secure his services for her first show in 1927 but other engagements prevented his making the trip from England. However, the initial event with eighteen breeds, representing a total of 595 dogs, ran with clockwork precision which has ever since been one of the foremost features of the affair. It is noteworthy that invariably at Morris and Essex the variety groups and other large and important assignments are made to professional all-rounders while other breeds are in the hands of experienced specialists. To this is largely due the rapid and accurate judging for which this show is noted. With each succeeding year a few more breeds were added to the classification and this together with the excellent judging, expert management, and abounding hospitality promoted the fixture to its phenomenal popularity.

Although it started as a limited breed affair, to please the urgent requests of exhibitors, additional breeds were constantly added each year until 1936. Then it was found that some of the breeds were not drawing well and a reduction was begun. Seventeen breeds were dropped in 1937, and sixteen more this year. In this elimination the management used as a basis the average number of entries at the three preceding shows, and a breed which failed to show an average of ten over the three-year period was dropped. The arrangement, according to the show officials, is elastic. It is not designed to discourage any of the newer breeds and several which have not had three years in which to prove themselves are still included in the list. Others which did not quite come up to the average will doubtless be reinstated at future shows if their popularity increases. Under such a plan almost every breed can have its own judging ring, and as there are to be seventy-two (*Continued on page 126*)

Photograph by Ralph Morgan



we build a lily pool

CLIFFORD BLANKS

I WANTED a lily pool for my garden, and said so. I had been wanting one for some time and saying so at such frequent intervals that my family decided that the simplest way to keep me quiet and have some peace would be to join forces and build the lily pool. It was not so simple, nor did it involve peace.

In the first place, perhaps I had better introduce my family. We live in Virginia, in the country, so naturally, the size of the family fluctuates. The summer of the pool building it happened to consist of my cousin, a philosophy professor with a sense of humor; his charming wife; my sister who is head of the Home Economics Department in a State College; my lawyer husband; my cook who has been with the family for thirty-five years, and me. Given that setup, it is easy to see that when I say we discussed a matter, the matter was thoroughly discussed.

We considered the design of the pool. My husband wanted a chaste square one; my sister, a more naturalistic effect; the professorial family leaned toward a combination of the best points of both types, while the cook, never having seen a lily pool, had in mind something along the line of a millpond. I talked loudest that time, and we compromised on the design I had chosen, a rather complicated two-storied affair that seemed to embody some points of everybody's idea, except that of the millpond.

They said that they would do the work themselves. My sister, whose faith in men is shaky at best, took one look at the gentlemen's long, white, professional fingers and quietly hired a colored semi-carpenter named Wool to build the pool. Wool did the job quite well. The finished product even bore a faint resemblance to the picture we were copying. True, there had been some slight mishaps. Due to rather casual methods of excavation, the garden was covered from stem to stern with a film of red clay subsoil, suggesting a mild eruption of a crimson Vesuvius; and we had forgotten to install a drain pipe. However, these seemed minor matters. The effect, on the whole, was good.

Now, all the time that Wool was digging, cementing, and flagstoning, we were poring over books on the subject of lily pools. We are a literary family with faith in the printed word, so we recklessly ordered everything that the catalogues recommended for a complete pool: aerating plants with names like scrofulous diseases, goldfish, plain and fancy—and, we hoped, in pairs, though even the catalogues conceded that there might be some doubt on that point; lilies, tropical and hardy; water hyacinths; water poppies; snails and scavengers. All this, though the pool is not very large.

While reading a catalogue, someone stumbled upon a valuable bit of information. It seems that no pool is a fit habitat for fish immediately after its completion, for cement gives to water an alkalinity fatal to such animal life. Knowing nothing of the chemical reaction of fish, we felt that we had been saved by a squeak from mass murder and were happy to learn that the water could be made neutral and safe by the addition of a quart of vinegar to every hundred gallons of water. I *think* I have the correct figures.

Anyway, this was meat for the professor—let's call him Ben since that is his name—my sister and my husband. They volunteered to compute the amount of water to be contained in the pool, so we could estimate the amount of vinegar required. Then they got all the old arithmetic books down from the top shelves of the library, blew the dust from the covers, and settled down happily with pencils and paper as soon as supper was over. It was not an easy problem. In the first place, the arithmetics were rather reticent on the subject of changing cubic feet into gallons, and in the second place, there was grave doubt as to the number of cubic feet involved, for, while the pool is round in a vague sort of way, its bottom is definitely, not level. In fact, as Sister exclaimed in exasperation, "The devilish thing slopes seven ways for Sunday!" Wool is not much of a carpenter, and, as a civil engineer, is a total loss. Add to these facts the combative dispositions of the mathematicians, all three of whom never got the same answer to a single problem, and it is easy to understand why we played no bridge that night. About twelve-thirty, they informed me that the pool would eventually hold eight thousand gallons of water, and I must go down in the morning and buy eighty quarts of vinegar.

"Isn't that quite a lot of vinegar?" I asked faintly, having had some experience with pickle measurements.

"No," they replied firmly, "that is the way it works out."

Now I come from a long line of students who have ever held Ph. D. degrees in profound respect, and besides, I never was any good at arithmetic, so next morning I dismissed my doubts and went down to buy the vinegar. The grocer looked startled when I told him I wanted eighty quarts.

"Going to make some pickles, Mrs. Blanks?" he asked, in a rather faraway voice.

"Um'm," I answered absently, trying to estimate in my head the price of eighty quarts of vinegar. "It's for the fish."

"Pickled fish? That's—er—nice." He was game to the end, though plainly distressed at my condition.

"Oh, no, not pickled fish. Just send it up," I called hurriedly, for a friend had passed the store, a friend with a lily pool and a good head for mathematics. Leaving the grocer alone with his troubles, I dragged the friend home with me and, to make a long story short, he finally convinced us that we needed eight, not eighty quarts of vinegar. He was right, and I have been trying to use up the remaining seventy-two quarts ever since. By dint of much pickling, I am now down to about twenty-five.

DURING this period of stress and storm, the pool had been lying empty in the glare of the midsummer sun, and the cement had cracked, so Wool had to come back and fix it. Finally the fish, the water plants, the snails, and the scavengers were properly placed, and we gathered around to admire the effect. It was quite charming, but Piety, the cook, admired it so extravagantly and lengthily that we had a cold lunch and burned biscuits that day.

The next day it rained—not a gentle little shower, but a veritable summer cloudburst. Gory looking water poured into the pool from every corner of the garden, and when the skies cleared, we saw the borders of the lawn free of clay once more; the pool held it all. S.O.S. for Wool once more. He was by now beginning to look upon our pool as his lifework, but he came and fixed it properly, and we have had no trouble with flooding since that day. However, there stood the pool, when the (*Continued on page 133*)

The grocer looked startled when I said I wanted eighty quarts of vinegar for our new lily pool

New Prospects from the West Coast Ranks

Polo from the Near-Side

ARTHUR W. LITTLE, Jr.

Below: The winning Santa Barbara team. Left to right: George Oliver, Hale Marsh, C. H. Jackson, Jr., and Converse Converse

Above: Just before the game at Fleischmann Field. Left to right: Eric Tyrell-Martin, Charles B. Wrightsman, Wrightsman's valet, Cecil Smith, and Wrightsman's head groom

THE name of Perkins in West Coast polo line-ups has, of course, a strong nostalgic repercussion. It brought back happy memories of big-time polo doings at Midwick, near Pasadena, ten years and more ago . . . Del Monte, too, with its high-goal tournaments, again under way as this is written, in the natural beauty of its cypress setting on Monterey Bay . . . and Santa Barbara, where the Pacific Coast handicap event has just been completed on probably the most perfect fields in the country, with the blue Pacific basking just a mashie shot beyond one set of Fleischmann Field goal posts, and the other pylons silhouetted against the shadows that stretch languidly down across the bordering orange groves from the sunny slopes of the Santa Ynez Range.

There was always a Perkins in the polo picture at Colorado Springs, summer capital of Western polo in those good old days too—Arthur Perkins, of whom it is good news to relate that he will return to the Broadmoor this year to once more manage and play in the Pikes Peak region he once put so strongly on the world's polo map . . . But perhaps you don't remember Arthur Perkins. Perhaps you have forgotten who was one of the best pivot men, one of the greatest No. 3's, in the galloping game from 1924 through 1931. For 'round about that time Perkins had a serious automobile accident. The crash put him in a Colorado hospital for several years.

That was the end of Arthur Perkins's polo career. At least that's what everyone thought. And it seemed one of polo's greatest tragedies. There was no chance that he would ever play again and all the doctors hoped was to be able to save his life. For several years Perkins was inactive, a strange, trying role for one who had spent practically every day of his grown-up years in the saddle. Polo went on without him. Polo almost forgot him. You remember one well-known horse magazine referring to him once as "the ill-fated Arthur Perkins." But he didn't forget polo, and deep down inside he held out a ray of hope that some day he would ride back into the

Photographs by
F. M. NALLEY

Left: Watching the polo at Santa Barbara. George Oliver and Cecil Smith with, (in the rear) Eddie Hillman, Eric Pedley and Mrs. Stewart B. Iglehart

game. And if sometimes he seemed to give up, a loyal stable boy whom he got to go to a mountain cabin and camp out with him until he gradually regained his old strength of mind and body, rekindled the fighting competitive spirit.

"Stick with it, Mr. Perkins," he would say, "and you can do it."

So Arthur Perkins stuck with it. All he asked for was a good trout stream to fish in and a couple of unbroken "green" mounts to "fool around with" and "make" while exercising his injured limbs and arms. He stretched the long idle muscles and massaged the tendons and it seemed as if he almost willed the wounds to heal. And one spring he arrived back in California with a Thoroughbred polo pony so beautifully schooled that it was immediately sold to a British international polo player wintering at Del Monte. And he had a thoroughly trained hunter along with him too, a fine looking colt that was also quickly sold—and went on to become one of the winning steeplechase racers of the country.

When Perkins reported for polo again, however, he alone believed that he still could play. Everyone kind of looked away when he hobbled and limped to his mounts on the picket line, trying to appear as if they hadn't noticed. Nobody wanted to discourage him though, and soon enough it was certainly not sympathy that kept him in the line-ups, gave him the managership of the famous Santa Monica Uplifters Club as a stepping stone to taking over his old reins at Midwick again the following year. And as his first season back at Midwick went on, there was such rapid improvement in "the man who came back" that is wasn't at all surprising when that year he once more rode at his customary old No. 3 post on the Midwick Big Four that won the Coast Open Championship! Since then he has been a regular member of all No. 1 Midwick teams in high-goal tournament play and during the winter season just passed played well up to his current six-goal rating. When you think of Arthur Perkins's fall and rise, when you picture him spurring his mount on down the field, carrying on so courageously year after year with his glorious, gripping comeback, other letters that spell Perkins on the big scoreboards of West Coast polo these days would seem to appear very trivial indeed. . . . Yet the name that seemed familiar as it appeared on the Santa Barbara scoreboard the other day is also one most polo followers may not be likely to forget.

A stranger might have thought this was the same Perkins—from a distance. Or one of the same family, anyway. There was something characteristic about the way he rode well up in the saddle. And the way he handled his mount, checking it and setting it down to swing into back shots that had "the old man's" great distance too. But when he rode off the field at the end of the game and stepped off his steaming pony to stand up to his full height in the maroon jersey and well-worn dark helmet of the Texas Rangers, winners of the Pacific Coast High-goal Handicap Championship, the stranger would have known at once that this Perkins couldn't be more than twenty years old at the very most.

"Arthur Perkins? He's my dad," he said simply—as if you didn't know. "He's playing as well as he ever did too," he added with enthusiasm and no hint of a boast, "wouldn't be surprised if they put him up to eight-goals again one of these days!"

"But weren't there a few other great Perkinses playing polo out here and in the East some years ago?"

"No," this Perkins said. "It was always my dad. He's played top polo for a great many years—for so long that I guess it must have seemed as though there were several fellows—to his opponents anyway. He played at Chagrin Valley near Cleveland for a while, and at Colorado Springs and has managed at both those clubs as well as at Del Monte and Midwick at different stretches over a period of years. Long Island saw him first in 1924 when he was at No. 3 behind the late Teddy Miller and Eric Pedley and in front of Carleton Burke on Midwick's most famous Four that went back East and, after winning the Junior Championship, galloped off with the National Open title as well."

This Perkins is Peter. He is tall and rangy and black haired and good looking, with the dark, steady eyes and high cheek bones that occasionally find him playing the part of an Indian youth in films. But he is half Englishman, though born in this country, and half Easterner too, although he has but scant acquaintance with either England or New York, it seems.

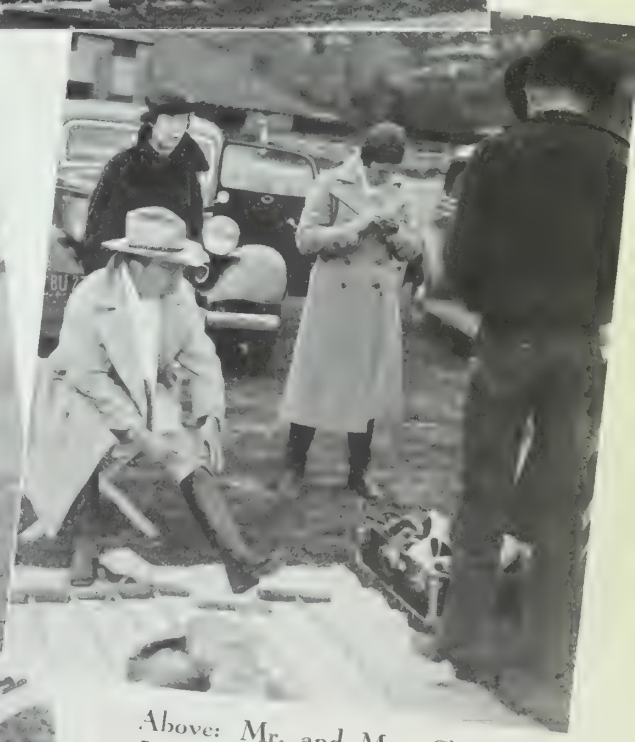
"I played polo (*Continued on page 109*)

Above: In the Santa Barbara clubhouse: Mrs. Louis Fisher of Baltimore, Mrs. C. H. Jackson, Jr., Mr. Fisher, Mrs. T. B. Blackiston of Baltimore, and Mrs. Converse Converse

Right: The polo playing Preece brothers. Left to right: Arthur of St. Louis and Terence of Long Island

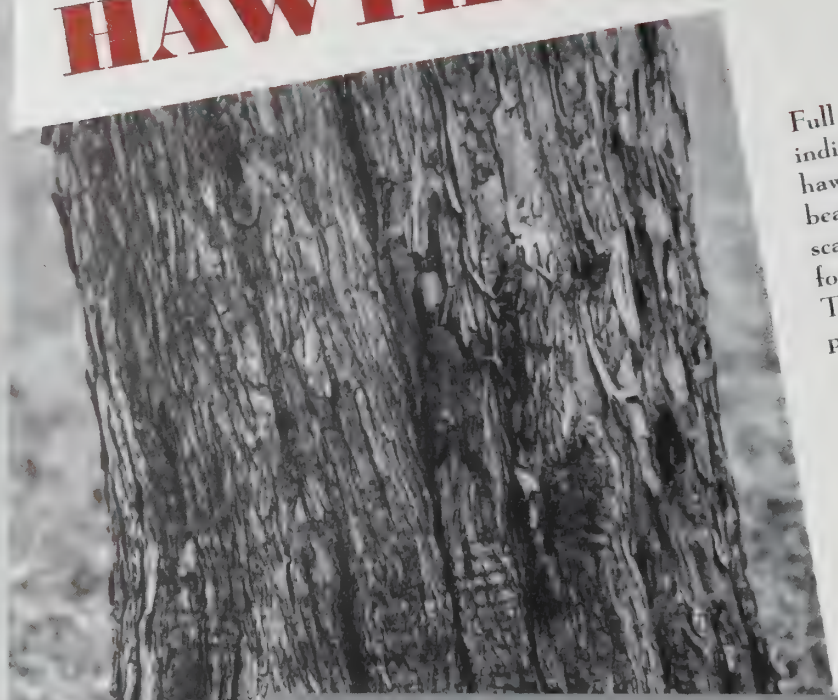
Above: Left to right at Fleischmann Field: Dr. Brush, Mrs. Brush, Mr. Borderre, Mr. Martin Osborne, Mrs. Martin Osborne, and Mrs. Borderre

Right: Two of the world's three ten-goal players, and one of the greatest polo combinations of the age. Cecil Smith and Stewart B. Iglehart, No. 2 and No. 3 on the Old Westbury team



Above: Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jackson, Jr., leaving the field after a game. Behind Mr. Jackson is Miss Rose Donnelly, another of the West Coast's enthusiastic women players

The HAWTHORN —friend of the sportsman



Full of character and individuality are the hawthorns—things of beauty in the landscape and sanctuaries for feathered fugitives. They merit protection, preservation, planting

RAYMOND S. DECK

It was late, late afternoon of a golden October day. For hours we had trudged through frost-painted woodlands in New York's fair land of the Finger Lakes. There are grouse in every dingle of that fruitful region (or, anyhow, there were in boom seasons just a few years ago) and it seemed very strange that we hadn't flushed even one bird. We'd hunted hard, and rather knowingly, we thought. While the wise old setter galloped this way and that through brushy places, Rand had tramped along a dozen ridges where wild grapevines grew. Over warm, sunny slopes, through shadowy ravines strewn with beechnuts and other fat spoils of autumn I had hunted watchfully for hours on end. But no grouse had roared up when the magic hour came for the sun to sink low and the air to grow crisp on that golden October day.

Then—*RRrrrrr!*—deep, low, as game-bird flight always sounds when the day is far gone, we heard the sudden drum-roll of a flushing grouse. (We'd come out of the woodlands now, and were ready to start the jaunt over hills to the car.) Another bird went up unseen somewhere before us. Old Joe marched ahead on stiff legs. His tail was up—but waving uncertainly. There was frank puzzlement in the way his quivering muzzle swung one way and another. And well there might have been! For in years of hunting grouse with a crusader's zeal, never before nor since have I walked into such a convocation as was gathered on the unkempt hill before us. Never again could I hope (or *should* I, anyhow) to come on an abandoned farm so grown up to wild hawthorn trees that every fantail in the countryside had come there to gorge on their fruits.

Whrr-rr! Boom! *Br-rrr!* To a constant thunder of wings and crash of nitro we beat back and forth through that back-road banquet hall. We shot on and on while the red-lighted west faded into a thing of silver and new frost came to sparkle on the earth. Joe never managed a single clean point through the foray, since all the birds were feeding up in the branches. And our coats weren't very heavy when the last shell was gone. (Even if the light had been strong there'd have been no good shooting done. Our hearts were pounding too hard!) But we'd seen more master game-birds in one short half hour of dusk than any hunter is entitled to come on in a day, this side of Paradise.

The clansmen of hawthorn-kind always build gathering places for game. In my experience at least, they attract wildlife farther and protect it more doughtily than any other plants you can name. For example, I can't think of any setup but a wilderness of thorny limbs and little apples that would have beguiled a score of partridge for a half hour's high-pressure shooting—and in the end given up only two birds. Out of all your experience, can you?

If you have seen the gentle land of Warwickshire in May when

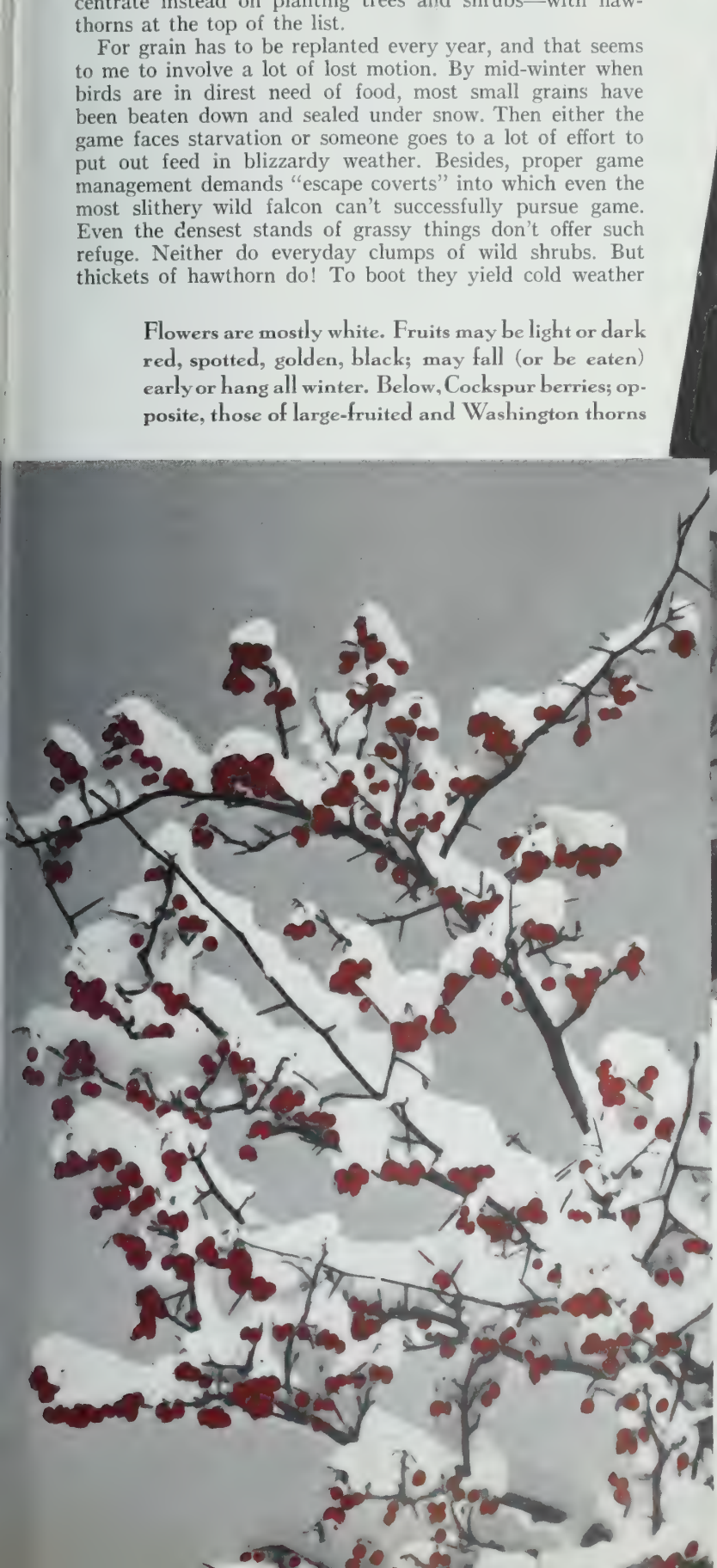
the thorny hedges about its fields are blanketed with white flowers as under a snowfall, I need not tell you what a gracious boon the English hawthorn is to Old World farmers. Countless poems attest that hawthorns merit tribute from the Muse. American landscape gardeners, too, keep a friendly eye on the genus Crataegus, setting immigrant may-trees and various other hawthorns on estates and in public parks across the land. But the historic mayflower and its kin have been all but overlooked by those numerous folk who take workaday things like farming, poetry, and landscaping in their stride; who keep an eye cocked, instead, for ways of increasing game. That's a very strange thing, for, to my way of thinking, the hawthorn clan affords more benefits in wild-life coverts than in poems, parks, and British farming lands together.

Of course all wild American hawthorns—called red haws, thornapples, and white thorns in different localities—are on the game-manager's "protected" list. Few outdoor enthusiasts would not cry "woodman, spare them thar trees," when, in the course of land-clearing operations, plants of the sort were encountered. Their diminutive apples are too familiar in the crops of shot game for observant sportsmen not to know they are worthwhile. But laissez-faire does not do justice to the potent genus Crataegus. Its near-thousand species should be planted on game preserves, I think, as calculatingly as we set fruit trees in our orchards. Perhaps we should even let up a bit on the traditional planting of grain; concentrate instead on planting trees and shrubs—with hawthorns at the top of the list.

For grain has to be replanted every year, and that seems to me to involve a lot of lost motion. By mid-winter when birds are in direst need of food, most small grains have been beaten down and sealed under snow. Then either the game faces starvation or someone goes to a lot of effort to put out feed in blizzardy weather. Besides, proper game management demands "escape coverts" into which even the most slithery wild falcon can't successfully pursue game. Even the densest stands of grassy things don't offer such refuge. Neither do everyday clumps of wild shrubs. But thickets of hawthorn do! To boot they yield cold weather game-food of the finest sort in prodigal abundance. And quite aside from such considerations, all hawthorns are handsome things: in May, buried under cascades of flowers; in summer with shapely outlines of heavy foliage; and clear through the zesty season when bright berries sparkle among their rugged limbs—and hungry pheasants, quail, and grouse seek them out to feast and fill.

So on those rowdy acres of mine in southern New England I'm planting hawthorns. Not just long canonized mayflowers (as the English call them), mind you, but shrubs and little trees of every species of which I can get hold. A dozen Crataeguses already are established there, and every spring and October I add another kind or two. Of course I will never live long enough (nor will you, oh budding youth!) to set the roots of even one specimen each of all the members of hawthorndom. There are too many of them; too few are available even from the smartest nurseries. But by inquiring around among horticulturists I manage to locate a new sort for my collection every once in a while. And now and again I come across an unfamiliar species growing wild and fetch it in.

The word "collection" savors of formal things. There is no whit of formality nor even decent order among my hawthorns. I set one bush here, another stripling tree there, wherever I think it will prove handiest to game. The thriftiest tree on the place perhaps, a southern Washington Thorn, shoots out of a tiny clearing in a patch of wild



Photographs by the author

Flowers are mostly white. Fruits may be light or dark red, spotted, golden, black; may fall (or be eaten) early or hang all winter. Below, Cockspur berries; opposite, those of large-fruited and Washington thorns

Yankee maples. Two more stalwarts of this personable race have been set on the edge of a gone-wild apple orchard where brown birds like to gather on autumn days. In rich, moist land sloping down to the pond are four stout Dotted Hawthorns in a clump. And scattered here and there in thin woods, snarly fields, at the base of spring-soaked banks, are other sorts of hawthorns growing up. I have a hunch that when that lot of trees matures there will be more birds and furred things about. Even now wild creatures hang around every thorn on the place that's beginning to come of age. Many times in late winter I've seen squirrels on the branches of Washington Thorns; bluebirds and hermit thrushes there in fall and early spring. These are after food (*Continued on page 130*)

SPRING RUNNING

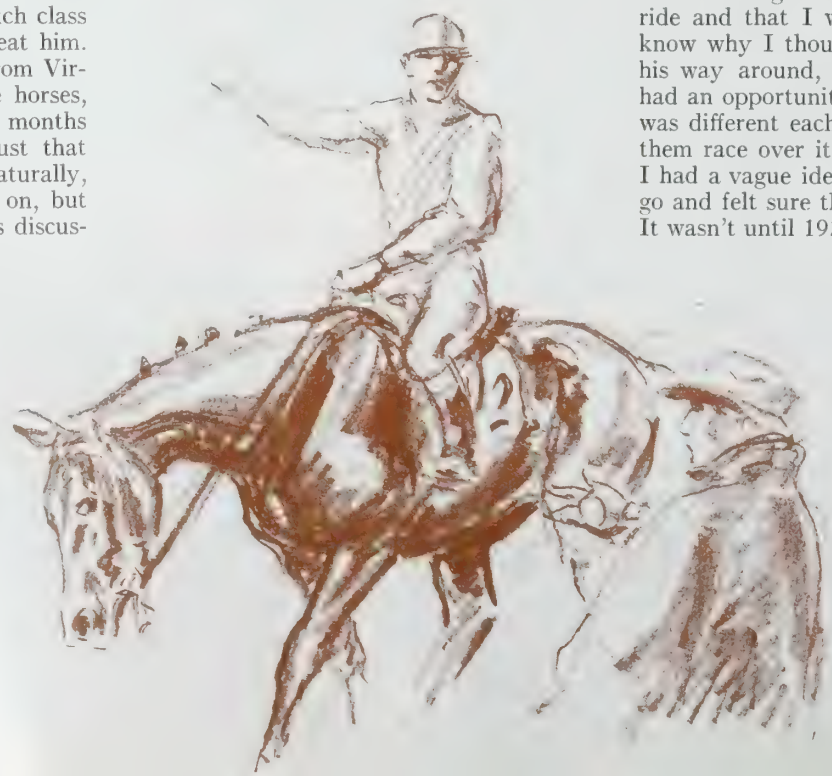
WILLIAM B. STREETT

The next problem was to miss a telegraph pole, a tree, a stump, and a flag and get back up the hill

The Casual Customs of Timber Racing Ten Years Ago

Did you ever get on a horse and not feel at home? Feel as though staying there would be a matter of balance and luck, should hounds begin to run. The other day I experienced just that sensation. The thermometer registered about 60° or 65°, more like spring than winter, and my mind was on anything but hunting. I felt sort of all upset, and not from the results of a bad night either! That's the way it always is—with the first couple of warm days and the smell of new grass; when you've been riding since you were knee high to a duck it comes natural to you to "stall walk." Without realizing just what's the matter with you your mind gets to running on timber racing and you start to think about the Maryland Hunt Cup, the Virginia Gold Cup, and your chances, if any, in the spring's campaign. But this year, instead of looking forward, I started digging around in the past; recalling the customs of those days and considering the changes that have come since that time.

The earliest race meetings that I can remember were on My Lady's Manor in Maryland. It was a fine place to be in the spring when the horses would first start their gallops. About two months before a meeting any one who owned a hunter that had a little bit of speed intended to have a try at the races and even people that didn't have horses were involved in one way or another. Then someone would come up from the Elkridge country with the news that there was a great horse in training there, and from the Green Spring Valley there would be reports of a horse at the Havre de Grace track that had shown so much class that there wouldn't be anything to beat him. All sorts of rumors would come up from Virginia, too, about all their superlative horses, so all in all, it was a very exciting two months and it made the races themselves just that much more eagerly anticipated. Naturally, this sort of pre-race gossip still goes on, but not quite in the same way. Nowadays discussions of coming race meetings are more like forecasting the winner of Aintree's Grand National, where they start figuring the chances in the next year's race right after one has been run and by the time the actual date rolls around, the people and the press all over the whole world have already been analyzing the situation for the better part of a year. It was much more intimate on the Manor. No one outside of the hunting crowd knew or cared very much about our races and you couldn't find reports of them in the papers. However, they were of utmost importance to us. We used to go out and watch the different horses school over Mr. Keene's course or part of the Manor course or any little private line they might pick out and, as has always been the case, one horse would school well one day and another look like a sure winner the next. When we weren't comparing horses we would be discussing riders. Who was going to ride this horse and who was going to ride that one? Just which of them would give his horse the best chance and who would be likely to make mistakes? This sort of debate would go on from morning to night and, compared to the Manor and the Maryland Hunt Cups, such races as the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness seemed of little importance to us. I was just a kid then out watching all these activities with my mouth hanging open and my eyes and ears popping, and night and day I would dream of the time when I might be lucky enough to get on a race horse. But, as is the case with all young people, my education could not be neglected and one fall I was sent away to boarding school. We were allowed one week end off each term, however, so I would always grab my chance to come home at the time of the Manor races. Naturally the very first thing I always did when I returned was to inquire about to see if there were any loose horses that needed guidance, hoping that there might be something that no one else would want to ride and that I would get a chance. I don't know why I thought I could show any horse his way around, as I myself wouldn't have had an opportunity to walk the course, which was different each year. But, having watched them race over it since my eyes first opened, I had a vague idea where they would have to go and felt sure that I could manage the rest. It wasn't until 1924 (*Continued on page 128*)



He was called down for being late "What's the hurry?" he said, "who ever heard of a race being on time"

Sketches by
LAWRENCE MEGARGEE

BRITTANY PARDON

IN THE northwestern corner of Brittany, a few miles from the English Channel, lies Le Folgoet, noted for its pilgrimage church, its pardon and, although we are not concerned with these at the moment, its horse-fairs. To this little village in the late summer come pilgrims and tourists—the first to pay their devotions to the local saints, the second to watch the picturesque ceremonies and exclaim over the quaint native Breton costumes.

The history of this noted pardon stretches back over many hundreds of years, back to the middle of the fourteenth century when there dwelt here beside a spring in the woods an idiot known as Folgoet. For forty years until his death he begged his bread from the surrounding villages, always with the simple invocation, "Ave Maria." From his tomb sprang a white lily, the golden stamens forming the words "Ave Maria," and on this site a church was built to commemorate the miracle. Here around the page are scenes from last year's pardon, the colorful procession, the native pilgrims and the spectators, all to honor the memory of an idiot beggar, whose death brought forth the miracle that founded the famous pilgrimage church many centuries ago.

Natural color photographs by Jean Austin
Background photograph by Jung from Black Star

Handwrought silver from the Arthur J. Stone workshop as shown by Leah K. Curtiss at the Gallery of Mrs. Tysen. Left, one of a pair of George III vegetable dishes; peppers and salts. From Vernay

PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. M. DEMAREST

Tray, bowl and spoon, sugar bowl, and jug, all in the Swedish tradition of design. Georg Jensen

A setting for two after the honeymoon is over can be arranged to seat four, or the tables extended for parties. Imperial wallpaper by Isabelle Croce; Karagheusian rug; modern chairs by Modernage; tables, Charak; mirror from Richard L. Sandfort; Anaglypta from W. H. S. Lloyd; chartreuse napkins and cloth, Grande Maison de Blanc; silver, china, and glass—Georg Jensen; flowers, Max Schling; containers and stands, from Yamanaka

Cheese plate and knife, salad bowl, soup tureen and ladle are suggested for the bride by the Gorham Company

From Walter Mulliner's collection of coffee pots: London 1733, W. Drake; London 1753, Priest and Shaw; London 1769 F. Crump; London 1786 Henry Clawner

Essentially Irish in origin and design is a butter dish. The muffiner is by S. Woods, London 1745. Both from Robert Ensko

Choosing the Bride's Silver

There is a "silver racket" so be warned against it. Go to firms with that unmistakable integrity

BARBARA HILL

THE next time one of your friends decides to get married or the next time you have occasion to enter the market for some fine old silver, remember that your chances of getting what you are paying for are about fifty-fifty, unless you are careful where you shop. You are walking head-on into one of the grandest little legal rackets in our whole happy land.

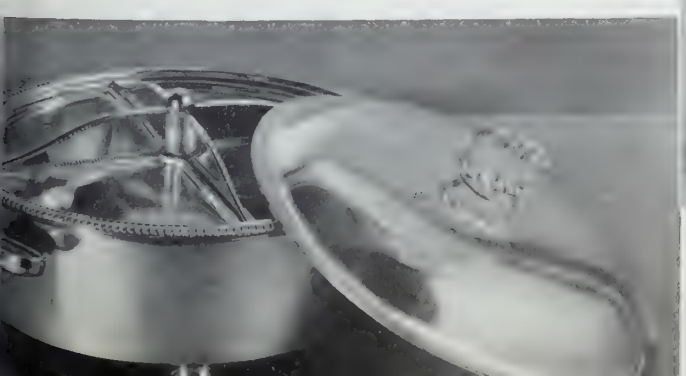
Take the case of Mr. James Allen, a young man of modest means and simple tastes. Having decided upon a pair of antique silver candlesticks as a wedding present for an old friend, he "shopped" three firms of old name and fine reputation, finding in each what he was seeking to the tune of about two hundred dollars. A bit steep. Imagine his joy, upon entering a fourth shop, equally impressive and dignified, to find candlesticks very much like those at which he had been looking but at half the price! He had determined to buy nothing but English silver, the age of which could be unequivocally fixed by the hallmarks thereon. Those candlesticks had hallmarks indicating that they had been made of sterling silver in London in 1753 by William Simpson. A remarkable bargain. A history card would be furnished, so now James's friend is the proud possessor of a pair of sterling candlesticks made in New Jersey in 1936 by a craftsman so modest that he uses only other people's markers or imitations of them—and only British hallmarks.

It is very unlikely the fraud will ever be discovered unless the owners have the candlesticks appraised. The whole beauty of this neat little racket does not become apparent, however, until one realizes that, even if the fraud should be found out, all the unfortunate purchaser can do about it is to get his money back, assuming that the dealer who sold him the fake has not retired on his ill-gotten fortune. No law has been broken in the whole process of manufacture, forgery of markings, and sale. And there, my friends, you have something. Suppose you do buy an "antique," find out that it is a fake, and go back to the dealer to tell him of this misfortune? What does this crook behind the counter do? No doubt he exclaims in horror that he cannot understand how such a thing happened and in his shop of all places; that he will refund your money and would like to have the piece returned so that he can trace its origin. It is too bad, but unfortunately for most of us, it is not a crime.

Let us suppose that John Doe is a man who has the time, money, inclination, and patience to attempt to make full use of the powers of the law. He can, of course, do nothing to the dealer unless the latter has been careless in wording his invoice, before mailing it, or unless he can be caught trying to sell the piece after having had it pointed out to him as a fake. You may rest assured that the dealer makes a careful habit of due caution and is therefore quite safe. There is, however, the maker of these forgeries. John, with this thought in mind, consults a lawyer. What can be done to put a stop to this faking? The learned man's answer, boiled down to a few words, will be that the United States Courts have decided that the English silversmiths have no monopoly on stamping letters or pictures of animals or anything else on pieces of silver; that American craftsmen have a perfect right to stamp anything they like on any piece of silver; that what John or anybody else can do about it under the present laws is, in a word, nothing. These thoroughly dishonest gentlemen, the makers of the forgeries, enjoy complete legality while they are stealing some umteen million dollars every year. Counterfeiters do by far the greatest part of their work in English antique silver, and the reason for this is "hallmarks." Ever since the fifteenth century, the London Goldsmiths' Hall has been assaying and stamping all pieces of silver made by its member smiths. Since the fifteenth century the Goldsmiths' Hall has been held accountable by the English Government for seeing that all silver stamped, or punched, by it is up to the legally prescribed standard, which is what we know as sterling. (No attempt shall be made to discuss plated ware; it is a subject all by itself).

Four marks are most commonly found: a lion for sterling; a leopard for London, or another town mark; an alphabetical letter for the year; and a maker's mark. Twenty letters of the alphabet are used to indicate the year of manufacture—one for each year in cycles of twenty years—and different forms of letters as well as different punch impressions, distinguish different twenty year periods. The makers' mark, of course, differentiates contemporary craftsmen from each other. Various other marks were and are used (*Continued on page 100*)

Examples of good and fake silver: (1) George III gadroon edged plate, and (2) back view; (3) back view of plate showing solder line where gadroon edge was cut off and plain (more valuable) moulded edge applied, and (4) front of faked plate showing moulded edge. Center: two-handled porringer of modern manufacture upon which marks have been forged. Lower right: Same cycle of hallmarks of the same year (London 1807). Forged marks shown at left



Black, Starr and Frost-Gorham have this four-section old Sheffield buffet dish with hot water jacket

A jug by Paul Lamerie, London 1748. From Peter Guille, Ltd.

A bride will cherish this Swedish designed centerpiece and candlesticks. International Silver Co.

Photographs by Morgan

Short Days in the Sun for Derby Winners

CLINTON B. ALVES

The world salutes the successive victors of Kentucky's classic, but few know where their last long race is run

THERE is one day on the sports calendar which belongs by honor of prestige to the grand old Commonwealth of Kentucky—Derby Day. Then Louisville, as truly Southern in spirit as any city in Dixie, plays host to a throng which grows steadily greater year by year as though to keep pace with the ever increasing glamour of the Blue Ribbon of the American Turf.

Every May for almost two thirds of a century, through prosperity and panic, under sunny skies or in driving rain, historic Churchill Downs has seen the running of successive renewals of the Kentucky Derby. No other fixture at any racecourse in America has known as long a period of uninterrupted duration, and therein, doubtless, lies its popular appeal. Only England's famed Epsom Derby can claim a longer life or a greater heart interest from the racing devotees of the world. New and prosperous associations may offer stakes which gross more in dollars and cents but none has ever presented one to supersede the Classic of the Blue Grass in the hearts of the racing fans. Beyond doubt none ever will.

A veritable "King for a Day" is the winner of each successive renewal. The world of sports acclaims him. But how many among the thousands who applaud can guess what the future holds for him. What happens to Derby winners? This question has been asked hundreds of times when interest in the race is at fever heat and it is a question to which there are many answers.

The first really great horse to win the Derby was Hindoo in '81. Never unplaced in his thirty-five starts and winner of thirty of them, Hindoo goes down in history as one of the half dozen greatest racers in American turf history and also as one of the great progenitors. His blood lives in hundreds of pedigrees of our choicest blood stock today and in that of the descendants of his best son, Hanover. His name will never be forgotten.

But the year of the Columbian Exposition, 1893, marked the running of a Derby renewal which, remarkable from several angles, returned a winner that met with quite a different fate. That year the late Gene Leigh owned and trained the heralded champion Clifford. This slashing son of Bramble and Duchess had but one problematical rival for top honors, a colt by Troubadour named Lookout. This fellow belonged to the racing firm of Cushing and Orth, the former the "money man" of the outfit and the latter the trainer. They also owned a colt called Boundless, a son of the stallion Harry O'Fallon which stood at a livery stable in Hopkinsville, Kentucky, serving all mares, cold or Thoroughbred, for a five dollar fee. When Derby Day at Louisville rolled around that year Clifford was not ready for the question and the Cushing entry was the odds on favorite for the race—Lookout winning it easily.

"They're off! War Admiral takes the lead followed on the rail by Fairy Hill". . . Clem McCarthy broadcasting

Later that summer the World's Fair Derby was to be run at Washington Park in Chicago and Leigh bent all his energies to getting Clifford ready to win this, the first $50,000 purse ever to be hung up in this country. Some dissension arose between the partners in the Cushing-Orth combine and the stable was split, Mr. Cushing getting both the by now famous Lookout and the supposedly inferior Boundless. Orth's candidate was Oporto, a hundred-to-one shot. When time for the big race came around Lookout was once more second choice to Clifford in the big field and Boundless was 50 to 1 in the future books, but an important factor had been overlooked by the bettors, for Cushing had persuaded the great "Snapper" Garrison to come out of retirement and ride Boundless. The field was at the post an hour and three quarters for that race and while the others, notably Clifford, were wearing themselves to a frazzle in false breaks, Garrison was keeping his long shot at the post and easing the weight off his back by putting most of his own weight on the top fence rail, so when a start was finally effected Boundless was a fresh horse and, coming on in the last quarter, won drawing out. Clifford was third and Lookout was far back in the ruck. Boundless never ran a race like that one again, and amounted to little as a stallion, though old Harry O'Fallon went right on siring good half and three quarter breds at his livery stable harem. Lookout, the winner of the Kentucky Derby, became vicious and had to be gelded, and when last heard from was being ridden to hounds by his owner's daughter with a Canadian hunt club.

Ben Brush, one of the outstanding sires of all time, was the winner of the 1896 Derby running but only by one of the narrowest squeaks any winner ever had. He defeated old "Umbrella Bill" McGuigan's Ben Eder by a nose because this horse bore out at the top of the stretch and finished under the judges' stand. Ben Brush belonged to Mike Dwyer and was a short-priced favorite for the race. McGuigan's Ben had won at Hot Springs and Memphis and the Midwesterners had backed him well to beat the Eastern owned colt, which he surely would have done that day had his rider, Johnny Taber, been able to keep him straight. After the race Dwyer offered McGuigan the amount of the purse, $4,850 for Ben Eder and he finished his racing days in the familiar red and blue of the Dwyers. But while Ben Brush went on to become one of the premier American sires of all time, dying at the age of twenty-five after seeing his two sons, Broomstick and Sweep, lead the sire list as he himself had done, Ben Eder wound up a hurdler and, much to his owner's disappointment, made no impress in the stud whatsoever.

The running of 1914 witnessed the setting of a record for the race which stood for seventeen years and a winner that was one of the true immortals among the great geldings of all time. Old Rosebud won that renewal and it is doubtful whether any horse that ever raced in this country was much his superior when he could be got to the post sound enough to finish a race on all four legs. He was a slab-sided, ragged little bay, by Uncle out of Ivory Bells, that the Madden establishment had sold as a yearling for about $400 to Col. W. S. Applegate of Louisville, but as a two-year-old he was the largest money winner of his age, carrying top weights against the best in training and being beaten only twice. Strangely enough his conqueror on both occasions, Little Nephew, was another castoff from the Madden farm. Kay Spence's very successful colt, Hodge, was believed to have a fighting chance against Old Rosebud for the Derby but the homely little bay just breezed all the way to win by ten lengths in 2.03 2/5. He broke down in his next start, the Withers Stakes at Belmont Park, and from then on the history of this great little gelding is a mixture of glory and pathos. It required two years to patch him up and no one expected him to be anything but a cheap plater, least of all his then owner and former trainer, Frank Weir, but there was a battling heart in that homely carcass that no distance, weight, nor quality of opposition could stop. It took Father Time to do that. The last glimpse I had (*Continued on page 124*)

A swimming pool in Stone Ridge, Ulster County, N. Y. Cost complete: $3,500

Practical private swimming pools for the small country estate

CHARLES W. WOOD

THIS is intended as a succinct, not a scientific, discussion of estate and residential outdoor swimming pools. It is well, perhaps, to begin by mentioning what a potential pool owner should be entitled to, and even be assured of, providing his natatorium is properly designed and constructed. These things are utility, indefinite life, negligible maintenance costs, no development of important problems, and a depreciation of approximately two per cent per year. The initial outlay, complete, begins with about $3,400 and can amount to as much as is desired, depending on elaborateness. But the first figure, unless conditions are unusual, should buy a practical, simply designed, reinforced concrete pool measuring 50 by 20 feet, minus a recirculating system, which is not always needed.

For instance, private swimming pools have been built in northern Westchester County, N. Y. State, of a very simple type, complete with recirculating system, for approximately $6,000, while more elaborate ones, in oval and other shapes, have cost as much as $18,000. Usually it is a question of just how elaborately the pool is to be finished around the walks and gutters. Fundamentally, though, the structure, or base, is the same in nearly all cases.

Variation in costs can also be due to the fact that the swimming pool is something of a rugged individualist. Differences in site and conditions seem to make it an impossible candidate for mass production. It is more expensive to excavate rock than soil, for instance, and driving a deep well can add greatly to the bill. Nevertheless, it appears undisputed that the most costly pool may easily be the one that is improperly designed and built, no matter how low the initial cost. For this reason the first and most important step is likely to be the selection of the consulting engineer. Among these are to be found specialists in swimming pools who have behind them a number of pools that are satisfactory assets to the estates they adorn.

The problem of water supply seems to be paramount in a large number of contemplated country estate pools. Engineers experienced in the subject are of the opinion that wherever a town or city water supply is practical it proves the best, and in the long run most economical, source of supply. With this the pool is always assured adequate water, and further, this water has been tested and proved satisfactory for drinking purposes, making it absolutely safe water for the swimming pool. In locations where city or town water is not available the next best source of supply is a spring. In some places this spring may be at lower elevation than the contemplated location of the pool, but this problem is easily solved by impounding the outflow in such a way that a small pump will be able to lift the water to the desired elevation. Most springs may appear to be inadequate to supply a pool, but engineers have found that even with a small quantity of water a pool can be filled in the spring, even though it takes a week or so. For such a pool, or one supplied by a spring that tends to dry up in August and September, a simple recirculating system may be installed and the water used over and over again. Only a small amount is needed to replenish what is lost due to the activity of the bathers.

Artesian well water is usually good enough in character, but these wells are expensive and may also be a gamble when it is necessary to go down 700 and 800 feet. And some of these wells, even after going down to this depth, do not give more than 10 to 20 gallons per minute. In many cases there is also the possibility of a shallow well being driven and used. This type of well is apt to diminish in production over the summer months; but again, with the use of a recirculating system, the water in the pool can be kept in good condition.

Regarding the cost of town or city water, the average private pool, measuring 50 by 20 feet, usually contains about 6,000 cubic feet of water. As this, with the use of a meter, is the only method by which town or city water is sold, one can estimate the cost of the water by figuring a complete change of pool water about every ten days. With a recirculating system the pool would not be emptied, of course, and would use approximately 18,000 to 20,000 cubic feet of water during the entire bathing season.

The question of upkeep of the private pool is rather broad and is apt to depend on individual cases. We can give an instance, though, of a private pool (illustrated at the head of this article), in Stone Ridge, Ulster County, N. Y. There, the hired help problem has been nicely solved by the twelve-year-old son of the family. He takes care of the pool, even to the testing of the water, and there are probably many other (*Continued on page 122*)

EDITOR'S NOTE

In presenting this article to our readers, it is not the intention of the Editors to encourage the estate owner to construct a swimming pool without skilled supervision. It is our intention to place before the potential pool owner some of the many details of equipment, water supply, cost, and maintenance, details that many of our readers have requested. In short, this article was not conceived or written as a substitute for engineering advice, but merely to give the interested estate owner some insight into those natural, ever-present questions: How, and How Much

Fèher from Black Star

Paris in May, and one more spring in the gardens of the Tuileries

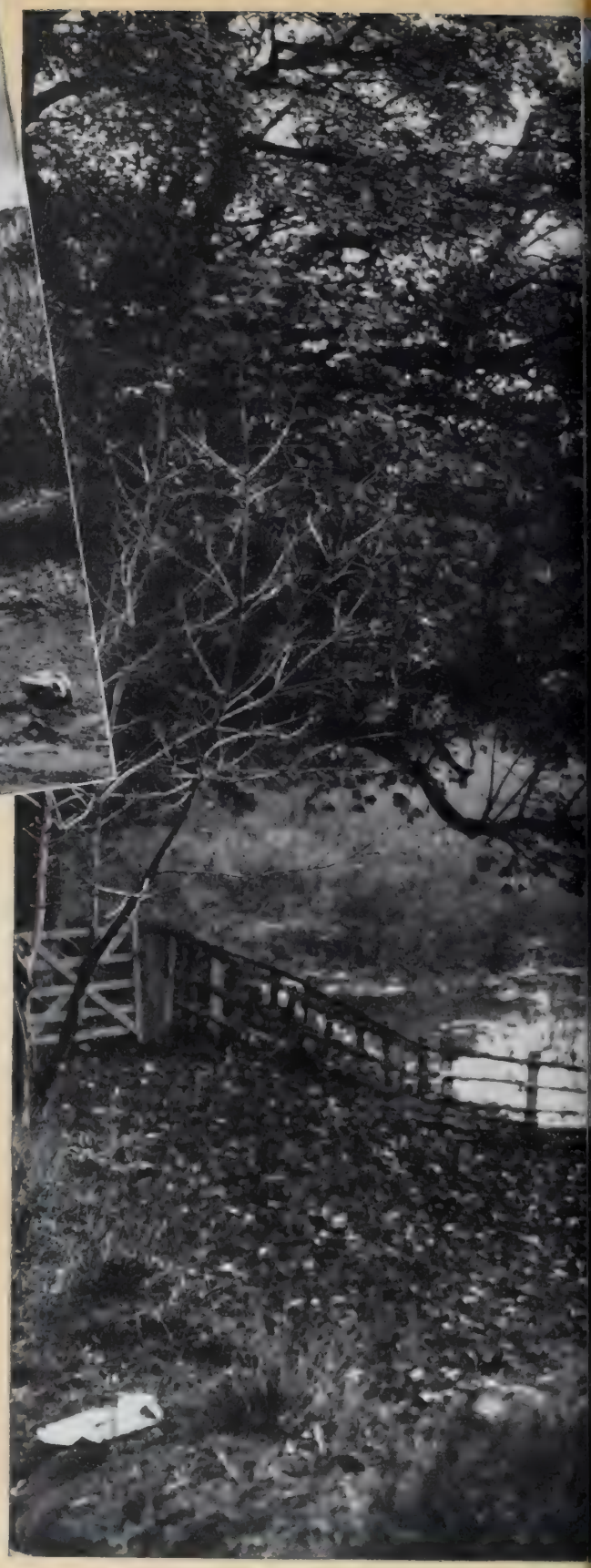
Spring on the Continent

—and, war clouds or no, spring all over Europe wherever flowers bloom

Henle from Black Star

Italy

An hour from Rome, the cattle bask in the warm spring sun outside of Ninfa



Steinemann

England

Across the Channel, a spring morning at Rydal Water in England's Lake District

Switzerland

Magnolia splendor against the snow-capped mountains of Locarno on Lake Maggiore

C. P. Abraham

Germany

Blossom time in German orchards

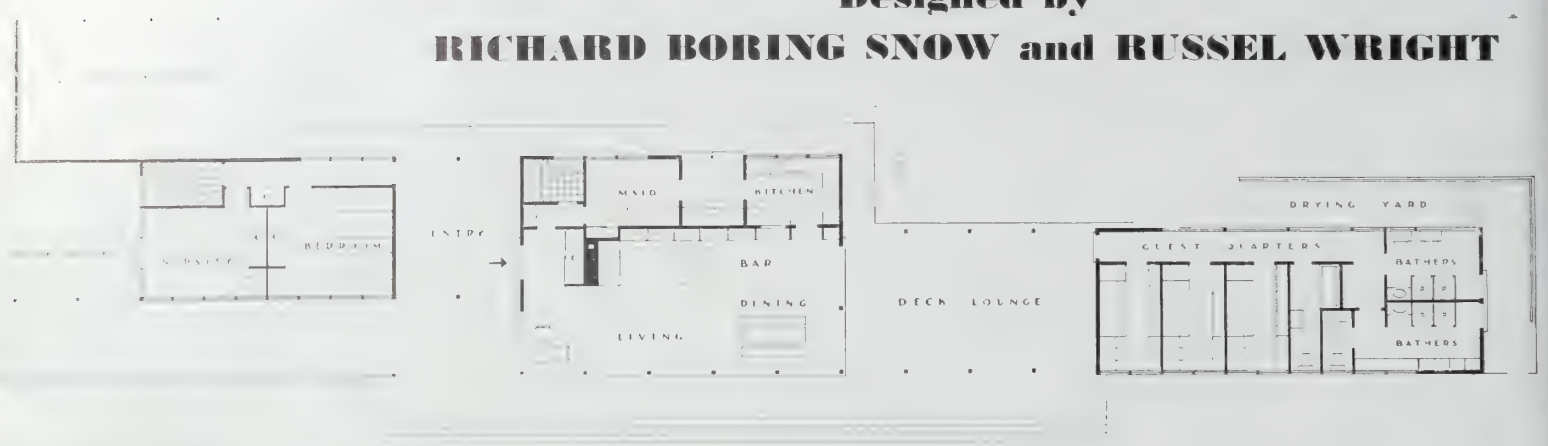
Dr. Paul Wolff from Black Star

A HOUSE ON THE BEACH

in three easy installments

Designed by

RICHARD BORING SNOW and RUSSEL WRIGHT



W. M. MEHLHORN

VACATION houses are increasing in vogue because of our migratory habits and our easy methods of locomotion and because the new houses are exceptionally complete and comfortable. On the West Coast there are extraordinarily interesting desert houses and throughout the East part-time houses (for week-ends and holidays) are being designed for the seacoast, the country, the mountains, and the lake side.

The frank recreational character of these houses affords an agreeable escape from routine living. Unpretentious in materials and construction, they have convenient, open plans; the rooms are generous and comfortable but compactly arranged, and they are closely related to outside terraces and decks. The interior and exterior treatment is lively and imaginative and the houses have the skillful organization and equipment of a fine boat or airplane. They are economical in their simplicity and lack of detail and ornament. Particularly suited to young couples (with small children perhaps) who like to get away from the city as much as possible during spring and fall and throughout the summer, they are equally well adapted to anyone with a zest for simple living or informal entertaining.

The beach house designed by Richard Snow and Russel Wright is planned for the vacation requirements of a small family and it includes simple guest facilities. Spread upon an isolated shore front, protected by a jetty, all but its service rooms open on the sea. Boat-like, it is composed of three sections but instead of fo'c's'le, midships, and stern, it is made up of sleeping quarters, living quarters, and guest quarters. They could be built at one time or in three separate installments.

The central unit is the nucleus of the house and contains the general living and service rooms. Living and dining spaces are combined in one large area, which is glazed and screened on three sides for the greatest possible enjoyment of the sea view and air. This single room provides more generous space than would be possible with separate living and dining rooms and it is skillfully arranged. Bookcases and cabinets built in the rear wall are decorative features supplying ample storage space and dividing the functions of the room. The cabinet between the dining space and the adjacent kitchen has sliding panels and can be used as a serving table and bar. Adjoining the bookshelves, a modern brick fireplace is adroitly located to provide a focal point for the living room and to create a clothes closet and secluded entrance hall. Service quarters at the rear include a unit kitchen, a maid's room and bath, and service entrance.

The three sections of the house are closely related by the roof, by covered passages, and by the terraces surrounding them. Each unit is built upon well-anchored concrete slabs above the sandy soil, and the connecting terraces are laid in wood slats which allow drainage. The construction above the foundations is frame. The built-up roof is slightly pitched and the eaves extend out beyond the walls of the house and beyond the terraces to protect the house from the sun and from roof drainage. The outside of the wall studding could be covered by structural, insulating board, or by vertical siding, and the joints concealed by batten strips. The board panels, accented by these strips, and the series of windows and glazed doors, form the only architectural treatment on the exterior.

The entrance porch to the house, between the sleeping wing and the living quarter, is covered by the main roof and can be screened or glazed for protection in bad weather. Two double bedrooms and the family bathroom are in the sleeping wing. Each bedroom has a large closet equipped with convenient sliding doors and a built-in dressing table, and the interior walls are (*Continued on page 98*)

One large skillfully arranged room, opening on the sea on three sides, serves for living and dining space. Book shelves and utility cabinets, built in the rear wall, include a compact bar and serving table between the kitchen and dining area; it is equipped with sliding panels for easy servi[illegible] fireplace is locate[illegible] grouped around it separates the living and dining room areas logically

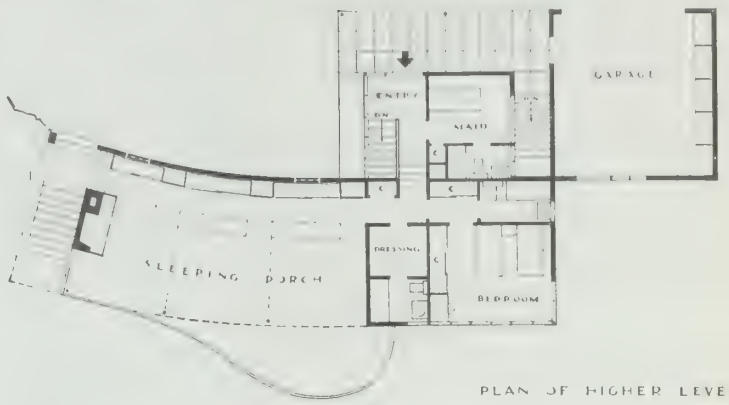
Rendering by **WITOLD GORDON**

Rendering by WITOLD GORDON

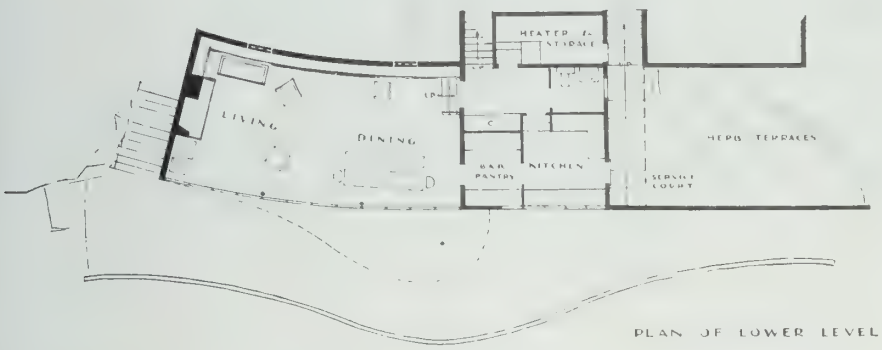
A HOUSE ON A STREAM

built in two units on two levels

Designed by Richard Boring Snow and Russel Wright



PLAN OF HIGHER LEVEL



PLAN OF LOWER LEVEL

Above: The entrance level of the house, on the upper floor, contains the bedrooms. The sleeping porch can be divided into three rooms with built-in equipment. Left: The first floor living rooms are closely related to the stream by large windows and open terraces

W. M. MEHLHORN

IN THIS plan for a small country place the designers have created a stimulating scheme for a rough and rocky site. The house is built of native stone and natural wood and its modern, horizontal mass is received easily by the precipitous slope—more easily perhaps than it might be received by Traditional architects. It is located near the bend of a stream, on two levels. At the rear, it is two stories high and overlooks the water; the front, which is only one story above the ground, provides the entrance and the garage. In this way the living room is below stairs while the bedrooms, paradoxically, are on the ground floor and on the second floor at the same time.

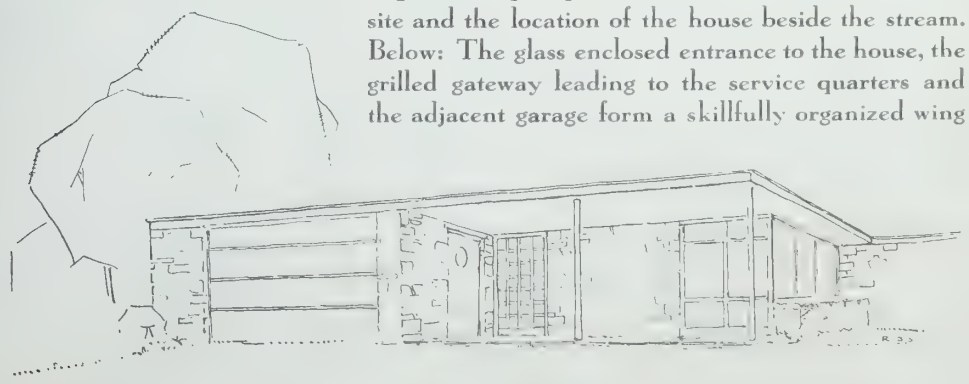
The house follows no standard architectural style. It is gauged to the space requirements of a small family, and to the topography of the land. Its interior has attractive, well equipped, and well related rooms. Its exterior has porches, terraces, and numerous window areas for easy connection with outdoors. Its construction is of unadorned, serviceable materials. The designers have not put their efforts into adapting Colonial, French, or English architectural patterns to it; their interest has been in providing the most useful living quarters possible on the site for a small family. Satisfying these requirements, the house attains a simple, lithe, and straightforward character of its own.

It could be built in two installments for a young couple, and might be located on a family estate beyond the suburbs of a city. The first unit could serve as a week-end or holiday retreat and the completed house would form a year-round home. Its outdoor space affords a less restricted way of living than is possible in a suburban home and its interior arrangements permit uncrowded furnishing and an opportunity for generous hospitality and entertainment.

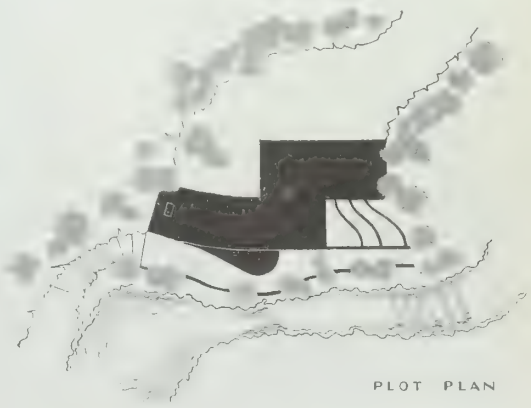
The first unit of construction would include the whole lower story and the entrance wing. The first story contains the general living quarters and the service quarters where the heating, plumbing, and mechanical equipment is concentrated. Living and dining space are combined in a great room whose walls curve slightly following the bend of the stream. One long side of the room is entirely of glass, opening upon the water, and the opposite side has small ventilating windows at ceiling level. A large fireplace aids in heating the room and there are built-in lounges, book-shelves, and cabinets on the rear wall. The service quarters provide a bar-pantry which is smartly decorated and ingeniously planned, a modern kitchen with structural equipment, a lavatory, and a heater room to contain conditioning apparatus for the whole house.

Entrance to the house is at the front of the second floor level; the entrance wing consists of a glazed stair hall, descending to the living quarters, and a bedroom and bath. In the first stage, when the house is used only for weekends, the owners would occupy this bedroom suite; later, when the entire upper story was finished, it would become a maid's quarters. Permanent roofing would cover the living and dining room and would later form a deck floor for the sleeping porch added in the second installment; the service quarters on the first floor would be roofed temporarily till the addition of the upper story.

The second construction installment would complete both the second floor and the house. It adds the sleeping porch and a master bedroom suite overlooking the stream and protected by a flat, overhanging roof; the bedroom is equipped with a private bath, sliding door closets, and a built-in dressing table. The long, open side of the sleeping porch is screened and the room may be divided into three private sections by insulated curtains (*Continued on page 115*)



Right: The plot plan reveals the irregularity of the site and the location of the house beside the stream. Below: The glass enclosed entrance to the house, the grilled gateway leading to the service quarters and the adjacent garage form a skillfully organized wing



PLOT PLAN

THE SPORTSWOMAN

Morgan

Sidesaddle. Mrs. Amory S. Carhart keeps her hands well down while jumping a Virginia post and rail

MRS. JORROCKS

MY GARDEN is a lovely spot at this time of year. Fresh, new, young, grass growing appetizingly in the turf paths, smelling so sweetly under the blades of the lawn mowers. Bulbs blooming in sequence to make each day a new record of the miracle of Nature. The perennials thrusting out their welcome little shoots in all the soft, spring colors—yellow, green, pink, crimson, and brown—colors so varied and yet so well blended in a masterpiece of design. Brave forsythia with its merry yellow bells, and on the lilacs, mock orange, and other shrubs fat buds which, disregarding their diet, grow steadily more obese. Little wine-tipped leaves cover the thorns on the climbing roses, decorating their snarled vines almost as adequately as will the blooms themselves later on while the wisteria throws a pattern of shade on the lawn with minute silvery sprays as soft as "goofer feathers." It is a place in which to spend every spare moment. Digging, weeding, covered from head to foot with the warm, moist smelling earth—admiring what has already occurred, picturing the glories of what is to come. Yes my garden is a lovely spot—in my imagination it is!

Because when I visit the gardens of my friends the flowers from their bulbs are bigger than mine. Their shrubs and vines are twice as strong and ten times as heavy with promise. Twenty lush crimson plumes are springing from their peony roots to each puny prong in my garden, and the perennials in their borders threaten to hide the earth completely, while in mine wide expanses of bare ground predominate. And, then, when I return, the faded look of my larkspur, which I hope is lack of water, turns out unfortunately, as it always does, to be cutworm.

Every year I forget that my garden is built on a shaly bottom that promptly drains off everything that is put in it, everything that is except the cutworms and their kind. Every year I tend it with hope. When the perennials fail I cover the bare spaces with annuals and it isn't until they give up the ghost, too undernourished to withstand the blazing summer sun above and the preying army of bugs below, that I finally give them up too and let the question of what shall live be answered by a survival of the fittest. By that time other interests have come to lighten my disappointment and by next spring I will have forgotten again and be glad to go through it all once more.

PACERS OR THOROUGHBREDS? Years ago, when I was a very little girl, I drew a beautiful picture of a hackney. I was inordinately proud of my handiwork; so much so in fact that, taking my courage in both hands and overwhelmed with apprehension, I showed it to a much older girl who, I was perfectly sure at the time, knew all that there was to know about horses. She took one scornful look and "Have *you* ever seen a pacing hackney?" she asked. Covered with confusion I glanced again at my masterpiece. No, I had never seen a pacing hackney. Not, that is, until I saw the one that I myself had drawn. Probably this useful experience has caused me to be supersensitive about pictures of horses. The psychoanalysts would, undoubtedly, have much to say on the subject and as they often recommend airing our complexes, instead of hiding them in some secret place where they feed on our nerves and unbalance our minds, I have decided to unburden myself of an inhibition that has an-

Tennis. The daughter of Belgium's Ambassador to the U. S. competes in a tournament at Pinehurst. The Countess Henrietta Von de Stratton-Ponthoz

Rotofotos

Driving. Right are Miss Nancy Milburn, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Devereux Milburn, and Miss Polly Potts, daughter of Mrs. Rockhill Potts, enjoying a drive

noyed me for years and discuss the difficult problem of action in art where horses are concerned. "Fools," they say, "rush in—"

It seems to me that an unusual number of more than adequate horse artists have come to life in the United States during the past few years. Not so very long ago if an owner wished to have a portrait done of some favorite, the chances were that he either imported a painter from England, where they have been doing that sort of thing so very well for so many years, or else mailed photographs, descriptions, and samples of color across the Atlantic along with a prayer that the picture would look something like the horse when it came back. Decidedly such extravagance and chance are no longer necessary. There are artists on this side of the pond, quite a goodly number of them too, who can portray our horses as individuals in character, color, and conformation; make their riders look and sit as they actually do in life; and put the whole into a beautiful, atmospheric picture besides. For this they have my wholehearted and sincere admiration and it is with the keenest enjoyment that I contemplate the fact that so many of our best Thoroughbreds will, through their portraits, be recalled by posterity as they actually looked when in their prime but—and here's the hurdle—are all of them, especially the ones that are walking, painted in the way in which they actually move?

Watch me now while I climb out on a limb and should it break off under me I hope you'll all laugh your heads off. In words of one syllable I will try to analyze the modus operandi of two types of equine walks, beginning with a trot because it is easier that way.

A trot is a diagonal, two-beat motion; that is the *off* fore foot and the *nigh* hind foot move forward simultaneously and strike the ground at the same time. A real flatfooted walk is, like the trot, a diagonal gait but in four beats instead of two—*off* fore, *nigh* hind, *nigh* fore, *off* hind—and the majority of Thoroughbred horses walk this way under normal circumstances.

A pace, on the other hand, is a lateral gait, the two legs on the *same* side—off fore and off hind—swinging forward at the same time. A pacer in hobbles will walk in the same lateral way and most of them do without the hobbles. Some American-bred saddle horses are "side wheelers" at a walk and, very occasionally, under pressure of anxiety, nervousness, or apprehension of some sort, certain Thoroughbreds will adopt this gait momentarily, but the ones which use it habitually are very rare.

Is it, do you suppose, the complex that was created so long ago when I was so horribly hurt by being accused of drawing a pacing hackney that makes me think now that some of our American artists, whose work in this interesting field is so absolutely admirable in every other way, are specializing in pacing Thoroughbreds?

In the interest of science I have checked through thousands of American photographs and English paintings of Thoroughbreds, trying to find those caught at a walk and I've recorded the percentage of those that are "side wheeling." There is a moment during even a good walk that, if caught by the camera at just the right angle and instant, looks something like a pace but I have been absolutely honest in this exploration, counting as a pace any motion that even suggested the gait. For every four horses whose legs were caught by the camera in a lateral position there were seventeen on the diagonal and it was almost impossible to find an English painting of a horse at a walk in which a lateral inclination was even suggested.

Granted that Thoroughbreds occasionally do pace and that there is a fraction of a second during a walk when they look as if they were doing so, from the standpoint of beauty a real walk is so infinitely more pleasing that it is difficult to understand why the other gait is ever chosen to put into a picture.

I have not checked the work of the American artists. I will leave that to the reader and should he find me to be wrong no one could possibly be more glad than I will be for my hallucinations will be cured. On the other hand, should I be right it may be that this feeble plea will cause a reform in our art and save the purists of the future hours of research, to which they might be inspired by the paintings of this generation, in an effort to discover a connection between the Thoroughbreds of our era and our Standardbred pacers.

HARDY RETRIEVERS. Of the sports that belong to the so-called out-of-doors part of the year in the "weather belt" the Field Trials are the hardiest. Pointers, Setters, Springers, Cockers, Chesapeakes, Labradors, and their kind hardly wait for the frost to be out of the ground and the ice to melt in the water before they are out on it or in it. It is extraordinary to see the number of people, taking advantage of an excuse for being in the open air, who flock to the trials to watch the dogs at work. Even in the treacherous month of March there seems to be no lack of entries or attendance, and week by week the galleries grow as those seeking a novelty find a pleasant occupation which increases, by degrees, into a very real interest. Providing the day is not too bleak or the wind too strong I can think of a lot worse ways to spend an early spring day than at a field trial. It was the retrievers that brought me out of hibernation and down on Long Island this year and for that alone I will thank them. In spite of a high wind there was just enough trudging about through the briars and bushes to keep my blood running and the different methods of the amateur handlers were an interesting study to one with vague hopes of becoming something of the sort herself. What a heart-breaking experience it must be to work with a dog for months; to think that he is as perfect as possible and then to have him go completely haywire at a trial. There he is, way out there in the scrub, questing this way—that way—every way but the right way and paying no attention at all to your whistle or your voice. You could help him if he would, just for one second, stop racing about and turn to you for aid but he'll have no part of your assistance and all the time the valuable moments are flying past. Bad as this situation is on land it must be even worse (*Continued on page 98*)

Photographs by Rotofotos

Golf. Left: Miss Alice Rutherfurd on the Aiken links. Right: Trotting horse racing. Miss Frances Post demonstrates what a driver of winners will wear. And above: astride a good looking California bred horse belonging to Mr. Rigan McKinney. Mrs. Jane Fowler Bassett waits for hounds to find. Behind her are Mr. Streett and Mr. Davis, amateur riders

NOTES ON WET FLIES AND NYMPHS

EUGENE V. CONNETT, 3rd

The revival of interest in wet fly and nymph fishing is so well under way, and the increase in amateur fly tying is so widespread that some notes on the proper design of subsurface imitations would seem to be in order. I have, therefore, written down a resumé of the results of my rather long and active experience with the submerged fly and nymph, as a guide to the less experienced angler, as well as for the thoroughly experienced dry fly man who may not have had much to do with modern wet fly and nymph fishing

WET FLIES

THERE are two distinct types of wet flies, one of which is for use in upstream fishing and the other for downstream work. The same patterns should be dressed differently according to the method for which they are to be employed: dressed differently as far as construction is concerned, although the actual colors of the pattern should not be varied.

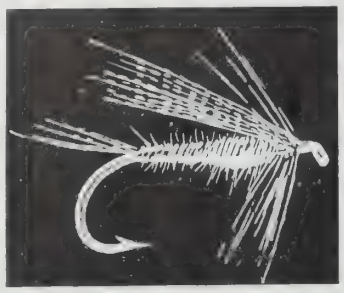
Let us first consider the fly that is to be fished downstream. The most important characteristic in such a fly is that it must have what the British call "good entry"; that is, it must be constructed in such a manner that it will not skirt on the surface and form a ripple when it is fished across the current. On the other hand, it must swim evenly through the water, and preferably just under the surface. If it is used on the surface, it must move smoothly and easily, without kicking up a fuss.

In order to give a fly good entry, it must be streamlined, as it were. The wing must slant back over the body, and the hackle must be tied in a perpendicular plane. In other words, the hackle must not stick out all around the hook, but must lie flat in the same plane as the bend of the hook. But the hackle must have "kick" so that it will not become soppy and stick to the body. A good bright cock's hackle may be used sparingly, or a first quality "wet fly hackle" may be used a little more freely. The latter is a cock's hackle not stiff enough for a good dry fly, but still with enough resiliency to snap back into position when it is bent. When a fly with such a hackle is drawn against or across the current, it will close and open as the water pressure against it is increased and decreased.

The body of the wet fly is the most important part of it as far as its attractiveness to trout is concerned, and no greater mistake can be made than to cover the body up with either wings or hackle. This can be avoided by lifting the wing a trifle above the top of the body, and by using very few turns of hackle and then cutting it away on either side of the body, leaving some fibres sticking down fairly straight under the fly, with a few standing up above it, but blending back with the wing. Such a design as this will have good entry and also the required kick.

Wet flies used as droppers to be fished upon the surface, may be quite heavily dressed and buzzy dry flies, or flatly tied wet flies which will lie on their sides as they skim the surface. There is no objection to flies thus fished setting up a ripple; in fact many anglers prefer that they do so.

The wet fly that is to be fished upstream must be dressed in a different manner from the foregoing. Any motion imparted to it will be given by the action of the water as it drifts along without drag, and the hackles should therefore be soft. They will not stick to the body, but will lie opened up and subject to the slightest action of the water. A soft hen hackle may be used, or the soft feathers from other birds such as Scotch grouse or European partridge. These look very mussy to our eye when they are dry, but when drifting in the water they take on an excellent appearance. I like the wing of an upstream wet fly to be tied almost perpendicular to the shank of the hook, and very narrow.



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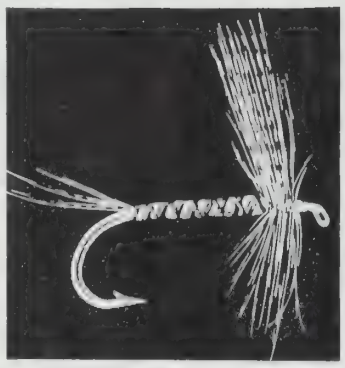

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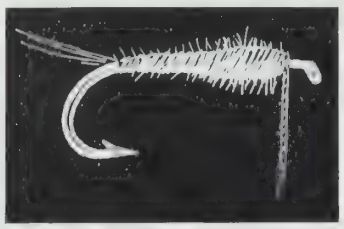
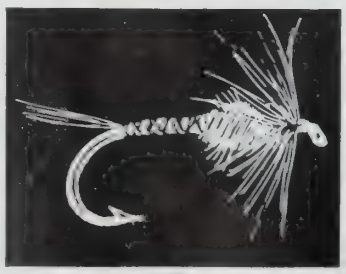


III

IV

V



VI

For some patterns of wet flies, one or two turns of bright cock's hackle, standing out around the hook shank, may be used; but the hackle must be exceedingly sparse, else the fly will float. Such a hackle will derive its attractiveness from its sparkle and brightness rather than its motion. By dressing it to stand out from the hook, the body is left clear. The soft hackles mentioned above must be tied so that the sides of the body are bare, the hackle fibres lying flat in a plane level with the bend of the hook.

A wet fly should sink through the surface the instant it reaches the water. Of course, it must be thoroughly wetted before casting and dropped on the water with a minimum of false casts. The hook should be of heavy wire, and the eye should not be lightened by tapering, as in a dry fly hook. Bodies should never be varnished nor painted with collodion, no matter how attractive this may make them look to our eyes; this makes them too buoyant and difficult to sink. When an upstream wet fly is dressed with a bright cock's hackle, it will float in a most aggravating manner unless the hook is of heavy wire, and the hackle exceedingly sparse—just one or two turns.

The tails on all wet flies should be of soft absorbent feather fibres, rather than of bright cock's hackle fibres. The tail must not act as a floating agent, as in the case of a dry fly. Tails should be short, although they may be quite full. I always wet a wet fly in my mouth before using it, as saliva seems to be a splendid guard against buoyancy.

Nothing lighter than #16 wire should be used for ribbing, except, of course, when the pattern calls for thread or feather fibre. All through the dressing of a wet fly try to add weight, not by making the fly bulky and fat but through the use of heavy and absorbent materials. Although a pattern may not call for gold ribbing, many fur bodies can be improved by winding #16 gold wire in the same direction the dubbing is wound, and pulling it tight so that it will sink down into the dubbing and thus be almost invisible. However, when the dubbing is wet, the wire will show as a rib, for wet fur is almost transparent.

Wet fly bodies are made from furs, wool, floss silk, tinsel, herl, or quill. None of these materials should be waxed if it can be avoided. Leave them as absorbent as possible. Great care must be used in the choice of tying silk for fur dubbing, as the color of the silk will show when the body is wet. Quill bodies should always be wound with a protecting spiral of gold wire. This can also be done to protect certain herl bodies. As almost all natural flies and nymphs have ribbed bodies, ribbing may be freely used but should not be too violent in contrast to the color of the (*Continued on page 116*)

LEGEND

I. The downstream wet fly, "streamlined" for good entry

II. The Quill Gordon wet fly dressed for upstream fishing—nearly upright wing and soft hackle

III. Detail of wet fly body—dubbing slightly thickened at shoulder

IV. Detail of hackle—trimmed at sides to leave bodies uncovered

V. "Connett's Indefensible" nymph—dubbing thickened and well picked out at shoulder (thorax)—gold rib—blue dun hen hackle

VI. "Beaverquill" nymph. Peacock quill and pinkish brown beaver fur—blue dun hen hackle

Sk[illegible] by W. M. WARD, Jr.

BUDAPEST

Magyar Film Irada

Above: The mythical eagle of Hungary looks into the rising sun from the gates of the Hungarian Royal Palace

Queen of the Danube

VIRGINIA CREED

Schloss Donaudorf is a small, biscuit-yellow castle which has perched upon that fragrant, dreamy shore for half a thousand years, brooding over its walled rose garden, ivied courtyard, and casual fountains; casting a respectful, sidelong glance at its imperial neighbor, Schloss Persenbeug, which, infinitely older and much more menacing, juts out daringly into the swift green current. Turmoil and glory have passed over both as crusaders and robber knights, Huns, Avars, Turks, and Swedes harried them; both tasted pathos in those summers when Napoleon's Habsburg son, the Duke of Reichstadt, lived at Persenbeug; reveled in gayety when Baron Grimmer kept his famous stable of trotters at Donaudorf. Nowadays these memories seem no less real there than the Archduke Hubert's seven children, family portraits, endless acres that stretch along the opposite shore as far as the eye can see, for the Danube is a strange river. It telescopes time alarmingly. After listening for long enough to its murmurous, melodious voice that is never still, one is inclined to forget that many of the topics upon which it dwells—Kremhilde's unfortunate marriage, the dream of the Celt, Sigovassus, the idiosyncrasies of the first Rudolf and the last Charles, the Habsburg curse, are, after all, ghostly subjects. One catches oneself thinking and talking of historic folk in a most familiar way, of secretly endowing them with as much substance as the gentle, courteous visitors who succeed one another at the afternoon tea table. On fair days tea is always taken at Donaudorf on an open porch so close to the river that its glintings and gleamings are reflected in moving emerald and gold patterns upon the Augarten cups, the plates of pastry, the features of the guests.

The patterns were doing a particularly unreal dance, the voice of the river was almost intrusively loud on that day when the young Hungarian who had just come from Persenbeug began to speak of Budapest and the desirability of my going there.

"I cannot think how I missed Budapest," I apologized lazily, staring meanwhile at Persenbeug and assembling in my mind a composite and, I think, fairly universal impression of Hungary which seems to mean paprika and Tokay wine, extravagant uniforms, gypsies, rhapsodies, and duels to most people. All highly disturbing. "Besides," I added, "The Danube has bewitched me. I cannot think of deserting it."

"No one knows anything about the Danube, until he has seen it at Budapest. Why, Budapest is the Danube!" The thin, sharp edge of condescension in his tone made a mark on the surface of my inertia, set new thoughts stirring.

He was quite right too, as I knew the instant I drew back the lace curtains of my hotel window to look out upon what is surely the world's most magnificent river scene. Summer green dressed the Corso, which follows the Pest bank where most of the international hotels are; jade green, clouded, mysterious moved the stream where across it three bold bridges leap toward another froth of foliage, above which in regal pride rises the fantastic, half-European, half-Asiatic panorama of Buda, silhouetted sharply against a blue and empty sky. Fascinated, I stood and stared at the long, elaborate facade of the royal palace, flanked on the right by the conical turrets, the octagonal tower, the ramparts of the ancient Var; at the smooth walled grimness of the fortress on the Gellert Hill; at the more distant promise of the terraced gardens, the wide-roofed

The Hungarian Royal Palace is seen through the cables of the bridge across the Danube

From the ramparts of the Fisher's Bastion, Hungary's huge Parliament building shows through the arches

The Great Tower of the Fisher's Bastion now houses relics of the past within its walls

villas on the hills of Buda. I saw at once how here, as nowhere else in the world, have the Occident and the Orient been surely, subtly interwoven into a pattern as harmonious as it is inscrutable.

As I picked my way along the Corso, which, although it was only early afternoon, was already crowded with an elegant, leisurely throng devoting itself to the daily promenade that is practically a ritual everywhere east of the Danube, passed a policeman resplendent in cobalt blue and silver, and made my way over the Lanchid or Chain Bridge, I could not escape the impression that the bridges had really been built in one direction only; that they symbolize young Pest's desire to probe into Buda's fabled past. I sensed that Buda had resolutely averted its eyes while those bridges were in the making, merely tolerates them now, for Buda, older than Rome, has tentacles stretching southward into the unfathomed East. Buda can never forget in which direction the Danube flows. She remains almost totally unimpressed with the twentieth century pretensions, the electric trams and streamlined buses, the modernistic shop fronts of Pest, whom she considers something of a parvenu, since she only joined Buda in 1873 and really never was of very great importance until recent years.

The history of Hungary is a history of heroes, of heroes forever engaged in an epical struggle to preserve the identity and culture of a basically Oriental people in the Occidental world of which they themselves deliberately chose to be a part. Reared upon the shifting sands of a fundamental conflict between East and West, fraught with paradox, the Magyar nation through its great spokesman and king, Stefan, made its standpoint clear. It would stand with Christianity against the infidel, but it would not be swallowed by the West. From the chieftain Arpad to the Regent Horthy, the story of the price it has paid for this decision is a stirring one. Every last chapter of it is written in stone, bronze, marble, tapestry, and pigment there in the halls, palaces, ministries, churches of the Var where all who run may read. The lavish crystal and alabaster, the silver and gold of the palace bespeak both the persistent hostility of the nation to its erstwhile Austrian masters and the unqualified admiration it felt for the tragic Empress Elizabeth. One feels there the abiding reverence for Stefan, for His Crown, that more than the person of any king, indeed without a king now that there is none to wear it, spells power; for his Holy Right Hand, that, bound with bands of jewels, lies in a glass and metal reliquary in the palace chapel. Visitors may see the Hand, but not the Crown, which is guarded day and night by a special guard in white and scarlet medieval surcoats, flashing helmets, murderous halberds.

The Regent's severely handsome Empire Palace serves to remind the visitor not only of Horthy and the triumph of the White Army over the Red after Bela Kun's holocaust in post-war times, but also the major role which the horse has always played in Hungarian life, for the Regent's palace originally belonged to Count Sandor, Metternich's son-in-law and greatest horseman of his day. Its stairway is so sweeping and wide because Sandor must needs ride his favorite mounts right up into his drawing room! The proximity of the high-walled gardens of the Archduke Josef's residence to the Regent's house suggests how high Magyar hopes have beat for Josef, the Hungarian Habsburg.

Further up the hill, beyond the palaces of the landed magnates who still dominate this near-feudal country, past smooth-walled half-Oriental houses marked with star and crescent, with the statued heads of Turks in the Coronation Church, the union of East and West is almost complete. King Mátyás began to build the church; King Bela finished it. In form it is gothic. In decoration, its deep indigos and burning terra cottas, its twisted columns and intricate polychrome details are quite as Oriental as the pashas who used it for a mosque during the years they ruled in Buda. On the ramparts, not far from the church, there stands a sig- (*Continued on page 112*)

The citadel on Buda's heights looks down across the calm Danube

Hungarian State Tourist Department

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A very fine Reproduction of a George II Silver Tea Service copied from an early Scottish original which may be seen among the many Wedding Gift suggestions in Mr. Guille's present Collection. Although varying in price and importance, each item is strictly in keeping with the traditions of authenticity and good taste for which this establishment is justly famous.

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Woodbrook farm

(*Continued from page 65*)

spirited accent, a rug in rust color covers the floor. The Victorian Chanticleer vases on the mantel recall prizes in full-blooded poultry. They are paired with immense balloon brandy glasses. The Greek Revival chimneypiece represents a happy substitution for the original fireplace of red cobblestones.

For cozy têtes-à-têtes or little gatherings before and after dining, there is the little Greek Revival sitting room on the other side of the hall. Here, beautiful old door-trims and mantel have been effectively retained, and there is wainscoting, painted dead white, all around the room. Especially felicitous in giving a certain scale of classic grandeur is the well-designed cornice. Original with the house, too, is the marble mantel.

Mahogany furniture of the Regency style, with its trim lines and the yellow leather chair seats, gives the room a smart appearance. One armchair is upholstered in blue-green quilted fabric, and another in brown chintz with blue-green leaves, and yellow and white flowers. These last harmonize with the brown rug. The draperies are of chintz, and the sofa is upholstered in this, too. Silhouetted snugly in one corner is an unusual corner desk.

The dining room with its white woodwork continues architecturally more or less as it was in the old house. The room indubitably represents cultured modern taste in the elegance achieved. A cabinet bookcase of handsome proportions takes up one end of the room, and leads in the examples of Chippendale and Regency furniture in mahogany and pickled pine which make up the dining room ensemble. The wallpaper, greenish blue with leaf design in splotches, helps create an animated milieu for dining. Providing brilliance, there is much crystal in the room—vases and ornamental fixtures.

Because the dining room projects slightly, with a small court to one side, and elsewhere the garden and piazza adjacent, every pleasure of dining close to nature is afforded. Across the court is located the servants' quarters. Although the house can be run by a minimum retinue, there are six sleeping chambers.

Eight master bedrooms occupy the two upper stories of the main part of the house. Four are located on the second floor, as well as an immense play-bedroom for the two boys of the family.

Very attractive is the room for the daughter, a one-year-old baby girl, with its low-shelved cupboards for toys, with the crib, and the small table and chair. Mahogany furniture with white paint creates a homey note, and unusually appealing for the bedtime visit is a Victorian overstuffed chair near the fireplace. Blue plaid wallpaper gives an encouraging and expansive note of happiness. At the windows the blue chintz draperies, bound in red, are looped to one side and, for an opposite mate, white organdy trimmed in red chintz hangs straight down.

On the top floor are two small bedrooms and a large double guest room, about eighteen by thirty feet, extending completely across the house. Architecturally this is a charming country apartment, for the revealed attic ceiling timbers present a genuine farmhouse appearance. The wallpaper decoratively enhances this atmosphere by garlands of garden implements, cherries in blossom, and busy farmers. A red, brown, and tan wool plaited rug covers the floor. There is cherry-red linen on the chaise longue and the chair.

Walter P. Chrysler Jr's. collection

(*Continued from page 46*)

art" that the younger Chrysler seriously demands of all who look at his collection. Judgments of art must be based on facts. Works of art are material evidence of technical modes and attitudes. The old, juxtaposed with the new, hastens to clarify the modern point of view.

Respect for the traditional masters such as Giotto, Titian, or Rembrandt, and all of significance the nineteenth century gave us, the works of Cézanne, the select few completed by Seurat, the radiant sentiments of Van Gogh, and Gauguin's dream of the primitive ideal, is exactly of a degree with that elicited by the supreme examples of twentieth century art in this collection.

Full-blooded is Mr. Chrysler, Jr.'s "antagonism for the educational institutions of our country that are so steeped with the historical conception of culture that the freshness of new and vital movements finds itself in unsympathetic surroundings." Because practically all the present artists of ability are represented in his collection, these supreme examples of the artists who are contributing most to modern formal painting, make a nucleus in the color and forms of what are almost abstract symphonies whence may develop a great modern art of the future. The younger artists cannot go forward to complete their own artistic destinies if they are ignorant of this bridge between the centuries built by the enlightened efforts of such works as are to be seen in the Chrysler collection.

An early lesson at a prominent American preparatory school taught Mr. Walter P. Chrysler, Jr. that the most excellent fruits of his own age are to many academic leaders as tomatoes in the age of the Elizabethans who thought this nutritious gift of nature poisonous. But to let Mr. Chrysler relate this episode in his own words:

"I was fourteen when in a most extravagant fashion I marched myself into a New York Gallery with all of the savings I had been

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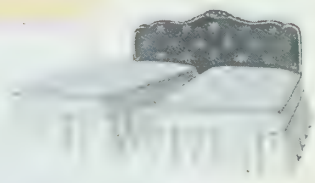

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CARRARA IN THE KITCHEN is as practical as it is good-looking. It will never check, craze, stain, fade or absorb cooking odors. Here, Jade Carrara walls with Forest Green Carrara trim, are used with charming effect.

able to accumulate from a small monthly allowance over a period of a year and happily exchanged these savings for a small, late Renoir, very rich in color and to my young mind quite the most inspiring picture I had ever seen.

"Proudly I hung the Renoir in my room as the first act of my return to school in January and after a day of renewing acquaintances, getting rescheduled for my classes, and reporting for the boxing team I returned to the dormitory to find no small amount of excitement surrounding the corridor waste paper basket, where to my horror I saw what remained of my Renoir, after it had been subjected to the knees and feet of our corridor master."

Certainly it is to Mr. Chrysler, Jr.'s credit that this did not put a stop to his interest in modern art, or his first attempt at collecting paintings of the foremost calibre. Instead, it spurred him on to cultivate his taste by his own initiative and from sources outside the school which due to its limited viewpoint had no conception of the possible tragedy involved. They were not even aware of the tremendous problems of modern art patronage.

Hence this young collector fosters an ardent educational purpose in his devotion to modern art. It is to show young people the best of modern art. On many occasions he has loaned canvases to what is probably America's most eager public, the youth in residence at preparatory schools and colleges. Recalling lagging educational methods, Mr. Chrysler, Jr. does not hesitate to open the minds of the rising generation to wider horizons, deepening their insight into modern art, filling them with new ideas of liberal thought and the influence of the scientific spirit.

Established museums and art organizations here and abroad are also favored. The Detroit Institute of Arts has within the past year acknowledged the merits of Mr. Chrysler's gallery by showing his collection. The nature of painting forbids its sequestration. It cannot be hoarded, forbidden to carry its vital message to the world as if it were mere ornament.

Garnering the best, the collector must be constantly alert and ever on guard against the trivial, the ineffectual result of those moments when the onrushing cascade of style has caught in its water, talents too weak to employ the current to purpose. To every ten paintings of great significance by truly great artists, a hundred frauds are perpetrated in the name of contemporary painting and beneath forged signatures.

Two important art philosophies of our age, Expressionism (or Fauvism) and Cubism, are bound up in the paintings collected by Mr. Chrysler, Jr. People who have only a casual interest in the arts seldom realize the prodigious amount of painting requiste for the formation of a new art style. First is the germination of certain new art concepts, then the clarification and evolution through various stages. Expressionism harks back to El Greco and as with those recent masters Daumier, Lautrec, Gauguin, and Van Gogh, it is a pictorial version of emotion ever bursting upon the world as something unmannered to the era. With Cubism there is formality, geometry, classicism. Neither of these modes clings to nature, but tends to subdue it. The artist's relation to the world is more important than a vice versa method of contact wherein the natural world is major. Mr. Chrysler, Jr. analyzes the twentieth century art situation succinctly. "The evolution of 'abstract' painting has been gradual and confused," he explains, "and it has been only recently that this confusion has become less apparent and that the mental processes and intellectual reasoning of its purposes have been clarified. This confusion was largely due to the fact that while many 'abstract' paintings remained in character 'abstract,' there were some which grew from natural forms in 'abstraction' and others which resembled natural forms, but which emanated from the 'abstract.' "

On one hand are Henri Matisse and Georges Roualt who render, in the most passionate language of line and color, and with the utmost vigor and audacity, certain concepts that originally were objective or cloaked in a spiritual humanity. Matisse maintains that he is unable to distinguish between the feeling which he has for life and the manner in which he renders it.

The intellectualists like Picasso and Braque (co-inventors of Cubism), Leger, also Gris, with their creations of planes and distorted forms tell us of a mental source, rich in visual inspiration. But whether expressionistic or intellectualist, modern art tends to be abstract.

Explanatory of this almost completely non-objective basis, Mr. Chrysler, Jr. says "'Abstract' painting may be considered as the contrast of imitative painting. Abstract paintings are compositions of abstract elements, while imitative paintings are composed of natural elements. A composition must have color, line, and design, and some critics also include light, shade, and balance. These are the purities in art, and the employment of them in imitative painting necessarily must resemble objects, and to do so, it must make these purities undergo a change."

Because the greater artists of today were born in the nineteenth century (Picasso, Braque, and Leger are now fifty-seven, Matisse and Roualt sixty-nine and sixty-seven respectively, Gris the youngest of them all were he living today, fifty-one), it was necessary for them to approach the new twentieth century grammar of art in various ways. Phenomenal is the protean character of Picasso's work. Starting with the Blue

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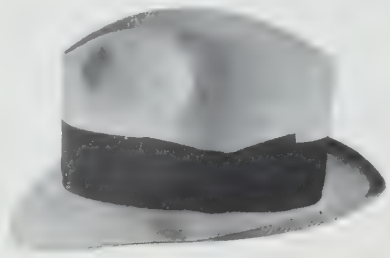
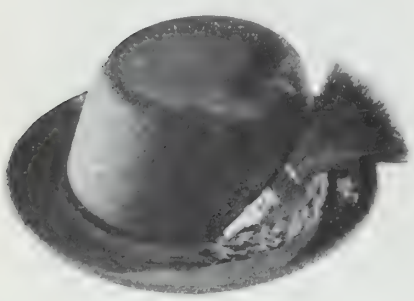


LIGHTWEIGHT FELT HATS from England, made on Brooks Brothers' own blocks, are $8. Grey, tan, brown or green.



MIXTURE FELT HATS from Austria, made by Messrs. P. & C. Habig of Vienna, $10 and $12. Ornamental brushes, $1 to $2.25. Brush-holders, 75c to $2.50. Feather cockades, 50c to $2.

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BROWN REVERSE CALF SHOES are also hand-lasted on Brooks Brothers' own lasts. Crêpe rubber sole tipped at the toe with leather, $16. Brooks Brothers' Veldtschoen, $19.

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Period, after which came the Pink, then a "Fauviste" interest in negro sculpture, finally appeared Cubism, wherein he created his mightiest technical expression, and which permitted him to produce eventually an unparalleled modern classicism of the mental subconscious.

Picasso's own development is consequently a proof of the importance of Cubism, for as Mr. Chrysler, Jr. states, "After this intellectual conception of the artistic technical basis is assimilated and handed down, these inherited principles form themselves into an emotional or intuitive art."

Brief as this article must be, it serves to indicate the earnest intent of this young American patron in collecting the best of modern painting, an accomplishment even more to be appreciated because of its greater scope, though carried forward with the same enthusiasm as the sponsorship of the Cheshire House Editions which included the handsome volume of "The Inferno, from The Divina Commedia of Dante Alighieri," illustrated with the seven engravings of William Blake, and other handsome volumes now bibliophile prizes in the hands of connoisseurs and in the treasure rooms of great libraries.

A house on the beach

(*Continued from page 84*)

covered with wallboard, plywoods, or linoleum in attractive patterns. For quiet, the room farthest from the living quarters is used as a nursery. It has a secluded adjoining porch enclosed by a railing and by one wall of the carport. This shelter, planned to hold three cars, has only two structural walls but the open sides can be completely covered by tarpaulins. The overhang of the eaves provides a protected passage from the carport to the living quarters.

At the opposite end, the guest wing is connected to the house by a wide terrace set with luxurious lounging furniture. In close proximity to the kitchen, it is convenient and pleasant for outdoor dining and for tea and cocktails after bathing. It is covered by a brilliantly striped awning. The interior of the guest quarters is divided into two parts: three small rooms are used as bath houses or for overnight guests and each has a bed, closet, and built-in dressing table; the far end is equipped with locker and shower rooms for bathers and with an enclosed drying yard—a great convenience.

If the house were built in installments the central section should be the first unit in the building program; it forms a self-sufficient week-end house if the maid's room and bath are used as a bedroom suite by the owners. The addition of the sleeping wing later would afford ample retiring rooms for a small family and, finally, the construction of the guest wing would complete the house and make adequate provision for hospitable entertaining.

The sportswoman

(*Continued from page 89*)

in the water with your dog swimming and swimming through the scarcely melted ice looking, on his own, for a duck that you can plainly see drifting further and further away. No wonder some handlers seem to go pretty frantic. But no matter how discouraging it may be there will always be another trial, another chance, and the hope of a better performance. There is one thing about the not-so-good trial from the novice's point of view. You may crave to own a retriever yourself and will, naturally, want to handle him in the amateur stakes, but sometimes when you see champions at work their perfection makes such an idea seem impossible. Therefore it's nice to know that there are opportunities on the way up the ladder where experience may be gained without danger of failure being too ridiculously conspicuous. After all everyone has to make a start and, although there is no reason for being satisfied with mediocrity, it is comforting to realize that novice dogs and novice handlers have a chance to start the game among a sympathetic group of people who are only too glad to help him to learn the art of retriever handling. One thing I am learning now about this game is the extraordinary patience of the people connected with it. It is one thing for them to be patient with the dogs they love and the experts that understand what it is all about, but professionals and amateurs alike are always willing to answer the dumbest sort of questions at any time when they are not actually occupied with their dogs and they are all generously anxious to do their utmost to see that the casual observer has every opportunity to enjoy an intelligent interest in their sport. Truly with this atmosphere it is a sport that should grow and flourish.

SPRING PLANNING. And now comes May. One solid month of temptation. The Kentucky Derby, the Preakness at Pimlico, and the first part of the Belmont meeting. The Virginia Gold Cup, Rose Tree, and Radnor with the Billy Barton. The Washington Horse Show, Atlantic City, and Wilmington—this list could be continued indefinitely until it rolls into its grand climax with the Devon Horse Show and the Morris and Essex for dogs, the best exhibitions of their kinds in the whole country, and still some of May's most interesting attractions might be overlooked or omitted. It is a month that requires careful study of the calendar and plenty of advance planning. Something must be missed in any case, because of conflicting dates and long distances, but that is no reason for not getting to the places you want to go just because of carelessness. And allow plenty of time because there are a lot of new traffic lights—and they're all red.

One of the most beautiful features of the Vernay Spring Exhibition is a group of rare 18th Century English and Continental porcelain birds and animal figures. Here is exemplified the traditional excellence of the great potters of Dresden, Bow, Chelsea, Derby, Rockingham, et cetera. Several of the Dresden models above, formed as tureens, are by Kaendler.

THE VERNAY collection of 18th Century English and Continental porcelains is also replete with a number of remarkably fine tea, coffee and dessert services, also sets of plates, most impressive for gifts. Of outstanding beauty is a dessert service of Derby porcelain with turquoise borders and landscape centers; a Rockingham tea set with reserves of flowers in a Cerise ground; also a Copeland & Garrett dessert service decorated with hunting scenes.

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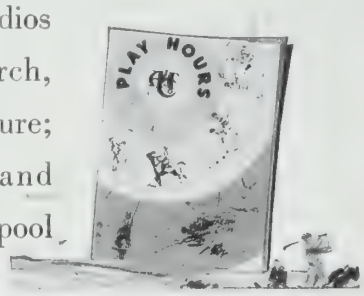

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Choosing the bride's silver

(*Continued from page 77*)

by the so-called provincial Goldsmiths' Halls, outside of London, which have been set up at various times in the long history of England. Consequently, as a result of this intelligent practice, any antique piece made in England can be readily, accurately and completely identified; where it was made, when, and by whom.

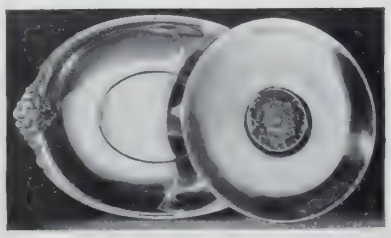
This is not as simple as it sounds, however. There are many variations in the marks used at different periods: from 1697 to 1720 for instance, the leopard and lion figures were superseded by others, but came back again in the latter year; up to 1822 the leopard's head is crowned; from that year to the present it appears uncrowned; at one time the makers used symbols to identify their works; for a while they used the first two letters of their surnames; more recently they have used initials exclusively, and so on. Add to this the fact that each of the provincial offices had its own system of marks, entirely different from any other system, and you will readily understand how large volumes can be read on hallmarks alone. It is only by long continued and interested association with silver that connoisseurs and dealers have acquired their familiarity with these marks and their meanings, and their resultant proficiency in spotting fakes is most certainly easy to understand.

Compare it, for instance, to paper money. The average person could not tell you if any given bill were a counterfeit, but any bank teller would know in a second or less. For people to think that because a piece of silver has some marks stamped on it there can be no question of its genuineness, is about as sensible as to assume that any piece of paper with the picture of George Washington engraved on it makes it a perfectly good one-dollar bill. The government, however, protects us from the consequences of our ignorance of the money we use. The counterfeiter of money is breaking a federal law, and is likely to land in the penitentiary in consequence. On the other hand, the government affords us no protection at all in the matter of our ignorance of the silver we buy, and this unfortunate fact leaves the field quite clear for the operation of the unscrupulous fakers.

These gentlemen, well aware of this important fact, and equally aware of the widespread faith in the authenticity of silver bearing anything resembling hallmarks, spend most of their efforts turning out fake English antiques. They don't bother much with American or Continental silver, except as a small but occasionally profitable sideline. They know very well, you see, that no reputable shop is likely to place their products on the shelves; they also know that no one but a thoroughly competent connoisseur or an idiot is likely to go to any but the most reputable shop for anything but English silver, since no other is distinguished by a hallmark system. They have found it much better business to concentrate on fooling the incompletely informed rather than the totally ignorant, as the former are a large majority.

The fakers accomplish their cheerful little frauds by several different methods, in all of which real sterling is used (it is not any piker's game). One widely practiced in this country is that of making a piece in the style of any given period and then using homemade punches to simulate hallmarks. Usually this is rather crude because it has never proved possible to make the likeness between the genuine and the counterfeit markings sufficiently exact to fool anyone who could be called an expert. In most cases the forgery is made less obvious by buffing down the piece after marking, to remove the tell-tale sharpness of the new marks which are supposed to be at least two hundred years old. (This method is not much used in England because in that country a fourteen year jail sentence awaits anyone caught forging hallmarks). Forged punches are usually made of soft steel, owing to the terrific cost of making one of hardened steel. These, therefore, do not make as clear and definite a hallmark as do the original punches, leaving a loophole for possible exposure of the fake.

A better way of simulating the genuine has been found by these ingenious craftsmen. Its chief advantage is that it avoids the making of hallmarks. A genuine antique which has been so damaged that its value is very small is obtained, and a new piece made in the style of the period to which the genuine one belonged. The marks are then cut out of the old piece and inserted in the new one, by a process known as "sweating-in." Unfortunately for their makers,



Sandwich and salad dishes, Reed & Barton. Bowl and tray, R. Wallace

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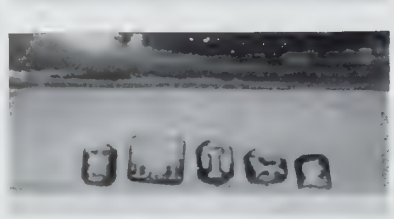
most fakes of this type are fairly easy to detect, as the joint of old and new silver can nearly always be made visible by breathing on the surface or by oxidizing it. (Recent technical advances by our crafty friends have produced a new process by which marks can be sweated-in without leaving any such easily discernible trace).

A variation of the sweating-in process is to take a genuine old salt-cellar, flatten it out and cut it to the proper size and shape and then solder it on the bottom of a modern coffee pot or similar object so that the added piece fits close up around the base. This process, although it resembles sweating-in in that it involves transferring old marks to a new piece, avoids the possibility of leaving any visible joint at all. The color of the piece will be wrong, however, for modern sterling contains different alloy metals and therefore is a slightly different color—though it contains the same proportion of silver. This will lead the expert examiner to wonder why it is that the marks on the bottom of the pot and the necessarily forged ones on its cover are not exactly the same. Subsequent investigation will lead him to throw out the piece.

Harder to detect as fraudulent, much harder to make and more



Geo. III modern jug, copy of Adam period. Compare its forged marks (upper) with correct ones (lower)

common in England than here are "converted" pieces. A saucepan, for instance, which is a genuine antique, is, by skillful hammer work, made into a bowl, a much more valuable piece, though of the same age. The marks are genuine

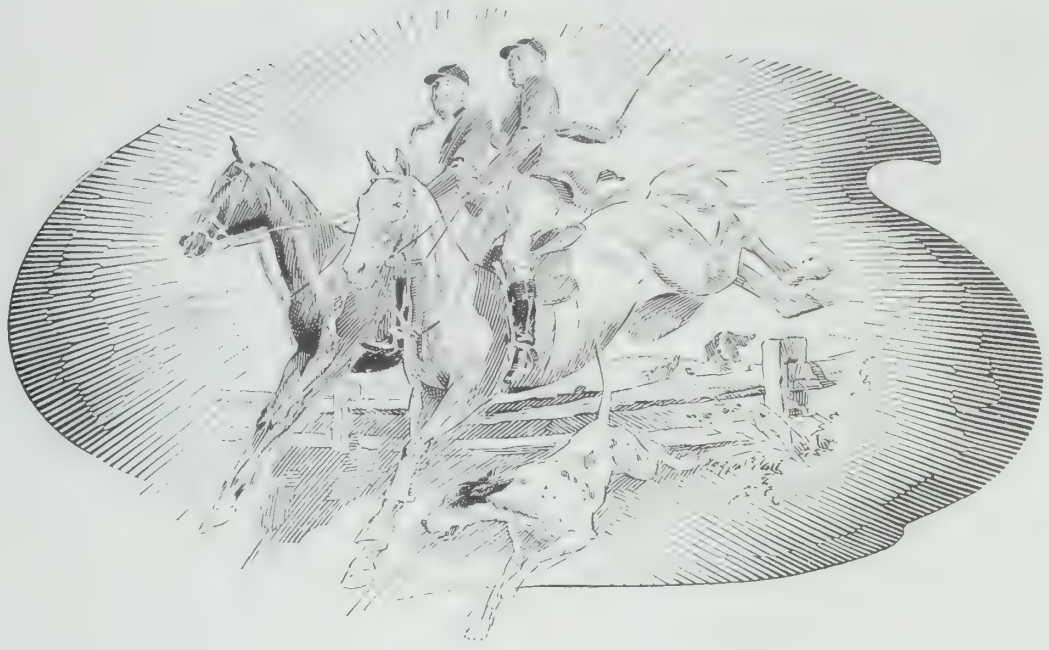
Left, dropped back spoon; center, rattail and spoon to be soldered together; right, finished spoon

and the color is right. But some small pieces must be added. In this case, a foot or base of new silver would have to be added; also a new wire or edge around the rim of the bowl. These new parts will be the wrong color, and the original hallmarks will probably have been stretched or otherwise distorted in the process of conversion. Again the expert's eagle eye will notice the defects and thorough investigation will inevitably lead to the exposure of the fake.

Spoons are also faked. In the photograph above are shown three spoons. The first one is a George II dropped back spoon without the rattail. When this small piece of silver has been soldered onto a spoon, in the position shown in center, and filled up neatly, it will become a rattail spoon, which, in dozens, are worth five to six times the ordinary dropback. The finished article is shown in the right hand photograph. So expertly are these fake spoons made that it is very difficult for any but a connoisseur to tell them from the genuine article.

The best protection you have against frauds and counterfeiters, is a dealer of unquestioned reputation. And you have another safeguard. You can always have the record of the importation of English silver checked by the United States Customs Authorities, who are experts, and who unmercifully reject all fakes which come before their eyes. There is a movement on foot now, sponsored by most of the honest dealers, by several prominent connoisseurs, and by other similarly interested parties, to make an end to this legalized counterfeiting It is simple and foolproof. The Customs Authorities appraise every piece of silver coming into this country and if they allow a piece to enter, duty free, you may be as reasonably sure as you can be of anything, that it is really what it is represented to be. The only trouble is, that one has no way of

"What?...Whoever heard of tasting SKILL?"



CERTAINLY you can! Under a top hat of snowy foam . . . with a fragrant, elusive bouquet . . . a cool, gratifying taste . . . dancing, natural carbonation and brilliant, golden clarity! . . . Suppose that you outbid Anheuser-Busch and got the choice of the barley harvest. And, suppose you paid another premium price for richly scented hops from Saaz, which produces the costliest of Bohemia's famous hops. Could you make Anheuser-Busch MICHELOB? Not unless you possessed another ingredient—experience . . . deft brewing science applied with vigilant precision. . . . This traditionally fine brewing skill comes to you in America's Highest Priced Draught Beer—and those who drink it vote it a bargain. Since Nature is not overgenerous with her best ingredients, you can see why there never will be enough Anheuser-Busch MICHELOB to go 'round to all the good dealers who would like to serve it.

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or write Manager, Banff Springs Hotel, BANFF, Alberta.

knowing whether any given piece has ever been imported without looking up the Customs record on it and this is a long drawn-out process. The new proposal is to have the United States Appraisal Stores men mark all imported silver as it comes into the country, with a duty-free mark as long as they have to appraise the pieces anyway, the extra step of marking them in some way would be but a small addition to their work, and one for which honest dealers would be glad to pay. The Customs mark would be a symbol of authenticity easily identifiable for anyone.

What is to prevent the unscrupulous people from forging the duty-free mark? Just this: the forging of this mark would be a federal offense, quite similar to the counterfeiting of money and entailing the same risk of penalty. There is a strong likelihood that the dishonest dealers and craftsmen now so profitably occupied would renounce their present practices rather than take a chance on being clapped into jail for long periods of time.

Silver already in the country and in the possession of dealers, could be rechecked and marked by the government within a certain period, say a year from the passage of the law. Imported silver now in private collections would not have to meet this requirement unless the owner were to offer it for sale. In this way, you see, the graft would be stopped dead in its tracks, once and for all, and with no expense to the taxpayer; honest dealers know that such a service would be well worth paying for. One may hope that in time, the windmills on the Potomac may turn in this direction and that something will be done. To those of us who enjoy fine silver and who do not approve of crookedness and counterfeiting, it will be very welcome to get some action. Meantime the best one can do is to be careful where purchases are made.

Spring cleaning

(*Continued from page 49*)

years yacht clubs and boating organizations have been fighting a vicious practice among crew members or captains entrusted with the purchasing of the various provisions for larger yachts.

Unscrupulous dealers, anxious to obtain business by any method, have been guilty of adding ten or even twenty per cent to the amount of the bill submitted to the boat owner, the difference, of course, going into the pocket of the crew member or captain who made the purchase.

But, after all, the above is the darker side of the picture. Odious experiences notwithstanding, there is nothing quite comparable to the exhilaration of owning a boat. It is on the water that you will store up memories to be cherished to the twilight days of your life. But, while you're storing up memories, never lose your business sense when fitting-out time rolls around.

On the country estate

(*Continued from page 30*)

each year by estimating the production of the herd that there has been a variation of only 5% between the herd's feed needs and the actual crop yields. During this same period Mr. Towe is able to show from his complete record files that in the same period the average milk yield of the cows increased from 4,200 lbs. to 7,768 per cow and the cost of raising cows decreased from $109.95 to $83.48 per cow in 1936. The statistics for this year are not at hand but undoubtedly they follow the trend with the yield per cow increased and the cost down. A careful map of every field on the place is always at hand and Mr. Wallis plans the feed crop far in advance so that there will be no bare acreage in the rotation scheme.

BUILDINGS AND EQUIPMENT. It goes without saying that the mechanical equipment and the buildings at Biltmore are of the very best and that meticulous cleanliness is law. The barns are clean, will lighted and ventilated, and as perfectly equipped as a well-ordered house. Herd sires are housed in stalls of their own, each surrounded with an acre and a half of grass lot. None is confined to his stall and most of the year they are out practically all of the time in the individual lots. The dry cows at Biltmore, contrary to the practice in some herds, receive the most careful and probably the most generous feeding of any of the cows. Shortly before calving they are sent to the maternity barn, where each cow has an individual box stall, with window and skylight, and completely isolated from other stalls by dividing walls of cement. The farm buildings and the grounds indicate by their beauty and care the high standards maintained in production. The visitors' gallery, overlooking the milking parlor and the glassed-in bottling room, give visual proof of the manner in which these processes are handled, and an attractive refreshment pavilion, complete with refrigerating equipment for service of the products, is a demonstration of their quality. Everything on the place, including the delivery trucks kept in good running order in the farm garage, is as efficient and up-to-date as it is possible for it to be.

Month in field

(*Continued from page 28*)

expense from the exchequers of the field trial clubs and as the birds are brought only a short distance they are strong and healthy and much more apt to survive and help to restock the coverts than is the case of the puny weaklings that have been shipped long distances.

LIBERATING BIRDS. A very ingenious gentleman named Humphrey has invented a method of liberating birds for field trials that

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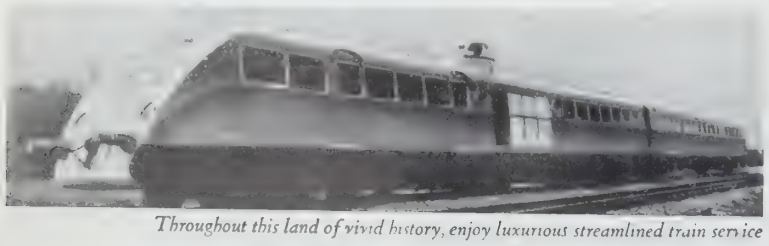

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we saw in use at Clinton, which makes it unnecessary to handle the birds at all—a great advantage as it prevents them from being injured and also keeps human scent off them, which when present must confuse the dogs to a certain extent. The idea is to have a long narrow trough with slats on the top into which the birds are shunted from the crates in which they come from the game farm. Then, they are guided out of this with a long-handled paddle which fits between the slats into small liberating boxes with sliding bottoms and trap doors at one end. These are placed in the birdfield, the bottoms are slid out (contact with the ground seems to quiet birds a little), and the trap door in front is raised by a long cord so that the man liberating the birds can stand well off. After the door is raised the whole box is pulled away from the bird so it has to come out whether it wants to or not. Mr. Humphrey is quite proud of his invention and he has reason to be because when we saw it in operation it worked infinitely better than the method usually used for liberating birds. They walked off quietly instead of running or flying as is often the case when they are liberated by hand, and they aren't groggy and easily caught by dogs as is the case of birds that have been "rocked."

MEDFORD. Everyone who makes the yearly pilgrimage to Medford, New Jersey, for the English Setter Club of America's Spring Trial has learned from bitter experience to come prepared for bad weather. Raw, cold rain and even snow can be predicted with more certainty during the Medford week than at any other time of year, but it doesn't discourage anyone in the least. The same crowd, plus new recruits, gathers there each spring, sure of a good time, and of seeing good dogs run over the historic course. For there is always a good entry at Medford. They had them here before the other Northern trials were even thought of and that course has probably had more great dogs run over it than all the other Northern courses put together—we went into its history a bit last month.

We are writing this during the latest edition of the event, and the weather, unfortunately, is even more vile than usual. We had to come through a snowstorm to get here, only to find rain was coming down in torrents, had been for several days, and was giving every indication of continuing for days more. The running has fallen behind schedule as fewer braces than usual have been run each day because of the conditions—men, horses and dogs can only "take it" for so long and no longer, and for the last two days that has meant stopping early in the afternoon. The horses slip and slide in mud up to their fetlocks out on the course, and the dogs send up splashes of water when they hit low spots. Today, for instance, started with a dense fog when the first brace was put down at seven thirty. It was so thick that dogs disappeared into it and the calls of the handlers were muffled and almost human wails somewhere out there ahead. At noon there were a few moments of sun before the wind came with spitting squalls of rain. It was worth every minute of it, though, to see those young dogs in the Junior All-Age tearing up the country and snapping into point after point like veterans in the bird field. We didn't care whether they were steady or not; it was the way they found them that counted. It is obvious that the trial won't be over before this goes to press. Tomorrow we intend to go to Clinton where the Irish Setters are running in an effort to do justice to two trials at once.

NEW SCORE CARD. We were greatly interested in a new judge's score card invented by Walter Arnold as an aid in keeping accurate track of all the dogs in a stake. The intention of this card is to supplement the "spot" system of judging now commonly used by pointer and setter judges and is not designed to make good judges out of poor ones, or in any way discount the individual judges' experience or opinions. Its intent is to take into account all the things that are looked for in high-class Pointers and Setters to arrange them in their proper order of importance. As a matter of fact, it might well be adapted by the retriever and spaniel people as well, by arranging the scoring to suit their particular requirements. Mr. Arnold does not feel that he has perfected the card as far as the relative importance of the different qualities considered are concerned but, on the contrary, is eager to receive comments and criticisms, so that the scoring can be established by the consensus of opinion of experienced judges and others. We hope that constructive comments will be stimulated by this brief description. Mr. Arnold will be glad to furnish a detailed explanation to any one desiring it.

Briefly it consists of a card with space for plus value and penalty counts for each dog, the score to be counted in units of ten and the perfect score to be 1000, the penalties to be subtracted from the plus values to give the net score. The plus rating to be A, B, C, D; A to denote exceptional and perfect work; B for good work and to be the usual grading; C fair; and D for poor. Where qualities are subject to repeat in a given heat such as a point, additional checks are made in the squares under each heading. The plus values are as follows: Judgment—Intelligence (to be determined on the basis of combined ground work and bird-work); *Style-Application* (the qualities of enthusiasm, animation, eagerness and industry); *Range; Pattern*—Pattern is described as follows: "the groundwork of a high-class dog should have con-

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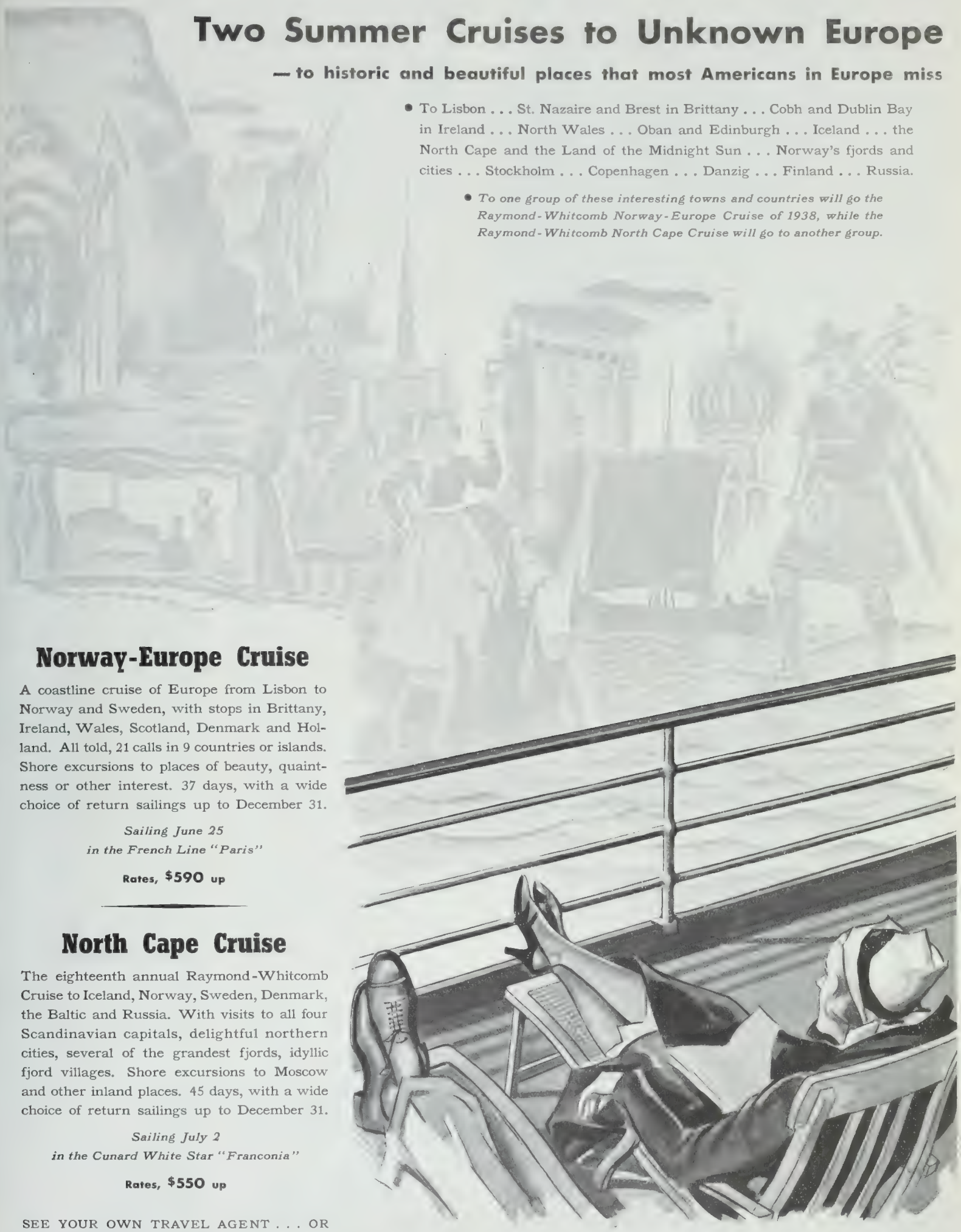
- *To one group of these interesting towns and countries will go the Raymond-Whitcomb Norway-Europe Cruise of 1938, while the Raymond-Whitcomb North Cape Cruise will go to another group.*



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tinuity as to line and logical design as to direction and pattern: there should be no aimlessness, circling, overlapping, back casting, line running, or rechecking. On a course with fair objectives, a good pattern would be the design created by a point-to-point race with allowance for cross checking in fields of heavy cover"; *Speed* is scored as it registers from brace to brace. There is non-direct speed competition between all the dogs in a stake; *Independence, Courage, Stamina* are two other divisions which are self explanatory. Then comes *Each Find; Nose* only taken into consideration. This for puppies and Derbies, and *Each Find* and *Point*, for dogs that find a bird and establish a point. Top score is given for perfect birdwork on each find. This gives dogs that can find and handle birds a chance to even up with, or surpass, the dog that may rate higher on other qualities, but the mere pointing of a number of birds will not build up a high score unless the work is of high quality. The quality of the find and its handling may be scored as low as 30 points. One excellent find, handled intensely and flawlessly, may be graded as high as a total of five indifferent finds that are handled poorly. *Backing* is also a consideration, so is *Retrieving. General Appeal* is at the judges discretion and is a control factor. One particularly interesting point is that a value is given for the course, to control total points in the net score, to preclude a win on a short course taking the same value as a win on a big one. *Finishing* is a control for dogs that finish poorly. A strong finish is expected and assumed and a penalty may be written in for a dog that weakens at the end of the heat.

Conversely the penalties are as follows: *Interference, Blink* or *Quit, Trailing, Loafing, Cutting Cover, Back Casting, Line Running, Out* of *Judgment; False Pointing, Refusal to Back, Chasing* and *Bumping* or *Flushing*. It is suggested that anyone desiring further information about this method or who has any suggestions get in touch with Mr. Arnold through his department.

Somewhere in the wind rivers

(*Continued from page 52*)

snapped. "Well, I sorta cal'calate!"

That was all the urging we needed. We were up at the crack of dawn the next day, packing the two horses. We had to walk, of course, and lead them. But what was that? Island Lake was only four miles away.

It was, we found, plenty. Without Ed's guidance we could never have wormed our way through the hopelessly rough terrain. There was little timber along the route. Everything was a bewildering tangle of rock: boulders, ridges, odd-shaped cliffs, and hummocks. Sometimes we doubted Ed's leadership, especially when we had to let the horses ford occasional cliff-girdled lakes, while we followed on a ledge high above them.

But always we managed to keep moving forward. Eventually we stood on a high hill and beheld as magnificent and breath-taking a view as I have ever seen. Ahead of us sprawled a lake, in a wide basin gouged out of solid rock by the retreating glaciers, remnants of which whiten the stupendous backdrop formed by the peaks. Challenging pinnacles of every size and shape rise to a superb climax in needle-sharp Mt. Helen and massive, flat-topped Fremont Peak.

The lake is studded with tiny islands. Two streams cascade into it over the cliffs at the upper side. Though there is some timber on the lower shores, we decided to chance the weather and camp on the barren upper end. Here we'd be close to the inlet, where Ed said the best fishing was, also nearer the peaks, some of which we wanted to climb.

We skirted the right-hand edge of the lake and started splashing across a harmless looking swamp. Both our horses promptly bogged down. We had to unpack them and lug the equipment knee-deep through the sticky ooze to the far shore. Then we extricated the horses, spent the last of the daylight finding a way whereby we could get them through the morass, repacked, and stumbled on in darkness to a camp site. Thus, mud-plastered, cold, hungry, and unutterably weary, we reached our goal.

Was it worth it?

The next morning I passed up the lake and dropped for some distance down the outlet stream. Presently I reached a point where it plunged over a cliff five or six feet high. It was a slide rather than a fall. As I stood watching it, a silver streak lashed upward against the bruising current. The trout didn't quite make the top. For an instant it seemed to hang motionless, then fell back into the churning foam.

I wasted no time getting a fly—a Royal Coachman—on the pool below that fall. After a few warming-up casts, I tried a side riffle. A scrappy little fellow, some nine inches long, immediately rose to take the kinks out of my line. I threw him back, as I did two others which took the next two fly patterns I tried. I had particular prey in mind: that whopper which had attempted to jump the falls. But he seemed to have no use for the lures I offered.

In final desperation I tied on a No. 2 Colorado Spinner and aimed it for a section of smooth, swift water. It lit with a hollow *ker-plunk*, and I started pulling in the line.

I didn't get far. Suddenly the rod tip was wrenched downward. The reel whined. The trout broke water, and my breath caught at the sight of him. He shook himself violently and sped for choppy water. For an anxious moment I

thought I had lost him. But there's one thing about a spinner, little as I like them in many respects. They hook a fish for keeps.

Well, it was one of those battles you dearly love to talk about on long winter evenings. And it was but the first of many for all of us, both in the stream and in the lake. Interest never lagged, for it was impossible to be sure of the fish. Now and then, on a breezy afternoon, they'd rise to a dusky fly. Toward evening it might be a Coachman or a bright Silver Doctor. Again there were occasions when only a spinner would do the trick. The best time of all seemed to be when a rain bore across the mountains and squally gusts ruffled the ever-changing surface of Island Lake. Then we'd stay out and fish until our hands turned blue and cold and icy rivulets ran down our spines. Yes, it was worth all the uncertainty and discomfort involved, as what fishing trip isn't?

Are we going back again? I don't know. We've talked of it. But, you see, it's this way. We're familiar with the trails now, and with some of the peculiarities of the trout which lurk in those magnificent streams and lakes. The sharp edge of expectancy will be dulled from that time when we were dumped on our own resources, somewhere in the Wind Rivers. And last night Will and Bob came over with rumors of a spot in the Sierra Nevadas where golden trout abound. None of us has ever fished for golden trout.

"Of course," Will said, "it's a very devil of a place to reach. . . ." And with that my wife, who knows the signs, got out some cold meat and beer and left us. Like all anglers' wives, she thinks we're queer and unreasonable folk.

Polo from the near-side

(*Continued from page 71*)

with Leslie Howard's team in England a summer or two ago," he said, smiling. "And I had a couple of seasons instruction from Harry East, veteran coach of the Burnt Mills Club in New Jersey."

And his beginning as a poloist?

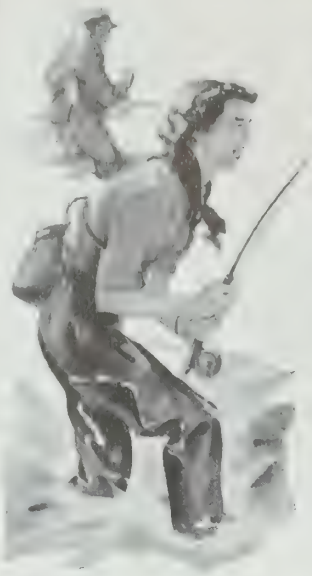
"I started playing when I was about fourteen, I guess. In those days I was more interested in jumping horses and didn't care much about polo."

He speaks slowly and remarkably well.

"The fact that I was Dad's son didn't make the slightest difference in my treatment," he said. "Dad taught me everything he knows and you know he has a wonderful way of teaching kids, with encouragement and respect rather than browbeating the hard way. He gave me his seat, so they say, and you know the "alert" position in the saddle the Old Man has? You know, he kind of sits up there looking around in an aggressive style like a boxer on his toes? Well, he makes me ride fairly short too, despite my height, because he thinks I'm going to be a big heavy guy some day and he wants to be sure I'm up there off the horse's kidneys. . . . I love the game now. I surely hope I can make a name for myself."

Certainly there hasn't been—for a long while anyway—a young three-goal player who looked the part of a coming champion more than Peter Perkins. Not even Cecil Smith or Aidan Roark whose play and variety of brilliant strokes in the bag his already closely resemble. Unfortunately he has already been put on the spot by Coast fans who say that he is the cheapest three-goal player in the game and usually turns in a five or even a six-goal game. This is doubtless intended as a sincere compliment to Peter Perkins, but it really is unjust, not only because it minimizes in advance the credit that will be due him if he does reach the heights in a few years but because, in the writer's humble opinion, after all he is still only a kid, lacking experience and complete control, and if raised too quickly in rating is in grave danger of being stopped. Not that a five-goal rating too soon would spoil him personally. He seems too level-headed for that. And it isn't that he's so far just an ordinary good all-around player. The truth is that he is a most extraordinarily good prospect—probably the best the United States Polo Association has had on tap for years—and mounted on the Wrightsman ponies, even in such company as Stewart Iglehart, Eric Pedley, Aidan Roark and Cecil Smith, as compared to other Coast players, he positively shines. He is a good horseman, is young, strong and full of zing. He can take a bump, is a fair bumper himself, and can wallop the ball "a mile" when the occasion demands. In fact one of the dangers young Perkins must combat is a temptation to try to knock the cover off the ball when a few well-placed approach shots would do the job more expertly. However in the recent Santa Barbara series he gave one of those performances that impress upon you the fact that here is another Cecil Smith—a man who calmly has a job to do and does it riding coolly at all times, never yelling in excitement and rarely hitting the ball hard unless under hurried pressure—and one who has better control of his emotions than any other coming star you ever saw.

As you see it, there he is. The burden for the future is on his broad young shoulders anyway. He's got to be constantly on the move trying to catch up with the reputation his friends have built out in front for him. If he is raised now to five goals and goes on to win, he will get small credit. If he loses, he will be harshly criticized. In fact, at five goals he is liable to be shelved and won't get the valuable experience he needs for another year. A tournament team would naturally take a four-goal player of almost the same ability instead and those who are shouting so loudly for him now will be saying he was just a flash in the pan,



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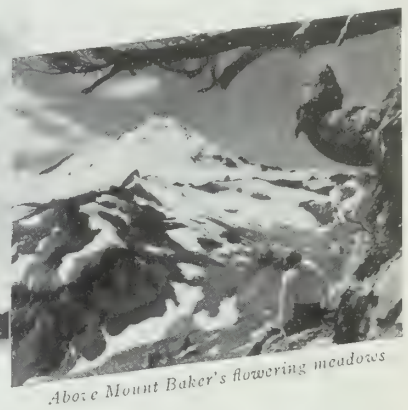
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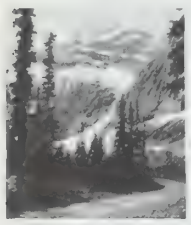

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and surely the young man deserves a better break than that. As a matter of fact, looking through the Polo Year Book, it's amazing how few four-goal players there are anyway. They seem to jump from three to five. So, seeing as how they need more four-goalers, it's my humble opinion that the kindest act the Handicap Committee could do—and the soundest investment for the United States Polo Association from their broad point of view of developing future stars—would be, when they hear about this Peter Perkins, to advance him no more than four goals for another year anyway.

You always had tremendous faith in the future of polo on the West Coast and when this writer wrote furiously, if futilely, last month about his disappointment in the lack of funds or just general interest resulting in an apparent scarcity of rising young talent and in the old talent not being as well mounted as they might be around Midwick, it was this same young Peter Perkins who took this opportunity to challenge us and offered most encouragement for the future. Naturally one solution to the present problem is to develop more new stars and excepting for young Perkins and Tim Holt, movie-actor son of movie-actor-polo-umpire Jack Holt, who, by the way, is not far behind Peter Perkins as a nineteen-year old three-goal promising player, there didn't seem to be many young "comers-on" riding the Western shores. It had seemed surprising to find the same old Midwick favorites—Neil McCarthy, Howland Paddock, Eric Pedley, Arthur Perkins carrying on seemingly indefinitely—just where one last saw them in 1930, with Louis Rowan, a three goaler, who played so well for Midwick at Santa Barbara in the finals of the James W. Colt Memorial tournament, won by Santa Barbara, the only newcomer banging on the doorway to recognition and, as the game grows older, of course those earlier favorites are bound sooner or later to step down.

"It'll come—it has to," young Perkins said. "We have the material, if we can only get them out next year. Even if they can't afford to get well mounted at first, Tom Mangin, the veteran Riverside player has ponies for hire now at Midwick. There are about a dozen younger players available who should develop into really top stuff. . . . There are the two sons of the late Will Rogers, Will, Jr., and Jimmy; two Stack boys, Jimmy and Bobby, sons of the Stack polo family of Chicago and Coronado days; two sons of Carl Beal, the Uplifter poloist; two sons, Jimmie and Bobby, of Col. Robert Fullerton of Pasadena, who are Stanford players. There's Dick Mellon of the Andrew Mellon family, who is a student at the Foxe Military Academy, and young Chester Foxe of that school; Dick Collins of Del Monte, who teaches polo at the Douglas School for girls; Richard Magee of Pebble Beach; Billy Andrews, four-goal nephew of Big Boy Williams; young Tex Austin, son of the rodeo tycoon; Tommy Cross of Los Angeles; Bob and Jim Anderson, students at the University of Southern California, who are nephews of Mrs. Carl Beal, herself a star woman player; Dan Fletcher, a student at Black Foxe Military Academy and son of a veteran low-goal Midwick player; Chuck Wheeler of Pacific Military School; Bobby Rogers of U. S. C., and several others."

These boys must be advanced and given encouragement to play with high-goal players and take the place of the stars of today and yesterday, and young Perkins went on to explain his father has a marvelous idea of getting them all together next year — probably at Midwick because of the high-goal players there—and letting them play together and with older players on their teams to advance them in the tactics and speed of high-goal polo. Stress will be put on the younger material to be really serious for at least a few years in their moulding and especially to become as much interested in the "making" of their pony, which is conducive to good horsemanship, as in spending a great deal of time on the practice field hitting and mastering all of the shots that are required for really top notch playing.

It was perfect teamwork, an almost impregnable defense, and two gentlemen named Cecil Smith and Stewart Iglehart, possibly the most powerful and smoothest working polo combination of all time, that proved more than enough to enable the Texas Rangers (C. B. Wrightsman, Smith, Iglehart and Peter Perkins) to swamp Santa Barbara (C. H. Jackson, Jr., Alec Bullock, George Oliver and "Rube" Williams) by 14 goals to 8 in the Pacific High-Goal tournament finals at Santa Barbara on March 21st. The largest crowd of the season packed into Fleischmann Field's attractive new clubhouse and stands, braved a blustery wind to watch the superbly mounted Ranger team easily overcome an allotted five-goal handicap before the second chukker was half over, dominate the game throughout, and sweep on to a decisive victory. The two ten-goal players, Smith and Iglehart, were in rare form and of course the outstanding players on the field, though they received great support from Perkins and Wrightsman, the latter, chalking up four goals, turned in a fine performance at No. 1. Smith scored seven goals, many of them "fed" to him by Iglehart who performed brilliantly on defense and was sensational in breaking up plays. Rube Williams and Alec Bullock strove mightily but vainly to halt the stampede of the Rangers, both playing excellent games. C. H. Jackson, Jr., Santa Barbara No. 1, was blanketed throughout by young Perkins and very seldom got shots at the Rangers' goal. George Oliver, six-goal player from New Jersey, had no chance for his usual

effectiveness with the two ten-goalers riding hard on him the entire afternoon.

In the finals of the annual James W. Colt Memorial tournament, however, in which ten teams were entered, the Santa Barbara Greens (C. Converse, Hale Marsh, George Oliver, and C. H. Jackson, Jr.,) came from behind in the last chukker to tie the score and then go on to win over the Midwick Rangers (Wrightsman, Louis Rowan, Peter Perkins, and Howland Paddock) by 8 goals to 7. James Colt 3rd., son of the late Santa Barbara polo manager, whose memory the 13-goal event honors, presented the trophies to the Santa Barbarians for the fourth year. George Oliver was the individual star of this game, blasting his way through for the last two goals. Later, on a free penalty Midwick drive, Oliver came from nowhere to save what looked like a sure tying score at the last second. It was a thrilling finish to the most spectacular game that was played in Santa Barbara this season.

Play got under way at Del Monte in the Pacific Coast Open Championship as this goes to press April 1st. The Open was originally scheduled for San Mateo later on in the month but was transferred to Del Monte with the understanding that Mr. Wrightsman and his Texas Rangers would be able to enter. Wrightsman who is taking a team abroad for the London tournaments this spring (Wrightsman, Cecil Smith, Aidan Roark, and Eric Tyrell-Martin) had to leave for his Texas home immediately the Santa Barbara tournaments were finished, and it was regretted that Cecil Smith and Stewart Iglehart also departed from Santa Barbara for Texas en route East. Play at Del Monte was scheduled to last through April 10th., with play for the Del Monte Cup and Del Monte Junior Cup in addition to the Open Championship. Santa Barbara, Los Indios, Midwick, and Del Monte were all entered in the Open.

Guns and game

(*Continued from page 40*)

"Good thing you didn't," he was assured. "Those birds aren't bothering your bass much. In open water they can't catch 'em. Game fish are quick and they stay down deep. The birds feed mostly on the trash fish, suckers, shiners and so forth."

"Well, I'll be daggoned! Do they? But ain't shiners and suckers an' them food for the bass that the bass won't git if the kingfishers git 'em first?"

"That's true to a certain extent but the coarse fish eat a lot of the bass eggs and fry."

"Well, I'll be daggoned!" mused my friend. "It just goes to show that you ought to know what you're doing before you do it. A few years ago we all got together an' killed off all the big owls in these parts to save the pa'tridges. Well, sir, after we kilt the owls the skunks got so thick that they busted up darned near every pa'tridge nest, an' that's how that come out."

ANGLING. Mrs. Nash Buckingham's colored maid came home from a meeting of the Female Auxiliary of the Low Sweeping Chariot Burial and Baptismal Society one evening. She was in that glow of gratification that anyone must feel upon learning that his qualities of heart and mind are such as to earn for him the respect and devotion of his fellows.

"Miz Irma," said she with a deprecatory giggle, "them folks down at the meetin' is fixin' to 'lect me High Exalted Presidentress!"

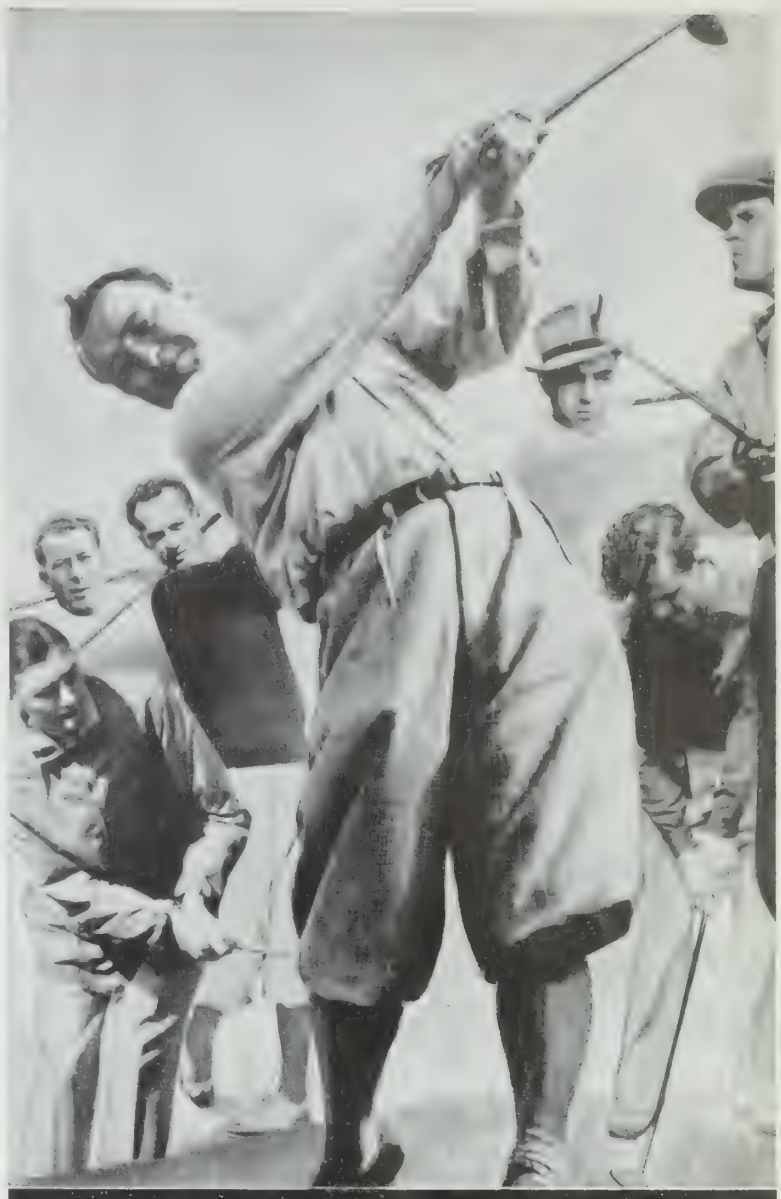
"Why, that's fine, 'Liza! That's a great honor," her mistress congratulated her.

"Yas'um, Miz Irma, 'deed it is so. But I ain't gwine ter tek hit. I don' wanter sit up on no flatform on a straight-backed cheer. I wants to sit easy down in de front row widout no compellations onto me."

On this spring morning I would like to give up my straight-backed cheer on the modestly elevated "flatform" for a log on the bank of a trout stream without no "compellations" upon me other than those that support the high traditions of angling. In an existence that up to now has been a fairly exciting affair I have not yet found anything to compare with the first cast of spring over good trout water. I doubt if I ever shall. If, which is extremely unlikely, I survive to such an age that all others but the sense of feeling have left this lump of mortal clay, I hope that I shall be able to whistle up a sturdy grandson to lead me to a stream and into it. Then if he'll tie a garden hackle for me and put the rod into my palsied grasp I'll go a-fishing until my presence is required elsewhere.

THE "SPRINGFIELD." It looks as if the "Springfield" officially known as the "U. S. Government Rifle" is on its way out as the infantry weapon of our army. It has a long and honorable record of service and is still the best service rifle of the non-automatic type in the world despite the fact that its sighting equipment is better suited to target shooting than to battle firing. At Belleau Wood and in thousands of other fields throughout the world the Springfield has done its grim patriotic duty and has done it well. It is something to think about—the countless, often unrecorded incidents and encounters in which the Springfield has participated. I don't know why I should recall it now, unless it is that the story describes a quality of our rifle not known to most Americans.

A clergyman was speaking to his congregation concerning his war time experiences as a chaplain assigned to a combat regiment of the A. E. F. As he told it, he was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making his way alone at night along an empty communication trench when he came round an angle and from the darkness an invisible sentry suddenly challenged:

"Halt! Who comes there?"

The padre was too startled to reply immediately and in the brittle silence he heard the slight click of the Springfield safety lug being slipped to "Ready."

"And that is a very small sound, oh, my brothers and sisters. A small sound indeed! But nevertheless, my friends, it is a sound to make the hair to rise and a cold wind to blow on the back of your neck—and I don't care a damn *who* you are!"

There are many men who could, if they would, tell tales of the Springfield to rival those of Private Otheris and his Martini, and they will join me in a feeling of profound regret when the last of the noble line is put away.

That won't occur for a long time, in all probability. The old rifle will be gradually replaced by an autoloading arm designed to meet the demand for increased fire power in these gallant modern wars wherein the haughty warriors are as lief to fell a mother and her nursling as to engage a rough-looking customer in muddy O. D. with a week's growth of whiskers on his face and a rifle in his hands. It may just be that some of these roaring, bellowing, chest thumping heroes are liefer.

The remarkable headway now being made up and down the world in the direction of peace and good will reminds me of the old country gentleman who came driving down a snowy street in the village of St. Johnsburg some years ago. A group of boys came pouring out of the door of the Young Men's Christian Association building, and as the old gentleman passed one of them pegged a snowball that caught him fairly on the ear. The blow jarred the driver clear to his toes. He pulled up his horse, dug the snow out of his collar, and addressed the boys as follows:

"Young gentlemen, what is the name o' that there buildin' you jest came out of?"

The kids were all ready to run, but one paused long enough to give him an answer.

"That is the Young Men's Christian Association, Mister."

"Well," concluded the old man mildly, "It's a hell of a success, ain't it?"

Budapest, queen of the Danube

(*Continued from page 92*)

nificent monument bearing the legend, "Near this spot, after one hundred and forty-five years of Turkish rule in Buda, died in battle the Vizier, Abdurrahnman Abdi Arnaut, pasha, on the second day of the month when summer ends, in his seventieth year. A brave enemy—peace to him!" From the same rampart one may look down upon the Field of Blood where some of Hungary's bravest patriots were executed as rebels.

The monuments of the Var, most of them dramatically placed so that they look down upon the river and upon Pest, tell their own eloquent tale. There is Stefan on his horse as he stood before those nomadic tribesmen who had followed Arpad across the Caucasus; Eugene of Savoy and the Regent Hunyadi who defied Islam; the Csikos or mounted horsemen of the Great Plain; the Honved troop who braved the wrath of the Habsburg. They all look with a certain fierce pride upon the magnificent outlines of the House of Parliament that dominates the river bank on the Pest side. There on the Var, Pest, the bridges, and the river are ever visible from a dozen different vantage points, from Queen Elizabeth's Gardens through the arches of the Fisher's Bastion, from the palace courtyard where Charles took his oath when Otto was a princeling four years old.

As I descended the hundreds of zigzag steps that led from the hill, I was overcome by a sense of strangeness. There are so many names that have no connection with the world we know: Laszlo, and Mátyás Corvinius, and Bela. The signs seemed so odd with their "Ters" and "Hids," "Hegyas," and "Utcas"; the people too were different, more nonchalant, more elaborately dressed, the women with more furs and diamonds than are usual in the afternoon in Western Europe. The climbing, crooked streets of the old Turkish section called the Taban, with its cramped little houses and velvet patches of shadow, and the bits of unintelligible conversation in a tongue that bore no resemblance to any I had ever heard, did nothing to reassure me. As I quickened my pace toward the bridge I was in such a hurry that I did not notice that foot traffic was one way. The policeman shouted excitedly at me, ran after me, took my arm, very gently however, led me back to the beginning and put me on the other sidewalk while several passersby laughed. I felt strangely forlorn as I crossed, gazing meanwhile down at the proud span of the Elizabeth bridge, but as I paused on the Pest side, before turning along the Corso toward my hotel a streetcar bobbed past me. I stared incredulously at it, for across its top was a long narrow sign in Magyar, a jumble of tremendous words with "S's," "Z's," "Gy's," but right in the center of them, standing out in larger, blacker letters, was the familiar name "Joan Crawford." I laughed aloud and was at once at ease.

At my hotel, Graf Zichy was waiting for me. He informed me in his competent, Oxonian English that one must *live* Budapest, preferably by night, and that I must start doing so in about forty-five minutes. Subsequently I noticed that he handled his gray and silver car somewhat as he handles the racing planes in which he has made himself such a reputation for

daring. He slowed down, however, as we went over the Elizabeth Bridge, to tell me about the curative springs, to show me the statue of St. Gellert who was martyred there, but he did not forget to add wickedly, "There are hundreds of caves on the hill with witches living in them." The fortress, it seems, was a Habsburg retort to one of the rebellions.

We dined at a table on the terrace of the kiosk (most of the restaurants appear to be called kiosks) dined off paprika chicken, succulent vegetables, pastry that looked as if it should be sweet but actually contained cabbage, and drank—not Tokay—but a thin red wine conducive to exhilaration. Meanwhile, night came as it comes to no other city in the world—dropped like an almost visible succession of flushed veils, opalescent, with an uncommon undertone of misty mauve through which green-white stars pricked one by one. Lights sprang into being along the four bridges which are strung like fairy chains over the waters, where the reflection of lanterns from steamers and yachts swim in the tide. The Houses of Parliament leapt out of blackness in the beat of white floodlights. Suddenly the palace was there, too, the Arabian Nights outline of the Bastion, the Fortress above us. We could no longer tell which were the outer lights of Pest and which the nearer stars. We went down winding tree-shaded streets beyond the Taban in search of gypsy music, which we found in a little garden where the tables were covered with red and white checked cloths. The gypsy musician, who had a long, narrow, swarthy face, wild hair and smoky eyes, began to spin lugubrious Romany tunes right under my ear. His violin spoke of Transylvania tragedies, of the mystery of the Fata Morgana, of pining lovers, and dying warriors. The count began to talk of gypsies who had cursed kings, of the gypsy who came to the emperor on the morning they found the Crown Prince Rudolf . . . The wind sang eerily in the Buda trees as we crossed his thin, lined palm with silver and went away to have apricot brandy, which is reputed to be the best apricot brandy on earth, and coffee in a fashionable palace dear to the Duke of Windsor.

"Now for the Island," my companion announced. Its proper name is Margaret Island, so-called for a saint and princess who lived and died there in a convent of which now only a romantic gothic ruin survives. However, all Budapest calls this green velvet, oak-shadowed pleasure haven, which the Archduke Joseph sold to the city, simply "the Island." Beaches and baths of all kind, casinos, tennis courts, polo grounds, a hundred and fifty acres of parks; in the matter of diversion it has literally everything! The scent of the twenty thousand roses blooming on the island was heavy on the air as we danced languidly around in a throng of dancers whose masses of jewels, sleek, lustrous faces and gleaming hair, long suggestive glances and trim, gold-laced uniforms, imperious and purring voices would have seemed atrocious anywhere else, but were just right there. As we subsided into our seats at a table out on an open terrace, the tempo of the music suddenly changed. It began to beat with a staccato rhythm, a quick, fiery undertone. The languor of the dancers vanished. Long firm fingers on supple waists, white jewelled hands on erect shoulders, a click of heels, a whirl, and they were dancing—"Hungary!" "Csardas!" my companion explained.

That Csardas gave a kind of cue to the weeks that followed, to the dash and quick fire that smolders beneath the surface smoothness that is Budapest. I sensed it everywhere — by the porcelain basin of the St. Gellert pool, at the races, among the ladies who lounged in the cure baths, in the shops where I bought lace and majolica and embroideries, at Mezokovesd where the Màtyos peasants in their wide skirts and gaudy embroideries also dance "Hungary." Above all it was in the eyes of those Szechenyis, Festetics, Hunyadis, Esterhazys, Carolyis, Deaks, whose names spell the history of Hungary, to whom I was successively presented. Certainly it was in that gorgeous procession of St. Stefan's Day when Crown and Hand were proudly borne aloft from Palace to Coronation Church followed by the magnates, by the proudest regiments, by such an array of gold and silver, jewels, furs, gold braid, lance and halberd and regal vestment as have never been seen this side of Tartary. It was in the witchery of colored lanterns that marked the night procession of boats on the river, in the glitter and the flashing splatter of fireworks on the Gellert, in the stars that faded and the sun that rose challengingly over Pest at dawn as we watched from the kiosk and Pest became temporarily something old and glamorous and radiant like Buda itself.

A house on a stream

(*Continued from page 87*)

which roll down from the ceiling. Three cabinets at the rear wall contain built-in beds and when the cabinets are moved forward, the doors opened, the beds let down, and the curtains dropped, three complete sleeping rooms are formed. The porch has a wide fireplace and a luxurious bath-dressing room; it also has a stairway to the stream level and a parabolic-shaped open deck which forms a shelter for the dining terrace below. It would be possible to enclose the porch with glass and create several permanent bedrooms opening upon a rear corridor.

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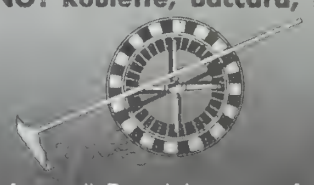

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the kitchen court. The court, sheltered by the overhang of the upper story, overlooks a pleasant terraced herb garden and both court and garden are enclosed by a high stone wall flush with the rear [illegible] the house.

Notes on wet flies and nymphs

(*Continued from page 90*)

body, as a rule. Tying silk, fur, and ribbing should usually bear a nice general relation to each other, and all add to the harmony of the body. In some distinctly "fancy" patterns, this is not the case; but when one is imitating a natural it is important.

I personally prefer a Sproat hook for a wet fly or nymph, made from heavy wire. In spite of what other writers have said in favor of the Sneck bend, I despise it and have good cause to do so, as I have lost more fish on it than all other bends put together. The one objection that may be advanced against the Sproat is that the point and barb are a bit too rank. If the point were shorter and barb finer, it would be just about perfection. I prefer a flat bend rather than an offset; but others seem to feel that there is a great virtue in the offset. Theoretically it should take hold more easily, but in actual practice I have never found this so. A fly on a flat bend will swim better, just as a dry fly will float straighter.

On the average down wing wet fly, the wing should be long enough to reach the furthest point in the bend. In the case of large night flies it may be a trifle longer. On the upright wing wet fly, the length of the wing should equal the total length of the hook. The hackles on an upstream wet fly, when formed of soft feather, should not extend beyond the bend of the hook, generally speaking. They may be shorter in some patterns, and longer in others, but as a rule the foregoing is true. When formed of a few bright cock's hackles, they may be longer. The head on a wet fly should be small and nicely tapered; this helps achieve good entry. If divided wings are used, they should lie close together, and their tips may be touched with a suspicion of celluloid varnish to keep them in shape. This must be done with great restraint, for nothing is worse than a wing that is soaked with varnish, stiff and discolored.

The average American wet fly of commerce is tied much too heavily; too big a wing, too much hackle, too fat a body, and too much tail. While a wet fly should be as heavy in weight as can be, the general trimness of the fly must not be sacrificed in achieving weight. The body should be slim and neat, with a slight thickening as the shoulder is reached. But neatness does not mean that dubbed bodies must be tight and smooth; they are better if the surface of the fur is slightly raised, as this adds greatly to the needed translucency of the body effect.

I prefer wet flies tied on eyed hooks without gut snells, as I use regular dry fly tapered leaders for all my wet fly fishing. When I use a dropper, I tie on a looped gut tippet, and then attach this to the leader.

NYMPHS

I well imagine that I have tied my own nymphs and fished rather constantly with them for as long as anyone in this country, and a great deal longer than most men. While the experts were all busy developing the dry fly, and mostly using it to the entire exclusion of the submerged fly, I was spending a great deal of my time with the wet fly and nymph. If one will look back not so many years, to the period before the nymph was being written about in the outdoor press, one will realize that every angler who considered himself worthy of the name—at least in the East—was a dry fly man pure and simple. In fact, the lowly fellow who used a wet fly was pretty much looked down upon. During a great deal of that time, I was fishing the wet fly and nymph, as well as the dry fly, and I have had time to come to some fairly intelligent conclusions—intelligent compared to a good deal of the tripe I hear and read about nymphs. For the past ten years I have fished nymphs constantly, and I have found that they do have a real place in wet fly fishing; but in our American streams they do not take the place of the well-tied and well-fished wet fly—they merely supplement it, as a *style* of wet fly.

I have also come to the definite conclusion that a soft bodied nymph, properly dressed, is far better for near-the-surface fishing than the hard shelled varieties, which are, I am told, very successful when fished on the bottom and drawn up. Frankly this style of fishing does not appeal to me, as I find so very few places where a nymph can be sunk to the bottom because of the current of the stream. Furthermore, bottom fishing for trout, although it offers good sport, does not have the same charm for me as near-the-surface fishing.

When fishing downstream—which means across and down—I generally prefer a regular winged wet fly, unless the current is unusually slow. When fishing upstream I find the upright winged wet fly and the nymph about equally effective. Naturally my preference for a winged wet fly in downstream fishing is the result of having discovered that it is far more successful over the course of years. There have been days when large baskets of fish were taken on the nymph fished downstream; but these have been the exception, rather than the rule. On certain still deep pools, with very little current, I have had amazing success with nymphs fished on an oiled leader, as Mr. Skues prescribes for the chalk stream. I have caught a good many trout on

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nymphs fished upstream in fairly fast water, but no more than I have caught on winged wet flies. I have had very good results drifting a slightly submerged nymph past a fish in moderately fast water, but not much better than when doing the same thing with a wet fly.

The reader may gather that I consider a good deal of the stuff that has been written in America about the use of nymphs is not based upon a very wide experience with them, to put it mildly.

I have been using the wet Tup's Indispensable for twenty years or thereabouts. It is about the best nymph ever designed, and can be fished up or down or across with success. Because it became known in this country before nymphs had become the rage—in theory—it is usually looked upon as a wet fly. But it is and always has been a nymph, and it embodies in its construction the best features of the successful nymph. It has a soft and translucent body, with very short and soft hackles. It is also tied for use as a dry fly, with stiff hackles, and a good one it is. Great crimes have been committed in the name of Tup's Indispensable. It was invented by an English fly tier named R. S. Austin, and the secret of its dressing was kept a strict secret. When Mr. Austin died, his daughter continued to tie the fly. It was from her that I obtained mine for a number of years. All other so-called Tup's Indispensables were nothing but very poor imitations of the real thing. I have a small envelope containing a sample of the dubbing as mixed by the inventor of the fly, but even with this before me I could not tell just what it is.

When Miss Austin ceased tying flies, she permitted Mr. G. E. M. Skues to publish the secret of the mixture, which he did in the pages of the *Journal of The Fly Fishers Club* of London a year or so ago. Now there is no longer any excuse for not having a Tup's tied correctly. Mr. Skues' description of the process follows:

"The essential part of this dubbing is the highly translucent wool from the indispensable part of a Tup (ram), thoroughly washed and cleansed of the natural oil of the animal. This wool would by itself be, like seal's fur, somewhat intractable and difficult to spin on the tying silk, but an admixture of the pale pinkish and very filmy fur from an English hare's poll had the effect of rendering it easy to work. There was also in the original pattern an admixture of cream-colored seal's fur and combings from a lemon yellow spaniel, and the desired dominating color was obtained by working in a small admixture of red mohair. For the mohair I generally substituted seal's fur, and I believe Mr. Austin did so himself. When wet the Tup's wool becomes somehow illuminated throughout by the color of the seal's fur or mohair, and the entire effect of the body is extraordinarily filmy and insectlike."

The fly is hackled with "a yellow-spangled lightish blue cock's hackle and has whisks of the same color," says Mr. Austin in an unpublished volume of his favorite dressings. I have found that in the absence of such a scarce hackle it is possible to use a light blue dun and a honey-colored hackle, wound on together; or the blue dun alone.

In my attempts to copy the Tup's without knowing how it was made, I became very much interested in nymph dressings and developed several which produced excellent results. I gave two of these to Rube Cross, thinking he might care to tie them for his customers, but, careful man that he is, he tried them out for a season first, and told me the other day that they killed fish well. The first, which I have used for five years, and which Col. E. W. Harding also tried in England with success, is the Connett's Indefensible, and is very simply dressed. The body is brownish pink beaver fur, tied thin up the body on yellow silk and ribbed with fine gold wire. The fur is much thicker at the shoulder and is picked out with a needle to give a fluffy appearance, The hackle is a very short dark blue dun hen tied on sparingly. I have caught dozens of fish on this nymph without any hackle at all. As far as I can see it works just about as well without the hackle

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as with it. The tail is a few short whisks of blue dun hackle, or a few fibres of woodduck.

The other nymph which I developed at about the same time, and which has proven also successful, is called the Beaverquill. It is the same as the Indenfensible, except that the thin part of the body is formed of black and white quill from the eye of a peacock feather, ribbed over with fine gold wire.

I have tied many, many different nymphs of wool and fur and quill, and have caught a good many fish on them; but the two outstandingly successful patterns of the lot were the two I have just described. The next best is made of blue fur from the fox, hare, or muskrat. The thin part of the body is ribbed with gold wire; the shoulder is picked out to be fluffy; the hackle and tail are blue dun hen hackle. All of these nymphs can be tied on 3x long shank hooks, or on regular Sproat hooks.

I have found that mixing a little polar bear wool in with the furs gives a better translucency than the fur alone. This is the same idea as developed in the use of Tup's wool. Translucency is of the *greatest importance* in a nymph body. If you will study a natural nymph under a magnifying glass, you will see that the gills running down the sides of the body give it a filmy appearance which can best be imitated with furs.

I have never found it necessary to copy the flat shape of the natural nymph. This is perhaps due to the fact that trout can only visualize two dimensions—width and height. I believe it is a fact that no animal has any perception of a third dimension, with the possible exception of a monkey which can handle an object and observe its three dimensions. We ourselves only have this perception because of experience, helped by binocular vision. I do not see how a trout can tell whether he is looking at the top, the side or the bottom of an artificial nymph, and I suppose this is the reason that the nymphs designed by Mr. Skues, which are round and not flat, are fully as effective, if not more so, than the flat ones, the flatness of which is achieved through a sacrifice of translucency and softness as a general rule.

I have never found it necessary to imitate the wing cases of the natural nymph with a slip of feather tied down flat over the shoulder of the artificial. I see that Mr. Skues, the inventor of nymph fishing, has now given up these wing case feathers. Personally, I don't want anything on my nymph to show the trout that he is viewing either the top or the bottom of the nymph; therefore I have always left off the wing cases, relying entirely on the fuzzy, enlarged shoulder to give the impression, if it is needed.

Strange as it may seem at first thought, we know so little about how trout view a submerged fly that it is difficult, and certainly foolish, to try to lay down many rules except those which long-continued success with a wet fly or nymph may have indicated. On the other hand, we have a far greater understanding of how the fish views a dry fly, and we pretty generally know why most dry fly patterns are successful. It would seem to me that any great advance in our knowledge of trout will come through the study and observation of the intelligent wet fly fisherman; this has certainly been the case during the past few years.

William H. Taylor on yachting

(*Continued from page 36*)

of one class in one place, doesn't make for a very spectacular regatta, but yacht racing isn't a spectator sport anyhow.

BERMUDA RACE. With some twenty entries received up to early April, and at least as many more certain to come in before the start on June 20, the Bermuda race looks definitely like the most important single event in the 1938 yachting season. The early entries include the sloop *Latifa,* one of the best of the British ocean racers, owned by Commodore Michael Mason of the Royal Ocean Racing Club; *Roland von Bremen,* the German yawl that won the Bermuda-to-Germany race in 1936; W. L. Stewart Jr.'s schooner *Santana,* of San Francisco, a Honolulu race winner; and Nat Rubinkam sloop *Rubaiyat,* from the Lakes, twice Mackinac winner.

Three limit size boats of 72 feet overall are on the early list: *Baruna,* a new Stephens yawl for Henry C. Taylor; *Escapade,* a moderate draft Rhodes centerboarder building for Henry G. Fownes; and *Meridian,* a gaff-headed Alden schooner owned by Milton Knight that cut her sailing teeth in the tough 1936 race.

Schooners may be going out of fashion, but some of the best of the old two-stickers are on the list! George Mixter's *Teragram,* George Roosevelt's *Mistress,* and Henry A. Morss Jr's *Grenadier.* The latter was to have been fitted out with a cutter rig this year, but before taking the step John Alden, her designer, did some tank testing and discovered by the intricate processes known to tank testers that her chances would be better with the schooner rig for which she was originally designed and under which she has made an excellent record since 1931.

Two of the new Stephens boats, Henry Sears's sloop *Actaea* and Rudy Schaefer's big yawl *Edlu II,* were among the early birds launched from Nevins's yard in April, and they are a handsome and powerful looking pair of yachts, pretty sure to be up in the front rank somewhere. Bob Baruch's *Kirawan II,* successor to the 1936 winner, which we discussed last month, is coming along fast at Kretzer's, and fulfills her promise of being a distinctive-

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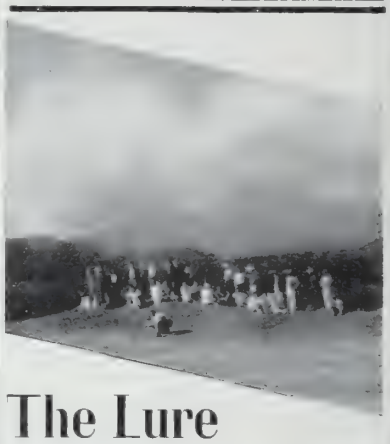

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looking craft if nothing else. The smallest entry so far is Paul A. Sperry's sloop *Sirocco,* 43½ feet on deck.

Indications are that the 1936 record of forty-three starters is sure to be surpassed this year, and if half the boats that are expected to come in actually start, the number will be more like fifty.

STAR CLASS. Mutterings of discontent over the use of the German, rubber-sparred or triple-roached-mainsail rig are still audible from the subterranean levels of the Star class, but they don't seem to retard the change-overs any. The fact that Harry Nye's *Gale,* from Chicago, outstanding Star in the Havana and Nassau series, has all the latest gadgets probably proves something.

FROSTBITE DINGHIES. Frostbite dinghy racing is winding up in a blaze of glory this season, and in the face of all reason seems to be still an up-and-coming sport with a great future still ahead of it and not, as we once supposed, behind. The National Dinghy Championships held at Larchmont late in March saw sixty-three boats—the biggest dinghy fleet on record anywhere—actually competing despite foul weather—rain the first day and a half, a gale the second. With better weather there would have been at least seventy boats. Save for a couple of odd B-class boats it was all one-design racing in the BO, X and D classes, thus confirming the demise of the unlamented development classes which, while interesting, developed boats that were costing too close to a thousand dollars apiece to be in any way reasonable for an eleven-and-a-half feet of open sailing rowboat. The racing was excellent, in spite of a few capsizes in the blow of Sunday, and the championships went to Frank Campbell in the BO class, Bill Dodge in the X's, and Bill Swan in the D's, all skippers who have been outstanding in their classes for a long while. The National title series was followed during April by two-day week-end regattas at Manhasset Bay, Greenwich, and Narragansett Bay, all well attended by visiting as well as local skippers with team racing among various clubs in different classes to liven things up. Late in April M.I.T. gathered the college dinghy experts together to race for the new Morss Trophy on the Charles River Basin, and the Essex regatta in the middle of May will mark the wind-up of the Frostbite season, though in several places dinghy racing is a summer sport now, as well as an off-season one.

Horse notes and comment

(*Continued from page 38*)

recently won the Widener and the other jumping into unexpected prestige by taking the world's most talked of race, Aintree's Grand National, the whole country was ready to congratulate Mr. Riddle's great stallion on his coming of age. A grand climax to a sensational life, for no matter what the future holds for Man O'War and his children, it seems impossible that there should be an improvement on the past. This is one case where there just isn't room for it.

I was one of those who considered Mrs. Randolph Scott's Battleship the best prospect that the United States had ever sent over seas for the Grand National. It's easy to say those things afterwards but having followed him through his racing years on this side and seen him win our own Grand National, a far more severe test than most people imagine, it was hard to understand why England held him so lightly. His trainer Reginald Hobbs threw some light on the subject when he spoke over the air from England at Man O' War's birthday party. "It was hard for me to believe," he said, "that so small a horse could jump the National course without becoming exhausted. I'm glad that I was wrong." His son, young Bruce Hobbs, who gave the little horse such an intelligent ride, said of the race, "I have never been on a gamer horse. I doubt if I ever will be." No one could possibly have paid any animal a higher tribute.

"ALSO RAN." The self-starter refused to work again on Mr. Frank Gould's petulant What Have You, but an even sadder fate befell the Canadian owned, but American bred, Rock Lad. As a four year old, when owned by Miss Katherine Christie, Rock Lad, by Ladkin out of a Rock Sand mare, Rock Merry, was one of the most promising steeplechasers that I have ever seen, being unplaced in only one of his eleven races, winning seven of them and finishing the year the largest money winner over fences of 1934. But Rock Lad was one of the casualties of the Saratoga course. He hurt his back there and although he came back to racing and performed sufficiently well to disguise his injury, he never was the horse he had promised to be. Later Mr. H. L. Bain bought him, shipped him to England, and this year he started in the Grand National. There was nothing the matter with Rock Lad's heart, anyway. He jumped Beecher's, the Canal Turn, and Valentine's, one whole turn of the course, in fact, until he fell at the water and his weak back broke for good. The motion pictures show him there with his hind legs helpless in the water while he is still struggling to get to his feet and go on.

CAROLINA CUP. This, it seems, is a little horse year. War Admiral, Battleship, and now it's Mrs. Frank Gould's little old Ostend in the Carolina Hunt Cup.

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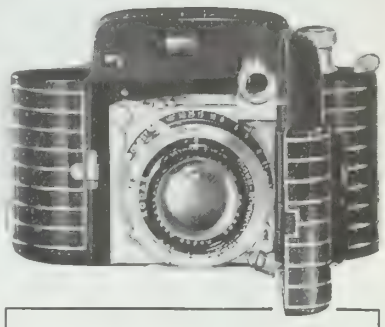

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I'm not sure just what Ostend's height is but he is so compactly built that when he is not in training, as fat as a pig with a nice woolly coat on him, he looks very much like a Shetland pony. A more lovable horse never lived and I think almost everybody must be glad when he wins. It was a big day for his trainer, Bill Streett, because his other entry, Mr. W. B. Ruthrauff's Independence Boy, another little horse, by the way, finished second. And this latter horse was a true example of the old-fashioned idea of timber racing. He had hunted hard all winter with Warrenton, won an eight mile point-to-point, carrying 210 pounds, late in March and, with only two weeks freshening, set the pace over the three miles of the Carolina Cup course until he landed over the last fence when Ostend came on to beat him. I wonder what will be next for Ostend. His name is already on almost every hunt cup that there is and during his years of racing over timber he has been one of the most consistent of all the horses competing. But usually he has been a horse that had to be raced into shape and here he is winning at first asking. The Maryland? That's one race Ostend has never won although, barring one year when he fell, he has been knocking at the door many times. Maybe, by the time this is printed, that door will have opened for this courageous little brown horse.

THE MATCH RACE. I can't get very excited about the match race between Seabiscuit and War Admiral. If they race at scale weights, as they probably will, I can't see how it's going to be much of a contest. I'm very fond of Seabiscuit. He's as honest as the day is long and will always do his best under all circumstances, but I can't see how he can beat War Admiral, providing that horse does his best. Throw sentiment over the wall and take a look at the statistics. One line on the two horses may be had through Heelfly. In the Laurel Stakes, Seabiscuit gave Heelfly six pounds on the scale and the race resulted in a dead heat. War Admiral gave Heelfly seven pounds and a beating in the Washington Handicap. Some of the horses that beat Seabiscuit last fall were Esposa, Calumet Dick, and Snark and, while he gave them ten to seventeen pounds and the track conditions undoubtedly helped his defeat by the latter two, still and all you've got to admit that these horses are not Twenty Grand, Gallant Fox, and Equipoise. Rosemont gave Seabiscuit ten pounds and a beating last year at Santa Anita and while there has been a lot of conversation about the tremendous weight difference between Seabiscuit and Stagehand this year it was, actually, only seven pounds by the scale. A lot has been said, too, about Seabiscuit's racing luck. It has worked both ways. He has won a lot of races but he has yet to beat a horse as good as War Admiral.

Seen and heard

(*Continued from page 60*)

dogs. It seemed more humane not to use dogs, they suffer so when they are fired on. And besides there were no pheasants. He was walking about five or six yards away on my left when suddenly a rabbit or some other rather foul looking type of vanishing wildlife vanished to my right. He swung around in the most approved fashion and delivered both barrels directly into my left ear. It was a bull's eye—or ear.

I was partially stunned by the concussion and my hair caught fire, a mere brush fire, as it were, easily extinguished, but when I recovered, I thought—"This speaks volumes for my hard-headedness, for I feel no pellets seeping into my brain." It was several minutes before I remembered that after dinner the night before I had, with an amazing prescience, provided him with blank cartridges. In the meantime he was running around in circles shouting: "I hit him! He rolled right over! Just here! See, here are stains that look like blood. He couldn't have gone far. We should have a dog."

We searched for the creature for some time with singularly little success. At last my companion said with a sigh—stuffing two more blanks into his gun—"I hate to

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wound anything and have it go off and die in pain. That's the worst of shooting without a retriever." I thought to myself, "What you need as a retriever is a hearse." Then we both fired simultaneously at a partridge and I wounded a fine fir tree in the bole. He said—"I think that's my bird. He came down just over there in those alders. Of course I don't want to claim him but I was right on him. I couldn't have missed him." I said—"Instead of shooting from the hip, as is my usual practise, I fired in this instance, being somewhat excited, from the knee and I am not convinced that my aim was accurate. I admit that he seemed hard hit and that you should be able to find him." We could not, however, find the wounded bird.

After we had fired once more at what I think must have been a leprechaun, or perhaps a mere figment of the imagination, for I saw nothing and only fired out of sympathy—wounding an ash—I decided that our day's bag was adequate. One rabbit, one partridge, a leprechaun, and me. It is true that I was the only game actually retrieved, but I knew how my friend's gentle heart felt about wounding animals with blank cartridges, so I suggested that we call it a day's sport and go home. It was already 8:30 A.M. and I felt that enough was enough. When we reached the house, it occurred to me that a little moose milk might be a comfort, so we brought out the milk and the ice and shaker and, because the milk was so rich in butter fat and calories, a bottle of Bourbon to dilute it. Then we sat around drinking moose milk and toasting one another—"Here's to you, old Hawk Eye!" "Up your snoot, Nimrod!" About twelve, our wives assured us that we had done enough work for the day and we retired to that healthy slumber so typical of the weary sportsman.

We did no firing the next day because the sound of firing was painful to both of us. The only after effect of my shot in the ear and the moose milk was a slight tendency to titter. I am glad to say that, ever since then, my friends have compared me favorably with a number of historical or literary characters, such as Bottom, Wamba, Son of Witless, etc., etc. But I go around holding a a brief in my hand for my friend as candidate for captain of the team. What a leader he would make when the serious carnage really began!

Two Good Ones

All the horsemen of America were thrilled on the morning of March 25, with the news that Mrs. Scott's Battleship had won the Grand National, the first American bred and owned horse ever to do so. The newspapers have given so much publicity to this victory that it would be foolish to recapitulate the details. This Department merely wishes to add its humble congratulations to the vast number already received by the breeder, owner, trainer, and rider—and by the brave little horse.

It is good to know that when Pimlico was forced to abandon steeplechasing, the "Billy Barton Steeplechase" was salvaged by the Radnor Hunt and will be run at their meeting on May 14. It would have been a great pity if this memorial to another great American horse had gone into the discard. Billy Barton *almost* won the Grand National, and his name is honored and held in peculiar affection by American horsemen.

Short Book Reviews

By far the most important sporting book of the month, or almost of the year, is "Thoroughbred Racing Stock and Its Ancestors," by Lady Wentworth (Charles Scribner's Sons, $25). This really magnificent book was written by the owner of the Crabbet Stud in England, which has been perhaps the world's greatest nursery for Arabian stock. Lady Wentworth is not only an authority on the Arabian horse but on the Thoroughbred and all other breeds. The book is a monument of erudition on the subject, so much so that it is impossible to do it any kind of justice in a short review. It is a history of the horse through the ages, with perhaps particular emphasis on the value of the Arabian horse as a tap root. The author is aware of the fact that the Arabian horse today

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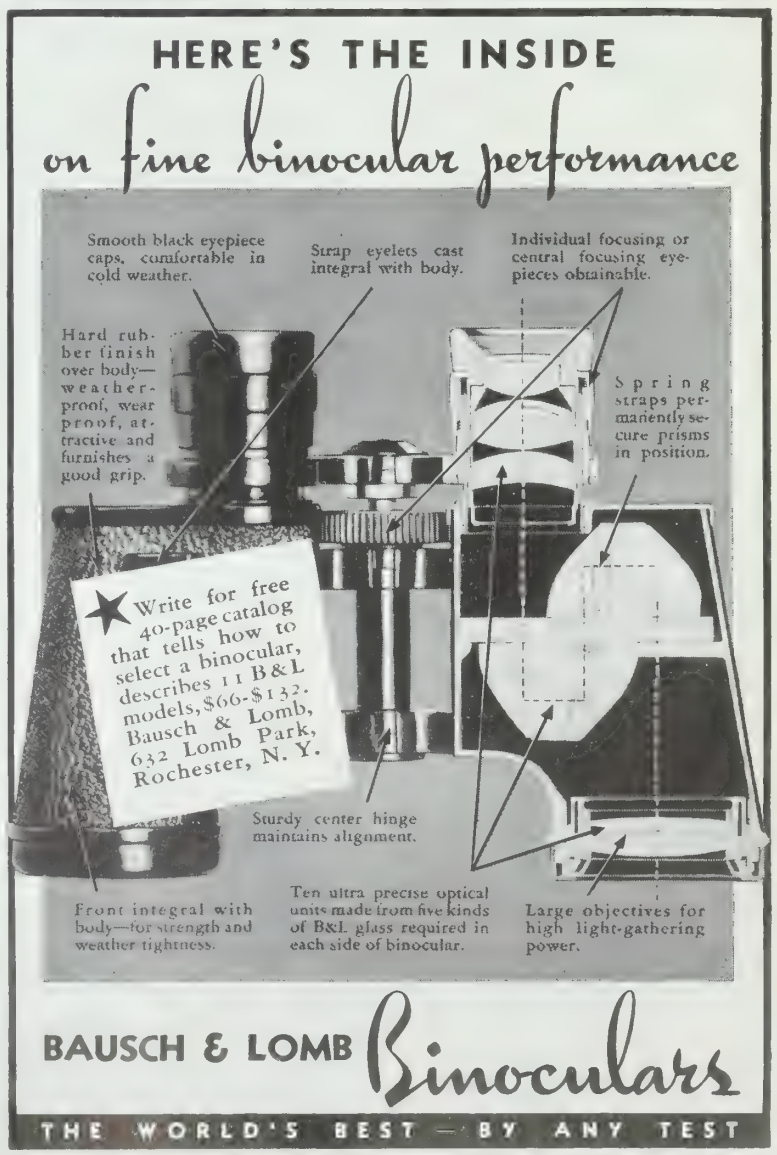
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"Thoughts on Beagling," by Peter Wood (Charles Scribner's Sons, $3.50). A pleasant and constructive book on the subject by a keen English hound man. It is beautifully illustrated by Ivestor Lloyd, who has perhaps as good an artistic idea, as far as hounds are concerned, as anyone living. A very pleasant book.

"Flying Feathers," by Horatio Bigelow (Garrett and Massie, Inc.). These chapters of a Yankee's hunting experiences in the South concern all kinds of shooting experiences, principally in the low lands of South Carolina. The book is charmingly written and is so genuine a record of sport in America that it belongs in the very best company. The author is an American gentleman and sportsman.

"Flattery's Foal," by Peter Shiraeff (Alfred A. Knopf, $2.50). This is an interesting novel, translated from the Russian, concerning trotting horses in Russia and the dispute between the upholders of the Orloff breed and those of the American importations. The human element is adequately handled although, as in all Russian novels, at any rate in the opinion of this reviewer, it is somewhat difficult for us to understand the motives of the Russian characters. What gives the book its principal interest is the profound and passionate feeling of the Russian for the trotting horse.

"Edward Wilson of the Antarctic," by George Seaver (E. P. Dutton & Co. $3). A moving and poignant story of one of those noble spirits who accompanied Scott to the South Pole and died there with him. It is indeed a noble biography.

"The Golfer's Companion," edited by Peter Lawless (E. P. Dutton & Co., $2). An anthology of the literature of golf from all kinds of sources and by all kinds of authors. One would think that almost the last word had been said and compiled in the book on the subject, which of course is not the case. There is much entertaining material in the volume.

Own your own swimming 'ole

(*Continued from page 80*)

sons who'd be glad to make such a contract in exchange for a pool.

This pool at Stone Ridge, by the way, is an example of what may be had for about $3,500. It is of simple, rectangular design, 50 by 20 feet, with a minimum depth of 3 feet six inches and a maximum depth of 8 feet six inches. It is built of reinforced concrete. Its water supply comes from a spring located a short distance over the brow of a hill, a small basin impounds the outflow, and a pump supplies the pool as well as the rest of the estate. There is no recirculation system as the supply is adequate for a steady flow into the pool.

Actual repairs of the structure of a pool should be nil, and are quite certain to be if it is designed and constructed by a competent pool specialist with long experience. There is an item of expense, but a small one, involved in protecting the pool for the winter. Each fall logs may be placed in it, if the water is to be kept in for the winter, or salt hay can be put on the bottom and spread to protect the concrete from severe weather. If the hay is used it should be spread at least two feet thick, and an approximate estimate of the quantity would be

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about three tons. The logs would probably cost about $25.00, but these logs could be stored away when taken from the pool in the spring and used again and again. It is well to note, however, that the logs should be well seasoned, with the bark stripped, and should be at the very least eight inches in diameter.

Definite general instructions for the care of a pool in winter are not always advisable, as the soil conditions govern the question of whether or not to leave the water in and use logs, or whether to drain the pool and use the salt hay on the bottom. Also, this applies only to reinforced concrete pools. Tile-lined pools demand different treatment.

When the pool is cleared of hay or water in the late spring it will be found necessary in most cases to give the structure a coat of paint. Types of paint for this purpose vary, but experienced pool men advise a cement paint (a paint made of cement by a cement company) as any handy man can apply it. It has another advantage in that it can be applied on a wet surface, which, in an outdoor structure subject to the vicissitudes of spring, is a tested advantage. Another thing to note is that it is advisable that the final application of paint should be done not more than two or three days before the water is put in. In this way the freshness of the paint is preserved and the possibility of dust, dirt, and litter blowing back onto the paint surface is eliminated. The foregoing notations should be the only upkeep necessary.

In sites that are fortunate in having a large supply from a private water system, this supply can be used in such a way as to assure a flow of water into the pool continuously. The only disadvantage of this system is that, if the water is of a low temperature, it may not stay in the pool long enough to be warmed sufficiently by the sun. But in these cases it is possible to regulate the flow into the pool in such a way as to overcome this disadvantage.

However, a recirculating system is a necessity in many locations, and the reader may wish to know of what the equipment consists. To give a clear, sparkling water, although the same water is used over and over again, this equipment is made up of the necessary pumping unit, pressure type filters and all the necessary coagulant pots, valves, gauges, sight glasses, and a sterilizing unit. Its cost is in the neighborhood of $1,900. This price applies to Westchester County, in New York State, and near-by metropolitan areas. Further away there may be some saving in the labor, but the question of adequate material supplies may offset this.

The previously given estimate of $3,400 as complete cost of a swimming pool, without a recirculating system but replete with simple gutter and flagstone walk, including springboards, ladder, and all the necessary fittings for supply and drainage, can of course be changed by such problems as may be encountered in the location, site, the soil, or rock in the excavation. This estimate also applies only to the regulation, rectangular shaped pool, with what is called splayed or rounded corners. Other pools may be developed, such as oval and egg shapes, this depending entirely on the individual and the site.

The irregular pool is usually built to blend with the landscape. In some cases they have been worked out so that large and beautiful trees have been preserved, and again the individual taste has gone to pools with no corners but made up of different size radii, and finished off with the natural stones. Pools have been so designed that at a short distance the average person would believe that they were a natural pond formed by nature, and only on close obser-

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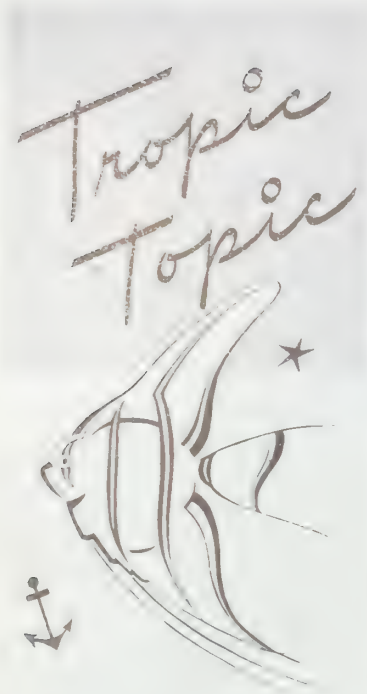

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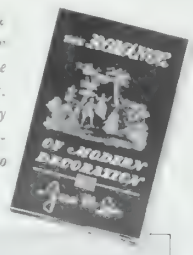

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vation could it be seen that the pool had been built and developed to fit into the scene as nature would have done it. In these cases both the pool specialist and landscape architect join together to give the desired results.

The placing of pools on the property deserves considerable study in itself, as a pool located some distance from the residence, for instance, is sometimes neglected, especially if the residence is used by the bathers for dressing. If a separate building is to be constructed, with dressing rooms, this building should be so placed as to take advantage of the shortest possible walkway between the swimming pool and the dressing rooms. A feature that has proved satisfactory is the placing of an outdoor porch between two dressing compartments. The porch may be either covered or open.

Now, for a few more words of caution. Do not make the mistake of trying to build a pool that is tied to any other structure that has already been built. The pool proper should be a separate structure and should be placed on undisturbed ground, and should be designed and built so that it can be poured monolithic, which in turn gives a lasting job, free from expensive repairs and upkeep.

Short days in the sun for Derby winners

(*Continued from page 79*)

of the little gamecock he was lying under the stars in the infield at Jamaica, his gnarled front legs still swathed in their disguising bandages. He had snapped a nerved leg in a claiming race that afternoon and a veterinary's needle had ended his career.

The next Derby renewal, that of 1915, marked the dominating win of the only filly on the Derby roster. Regret, Harry Payne Whitney's fine young daughter of Broomstick and Jersey Lightning, won that day from a big field of colts and geldings and set a mark for her sex to shoot at, a mark which none of them since has even been able to approach. That was one of the few times I ever saw Mr. Whitney take enough personal interest in a race to enter a horse's stall before the saddling bell. He watched every move that was made with Regret that day and plainly showed his gratification when she went right to the front and carried Joe Notter home leading by two lengths all the way. To me Regret was the greatest race mare that ever looked through a bridle on an American race track but as a matron she was a distinct failure. Masculine in every line and action she was probably never intended by nature for success as a broodmare.

1918 saw another great gelding win the Derby. This was Exterminator, the beloved "Old Bones" of a generation ago. Not much handsomer than Old Rosebud, though considerably bigger, this son of McGee and Fair Empress held promise of being a real racehorse from his first appearance in competition as a two-year-old in a maiden race at Latonia where he galloped to a three length win. Sun Briar was the big noise in the East that year and was a choice for the Derby but Mr. Kilmer's champion went boggy on the eve of the big race and, casting around for a worthy representative, he was told of Cal Milam's big bay gelding. Milam thought the horse had a fine chance to win but wasn't confident enough to hold on to him and try for it on his own, so he sold Exterminator to Kilmer for $15,000 plus a $5,000 contingency if he won the Derby. Milam got his $5,000, all right, and Kilmer got the best horse he ever owned although he has spent a staggering fortune for horseflesh and bred thousands of them during his sporting lifetime. "Old Bones" won for eight years and piled up a total of more than a quarter of a million dollars in doing it. Now he has a whole farm to himself on which to spend his remaining years with a Shetland pony for company. Too bad that Old Rosebud could not also have belonged to a Kilmer!

The running of 1919 was remarkable for two reasons. It marked the beginning of the first "triple crown" on the American Turf and its result caused a change in the conditions of the race which forever after prevented the nursing of a colt's maiden status for the sake of the weight allowance to be gained. Sir Barton had demonstrated his ability in the Futurity the year before by finishing second to Dunboyne and was coupled with Billy Kelly for the Derby as an entry from the important stable of Commander Ross. But there was a difference of seven pounds in Sir Barton's favor over Billy Kelly and ten over Under Fire. Sir Barton won the race with ease, as he later won the Belmont and the Preakness to complete his triple crown, and as he also gathered in the Potomac, the Maryland, and the Withers that same season he was undisputed "top man" of his age. The next year he won a Saratoga Handicap in 2.01⅘ with 129 pounds aboard and that fall he tried to keep step with the invincible Man O' War in a virtual match race—the Devonshire Cup. That wound up Sir Barton's racing career. He stood at Audley Farm later but, finding it impossible to overcome the handicap of that "number nine" family of his, he was eventually presented to the Remount Association and died last year on the ranch of Dr. J. R. Hylton near Douglas, Wyoming.

Black Gold was the popular winner of the 1924 renewal. A colt of unusual antecedents and background, he had the rank and file of racegoers rooting for him every time he started. Before Black Gold's day an Oklahoma Indian, J. W. Hoots, had a little mare called Useeit. Fast and game, though cheap, Useeit performed on

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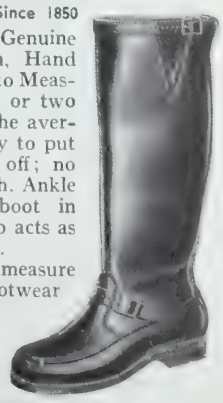

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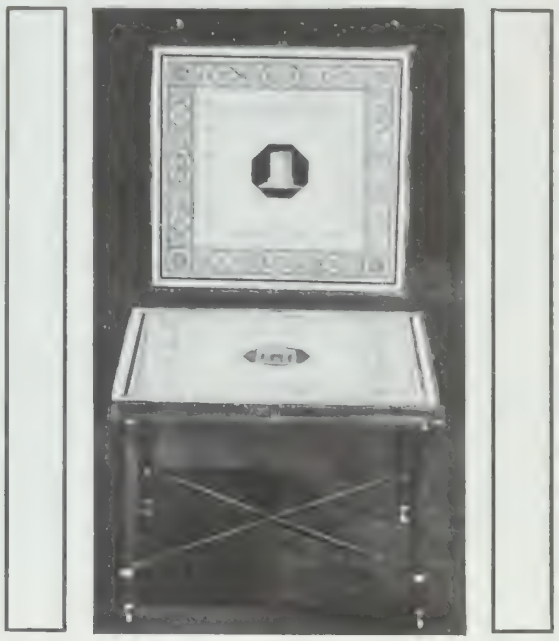
most of the small tracks in this country and in Canada and one of the tricks she could do best was to beat the great sprinting mare Pan Zareta. Of course Useeit always had a big pull in the weights but Pan Zareta was such a favorite with the race goers that she was one of those chronic 8 to 5 shots. She could whip better racers than Useeit but the latter usually beat her when they met. Eventually one winter Hoots got down to Juarez, Mexico, and one day Useeit finished second and was claimed by a Texan, J. U. Strode. This was like a declaration of private Indian war. Hoots swore that the claimer had had the mare "pulled" in that particular race and refused to give her up. When the stewards of the meeting informed him that he would be ruled off unless he delivered the mare, he sat in front of her stall with a Winchester rifle across his knees guarding her until dark when he spirited her over the line into Texas. Then he retired the mare to his Oklahoma farm when the powers that be refused to reinstate her. Hoots died shortly after and Colonel Bradley gave the Indian's widow a season to Black Toney for Useeit, the foal of this union being Black Gold. The little colt won his first start at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans and then kept right on winning. As a three-year-old he got to be known as the "Derby Horse" as he won no less than six races by that name including the real one, the Kentucky Derby. After his racing days were done he was retired to the stud but he was discovered to be totally impotent so, there being nothing else to do, he was returned to training and one day in a race at New Orleans he broke a leg and had to be destroyed. He now keeps Pan Zareta company in the infield of the Fair grounds at the Crescent City, impressive monuments marking both their graves. Big as this country is it is a coincidence that he should find his last resting place beside his mammy's greatest racing rival.

One of the racing greats whose name graces the roster of Derby winners is that of Reigh Count. Strange to say Reigh Count's nemesis was his own stable mate and a filly at that. Anita Peabody defeated the Count in the Futurity of '27, after fouling him during the running, and on two occasions kicked him so severely as almost to endanger his racing qualities for good. When first retired Reigh Count did not do well as a sire and it looked as if another great race horse were going to fail to reproduce his kind, but someone persuaded Hertz to send him to Mr. Hancock in Kentucky and in two seasons the horse has improved as a stud prospect to a point where he may yet lead an American sire list. The years will tell.

Gallant Fox in 1930 began his brilliant and triumphal march toward the three-year-old championship with a victory in the Derby, following it up with the Preakness, Belmont, and Classic for a four



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cornered crown. A horse of tremendous girth and muscle, he promises to eclipse his dad Sir Gallahad 3rd. in the stud.

Twenty Grand, one of the biggest colts to race over an American track, and one of the best, was all but unbeatable when he could be got to the post sound. He won the renewal of '31, breaking Old Rosebud's eighteen year old mark for the race, and high hopes were held for his stud success by his fine sportswoman owner, Mrs. Payne Whitney, but like Black Gold, this horse proved impotent. Nor could he stand training when he was returned to racing, so he is spending his last days at Jock Whitney's stud farm in Ireland.

And now we are on the verge of seeing, hearing, or reading about the sixty-fourth renewal of this brightest jewel in King Thoroughbred's crown. The first Saturday in May, the 7th to be exact, will see Louisville jammed to the limit of its hospitable resources. The winner? This reporter will not believe there is a three-year-old capable of taking the measure of Stagehand. Not at any rate until one of them does it in unmistakable fashion. This colt is entitled by all blood channels and close crosses to be champion of his year and the further the distances are stretched, the more commanding should be his margin of superiority. If the very popular ex-kingpin of jockeys, Earle Sande, succeeds in keeping the big son of Sickle on edge he should have no trouble in annexing any of the events at a mile and a quarter and over in which he runs, for in addition to the superlative cup-running blood in his veins, Stagehand is endowed by nature with a powerful, rugged individuality to carry his inherited speed and stamina. He may prove another Gallant Fox, whom he resembles more than does the latter's own brother, Fighting Fox, which, incidentally may prove to be the colt which Stagehand will find his toughest competitor on Derby Day at Louisville.

Morris and Essex

(*Continued from page 68*)

breeds and sixty judges, few will have more than one breed to judge. Furthermore, there is less likelihood of spectators coming to the show to watch their favorite breed being judged only to find that the breed had been completed within the first hour, an occurrence that has happened in the past in cases of those which have had only a few entries.

Contrary to general belief and despite the fact that Morris and Essex is the country's largest dog show the closest it ever came, during the past five years, to being all inclusive was last year when ninety breeds were represented out of the 107 recognized by the American Kennel Club. The breeds which numbered less than ten entries last year were: Malamutes, Huskies, Mastiffs, Bull Mastiffs, Giant Schnauzers, Rottweilers, Pulis, Briards, Flat-coated Retrievers, Curly-coated Retrievers, Wire-haired Pointing Griffons, Cardigan and Pembroke Welsh Corgia, Brittany Spaniels, Afghan Hounds, Whippets, Lakeland Terriers, Bloodhounds, Lhasa Terriers, and Toy Poodles. Most of these together with a number of other breeds which have failed to make the ten mark over the three year period have been omitted from the regular classification. However, this does not mean that no provision has been made for these breeds. Quite the reverse is true. An admirable arrangement has been created for them by an innovation in the treatment of the miscellaneous class. Instead of the usual single miscellaneous class, which has always caused dissatisfaction because toy breeds have had to compete against large breeds, working dogs against hounds, etc., there will be six of these classes, one for each of the variety groups. This prompts the thought that in the future, with A.K.C. coöperation, the winners of such miscellaneous classes at limited breed shows might be permitted to compete in the corresponding groups.

Although there were seventeen less breeds last year than in the 1936 classification, the total number of dogs showed an increase of 353. It is therefore quite likely that despite the further elimination this year the entry may register a proportionate increase in size. There will be thirty-three less breeds this year than in 1936. On the other hand there will be more judges and equally as many judging rings. All in all the new arrangements will tend toward a better run and more completely rounded out show in every way for the greatest number of exhibitors and spectators.

Having remarked that Morris and Essex has ever been noted for the excellence of its judiciary this leads on to the subject of dogs which have gained fame under such expert inspection and against tremendous odds. Throughout the eleven years of the fixture's existence the dogs which have forged through breed, group, and best in show competition, under three respective judges, to win the huge P. A. Rockefeller trophy are: William W. Higgins's Irish Setter, Ch. Higgins Red Pat, in 1927; Frederick Brown's Sealyham terrier, Ch. Delf Descriminate, 1928; Mrs. Vincent Matta's Pomeranian, Ch. Little Emir, 1929; Richard C. Bondy's Wire Foxterrier, Ch. Weltona Frizette, 1930; Harkness Edwards's Great Dane, Ch. Fionne v. Loheland, 1931; Dr. Samuel Milbank's Wire Foxterrier, Ch. Lone Eagle of Earlsmoor, 1932; John G. Bates's Wire Foxterrier Ch. Epping Evielle of Blarney, 1933; S. L. Froelich's Sealyham Terrier, Ch. Gunside Babs of Hollybourne, 1934; Mrs. Cheever Porter's Irish Setter, Ch. Milson O'Boy, 1935; Amory Haskell's Harrier, Ch. Mr. Reynal's Monarch, 1936; and Dwight W. Ellis's

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English Setter, Ch. Sturdy Max, 1937. All of these dogs have been renowned in their time and while some have come extremely close yet, strange to relate, not a single one has ever won like honors at Westminster. However, considering the fact that this show has for the past five years exceeded in quantity and easily equaled in quality the leading indoor fixture, it seems that the winner of best in show here is equally as deserving of being acclaimed the champion of champions of the year as is traditionally the case at the latter event.

The above is the picture of the show in the past. Now, once again the big day is upon us, to run its smooth course, make new records, and go down in history as one more of a long string of successes that will undoubtedly last as long as Mrs. Dodge is behind the show, and as long as there is someone with the ability of A. McClure Halley to manage it and attend to the innumerable details and incidentals imperative in conducting this tremendous undertaking. No account of the show would be complete without a word of praise for Mr. Halley, for he busies himself throughout the year with planning improvements and innovations, with a meticulous attention to details perhaps unimportant in themselves but which contribute to the perfection of the whole. It is this care plus the unstinted expenditure of money, with the success and improvement of the show as the only consideration, that has made it what it is. The term "Mrs. Dodge's Show" is indeed an apt one and a fitting tribute to the lady who, considered from every angle throughout the entire history of purebred dogs in America, has done more for their exhibition and advancement than any other single person.

Farms in the black

(*Continued from page 59*)

always agreed with his friend, John Hannum, who claims that the head is the most important part of an animal. Grier is good all over but his head has a beauty, a quality, and an expression that is most marked. John P. Grier's campaigning was like a golfer competing the years Bobby Jones was active. John was a really great horse, competing against a super horse, and would run second to Man O' War but to practically nobody else. Had he been running in any other year, famous as he is, he would have been ten times more famous. An aristocrat if there ever was one and the head of Meadowview Farms, fed and exercised as regularly and as carefully as if he were a three-year-old with a big stake race a few weeks off. With it all he has an even, sensible temperament, due partly at least to the scientifically planned location of the stallion barns, so situated that the men pass right by him at least six times a day on their way back and forth from

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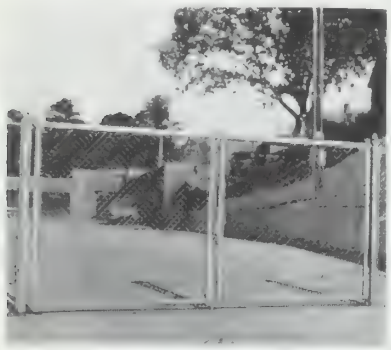

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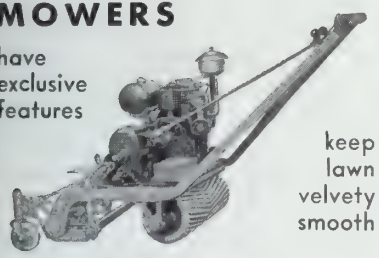

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Up until this time the Middleburg Hunt Cup had had very few outside horses but there were a number of them among the thirteen or fourteen entries. The boys all put up at the Red Fox Tavern and anyone who got any sleep out of it had to pass out. Among other things that were going on during the course of the evening was a school for the races down the long corridor with suitcases acting as "high hurdles." But maybe it was better for us than wrestling with a bedpost because we all seemed pretty fit the next morning. The day came up clear and hot and, after a good lunch at the Master's house, out to the Middleburg course we went. The big race was called at three o'clock and it wasn't even run under the rules of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. Nor did the actual schedule mean a great deal, just as long as it got off within half an hour of the right time. In fact, one man was rather indignant about being called down for being late and wanted to know why. "What's the hurry?" he said. "Who ever heard of a race being on time?" The horses seemed to come from all directions for the start. Some were saddled in the barn, some in the paddock, some out under any old tree, or in a truck or back of a car. It seems strange to think back on this when you see a present-day paddock. Now the horses file into the enclosure at an appointed time, at the word every saddle hits its respective horse's back almost simultaneously. The jocks stand with their hands on their horses' withers and, as in an army drill when the call "mount your jockies" comes, they all pop up at the same instant. "Get in line"—and they file out to the post in proper order 1-2-3-4-.

Riding off to the post I remember turning around to ask the fellow next to me what horse he was on and he s-s-started to t-t-tell me the h-h-horse's s-s-sire, d-d-dam, and g-g-grandam. By that time we were off, and I was thinking "I certainly am riding with a lot of sharpshooters down here. They won't even tell me the name of the horse they are riding." I was all set and primed to win this contest, and was doing all right for the first turn of the field, but Middleburg didn't have the beautiful manicured course of the present day. Instead we struck corn stubble, wheat fields, rocks, ditches, and sharp turns, just as you would on almost any course at that time. To make things worse, the elements hadn't been so very kind to us the night before, having handed us two inches of snow. This, when it melted, made the going softer and heavier than anything in the world. There was a place on the course that the Virginians called "Dillon." We poor little country boys from Baltimore didn't know what they meant but found out all right when we jumped into it and landed hock deep in mud. The next problem

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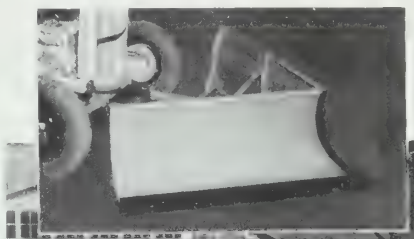

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was to miss a telegraph pole, a tree, a stump, and a flag, and then we had to get back up the other side of the hill. But this didn't put a cramp in my style at all. I just congratulated myself on being on a good mudder, which all comes under the enthusiasm of youth. I can't remember now all the details of the race except that Edith Shreve was pulled up—I think it was coming out of "Dillon"—and Rigan won with Flint Hill after, I might add, riding a beautiful race. Bill Amory, who had been reciting pedigrees at the start, was second on Brave 2nd. So you know that it was way back yonder if Bill was riding and he didn't look any younger then than he does now, that is until after the race. Downey Bonsal was third on a horse named Joe Choate, which later went to Eddie Webster and proved one of the mainstays of hunt team racing in Massachusetts. Dave O'Dell, who had a bet up that he would get the course, won his money by finishing at a walk sometime before midnight.

One of the things about the Middleburg races that was just the same then as it is now was the party to polish off the day; on this occasion it was given at Welbourne. It had been a good race and everybody was feeling chipper as could be. However this was in the days of prohibition, so there was nothing to drink except a delicious punch that was spiked with something that might have been dynamite. After it was all over and we started to go home Rigan McKinney found that someone had switched coats with him but that didn't faze Rigan one bit. He took the one that was left, although it wasn't a very good fit. Because Rigan is a pocket edition and the coat had been made for a man of Jack Dempsey's size and build he had to kick the thing out of his way with every step as he walked along. Then, too, over those bad roads, it wasn't ethical not to get stuck in the mud three or four times on the way home from a party so when he got back to the tavern he was all covered with Virginia red clay from hat to shoes. Rigan, Donald Pearce, and Bill Sabater all got up early the next morning to drive back to Baltimore. Julian Williams, Downey Bonsal, and I stayed over for luncheon, but when, on our way home, we got to the other side of Washington about four o'clock in the afternoon there were all three of the others standing outside of a gas station—their car having been commandeered by a traffic cop. They had been arrested for speeding and Rigan had a South Carolina license plate on the front of the car, one for Ohio on the back, and no registration to go with either. He was still dressed up in his bathrobe coat decorated with the red clay, for none of them had brushed their clothes or shaved. They were the toughest looking bunch that I've seen in many a day and I wasn't a bit surprised to hear that the Baltimore busses wouldn't stop for them. So all six of us piled into and onto our coupé with the Baltimore Club as the next stop.

A lot can be done in a dozen years. When you go to the organized and formally run hunts meeting of the present day; when you look over the courses with their perfect footing and scientifically built fences; when you consider the class of horses that are competing and the men that spend so much time training, schooling, and riding them, it makes races such as I have just described seem a very long time ago.

The hawthorn, friend of the sportsman

(*Continued from page 73*)

alone, of course. But other sorts of wildlife have forsworn allegiance to ancestral retreats, turned to man-fostered hawthorns, for shelter alone.

There's the old cock partridge for instance, that could always be flushed by my spaniel last autumn (flushed but never shot at, since the ranks of grousedom are thin these years) beneath a certain red oak tree by a wooded cliff. He never once sought sanctuary in the blueberry swamp where grouse from the cliff used to hide a few years back! Instead he roared over that tangled place for a hundred feet and more. Like a pigeon to his loft he plunged into a *nouveau* thicket of Cockspur Thorn. No

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shrub of that lot had been "planted." All I'd done to beget this new, worthier refuge was to cut down a few lusty saplings and clean out the fast-growing brush a time or two, so sunlight could give a swarm of wild thorn-apple seedlings a chance to grow.

If you should flatteringly elect to follow my design for better hunting, plant some woody things for wildlife, you ought to figure carefully on what the chosen trees will be like when full grown. Don't pick trees which will get very tall unless they're of a sort which branches close to earth. The usual plantation of tall-growing trees slowly but surely turns into a parklike place. No matter how much food showers down on its sleek floor, it will never draw and hold game. The mountain-ash, for instance, like many another popular bird-attracting tree, is gaunt and naked when mature. It bears fine fruit, available enough to robins and similar light-winged creatures, but it doesn't offer the low, dense shelter which game-birds require. Most hawthorns are heavy-set, shrubby little trees with thorny branches which make a veritable barberry hedge clear down to the ground. Timid game will slip out of fields into dark places like these without a tremor.

From the standpoint of providing cover I believe the Cockspur Thorn is the worthiest member of all the Crataegus tribe—and by that token, of all the ranks of plantdom. And it is one of the heaviest fruiting sorts. Happily for wildlife and those moderns who would sponsor it, it is as well the most plentiful hawthorn over much of the United States. Not only can this tough, redoubtable thorn bush be had from any nurseryman, but it grows wild in pastures and brushy fields from Canada to Georgia, and west at least as far as Michigan.

It is a dwarfish tree as I know it. Book authorities give it leave to shoot up to a height of some forty feet, but I've never seen it go more than half of that. Usually it is a tight little pyramid about fifteen feet tall. Its iron-tough branches flare out from the ground level up, in a very maze of long, sharp thorns and gray wood. In May—nearly all hawthorns bloom in May as all mayflowers surely should—it breaks into a flurry of fragrant white flowers. But I like the grand old Cockspur best when autumn is at hand; in the season when its glossy apple-leaves are turning bronze and purple. For then ten thousand crimson fruits the size of big cranberries are ripening on every bush. These baby apples grow plump and mellow as frost comes thick; take on a deeper and deeper hue until from a few rods distant the little tree seems abloom again, now with a haze of purple-red which proves a boon indeed to wild birds. Old Cockspur! I've shot many a pheasant and grouse, with rabbits and quail to boot, whose sides were fat, whose middle was stuffed full of its mealy yellow fruit-pulp. No wonder I'd choose *Crataegus crus-galli* ahead of the rest.

The Cockspur Thorn holds its fruit clear through the winter (or until the game harvests it all). This is an all-important virtue in northerly regions. Numerous hawthorns drop their fruit almost as soon as it's ripe. That of *Crataegus cordata,* the Washington Thorn, though, is as tenacious as that of the Cockspur. But its fruits are no bigger than currants, which juicy red berries they resemble in all other ways as well. Quail like the smaller fruits very well, even if the larger game-birds do prefer stouter mouthfuls. And I, for one, would plant a Washington Thorn or two on any grounds of mine even if there were no such thing as game. I would want to see its tawny flowers bloom in June long after all other hawthorns had done with their flowering. I would not like to miss glimpses of its clean gray bark, the blaze of its coral-red fruit against the autumn sky. It's a slender, graceful tree which makes one think of birches in woodcock cover.

The third hawthorn on the list of those that I would plant on any wildlife haven is a generalized one indeed. Any of a half dozen sorts in the "large-fruited" group will fill the bill. Botanists and horticulturists are not very cocky about their knowledge of this lot of trees. Some call a given species by one long Latin name and some

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by another. *Coccinea, mollis, coccinoides, rotundifolia*—and more and worse—are some of the technical tags applied by scientific folk to the handsomest trees I know. They are ample, gray-limbed fellows whose round heads reach well above the level of everyday hawthorns. One tree of this kind that I know well has leaves which are broad and furry. Its white blossoms measure nearly an inch across. These open at the very first of May, before those of its sundry kinsmen in the North. But the fruits are the feature of this thorn which takes my own eye and that of wild game. The great scarlet globes are as plump and meaty as any crabapple you've ever seen. And they're not crimson, mind you; nor raspberry-red like the Cockspur's fruit, but blazing scarlet-red, a full inch thick! They start to ripen in late August, several weeks before even precocious Hawthorn apples should. These early fellows come toppling down (at least, some of them do) as soon as they're ripe.

But September comes. And October. *Thump-thump-thump!* From the maple glades across the pond sound the nostalgic drumbeats of a partridge. *Thump! thump!* I catch up the old scattergun since this is the moon of the hunter; slip away through the red and yellow leaves of a dozen sorts of hardwoods. Perhaps he will hear me, the canny veteran, and make off through the undergrowth. But at the end of an often repeated stalk I peer into an amphitheater in the land that God *didn't* forget. Beneath the hoary limbs of a wide-spreading hawthorn I spy a big orange-tailed grouse. (He's left off his drumming now, on the red-rotting log to the right.) While the light grows dim and dimmer I crouch in a Connecticut laurel patch to see a fair-game bird, (. . . a hen slips in . . . and a bird of the year . . .) watch a trio of grouse feed about in the gloom. I watch them peck fruitfully among fallen leaves. Then a bird whirrs up to a low-hanging limb; the other two follow suit. While the air grows cold and dusk drops down I watch gunwise grouse in a tree, stoking up against night on scarlet apples hanging in a Downy Hawthorn tree. (And by the time I've had my fill of just looking, it's much too dark to shoot!)

No wonder the scholar doesn't live who can look at any hawthorn tree at all and tell you what sort it is. Not only are there hundreds of species on the botanists' rolls, but many of these show a startling tendency to hybridize and make new forms. (On my place I even have one stocky sapling grown from seed which I have been assured is half hawthorn and half apple!) Less than seventy of the whole legion of Crataeguses are natives of the Old World: just a handful from Europe and Africa, and a few from the Orient. All the rest grow wild between Canada and Mexico, from Maine right through to California.

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Hawthorns all bear white blossoms except a few sophisticates bred from the English mayflower, whose blooms are scarlet or pink. But among fruits, which after all are the final goal of game-minded gardeners like me, there is vast variety. Some of these are tiny nutlike things; others big bloomy apples. Their shape may be pear-like or round. Every shade of red is included among the rainbow colors of the fruits; and orange and yellow in many species; green in the Dotted Thorn and several others; black and bright blue respectively in the Douglas Thorn of the Northwest and *Crataegus brachyacantha* which hails from the Southern states.

Hawthorns are adaptable trees. Most of their tribe are quite hardy in Northern winters. They grow lustily in almost any kind of soil—though they show a frank predilection for mildly limy places. And they're long-lived too. I've never lost one hawthorn from any cause though I've planted a good many of them, and in haphazard places at that. You ought to set a couple of thorns to growing on your own place every year: Cockspurs, Washington Thorns, or other species according to your taste. Then watch the swelling numbers of your wildlife population!

And if I were you I'd set out an Old World mayflower now and then. Not just because its bloom is gay in spring and its festoons of crimson berries are tasty things to birds. Such historic shrubs as hedge the green fields of old England never should be planted for practical purposes like these. "The hawthorn bush for talking age and whispering lovers made" should be planted—and, I'm inclined to think, sheared like a blue-ribbon boxwood — for sweet sentiment's sake alone.

We build a lily pool

(*Continued from page 69*)

waters and Wool receded, looking raw and red—nothing at all like the crystal mirror of our dreams. It had to be cleaned out. As I mentioned some time ago, we had forgotten to install a drain pipe. We were not worried over the omission, for we had faith in gravity, and Jimmie, my husband, assured us that we could easily siphon out the water. It should have been easy, but—it wasn't. We arranged the hose in the prescribed manner, one end in the pool and one in a low ditch outside the garden, but nothing happened. The water remained calm and static. Sister and Ben gave us a beautiful explanation of the physics involved, and we sent for two little Negro boys to come with buckets and dip the water out by hand. First, we had to remove the fish, the snails, and the scavengers, as they could not remain in the empty pool. We got all of them out eventually. The boys dipped and slushed, dipped and slushed, all day long, and toward evening the pool was clean and crystal once more, ready for its fish. During the cleaning process they had been lying passive, and apparently contented, in all of the dishpans and preserving kettles that the kitchen afforded. Although they did not seem unhappy, we were glad for their sakes when we could put them back into the cool, clean pool where they belonged. We watched them for a few minutes, commenting on their evident pleasure in returning home. Some of them were even flopping around on their sides in an excess of enthusiasm. We left them to their pleasures, and returned to the house, happy in the knowledge of a day well spent in giving advice.

About half an hour later, my husband had, as he said later, a hunch. He left the room so quietly that none of us knew he was gone until a mighty roar rent the air around the lily pool. Sister, Merle, and I flew down the garden path. Ben came more slowly; his enthusiasm was beginning to ebb, but even he was overcome when he looked into the pool. The surface of the water was covered with the shiny bodies of fifty dead goldfish. Two or three were still feebly kicking their fins, but the Grim Reaper had taken his toll. After a minute of stunned silence, everyone began talking at once. Attracted, no doubt, by the commotion, a lady who gardens ecstat-

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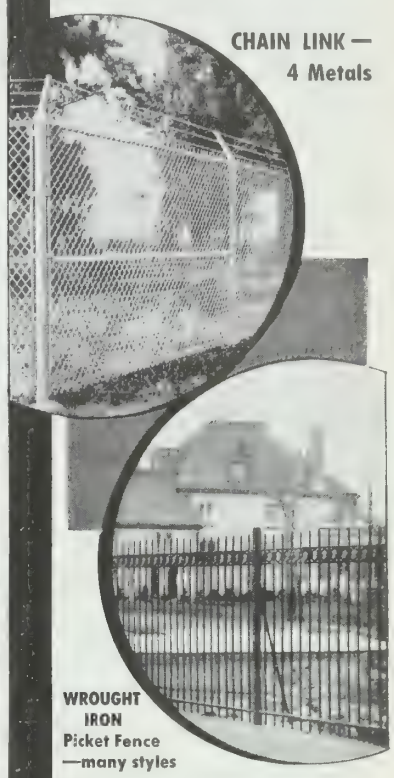

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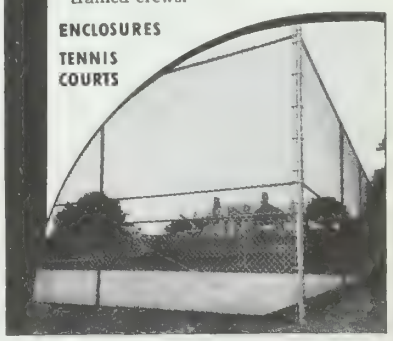

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ically and her husband dropped in, apparently from the heavens, —though in the light of later developments, maybe not.

"Oh," she said, instantly sizing up the situation, "the fish are dying."

"Yes," we agreed, miserably.

"I," she confided, "know what to do for them."

"Bless you!" said we, fawning upon her. "What?"

"Put some salt in the water," she said, and much more that we did not hear, for we were dashing to the house for the salt.

We dumped two full boxes into the water, as directed, and waited hopefully. Nothing happened. If one fish so much as batted an eye in acknowledgment, we failed to see it. On the contrary, the few who had shown some faint flicker of life turned slowly over on their backs and gave up the ghost.

"Well," gurgled the lady, "that is too bad. It didn't work. Of course you know," she went on brightly, "you will have to drain all of this water off immediately or it will kill those water plants that are coming out so nicely. It should be done tonight, but it is rather late now, so maybe you can wait until morning."

Jimmie gave a low growl. The lady's husband, after an uneasy glance at our set faces, said nervously, "I think we had best be going, dear," and pushed her out of the gate just in time.

Next morning, the little boys came again with their buckets, and the day after that we went to the store and bought a new supply of fish, trusting in a divine Providence to arrange the matter of sex, for we were very anxious to raise some baby fish. We were not sure what Providence had done about it but had enough faith to search the pondweed every day for eggs. Time marched on, and we had about given up the whole idea, when late one afternoon Ben, by the water's edge, let out a wild whoop. All of us, including Piety and Wool, who was cutting the grass, rushed to him.

"What is it?" Merle called uncertainly, for his whoop had held germs of either joy or disaster.

"Baby fish!" he yelled. "Hundreds of them."

And there they were, clinging to every available spot, forming a black, wriggling lining to the cement walls. We were jubilant as we planned to go into the fish-hatching business as a regular occupation. I noticed that Piety and Wool were rather noncommittal, but they really did not have a chance to say much. We watched the phenomenal development of the young prodigies with bated breath. Their growth seemed unbelievable, and well it might. The bubble burst one drizzly morning, when Piety came in from the garden with downcast face.

"Miss Tip," she said to me in a low, unhappy voice, "them ain't little fish out there. They's tadpoles. Ain't you heard the frogs hollerin' and croakin' at night?"

I had, but it had not bothered me for the pool is outside my neighbor's bedroom windows, not mine. I have since learned to recognize the first shrill notes of the frog's love song, but there is not much I can do about it; and we still raise a bumper crop of tadpoles every year.

THE aquatic plants were gorgeous that summer. The water was soon hidden by the luxuriant growth of the tropical lilies and water-hyacinths, but we could still catch an occasional glimpse of a fish if we searched diligently. During such a search, Merle looked up from the water with a troubled face.

"Do you know," she said. "I believe the goldfish are growing feathers."

"Not feathers!" I gasped.

But it was as she said—small black feathers, apparently, were growing at various angles from every fish. It seemed unnatural, to say the least, so we sent a hasty "Special Delivery" to our friends of the fish catalogue, asking for light and advice.

"Your fish have an obscure type of fungous disease," they replied. "We are sending two bottles of remedy for same, with directions for use on the bottles. Please remit $5."

The bottles arrived, and we remitted. The directions suggested that we immerse each fish in a vessel containing two drops of the medicinal fluid. Now, before you can immerse a fish in a vessel you have to catch him. Anyone who has ever tried to net a small fish in a mass of tropical vegetation will readily concede our difficulties, but we had bought the medicine and were determined to follow the doctor's orders. At the close of a long, hot afternoon of concentrated effort, the catch was one small black fish that had no feathers. We put him back into the pool and despairingly poured the contents of both bottles in after him, expecting the worst. Miraculously, nothing untoward occurred, and the fish eventually lost their feathers. The snails seemed a trifle apathetic for a few days, but soon that effect passed and by that time, the summer was almost over.

All this occurred several years ago, and we have had no serious trouble with the lily pool since. We have not had that exact combination of guests again, either, though whether or not they affected the fish, I have never known. Anyway, the pool has been a source of inexhaustible pleasure. Anyone who thinks of a fish as simply something dangling on the end of a line or an accompaniment for butter sauce should get a pool. Fish are creatures of parts that can and do stand interested scrutiny by the hour when placed in their natural habitat. We would not be without our lovely pool for worlds but, God helping us, we'll never build another!

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Country Life & The Sportsman, June, 1938, Vol. LXXIV, No. 2. Published monthly at Erie Avenue, F to G Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., by the Country Life-American Home Corporation. W. H. Eaton, President-Treasurer, Henry L. Jones, Vice-President, Jean Austin, Secretary. Executive, Editorial and Advertising headquarters, 444 Madison Avenue, New York. Subscription Department, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York. Branches for advertising only: 248 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; Archer A. King, Inc., 410 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; A. D. McKinney, 915 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.; W. F. Coleman, Henry Building, Seattle, Wash.; W. F. Coleman, 485 California St., San Francisco, Calif.; W. F. Coleman, 530 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Copyright, 1938, by the Country Life-American Home Corporation. All rights reserved. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. Subscription price $5.00 a year; 2 years $6.00; foreign postage $2.00 a year. Entered as second class matter at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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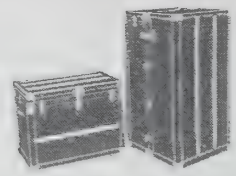

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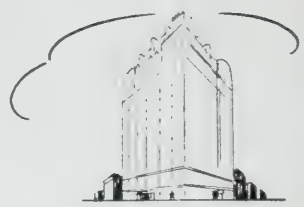

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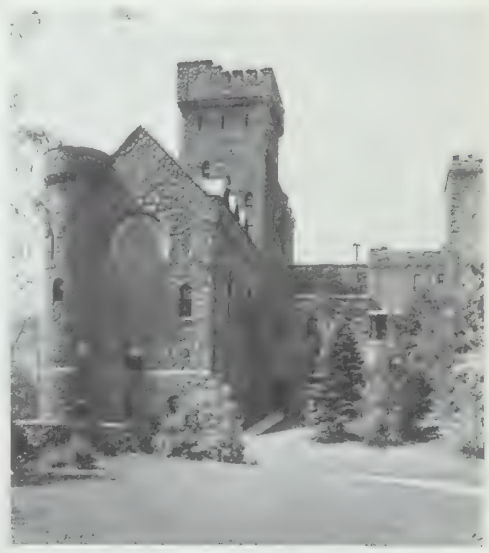

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INTERNATIONAL KENNEL CLUB SHOW . . . TEANECK AND ELIZABETH . . . KATONAH . . . BOOK REVIEWS

The wide swing over the Western and Southern circuits kept many dogs and their handlers on the road for periods up to two months and resulted in the creation of a goodly number of full and embryo champions. The total number of shows was larger, and in nearly every instance a substantial increase in entries was registered over previous renewals. This increase reached its peak at Chicago with the thirty-seventh annual show of the International Kennel Club, a rehabilitation of the old Chicago Kennel Club formed last February, which, despite very limited time for preparation, realized all advance predictions by being easily the best canine exhibition ever held in the Windy City. Held in the International Amphitheater, the event was marked by spaciousness for benching and judging rings, plenty of outside parking space, and general cleanliness and smoothness with which the affair was conducted. All who attended were enthusiastic in its praise down to the veriest detail and the new sponsors are to be congratulated upon their initial effort.

The entry numbered 1,169 dogs, which came from far and near and included many famous winners. While there is a host of high-class dogs in the immediate vicinity and throughout the Midwest, it remained for chiefly Eastern entries to take the higher places in the variety competition. Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge, who made the award for best in show, had six such dogs to select from. They were Leonard Collins' Old English Sheepdog, Ch. Ideal Weather; Mr. and Mrs. Justin W. Greiss' Irish Setter, Ch. Red Sails of Salmagundi and their Poodle, Happy Choice of Salmagundi; Mrs. William du Pont's Beagle, Ch. Meadow Lark Draftsman; Mrs. Edward T. Clark's Welsh Terrier, Ch. Aman Superb of Halcyon; and Mrs. James M. Austin's Toy Poodle, Bonnie Bouch of Misty Isles; winners of the working, sporting, non-sporting, hound, terrier, and toy dog groups respectively. Mrs. Dodge's selection for the premier prize was Ch. Ideal Weather, a splendid specimen of the desired square build, profuse coat, plenty of size and substance, and absolute action. Although nearing six years of age, he seems to improve as time goes on and has several similar successes to his credit.

To lead working dogs Ideal Weather had strong competition from Mrs. Florence B. Ilch's Collie, Ch. Bellhaven Black Lucason, a handsome tri-color of about the same age, a several time best in show winner and regarded by some experts the best of his breed seen in recent years. Third went to Mrs. George R. Hall's Boxer, Nocturne of Mazelaine, and fourth to Charles W. Bradley's Doberman Pinscher, Ch. Falko v. Lindenhof; both well made, clean cut, finely finished dogs. Red Sails of Salmagundi, an English importation of excellent type and shown in fine form, won well in sporting dogs over Herman Mellenthin's Cocker Spaniel, My Own Brucie, a home-bred black of fine show and sporting type and merry manner; Fred Hadley's Springer Spaniel, Ch. Green Valley Oak, an especially well made and moving dog and pressing on closely, and Mrs. A. Biddle Duke's English Setter, Bayldone Buccaneer, a big, sturdy, good-headed blue belton recently imported from England.

Of recent years and particularly at more recent shows Poodles have been winning heavily in variety competition and the same occurred at this event when top honors in non-sporting dogs went to Happy Choice of Salmagundi, a very stylish, beautifully barbered, well made and moving dog. Next in order were P. E. Belting's Bulldog, Vindex Valdaster, a massive heavyweight, with well-finished head, wide front, and the desired pear-shaped body; J. H. Hemshell's Schipperke, My Frisky Boy, a typical little chap with good harsh coat and John F. Maginnis' French bulldog, Ch. Miss Modesty, a noted breed and group winner which some thought should have gone higher. Meadow Lark Draftsman, which has had a sensational career as a youngster and was recently purchased by Mrs. du Pont from his breeder Louis Batjer, headed hounds followed by Miss Ann Greiss' Whippet, Lady Bebi, a speedy looking little lady; Mrs. Alma Starbuck's Irish Wolfhound, Killesandra of Ambleside, an excellent representative of this towering breed; and Mrs. Edward T. Clark's Greyhound, Ch. Southball Moonstone, superbly symmetrical and a noted winner in variety competition.

Ch. Aman Superb of Halcyon, a typical taffy, put down in fine form, topped terriers over John Mulcahy's Kerry Blue, Ch. Bumble Bee of Delwin, a consistent winner at recent shows and close up in the going. Third, Harold M. Florsheim's Airedale Terrier, Boynehouse Brutus of Harham, which with Mr. Maginnis' French Bulldog, Ch. Miss Modesty and Miniature Pinscher, Max v. Dohna of Tien Hia, were the only Chicago owned dogs to get placed in the groups. Fourth, Boynton F. and Vivian S. Jones' Wire Foxterriers, Five Ash Keep Going, a very attractive bitch. The winner in Toys, Bonnie Bouch of Misty Isles, unlike many of her variety, is a truly typical Poodle despite her diminutive size. Next in order were Mrs. Betty S. Sheehan's Pomeranian, Ch. Kennelquest Kid ;Mrs. Richard S. Quigley's Pekingese, Jai Fo Oula of Orchard Hill, and John F. Maginnis' Miniature Pinscher, Max v. Dohna of Tien Hia, all very typical specimens closely matched in merit.

TEANECK, ELIZABETH. The indoor show season in the metropolitan vicinity finished with a flourish of over seven hundred dogs each at the events of the Kennel Club of Northern New Jersey, Teaneck, and the Union County Kennel Club, Elizabeth. These shows were held on successive days and this together with the two clubs working in unison was responsible for attracting bumper entries from exhibitors who readily grasped the opportunity to score double wins on a single trip. The outstanding example of the latter was furnished by (*Continued on page 12*)

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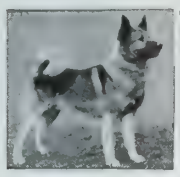

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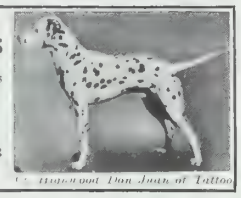

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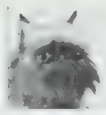

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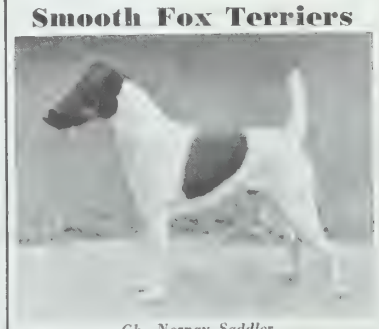

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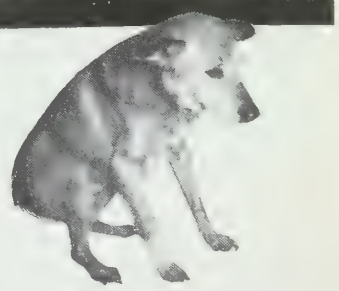

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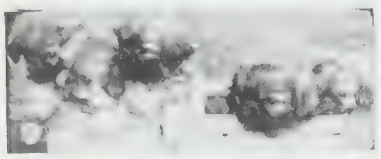

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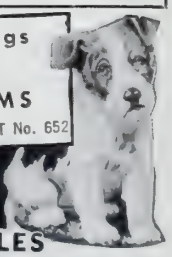

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Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, which won best in show victories at both events and brought her total of such successes up to eight. This homebred bitch is almost a replica of her sire, the celebrated Ch. Nunsoe Duc de la Terrace, but cast in smaller mold. Many of the same dogs were in competition at both shows and scored double best of breed wins, but only two besides Jung Frau succeeded in leading their groups both times for eligibility in the closing contests. These were Mrs. Annis A. Jones' Dachshund, Ch. Herman Rinkton, and John Mulcahy's Kerry Blue Terrier, Ch. Bumble Bee of Delwin.

At the Teaneck event the three other finalists were Mrs. Henry A. Ross' Cocker Spaniel, Ch. Nonquit Notable; Mrs. Florence C. Ilch's Collie, Ch. Bellhaven Black Lucason; and Mrs. Frank T. Clark's Pomeranian, Lyncroft Bit O' Honey, while at Elizabeth the three other finalists were Oakdene Kennels' Irish Setter, Ch. Knightscroft Patty Boyne; Sumbula Kennels' Boxer, Ingo v. Heger Se Sumbula, and John B. Royce's Pekingese, Ch. Kai Lo of Dah Lyn; the latter not shown at Teaneck. The two shows furnished a noteworthy demonstration of the difference of judicial opinion on the same dogs which was emphasized by the brief period of twenty-four hours within which the contestants could hardly change in condition or style. The closest to identical group placings occurred in hounds when, Ch. Herman Rinkton; Miss Anne Greiss' Whippet, Madame Superb; and C. F. Hodgen's Beagle, Bunny Run Gaylad, were placed as named at both shows while fourths went to Mrs. Carol J. Stewart, Jr's Borzoi, Ch. Ale Romanoff at Teaneck and to Bradley Martin's Norwegian Elkhound, Greyfell at Elizabeth.

Behind Bumble Bee in terriers at both shows were W. L. Lewis' Wire Foxterrier, Ch. Glynhir Golden and Halcyon Kennels' Welsh Terrier, Ch. Aman Sequence, placed second and third at Elizabeth and fourth and second re-

(Continued on page 14)

Walter Levick

George Turrell's
MONTH IN THE FIELD

Retriever Trophy
Western Retrievers
Pointers and Setters

AFTER its first year in competition it was found advisable to amend the deed of gift for the COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN Perpetual Challenge Trophy for all Retrievers. This change in no way detracts from the credit of last year's win, and is merely intended to guard against contingencies that might arise in the future. In essence it is a ruling that from now on the trophy shall only be competed for in those stakes open to both amateur and professional handlers. Previously, points were given in any stakes in A. K. C. licensed or member club trials except local or member stakes. This new ruling is occasioned by the fact that it is unreasonable to expect a young dog (just as before, only those born on or after January 1st of the year preceding the trial are eligible to compete) to give his best performance for anyone except his trainer, whether he be amateur or professional. The amended deed of gift for 1938 has been approved by the three member clubs governing all retrievers, namely, the Labrador Retriever Club, American Chesapeake Club, and the Irish Water Spaniel Club, and the credits to be given are as follows:

In any stake restricted to dogs under two years of age open to both amateur and professional handlers:

1st	place	shall	count	5	credits
2nd	"	"	"	3	"
3rd	"	"	"	2	"
4th	"	"	"	1	"

In Novice or Non-Winners stakes open to both amateur and professional handlers:

1st	place	shall	count	7	credits
2nd	"	"	"	4	"
3rd	"	"	"	2½	"
4th	"	"	"	1¼	"

In Open All-Age stakes or Championship stakes open to both amateur and professional handlers:

1st	place	shall	count	9	credits
2nd	"	"	"	6	"
3rd	"	"	"	4	"
4th	"	"	"	2	"

Certificates of merit shall have no credit value. At least six dogs must compete in each stake. The name of the dog, and those of its owner, and breeder, will be engraved on the trophy each year. A smaller replica will be presented outright to the winner. An additional trophy will be awarded for the dog whose name has been engraved on the challenge trophy and shall, during his lifetime, also win the title of field trial champion.

In the case of a specialty club holding more than one field trial in any year, in which the classes are restricted to their breed or breeds of retrievers, the trial that shall carry credits for the competing dogs must be chosen by the officers of the club by January 31st of the year in which the trial occurs. For instance, the American Chesapeake Club has chosen for 1938 their autumn trial on Long Island.

WESTERN RETRIEVERS. At this writing a caravan of Labradors and Chesapeakes, under the care of Dave Elliot, Tom Briggs, and Lionel Bond, of the Wingan, Chesacroft, and Arden Kennels respectively, has just headed West to compete in the late spring trials out in Wisconsin and Illinois, and possibly will go on to the Minnesota Field Trial Assn.'s event at White Bear Lake. We haven't heard yet what dogs they have taken with them but some of them we understand are likely youngsters that will be in the 1938 COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN Retriever trophy competition. They'd better be good ones too, for some of those Western dogs are rumored to be a match for anything the East can produce. However, something tells us that they won't make that long trek for nothing. It's a long trip out there to the Midwestern trials, but after all it's no longer coming East than it is going West. We hope that some of the Western owners will return the Easterners' visit with at least an equal number of dogs, and in this way start some keen intersectional competition.

GOLDENS. We particularly hope to see more Goldens in the East next fall. This is a breed that is but little known in these parts, and one that has, as a matter of fact, been rather looked down on in the past by Easterners who said they were slow, didn't have waterproof coats, etc.—then a year ago some of the Eastern owners went out to Minnesota and thereabouts and found that the Goldens were really proving themselves in the West and that they were not only in the ascendancy of popularity out there but were doing a lot of winning over the other breeds in the trials. Those who were still doubtful were given a chance to change their minds last fall when Richard Ryan's Nero of Roedare was brought East to compete, and in case you have forgotten, to win a fourth in the Labrador Club's trial. Though only a derby dog last year, Nero piled up quite an imposing record, and, what's more, much of this was made in competition with some of the crack dogs from Eastern kennels. To begin with he was awarded first place in the derby over both Joy of Arden and Chesabob at the Rolling Rock trials—Chesabob was the winner and Joy the runner-up for the COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN trophy last year—and he was also placed first over Joy of Arden at the Midwest trials last fall. Some of his other achievements include a first in the Novice at the Mount Minnesota trials, May 1937; first in the Novice at Barrington, Ill., in May '37 and a first in the Lady Handler stake at Barrington. Nero, being an imported dog, couldn't compete for the COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN trophy, but in our estimation is high in the group of outstanding performers of last season.

Our knowledge of Western retriever conditions are rather sketchy, as we've never been to a retriever trial west of Pittsburgh, but from what we hear the wide open spaces are full of people already actively in the game and they are all getting their friends interested. We wouldn't go so far as to say what part of the country is going to take the lead in retriever trials in the future, but it certainly looks as if the West would be ahead in number of dogs anyway. The reason for this, so we hear, is that instead of a few people owning all the dogs, as is the case on the Atlantic Seaboard, out West there are many owners with perhaps only a few dogs. This makes for a more widespread popular enthusiasm and is really very sound, for if one or two owners, for one reason or another, dropped out of the picture it wouldn't be as serious a blow to the sport as would be the case if one or two kennels we could name in the (*Continued on page 89*)

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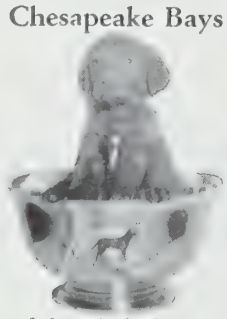
Chesapeake Bays



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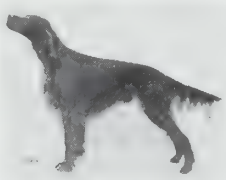

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Dog stars

(*Continued from page 12*)

spectively at Teaneck with S. M. Stewart's Airedale Terrier, Shelterock Modest Smasher, fourth at former and Marlu Kennels' Scottish Terrier, Marlu Dusty Answer, third at the latter event. Both times, following Jung Frau in non-sporting dogs, Ikantakit Kennels' Bulldog, Ch. Ginger Hekantakit, and Droll and Rosenbloom's Boston Terrier, Ch. Hagerty's Fascinating Model, were in the money with second and fourth at Teaneck but behind Mrs. William MacFarland's Chow, Ch. Far Land Thundergust, at Elizabeth. R. P. Stevens' Great Dane, Ch. Czardas v. Eppelunsprung-Norris, was the only working dog to place at both events, taking second at Teaneck and third at Elizabeth. At the former show third and fourth went to George Leary's Doberman Pinscher, Moritz v. Rodeltal, and Mrs. Alonzo P. Walton Jr.'s Old English Sheepdog, Mistress Merrie O'Merriedip, and at the latter event Carl Muser's Doberman Pinscher, Ch. Mona v. d. Rheinperle, was second and Mrs. F. B. Ilch's Collie, Ch. Beulah's Silver Merrick, fourth.

In sporting dogs at Teaneck the order was Ch. Nonquitt Notable; Harry Hartnett's Irish Setter, Ch. Milson Topnotcher; Mr. and Mrs. A. Biddle Duke's English Setter, Pilot of Glen Grove; and Elliott Lindquists' Pointer, Punch. At Elizabeth, Ch. Knightcroft Patty Boyne; Walter C. Keisel's English Setter, White Flash; Mrs. Harry C. Cushing's Cocker Spaniel, Ch. Mister Holmeric, and Punch. In toys, placed as named, at Teaneck were Lyncroft Bit O'Honey; Mrs. Victor Kiam's Smooth Brussels Griffon, Ibis; Mrs. James M. Austin's Toy Poodle, Bonne Bouche of Misty Isles; and Warner H. Hay's Japanese Spaniel, Ch. Keuwanua Romatsu. At Elizabeth Mrs. Vincent Matta's Pomeranian, Seal and Moneybox; John B. Royce's Pekingese, Ch. Kai Lo of Dah Lyn; Mrs. Rosalind Layte's Brussels Griffon, Ch. Burlingame Du Barry; and W. Scott Pruden's Toy Poodle, Beau Beau of Murclar.

KATONAH. Scoring a pronounced popular hit last year with an entry of 1,050 dogs, which gave it second position to the great Morris and Essex among outdoor shows, the North Westchester Kennel Club has been encouraged to make even more elaborate arrangements for its coming renewal on June 11th and preparation for 1,500 dogs. The venue will be the same high plateau which overlooks the vast expanse of Cross River Reservoir, elsewhere surrounded by rolling countryside with the Catskills in the dim distance, and is a location of surpassing scenic splendor. The prize money is even larger than last year with $5, $3 and $2 in every class throughout all of the breeds, regardless of entries, and in the specialty show classes whatever the clubs have offered will be matched by North Westchester. In addition there will be $10 and a silver trophy for prominent best of breed awards and $5 and a silver trophy for the same in the less popular breeds. Among the specialty clubs which have named this as their show are the Connecticut Cocker Spaniel Club, Boxer Club of America, and the Eastern Irish Setter Association. The club is to be congratulated upon the selection of its judiciary, which is composed of persons of the utmost experience and ability. Mr. Alfred B. Maclay will make the award for best in show, Dr. Samuel Milbank will judge the sporting dog group, Louis Batjer the hound group, Robert Sedgwick terrier group, Enno Meyer non-sporting dog group, and Alva Rosenberg toy dog group. The noted obedience trial originator, Mrs. G. E. L. Boyd of England, will judge these events, and Mrs. Richard C. Bondy the children's handling classes. Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt, who was responsible for much of the brilliant success of last year's renewal, is again chairman of the show committee.

BLUE BOOK. The anxiously awaited "American Kennel Club Blue Book of Dogs" published by the Garden City Publishing Company has made its appearance and easily equals all of the advance information regarding its compilation. It represents the initial effort of the governing body of dogs in the United States to furnish an annual record in word and picture of the best dogs of the year and should win immediate acclaim among the thousands of show dog owners, breeders, fanciers, and the uncounted millions of enthusiastic dog lovers who follow the activities of the dog world. In addition to the more than five hundred pictures of bench show and field trial champions with records and comments, the book includes a section on Greyhound racing with photographs and time records of outstanding performers, interesting anecdotes of the breeders of "eligible dogs," complete lists of bench show and field trial champions arranged alphabetically by breed, a complete list of the winners of the C. D. (Companion Dog), C. D. X. (Companion Dog Excellent) and U. D. (Utility Dog), Obedience Test Degrees for the year and numerous articles and data important to all participants in this growing, internationally popular sport.

FOX TERRIER BOOK. There has just been published by the Orange Judd Co. a book titled, "The Complete Fox Terrier," an exhaustive treatise on both the wire-haired and smooth-coated varieties of the breed, written by Irving C. Ackerman, well-known authority of San Francisco, who for over thirty-five years has been

(*Continued on page 18*)

Shafer from European

GUNS & GAME

in which the author suffers spring fever and hears the siren call of the trout and the crow

COL. H. P. SHELDON

IT USED to be fever and ague that moved relentless and invisible among the stalwarts at this season of the year and laid them in windrows, but now that so many of us have moved up out of the swamps and spend so much of our time in offices and barrooms we are victims of a different sort of virus even more subtle and potent. Because of this ailment the editorial staff of this great magazine, for example, looks as if the termites had been at it. The generic name of the malady is spring fever, but it has many variants according to the susceptibilities of the victims. It may be trout fishing, or yachting, or riding, or racing, or the writing of sonnets and the singing of madrigals, but the treatment in every case is to get away from the office. Let us briefly examine the case history of one Mr. Richard Ely Danielson. It is typical and shows full well the tragedy and sorrow that visits the sufferer from this dread malady. At the first apprehension of a suspicion of a sign of a symptom he rushed off to Carolina. Returning, he was two days past the deadline with his piece for the April number and by way of extenuation said, weakly enough, that it was February's fault for only having twenty-eight days.

Then, he said, he assumed the position of a man about to do the Australian crawl and tackled the job. Well, he only crawled through about six paragraphs and then quit cold. That's not journalism, it's not cricket, it's not rugby, it's not even bridge. It's spring fever.

I, myself, had the infection, too, and for a week hovered dangerously between trout fishing and crow shooting. I, too, was tardy, but despite the weakness in my bones, the warm spring sunshine outside, and two English haws that were due to burgeon at any moment and should have been watched very carefully, I swam the whole course, took every hurdle, went over every hazard, touched all the bases, turned every pylon, and came in to a dead stick landing. The apparent confusion among the similes is intentional to permit each reader to pick the exact one which is suited to his favorite sport.

Then there's another one of them—the editors, I mean—who is out on the high seas and probably hasn't done a tap of work except for the letters she writes home to us poor scriveners bound to the shore while the hounds of spring tear at our vitals. There are others, too. They rise from their desks with stricken looks and vanish, and are next heard from in Maine or Nova Scotia. They must swim under water all the way because their departure leaves no trace, trail, slot, spoor, sign, or forwarding address.

So, while the United States Government is turning itself wrong side out to achieve a more equable distribution of the joys of life, I deem it a good time to assert my own rights. Just as soon as I can get this stint done I'll get the hell out of here, too, with one four-ounce rod and a woodchuck rifle. I mean to take my face so darned far away this time that it won't be always getting ground under the heels of the haughty.

WHEN BULLHEADS ARE BITING. Years and years ago there was a boy on a farm in Vermont. Throughout the neighborhood he was considered to be unusually bright, studious, polite, industrious, godly, and homely. He had achieved for warm-weather wear an enviable simplicity of raiment consisting of one old cotton shirt and a pair of pants. Through the frayed interstices of the latter the summer sun worked bizarre patterns in bronze tones upon the youngster's derrière (it's a good thing for a writer to know *some* French) as he bent over the corn rows. There came one of those days in May, a day of soft and misty sunlight when the robins were nesting in the orchards and the green shoots of the sprouting corn the boy was hoeing marched in long files across the brown soil clear to the end of the field where an old woodchuck watched from the stone wall and whistled derisively at seeing his mortal enemy brought thus to the indignity of toil. The Lord alone knows how such news is carried and by what mysterious means these messages are impacted upon the senses of those for whom they are intended, unless it is that these people are still so young that their ears are unstoppered and their vision yet undimmed to such pulsations and visions. However that may be, somehow the boy knew, suddenly and conclusively right between two swipes of the hoe, that the bullheads were ready to bite in the shadowy amber water underneath the Old Stone Bridge. I can see the little cuss now, with his freckles, perspiration, and "stun bruises," trying to devise some scheme that would enable him to enjoy a brief part of the natural heritage of boyhood.

The only way to do it was to petition for a "stint." This business of a stint was in fact a most desperate form of gambling with all the odds in favor of the bookmaker. In later years our hero never found much thrill at cards, or racing, or buying on margins where nothing was at stake but money. Why should he, when at the early age of ten or thereabouts he had gambled with chunks of his own soul? For this was the way "stint" was played.

"Kin I go fishin' when I get six more rows hoed?"

The authority, in this case a most just and kindly one, would consider a moment, look at the sun, then at the lined rows with the chickweed and "pusley" already mounting and spreading like a green tide to overwhelm the young corn.

"We-e-l-l, son, make it eight rows and it's a go."

Darn it, but those certainly *were* long odds!

Nevertheless the skinny shoulders bent to the task and the skinny elbows began to fly up and down like the walking beams on an old side-wheeler under full head of steam. Up one row and down the next, turn then and tackle the next one, with perspiration streaming down his grimy face. Finally he straddled the last and he thought that his back ached worse than any "stun bruise" ever did in this whole world. It must be confessed that the hoe passed lightly as the sorrows of the young over the weeds in that final endless row of young green corn. The weeds that were clipped were casualties in the strictest sense of the word, not selected nor ordained for the slaughter, they were slain when others were spared and without malice by a blind, spasmodic force that struck now here and now leaped ahead three feet to strike again, until our young friend found himself at the stone wall, gasping and propped on trembling knees—but done, and a whole hour of daylight left, by Gee Whitaker!

The water looked exactly right to the boy when he finally tore down the road at full speed and dashed out upon the warped planks that formed the center span of the ancient, crumbling structure. He found that his sybil had spoken truly when the first blob of worms sank wriggling down into the amber depths. In a moment a dusky confusion with glints of copper and ivory in it hid the worms, the bob dipped twice and then went under in a long, curving, submerged course. The prized cane pole—he'd paid ten cents for it at Fenimore Shepard's General Merchandise Store—swept upward and the first of a score of bullheads lay croaking, bristling, and grinding its wide jaws in sullen rage upon the planking.

EERIE THINGS AT TWILIGHT. Before the boy knew it the (*Continued on page 28*)

ON THE COUNTRY ESTATE

Ayrshires . . . Percherons

Edited by
GEORGE TURRELL

THERE is a lot of information in the Ayrshire Breeders report for 1937 that is of interest not only to the Ayrshire people themselves but to dairymen in general. For instance, they report that the numbers of their breed registered and transferred during the year were sustained at such a high level that it gave the breed the distinction of being the fastest growing dairy breed in America during the last decade. This is due to the fact, they go on to say, that during this period thousands of farmers have been attracted to the Ayrshire as the most suitable cow for their various needs.

They also say that in this last year there was the highest level of production in the herd test that the breed has seen in twelve years of this form of testing. A total of 162 herds completed Herd Test records during the year and made the very satisfactory average of 8731 lbs. 4.04% milk, 352 lbs. fat. At the end of the year there were 167 herds with 4791 cows on test. This is the highest percentage of cows that any of the leading dairy breeds has on test at the time. Also a census of herds doing Dairy Herd Improvement Testing shows an additional group of more than 8000 cows on test, bringing the total of Ayrshires on test in the United States to around 13,000 head. In spite of the marked increase in the numbers of cows, this last Herd Test average represents an increase of 1033 lbs. of milk and 431 lbs. fat per cow over the production average of the first year of herd testing when the system was in the experimental stage.

RECORDS. The Ayrshires are renowned for the great number of lifetime records that they have piled up, a number that has grown steadily during 1937. As a matter of fact it was increased by 128 individuals during the year with 100,000 lbs. of milk and 4000 lbs. or more of fat to their credit. The number of cows in the breed with lifetime records of 5000 lbs. of fat has now reached 27; while a total of 7 crossed the 6000 mark.

Among the major achievements of the breed are the winning of the New England Milking Derby by the season's undefeated grand champion female Alfalfa Farm Ann 2nd; the establishment of a new world's record for herds of 150 head or more by Fillmore Farms of Bennington, Vermont, whose 152 head made 10,170 lbs. of 4.04% milk with 411 lbs. fat and none of them milked more than three times daily; and also the completion of a national roll of honor record by the junior four-year-old heifer U. V. M. Bright Actress, owned by the Vermont State Agricultural Experimental Station. This heifer produced 14,971 lbs. milk and 668 lbs. fat. Sir Roberts Maddalena, owned by the Pennsylvania Masonic Homes, made the highest butterfat record of the breed during the year which is also one of the outstanding records of all breeds and consisted of 6573 lbs. of fat. One of the outstanding features of the record made by the Fillmore herd is the remarkable uniformity of this quite large group. Not a single animal produced 15,000 lbs. Thirty-one made 12,000 and 87 were 10,000 or more.

Suppenmoser from Monkemoser

GROWTH. The Ayrshire breeders take pride in the growth of the breed over a broader area than before—particularly in the Midwestern states—and they feel that future expansion can be expected in many other sections of the country. However, the Northeast is still their stronghold, with New York state, as in the past, well ahead in the number of registrations and transfers, although Pennsylvania is a good second and showed signs of catching up in '37. The five leading states in the order of their importance are New York with 4878 registrations, 2864 transfers; Pennsylvania with 2076 registrations and 1326 transfers and of the next three states Massachusetts with 964 and 673, Vermont with 835 and 475, and Ohio with 569 registrations and 452 transfers.

A few of the Northeastern states continue to import fair numbers of registered Ayrshires from Canada and these, plus a shipment of fifteen head from Scotland, brought the number of 1937 imports to a total of 1515. They reduced the fee for registering imported Ayrshires in May 1937 but this measure has failed to make any marked increase in the number of imported cattle on the registration books. It seems that the owners of the relatively large number of imported cattle brought in during the last few years are not interested in completing their registrations even at the reduced fee. In 1937, 650 head or about 40% were entered in the registry.

In 1937 the auction sales averaged $141.91 for a total of 621. The total price paid for these Ayrshires was $88,127.35. The Association considers this quite satisfactory in view of the fact that less than a third of the entire offering consisted of cows and that relatively few of these could be classified as better than good commercial pure-breds. Most of the sales were made up of consignments from county or state clubs, and consequently are quite representative of what farmer breeders have realized. Nearly all of the sales had a high average of young cattle in them. Particularly encouraging to the Ayrshire breeders is the price average of $152.92 that was paid for 142 bred heifers. Almost all of these had been consigned by farmer-breeders who considered the price very satisfactory.

SALE. A recent Ayrshire event of great importance was Mrs. E. R. Fritche's Sycamore Farms Ayrshire sale at Douglasville, Pennsylvania, when fifty head went through the ring for the very satisfactory average price of $375.20. There was a very strong demand for the young females of Sycamore Farms breeding, while seventeen bred heifers changed hands at an average of $395 and five bred two-years olds went for an average of $380. Top price at the sale was paid for the imported nine-year-old Scottish cow Redhills Marietta with a bid of $850 by Strathglass Farm, Port Chester N. Y. The second highest priced cow at the sale was Drumfork Mary 2nd, Imp. bought at $700 by A. W. Feeser of Westminster, who also purchased a heifer and a bull calf. The highest buyer at the sale was the F. W. Fitch Company of Des Moines, Iowa, who took five head for a total of $2125 with a top of $575 for a bred three-year-old daughter of Lyonston Challenge.

PERCHERONS. The Percheron Horse Association has decided to have its National Show at the Los Angeles County Fair out in Pomona, California this year. This fixture has not only offered them complete expense coverage, but national radio and movie publicity as well, and there will be the largest premiums ever offered for Percherons in the United States—$7500—which should lure exhibitors from all over and make this one of the best draft horse shows (*Continued on page 18*)

ia C.B. 2d—By Prizemere 32d, is the dam of the International Grand Champion, Epponian 8th of ere. She will soon calve to service of Eileenmere

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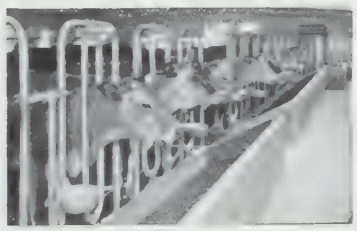

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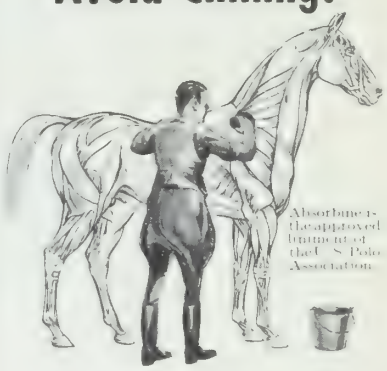

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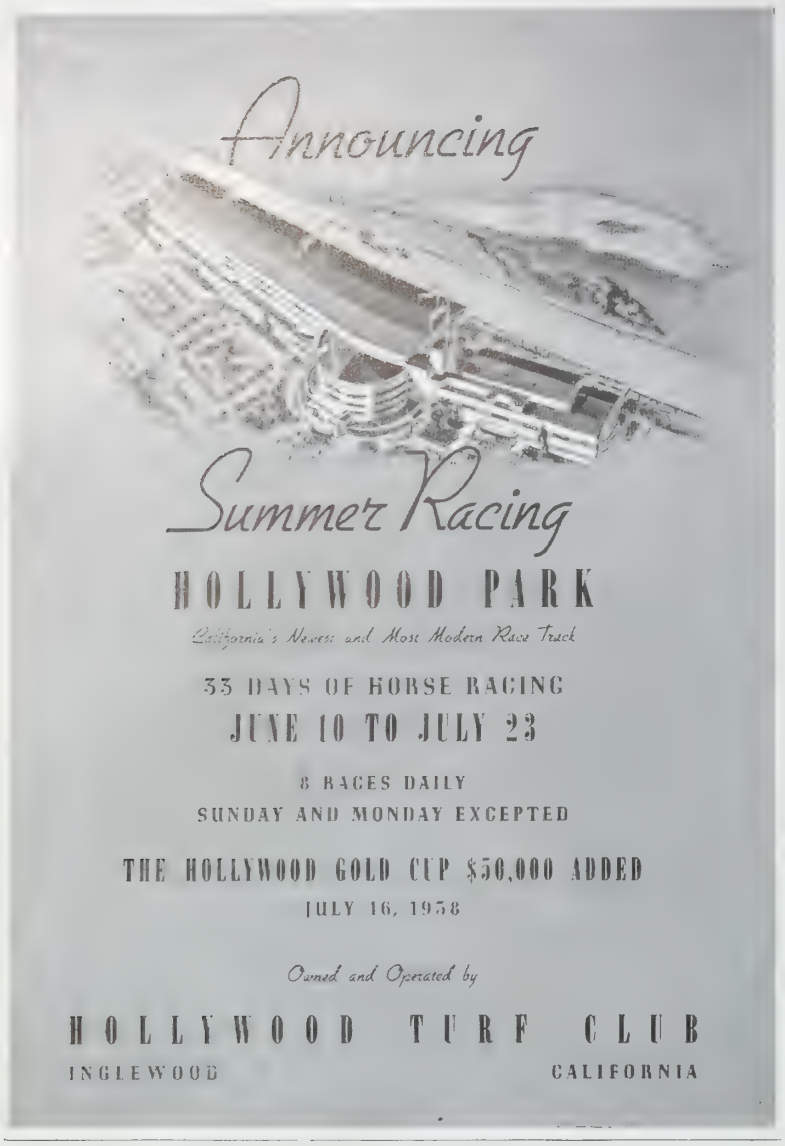

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that this country has ever seen. Six carloads of Percherons from Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Missouri have already been pledged definitely to go to the show, and two new horse barns are being put up on the fair grounds to house the entries. Los Angeles County Fair's offer was favored by the Percheron Assn. over the invitations of the Minnesota State Fair at St. Paul and the National Dairy Show at Columbus, Ohio, where they held their national show last year.

One of the most capable judges in the business has been selected to officiate at the show, Prof. J. C. Holbert of the Iowa State College at Ames. He is coach of the Iowa College Horse Judging Team and successfully placed the Percherons last year at the Iowa State Fair and the American Royal Live Stock Show at Kansas City. There will be at least 15 money placings in the well-filled classes at this year's National, and no less than ten money placings in any of the open or group classes. There will be an attractive class for six-horse teams. The breed type classes which were so popular last year at Columbus will be a feature of this year's show. There will be classes in which an animal is judged solely by segments such as best head; neck and slope of shoulder; best back and middle; best underpinning; and for best and truest action.

TYPE STUDY. The selection of the All-American best ten stallions and mares has just been made by twelve judges who have officiated at the largest Midwest shows during 1936 and 1937. There were 75 grand champions of state and national shows during the last two years competing in the study, together with 16 non-champions whose pictures showed them to be worthy of consideration. A few pictures of high-ranking Canadian, British, and French Percherons were also included, giving the American judges their first opportunity to study and compare the winners of other nations with those of this country. The voting was accomplished through the pictures of these 91 animals and placings were made on type only, regardless of what the judges knew about the animals' previous performance in the show ring. The fact that several horses were placed among the best ten head, which were not champions during the two year period covered, shows how well the judges adhered to this standard.

The final summing up gave Enchanter 212346, owned by Pine Tree Farm; McHenry, Ill; and Lancinante 225458 (203197), owned by Conner's Prairie Farm Noblesville, Ind., the greatest number of points of any of the entrants, thus giving them first place in their respective sexes as the animals most nearly representing the ideal type Percheron. It will be recalled that these two horses were the grand champions at the 1937 International Livestock Exposition, and at that time Enchanter was said to be the best draft horse of any breed on the grounds. He is a coming five-year-old son of Koncarcalyps 175791, one of the best breeding sires today, which was by Calypso the stallion, voted the ideal type Percheron in the breed study conducted two years ago. He was bred by T. B. Bowman of Boone, Neb., and was raised and developed by his son Guy S. Bowman who sold him to Pine Tree Farm in July 1937.

Lancinante is a five-year-old daughter of the famous French sire, Etalion (176935), conceded to be the greatest breeding sire in France today. She was imported in November 1936 by A. L. Robinson and Sons of Pekin, Ill., and sold a few days after arrival in this country to Eli Lilley, owner of Conner's Prairie Farm. Aside from her winnings at the International, Lancinante had previously been grand champion at the Illinois State Fair and at the National Percheron Show at Columbus, Ohio, where she was also placed first in three out of four of the special type classes.

Dog stars

(*Continued from page 14*)

closely identified with the breed. Some ten years ago the author produced a similar volume, "The Wire-haired Fox Terrier," which was very well received. Due to this and the fact that the breed has grown, changed, and improved almost out of recognition in that decade, he resolved to write the present work which in no way is a revision of his initial effort. It contains new illustrations, new text matter, new facts and figures, a new order of arrangement and is replete with information which no Fox Terrier owner, breeder, exhibitor, or fancier can afford to miss. Its practical and authoritative treatment is the work of an enthusiast who thoroughly understands his subject.

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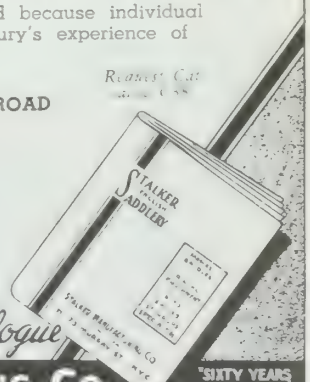

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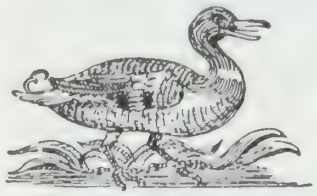

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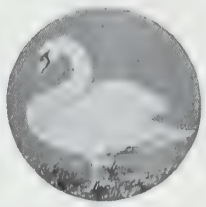

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Guns and game

(*Continued from page 15*)

sun was down behind Mount Hamilton and twilight lay upon the darkling surface of the water. You needn't try to argue with me about the significance of what occurred next. My contentions are supported by all sorts of scientific dissertations as well as by a hundred thousand tales to prove the point, if you can find the men to tell them to you. Every school boy knows that ages ago the first of life came half swimming, half crawling, and wholly hideous, from the water, and I know that the momentous event occurred at the eerie time of late twilight when the water is full of a mysterious opacity that cannot be penetrated by human vision beyond a depth of two or three feet. I know, too, as did the boy then, that after all these ages strange creatures, savage and monstrous, still come upward to the surface from their bottomless daytime haunts at that same awesome hour. If you haven't seen any of these manifestations, it's because you've never sat on the bank of a deep channel in an old marsh and kept Indian quiet and watched. If you do see these things you're likely to get out of there pretty darned quick and go home with a cold, uneasy feeling between your shoulder blades.

Loath to leave the spot our youngster sat there on the end of a plank peering into the fading depths where the water weeds took on grotesque shapes and moved and seemed to embrace and hold furtive communion. The bullheads had stopped biting. Something below that was not water weed rose stealthily but without perceptible motion, and as it rose took sinister shape and the greenish hue of old metal. Now that it could be seen more clearly there was a menacing aspect most cold and cruel about the monster slowly revealing its primordial pattern to the startled gaze of the boy on the bridge. With an instinct for safety he pulled his bare feet quickly up away from the water and stared into the maleficent eyes of the biggest pike he had ever seen.

I can well imagine that he didn't want to tackle that great fish alone there in the half light, yet he must have felt that he had to attempt it or acknowledge himself a coward and no true fisherman. And what a prize it would be if he *could* land it!

I know that his hands trembled, his heart pounded, and his eyes popped as he lowered the bait before that long snout. For a moment he felt some relief; apparently the fish wasn't going to take it. Then, as the boy started to withdraw the lure, the great pike with silent, swift, and shocking violence seized the mass of worms.

It was over in a shake of a lamb's tail. There was one surge under the bridge and out again when the stout cane snubbed the fish; one raging, wide-jawed leap into the air and a second irresistible lunge beneath the bridge. This one shattered the pole at a point three feet from the tip. And that was all, gosh *darn* the luck!

GAME RESTORATION. The Federal Government is at last in a position to assist the States in a very material way to restore non-migratory game species. Except for such of this class of wildlife as inhabits the Federal refuges, Uncle Sam has no authority to administer anything except the migratory birds. All other game is the property of the States in which it is found. Nevertheless, non-migratory wildlife is a national resource and there is a definite responsibility upon the National Government to aid the States in their administration of it. The principle involved is similar to that which requires the Federal Government to aid the States in road building.

Until now the Bureau of Biological Survey has attempted to carry out this obligation toward the wildlife populations of the States by employing the superior means at its disposal to conduct research work, carry out scientific investigations, make demonstrations and studies to develop facts and devise methods of game administration and control. This sort of information has been passed along to the State conservation officials for their use. It is largely due to this service that the old type of politically-minded game commissioner has almost entirely disappeared from the conservation organizations of the States. Such men often knew a hell of a lot about local politics and worse than nothing about game management. If you voted for Governor Beeswax you received a clutch of pheasant eggs or a can of trout fingerlings regardless of whether you had proper cover for the birds or proper water for the fish.

The Act to provide Federal Aid to States in Wildlife Restoration Projects, passed by the 75th Congress, promises to become a matter of very great importance in building up local supplies of game birds and animals. Funds are to be made available for allotment to the States to help them develop projects to utilize land, improve environmental conditions, establish demonstration areas, and other similar progressive activities. Plans for these projects must be approved by competent Federal authority before any money is paid over, and the participating State is required to pay twenty-five per cent of the total cost. The effect of this should be to encourage the adoption of serviceable standardized methods of game administration among the States and reduce the waste resulting from duplication of effort. All lands acquired under the authority of the Act become the property of the states. In time it ought to increase by millions of acres the land available for the production of wildlife.

It ought to, I say, because the Act "authorizes" annual appropri-

(*Continued on page 90*)

HORSE NOTES and COMMENT

ELIZABETH GRINNELL

Photographs by Morgan

Left: Mrs. E. Read Beard's Blockade, a son of Man O' War, ridden by J. F. Colwill, returns to the judges after winning the Maryland Hunt Cup in the record time of 8.44. Above: Mrs. F. M. Gould's Ostend, John Harrison up, during his second win of the Virginia Gold Cup

MARYLAND HUNT CUP . . . KENTUCKY DERBY
VIRGINIA GOLD CUP . . . HORSE SHOWS

ALTHOUGH only five horses went to the post in the Maryland, it turned out to be one of the most exciting races that has ever been run for this historic feature. Mr. J. W. Y. Martin's 1936 winner, Inshore, ridden by Charlie White, was favorite, for although he had run third at the Manor to Tres Bon and Blockade, he had won the Little Grand National and proved that he was ready to meet all comers. Mrs. F. M. Gould's timber champion Ostend, ridden by John Harrison, seemed the horse to beat and the consensus of opinion was that these two would stage a battle royal. The owners and riders wanted this race more than any other and the two trainers, Downy Bonsal for Inshore and Bill Streett for Ostend, were renewing a friendly rivalry of many years standing. Born and raised within a few miles of the course, they have ridden against each other in successive Marylands for many years, and now they send horses out, under other pilots, to continue the competition. The records of the other three horses were not very impressive. Mrs. E. Read Beard's Blockade had lost his rider in last year's Maryland and his other races of that season suggested that he was a front runner that couldn't stay. His second to Tres Bon in the My Lady's Manor and to Inshore in the Little Grand National indicated improvement but hardly enough to put him on a par with horses like Inshore and Ostend. John Shawbridge's Rockicy and Miss Nancy Patterson's Pete O'Donnell were also horses to be numbered among the good rather than the great. But almost anything can happen in the Maryland race.

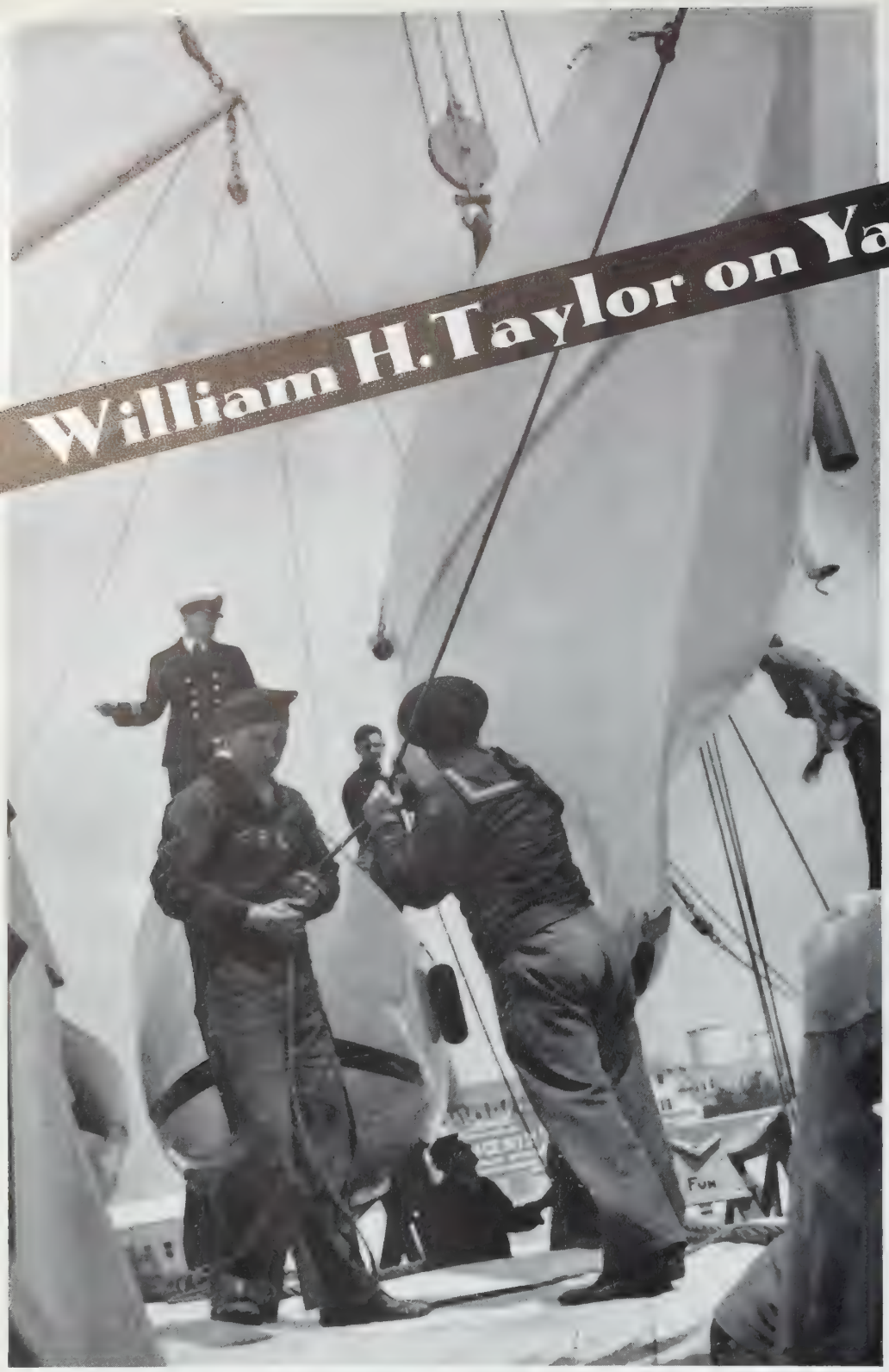
Ridden by John F. Colwill, Blockade, as is his wont, went right out on top at the drop of the flag with Inshore in closest pursuit and Ostend in third place, and by the time they reached the big third fence he had opened up a lead of many lengths. According to custom, he should have begun to come back to his field shortly after this but, running and jumping the way he was, there seemed to be but little chance of this happening, so Charlie White decided to take Inshore to him. At the seventh fence Blockade led by about five lengths but at the eighth Inshore caught him and they jumped almost together. It was a race, then, until the ninth but there, instead of Blockade falling, it was Inshore that came down. With hope still in his heart, Charlie White remounted and tried to regain the lost lengths. He put the ninth fence behind him but although he took the eleventh himself, Inshore didn't, which put them definitely out of the race. It was Ostend's turn, then, to challenge the flying Blockade and he responded nobly. For field after field he was either with him or near him in one of the closest duels that has ever been seen on any race course. Over the little fence in front of the water Ostend led but he had shot his bolt. Blockade passed him coming up the hill to the last fence and improved his position from there to the finish. It was a magnificent race but no one realized how fast it had been until the time was posted and then a gasp went up from the crowd as they realized that Blockade had knocked 7⅗ seconds off the record that Troublemaker had set up six years ago. 8.44 is good fast going for four miles over the big timber fences of the Maryland Hunt Cup course. And now there is another race to be added to the victories of Man O' War's illustrious sons. I wrote last month that there was scarcely room for improvement in this respect but now, added to America's triple crown on the flat and the world's most famous brush race, this third son has jumped into the limelight by giving this great stallion the credit of siring the winner of the world's greatest timber race.

KENTUCKY DERBY. The last "hot tip" I got on the Derby was in Washington the night before the race. "Lawrin" it was said "is burning up the track." I sometimes wonder how the racing associations have any tracks left with the number of horses that "burn them up" just before a big race; but this one turned out to be no idle chatter. Lawrin ran a magnificently courageous race. That it was unexpected by the consensus of turf opinion doesn't change the outcome a bit. After studying the reports and charts, both before and after the race, it would seem that Lawrin's win wasn't the only surprise of the Derby. Although Dauber, Can't Wait, Menow, and The Chief ran according to Hoyle, Fighting Fox and Bull Lea certainly didn't. "Fighting Fox didn't run his race nor did Bull Lea." Or did they, and were their impressive performances prior to the big question only lucky flukes? In any case the three-year-old division is more interesting than it has been for many years. Even if he gets well, Stagehand is not eligible for the Belmont. Lawrin is not eligible for either the Preakness or the Belmont, so a couple of new "champions" are sure to be set up soon and it will be well on into the summer before anything very definite can be established.

Last minute note: It was Dauber in the Preakness and by the time this is published he will, possibly, have taken the Belmont too.

(*Continued on page 91*)

William H. Taylor on Yachting



Scott Seegers

The American Sixes arrive in Bermuda and are launched from the deck of the "Queen"

Six-Meter Class . . . . Bermuda Race

Herreshoff Boats

THE results of the April six-meter racing at Bermuda give the exponents of the theory that the designing of international-rule racing boats is approaching an impasse, for the moment at least, something to point to. Some of the new boats showed a flash of speed, but the major share of the honors went to the older ones including Bill Miller's eight-year old *Viking*. Advance in design certainly hasn't stopped, but it has been slowed down to a point where the old boat, well equipped and well sailed, has an excellent chance to get in the money. This was also demonstrated last year when Billy Luder's ancient *Totem,* by far the oldest Six racing on the Sound, made as good a racing record for the season as any boat in the class.

The Bermuda racing included a fleet-race series with eight boats sailing four races for the Prince of Wales Trophy, a match series for the King Edward VII Cup, and a team series in competition for the Cubitt Cup.

Harry Morgan's *Djinn,* the new Stephens boat, showed a flash of speed to windward in a breeze and won the opening race, and the Eldon and Kenneth Trimingham's *Solenta,* Charles Nicholson's latest Six from Gosport, won the second in a drift. But the three-year-old *Indian Scout,* sailed by Ray Hunt, won the third race and *Viking* the fourth, and when the points were added up *Indian Scout* had the cup and *Viking* was runner-up.

This made the two oldest boats of their respective nationalities present, *Indian Scout* and *Viking,* the contenders for the King Edward VII Cup. *Viking,* exercising the prerogative of age, beat *Scout* two out of three races.

Indian Scout won the first of the team races; Herman Whiton's *Star Wagon,* the other new American boat besides *Djinn,* the second; and *Solenta* the third. The Bermuda team (which included two American boats) won the series handily from the American team (which included a Norwegian boat.)

None of which is, of course, very conclusive. *Indian Scout,* which Whiton designed for himself three years ago and with which he won the Scandinavian Gold Cup in '36, didn't go worth a hoot last summer. Her success in the Bermuda series was probably due in part to the fact that Ray Hunt, who had her under charter, is one of the smartest small-boat skippers in Marblehead or anywhere else. Which was also the case with *Totem* under Billy Luders last summer. But Hunt had plenty of competition—Briggs Cunningham, Eldon Trimingham, and Sherman Hoyt, for instance—and none of those three proved much. It may be that the new boats, *Djinn* and *Star Wagon,* will look a lot better when they've had some more tuning up. *Solenta* gave indications of being a fast boat in light going, which makes her an important threat when she comes up to the Sound for the British American and other six-meter events late this summer. Still, the fact remains that it is possible to take a three- or an eight-year-old six-meter and go out and lick the class with her, which is good news to anyone interested in the future of the six-meter class, and of rating classes in general. Too often you hear it said that there's no use building an International or Universal Rule boat because at best she's only good for a season, until someone comes out with a faster boat.

BERMUDA RACE. Those early estimates of half-a-hundred starters in the Bermuda race may have been over-optimistic. Seems some of the boys have been looking over their tax bills, bankbooks, and business prospects and regretfully altering their plans. Still, the first of May saw more than two dozen entries —a record for that date—and it's still likely that the fleet may reach or exceed the forty-two starters of 1936—a record up to then.

Apropos of which the correspondence referred to in the ocean racing story elsewhere in this issue contained two comments that seem to bear on this subject. Sherman Hoyt, quoting himself as of 1931, observed that, "Interest in ocean racing will wane if it becomes too technical and standardized." And Bob Bavier's letter contained the remark, "I deplore the extremes in expense that men are going to today to win a Bermuda race. It's a rich man's game now."

It certainly is a fact that our modern ocean-racing fleet contains an increasing number of boats built to win ocean races regardless of expense, simplicity, and some other considerations that are important to the average cruising man. It's got to a point where anything short of an ocean racing machine hasn't very much of a chance under normal conditions, hence the special schooner and pre-1932-boat prizes in this year's Bermuda race. A good many owners who have their own ideas of what they want for a cruising boat and won't or can't build one of the extreme racers have dropped out, but so far there have been enough racing enthusiasts coming along to more than replace them in the ranks. It will be interesting to see how this angle of the situation works out as time goes on.

HERRESHOFF BOATS. Nat Herreshoff, who at ninety years of age doesn't get out and around much, can sit in his window at Bristol in July and watch a bunch of girls and boys, seventeen years and under, racing for a national championship in boats he designed nearly thirty years ago. The Bristol Yacht Club has established (*Continued on page 87*)

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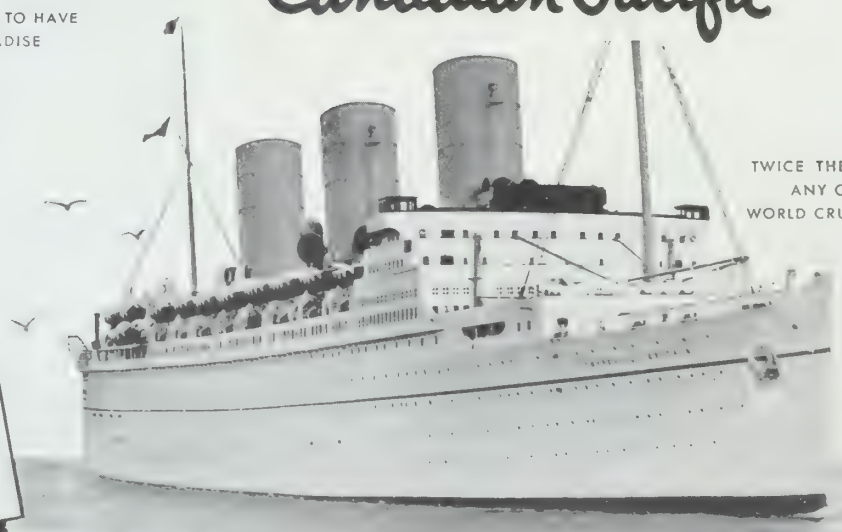

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FOX HUNTING

A Department by
W. NEWBOLD ELY, Jr.,
M. F. H.

IN SPITE of fairly numerous transactions in the British coin of the realm we never seem to realize the seriousness of the pound mark, and how the hound or the book is going to cost five times what the first optical reaction might indicate. An unusual package was recently offered in an English advertisement, consisting of 1 book and 2 gramophone records; the trio being labeled "Hunting by Ear." Strange as it may seem, all reached the Pennsylvania hinterland with their backbones unbroken and, with the greatest anticipation and trembling hands, the No. 1 record was placed on our Victrola, followed, with decidedly less trembling hands, by No. 2. Thanks to the announcer, we understood that what was taking place was some huntsman trying to find a fox, finding a fox, and running a fox. There were apparently some hounds along or else it was faint static. As far as the "glorious voiced" huntsman went he sounded like a youth, whose voice was changing, trying to imitate a young sulphur-crested cockatoo, with his mouth (the huntsman's) filled with mush. By the sounds he made, for all we knew, this faintly gargling Nimrod, instead of drawing Robbers' Copse, might be playing cops and robbers with Lady Bushranger's parlor maid, or downing a glass of sherry on the lawn, while Barmaid and Waitress and Wanton and their sisters gamboled sedately on the green. But whatever the action of the play, his ambiguous laryngitis persisted until the Victrola needle scratched finis at the end. So perhaps we shall hunt not by ear but with our nose, as do hounds or the African bushmen. Or perhaps huntsman should be seen and not heard because even muffled croakings in your ear never helped you concentrate on knotty collegiate study problems, and if there must be hunting by ear let us breed, borrow, or buy hounds that will themselves keep appraised of the status of the chase.

ROSE TREE HUNTER TRIALS. The Rose Tree Hunter Trials, which a conscientious closing date kept out of last month's issue, deserve chronicling even though it seems like covering last year's World Series. However, more space was thus allowed for the horsy and outdoor people to be led by their noses through a most generous number of modern art gallery pages. However, dropping the trials of cubism for the Rose Tree Trials, we may say that it was again a pleasure to be a judge especially at the In-and-Out over a soupy yellow clay road. The class for "Hunt Servants, Professionals, Grooms and Farmers" was won by Jimmy O'Neill on the Radnor Hunt's Zepp which he rode to the queen's taste. Spinnerett, with Ann Mather up, took the Ladies' Trophy for the second time in a row, and the Crum Creek Trophy for the gents went to Morris Dixon on Star, while the Stokes boys as one of the Radnor entries got the decision in the Hunt Teams.

DIAGRAM OF MARKINGS. Years ago Charlie Carter, who was president of the English Setter Club and as fine a sportsman as ever swung his gun up on a quail and one whom I know is now treading the broom sedge fields of the Happy Hunting Ground, used to walk across the big field separating his farm and ours and talk to me about bird dogs and I would talk about foxhounds, and whenever one stopped for breath the other would revert back to his topic. In all the pedigrees I was shown, which meant as much to me probably as the foxhound ones I inflicted on him, I noticed that the American Field had an outline of a dog printed on the blank, like the skin of an animal stretched out, and on this you put in the markings of your dog. So on my own pedigrees I have had a space left for such an imprint and think it would be of value to all breeders thus to have the exact markings of all of each year's entry recorded. In case a hound is lost an exact description of the markings can be furnished, and it is also of interest in showing dominant and recessive characteristics in the sequence of generations.

D. T. Carlisle

THE BELVIDERE HOUNDS

Do themselves well at Ascot

KEEP HANDS OFF. Last fall at an American Foxhound Club meeting at Bryn Mawr it was decided to have no handling of hounds in the unentered classes, and now Mason Houghland, M.F.H. of the Hillboro at Nashville has offered a cup for the next show at the National Field Trials of the National Foxhunters Association, of which he is a director. The cup is to be given for "the best dog or bitch in either age class; all to be shown on leash, and not to be otherwise touched nor handled in the ring." This subject, of course, has two angles: from the judge's end he likes to be able to see each hound at his best without delay, and this a handler accomplishes with the greatest celerity, but often covering up or trying to cover up certain faults. Then there are the two extremes—one of the handler holding the animal practically suspended in mid-air with a wrestler's grip under its neck and a half nelson on its stern, while its legs more or less dangle on the boards; and from this we go to the no handling where the hound creeps around the ring with bowed head and tail between its legs as though just having received or else expecting a frightful clubbing, doing its best to hide behind its master's legs, burying itself in the grass, or else just rolling over and being slowly and laboriously brought around on its side or back like a Yuletide log.

DU PONT HUNTER TRIALS. If foxhunting is to maintain its healthy progress it will be the younger generation who do it, and Jean duPont's Pony Show Hunter Trials certainly bring out the young. The first class was for the followers of hounds under fifteen and was won by little Miss Mather of the Brandywine on Huck Finn; the next was for those under eighteen and went to a keen follower of your correspondent's hounds, Bob Fernley on Hedge Hopper which we were glad to note had come down from the 16.6, which was his Rose Tree catalogue height along with several others. Next came Children's Ponies 14.2 and under which Foxcatcher Saida won even though she had no chance to run up any points on her conformation. Miss Carol Leisenring's Amos and Ruby accounted for the blue in the Pair Class.

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COUNTRY LIFE SPORTS CALENDAR June, 1938

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
			1 The Derby, Epsom Downs, England.	2 Horse Racing, Coaching Club, American Oaks, Belmont Park, L. I. Allegheny Country Club Horse Show, Sewickley, Pa. (until 4th). Muncie Kennel Club Dog Show, Sewickley Pa. (until 4th).	3 Tuxedo, N. Y., Horse Show (until 4th). Reading, Pa. Horse Show (until 4th). Bassett, Va., Horse Show (until 4th). Meadowbrook Steeplechase Handicap, Belmont Park, N. Y. Shepherd Dog of New England Show, Portchester, N. Y. Walker Cup Golf Tournament, Great Britain v. U.S.A., St. Andrews (until 4th). Heligoland and Maas Races, Royal Ocean Yachting Club, England.	4 Greenwich Kennel Club D[illegible] Show, Greenwich, Conn. Farmington Valley Hun[illegible] Meeting, Conn. Belmont Stakes and Nation[illegible] Stallion Stakes, Belmo[illegible] Park. End of Horse Racing, Belmo[illegible] Park (from May 9th). Horse Racing, Paul Reve[illegible] Handicap, Suffolk Down[illegible] Boston, Mass. End of Horse Racing, Tar[illegible] foran, Cal. (from April 30th[illegible] The Pony Show, Buttonwoo[illegible] Farm, Berwyn, Pa. Deep Run Horse Show, Rich[illegible] mond, Va. (until 5th). Jacob's Hill Hunt Hors[illegible] Show, Seekonk, Mass[illegible] (until 5th). End of Allegheny Countr[illegible] Club Horse Show, Sewick[illegible] ley, Pa. End of Reading, Pa. Hors[illegible] Show. End of Tuxedo, N. Y., Hors[illegible] Show. End of Bassett, Va. Hors[illegible] Show. Waltham Rod & Gun Clu[illegible] Skeet Tournament, Wal[illegible] tham, Mass. National Capitol Skeet Club[illegible] Tournament, Washington[illegible] D. C. Catalina Yacht Club Racing[illegible] Calif. End of Walker Cup Golf[illegible] Tournament, St. Andrews, England.
5 Essex Skeet Club Tournament, Saybrook, Conn. North Shore Skeet Club Tournament, Huntington, L. I. Star Class Eliminations, Long Beach, Calif. Yachting Series Races at San Diego and Cabrillo Beach, Calif. Hoosier Kennel Club Dog Show, Indianapolis, Ind. Women's Invitational Golf Tournament, Catalina, Calif. until 7th). End of California Country Club Invitational Golf Tournament, Los Angeles (from May 31st). End of Deep Run Horse Show, Richmond, Va. End of Jacob's Hill Horse Show, Seekonk, Mass.	6 Start of Horse Racing Aqueduct (until June 29th). Washington State Open and Amateur Golf Championships, Wenatchee (until 11th).	7 West Point, N. Y. Horse Show until 8th). End of Women's Invitational Golf Tournament, Catalina, Calif.	8 Delaware Park Horse Race Meeting (until July 9th). End of West Point Horse Show.	9 Virginia State Skeet Shoot, Hot Springs, Va. (until 11th). Field Artillery School Horse Show, Fort Sill, Okla. (until 10th). Westchester County Horse Show, Portchester, N. Y. (until 11th). Detroit Mich. Horse Show (until 12th). Huntington, West Va. Horse Show (until 11th).	10 Upperville Va. Colt and Horse Show (until 11th). Hollywood Turf Club Horse Racing, Calif. Rock Spring Horse Show, West Orange, N. J. (until 12th). Tennis, The Wightman Cup, Wimbledon, England (until 11th). End of Field Artillery School Horse Show, Fort Sill, Okla.	11 United Hunts Race Meeting, Roslyn, L. I. North Westchester Kennel Club Dog Show, Mt. Kisco, N. Y. Polo Begins, Pogonip Club, Santa Cruz. Casa del Ray Tennis Tournament, Santa Cruz, Calif. End of Wightman Cup Tennis, Wimbledon, England. Special Whalers' Race, New Bedford Y. C., Mass. Invitational Small Boat Regatta, Santa Monica, Calif. Joint Tri-Island Race, Newport, Coronado, San Diego, Calif. Skeet and Trap Shooting Tournament, Seigniory Club, P. Q. (until 12th). Nassau Trapshooting Club Skeet Tournament, Mineola, N. Y. Woodview Skeet Club Tournament, Toledo, Ohio (until 12th). End of Virginia State Skeet Shoot, Hot Springs. End of Westchester County Horse Show, Portchester, N. Y. End of Huntington, West Va., Horse Show. End of Upperville, Va., Horse Show.
12 Sands Point Horse Show, L. I., N. Y. End of Detroit, Mich. Horse Show. End of Rock Spring Horse Show, W. Orange, N. J. Genesee County Kennel Club Dog Show, Flint, Mich. Ladies' Dog Club Show, Brookline, Mass. Annual Spring Senior Tennis Tournament, Lake Placid, N. Y. (until 19th). End of Casa del Ray Tennis Tournament, Santa Cruz, Calif. Chemung County Rod and Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Elmira, N. Y. Bloomington Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Illinois. Peoria Skeet and Gun Club Tournament, Peoria, Ill. Skeet Tournament, Denver, Colo. Twin Pike Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Ambler, Pa. End of Skeet and Trapshooting Tournament, Seigniory Club, P. Q. End of Woodview Skeet Club Tournament, Toledo, Ohio End of Burlington, Vt. Trapshooter's Skeet Tournament.	13 	14 Royal Ascot Horse Races, England (until 17th). Southern Amateur Golf Championship, Pointe Vedra Beach, Fla. (until 18th).	15 	16 International Horse Show, Olympia, London (until 25th). Toledo, Ohio, Horse Show (until 18th). Troy, N. Y., Horse Show (until 19th). Ascot Gold Cup Horse Race, England.	17 Plainfield, N. J., Riding Club Horse Show (until 18th). End of Royal Ascot Horse Races, England.	18 Rockaway Hunts Meeting, Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y. Dwyer Stakes, Aqueduct, N. Y. Bronxville, N. Y., Horse Show. End of Toledo, Ohio, Horse Show. End of Plainfield, N. J., Horse Show. Troy Horse Show Assn. Dog Show, Troy, N. Y. Yacht Racing, Santa Monica, Calif. (also at Newport, Coronado, San Diego). Hi-Gun Skeet Club Tournament, Elmira, N. Y. (until 19th). End of Southern Amateur Golf Championship, Pointe Vedra Beach, Calif.
19 East Glastonbury Fish & Game Assn. Skeet Tournament, Conn. Bloomington Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Illinois. Massachusetts Fish & Game Assn. Skeet Tournament, Norfolk. Babylon Skeet Club Tournament, L. I., N. Y. End of Hi-Gun Skeet Club Tournament, Detroit, Mich. Falls City Kennel Club Dog Show, French Lick, Ind. Onondaga Kennel Assn. Dog Show, Syracuse, N. Y. Yacht Racing at Long Beach, Newport and Santa Monica, Calif. Motorboat Racing, Waco, Texas. End of Troy, N. Y., Horse Show.	20 Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, London, England (until July 2nd). Wembley Cup Tennis Tournament, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I. (until July 2nd).	21 Bermuda Race, Cruising Club of America, Newport, R. I. Intercollegiate Y. R. A. Regatta, Wianno, Mass. (until 24th).	22 Lake Forest, Ill., Horse Show (until 25th). Farallon Island Yacht Race, Pacific Interclubs, San Francisco. Great Obstacle Horse Race, Auteuil, France.	23 Horse Racing, Newbury Cup, The Curragh, County Kildare, Ireland.	24 Great Eastern and National Telegraphic Skeet Championship, Remington Gun Club, Lordship, Conn. (until 26th). Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show, Darien, Conn. (until 25th). Warrenton, Va. Pony Show (until 25th). Second Test Match, Cricket, England v. Australia, Lord's, London (until 28th). End of Intercollegiate Y. R. A. Regatta, Wianno, Mass.	25 Monmouth County Kennel Club Dog Show, Rumson, N. J. Harbor City Kennel Club Dog Show, Long Beach, Calif. (until 26th). The Brooklyn Handicap, Aqueduct. End of Lincoln Fields, Ill. Horse Racing Meeting. National Horse Show, Thun, Switzerland. End of International Horse Show, Olympia, London. End of Lake Forest Horse Show. End of Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show, Darien, Conn. End of Warrenton, Va., Pony Show. Opening of Midsummer Indoor Ice Season, Olympic Arena, Lake Placid. Intercollegiate Powerboat Championships, Cooperstown, N. Y.
26 Mt. Lassen Midsummer Ski Tournament, Lassen National Park, Calif. Richmond Yacht Club Regatta, Calif. Horse Racing, Grand Prix de, Paris, Longchamp, France. Ashland Kennel Club Dog Show, Ashland, Ohio. End of Harbor City Kennel Club Dog Show, Long Beach, Cal. Country Club of Detroit Skeet Tournament, Mich. Kankakee Marsh Skeet Club Tournament, Illinois. Sahgonahkato Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Alpena, Mich. Lincoln Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Lincoln, Ill.	27 Toledo, Ohio, Trotting Races (until July 2nd). Arlington Park, Ill., Horse Race Meeting (until July 30th). Vichy Horse Show, France (until July 8th). Intercollegiate Golf Championship, Louisville, Ky.	28 End of Cricket Match, Lord's, London; Australia v. England. 	29 Peterborough Hound Show, England. End of Aqueduct Horse Race Meeting.	30 Empire City Horse Race Meeting (until July 23rd) Massachusetts Handicap Horse Racing), Suffolk Downs. Fairfield County Hunt Club Horse Show, Westport, Conn. (until July 2nd). End of Peterborough Hound Show, England. Power Boat Racing, Prince Edward Y. C., Picton, Ontario.		

On the Beach at Newport, R. I. Drawn by C. G. Bush—1869

When Grandpa Went Bathing

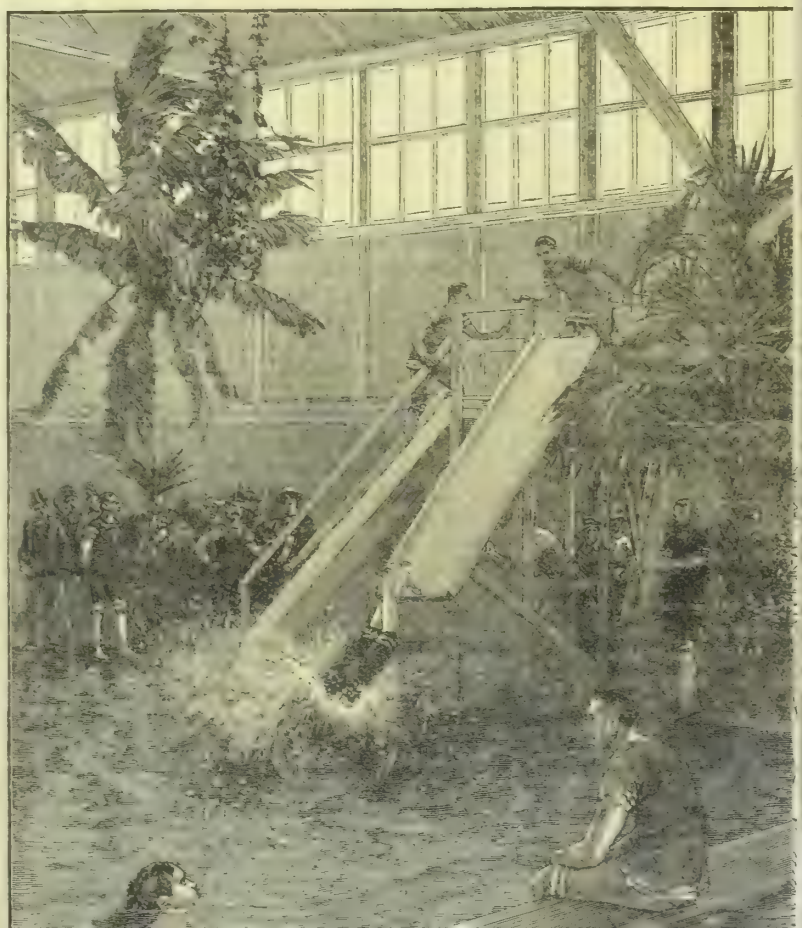
or, a Practical Primer for Fashionable Sea-Bathing

IN the year of our Lord 1868, the good burghers of Long Branch, New Jersey, inspired no doubt by a philanthropic interest in the health of mankind, and possibly mildly interested in attracting their share of the visitors flocking to the seashore, published a handbook for bathers in a descriptive guide of their fair town. It can easily be seen, by perusing the records of that time, that sea-bathing, as such, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, was not only a recreation, but a health measure, and, possibly most of all, an adventure. Grandfather, stowing the family in the steam cars for a trip to the shore, was one of the brave little band of hardy pioneers taking the first step towards the unknown. As the friend, mentor, and severest critic of those about to embark for the seashore in this year of grace, we take pleasure in presenting herewith these words of advice and warning:

IT CAN not be too forcibly impressed upon the visitor at the sea-shore, that this pre-eminent feature of our watering place is a ready means for *good* or for *harm,* according to the manner in which it is used. Those who emerge from the luxury of a bath and soon suffer the enervating effect of reaction, often conclude that sea-bathing "does not agree with them," and envy the apparently peculiar organization of others who become vastly strengthened and built up in a regular, systematic use of the same remedial agent. In nearly every such instance, the fault lies with the (individual) bather, *not in the bath.*

Les Riches à la Mer

Opposite page: From an old French lithograph



Right: The baths at

The Vice-President

Thomas A. Hendricks is greeted by sun-bathers on his return from a dip in the surf at Atlantic City—1885

A few simple directions will be very serviceable and render surf-bathing highly beneficial as well as luxurious and fascinating, IF they be adhered to, not occasionally, but *constantly*.

It should be premised that the effects of sea-bathing on the system may be either stimulating or depressing, as already intimated; when properly indulged, as a gentle stimulus, invigorating the prostrate system and increasing cutaneous circulation, also in cases of disease, removing the same by chemical action, in the absorption of the salts found in solution in the sea-water.

1st. *Provide a suitable bathing suit.* The transient guest may prefer hiring a dress at the bathing ground, which can be done at from thirty-five to fifty cents. The regular guest will prefer buying a few yards of material and making up the garment, trimming according to taste, or they can be bought at reasonable prices on the shore. Mohair, or, next to that,

DUCKS IN THE WATER – 1869

Old prints from the T. F. Healy Collection

A SUMMER TOBOGGAN SLIDE—1885

flannel, is the best material; cotton or linen stuff adheres unpleasantly, in the water, and is uncomfortable. They should be made pretty full—ordinary shirt and pants for gents, and a sack, belted in over the pants, for ladies; a broad-rimmed chip straw, secured under the chin, protects the head from the sun, and a few use bathing shoes. The latter are unnecessary, however, and are liable to fill with sand. An oil-silk cap is worn by many ladies.

2d. *Select a proper time.* The "bathing hour" is indicated by a white flag on the bluff, and is governed by the tide. When this is about two-thirds high, some two hours remain before high tide. This can be computed from the almanac and is placarded each morning on the hotel bulletin board, changing through all hours of the day, and occurring usually once, sometimes twice in the day. This regulation is needful when large numbers are bathing, principally on the score of *safety.* It is also more quiet and pleasant. It may interfere, however, with the following.

3d. *Do not bathe after eating.* Three hours should elapse after a meal before bathing; better still, just before the meal hour. The most healthful time is probably upon rising, and before breakfast. Bathing upon a full stomach has a tendency to produce congestion. Regard must be paid to the following:

4th. *When ladies may bathe.* By a custom, sanctioned by long usage, ladies are debarred from the public bathing grounds *before six o'clock* in the morning, as previous to that hour, the gentlemen

The Count and Countess de St. Camembert

After the bath, the Count and Countess de St. Camembert have a little chat with their friends before dressing; and M. Roucouly, the famous baritone, smokes a quiet cigarette, ere he plunges into the sandy ripple. A sketch at Troudeauville, France—1880

GIVING THE CHICKS A DIP—1873

have the only privilege of sporting in natural *abandon*. The ladies, it is believed, are not generally averse to this pretext for rejecting the many persuasive arguments in favor of early rising.

5th. *The five minute rule.* As many fine discourses are spoiled from not being terminated at the right time, so with bathing; all intelligent physicians seem to agree that from three to five minutes is sufficient to *receive the benefit* of a bath. Beyond that time the good effect is first neutralized, and injurious effects quickly follow: reaction, upon emerging from the water, will ensue, before one can dress and get away; the system is weakened, and it requires great exertion to keep up the circulation and sometimes even ward off a chill. Many persons thoughtlessly boast of remaining half an hour or even an hour, in the surf, who have either been long accustomed to it, who may from a peculiarity of organization, possess special immunity from the deleterious effect, or may, unconsciously *receive injury* at the time.

6th. *Friction and exercise.* Having left the "enchanted ground," with true heroism, at the *proper time,* dry the body quickly, and hasten to irritate the cuticle by brisk rubbing with a Turkish towel (or coarse crash). Dress as quickly as possible and exercise in walking until the whole circulation is *fully* restored. This is better than the use of spirits, in which many indulge.

The *sanitary effect* of sea-bathing, properly used, is well known. There are habitués of Long Branch, who first visited it as helpless invalids, through paralytic and spinal diseases, etc., and whose ruddy complexions and stalwart, elastic frames are the highest attestations of the good which *may* be derived when judgment prevails in the luxury of sea-bathing.

A GROUP OF SEA-NYMPHS—1889

Recommended Hybrid Rhododendrons for American Gardens

Dominant Color	Name and English Rating (*)	Hybrid of—	Shades	Growth Habit	Hardiness	Relative Season
White	album elegans*	R. maximum	Very pale mauve fading white	Tall	Fully hardy	Late
	album grandiflorum	R. catawbiense	Almost pure white	Broad	Fully hardy	Medium
	Boule de Neige	R. caucasicum	White	Compact, low	Fully hardy	Rather early
Pink to deep rose	Pink Pearl**	R. griffithianum	Rose-pink fading to flushed deep pink	Shrubby	Hardy only in mild places	Early
	Alice**	R. griffithianum	Deep pink fading to pale rose		More tender	Early
	Lady Armstrong	R. catawbiense	Medium, light center		"Ironclad"	Medium
	Mrs. Charles S. Sargent	R. catawbiense	Rose-red, yellow spotted	Vigorous	"Ironclad"	Medium

Lilac (mauve)	Everestianum	R. catawbiense	Rosy lilac (frilled edges)	Spreading	Fully hardy	Medium
Purple	purpureum elegans	R. catawbiense	Purple-lilac	Spreading and	Fully hardy	Medium
	purpureum grandiflorum	R. catawbiense	Purple-lilac	medium height	Fully hardy	Medium
Red	Doncaster*		Glowing scarlet-crimson	Slow; spreading	Needs shelter	Early
	Charles Dickens	R. catawbiense	Good red	Same	Fully hardy	Medium
	Caractacus	R. catawbiense	Purplish crimson	Rapid; tall, broad	Fully hardy	Medium
	H. W. Sargent	R. catawbiense	Crimson	Slow; spreading	Fully hardy	Medium
	atrosanguineum	R. catawbiense	Bright red	Medium height	Fully hardy	Early

Photograph by Walter Beebe Wilder

ROBERT MOULTON GATKE

It would be a strange lover of gardens who could view a stretch of native rhododendron country during blossom time without feeling a great urge either to move the rhododendrons en masse into his garden, or to pick up his garden and move it to the rhododendrons! Miles of the Oregon and Washington Coast Highway, as well as mountain roads and trails, reveal the matchless glory of America's most beautiful rhododendron, R. californicum. Second only to this sight is that of R. catawbiense among our East Coast mountains. R. maximum puts on its own flower show after the others are out of competition, and although not equal to either of them, is too beautiful to be forgotten.

For a long time the average gardener was convinced that certain immutable laws of nature and cruel fate ordained that all this beauty must belong only to the mountain wilderness where, at best, man might steal in and gaze upon it; that he was never to have the intimacy of possessing it within his own (*Continued on page 103*)

FOXFORD

COURSING MEETING,

(UNDER I.C.C. RULES)

Over Moybanks,

No Fashionable Meet This, but a Gathering of Real Farmers and Country Sportsmen

JOHN REILLY

Two "great fellows" from Galway waiting the call to slips for the Puppy Stakes; though at a tender age they show remarkable size and strength and have had considerable training for this rough coursing

Photographs by the author

IT MEANT staying another two days in Dublin if I were to see the October meeting at the Curragh, and while the Irish Cambridgeshire seemed well worth the delay, the sun was reported to be shining brightly in Connemarra, and weather in Ireland waits for neither man nor horse. After all, my purpose in coming to Ireland was to make pictures of the tall men and women of Joyce's country, and whatever pictures of horses and dogs that fell to the camera, so I packed up for Connemarra, by way of Galway, hoping to get a hunt or coursing picture there. It seemed as though the rest of the sporting pictures would have to wait until my return, when, if I should be fortunate enough on the time and the weather, I might get some good ones at Leopardstown.

Galway was even bleaker than usual on the gray October afternoon that I arrived there, and the prospect of sun in Connemarra seemed very remote. No encouragement either from the people in Galway, who agreed, to a man, that it always rained in Connemarra. There were no dog races in Galway, even with the electric hare, though a trainer I met in Eyre Square, leading two magnificent black dogs, told me there would be coursing "any day now" in the open fields of Loughree. This was, at best, a very indefinite promise, and

The slipper-in Mr. J. Bourke ready for a rabbit to break cover

it now seemed certain that my pictures would be confined, of necessity, to the characters which were to be found in Joyce's country.

On the chance that there might be a brace or two of dogs at Trials, I walked to the dog trace just outside of the broken walls that encircled the medieval city of Galway. There on the sheet-steel gates, that barred its entrance to all but those who had "dogs and business therein," was a large printed sign announcing to the sporting men thereabouts that there was to be "a coursing meet at Foxford, in the County of Mayo, and over the historic Moybanks, Thursday, October 14th, under the stewardship of the Irish Coursing Club, and the presidency of one, Reverend James McGrath, C. C." A Mr. Eugene Kelly was to be the judge; the slipper-in was Mr. J. Bourke, who, as I learned later, was the most famous handler of dogs in all the West of Ireland. It further stated that the first brace must be in slips at 12:00 sharp. Admission to the grounds a shilling, motors 2s and 6d. Here was my chance for some great pictures and I made straight for Foxford.

Now, I had often heard of Moy dogs, and knew that some of our speediest trackers had sprung from dogs raised and trained on the banks of the River Moy, but the words "Historic Moybanks" meant nothing to me. It was not until the day of the meet itself that I learned that the site of the present Moybanks course, besides being the banks of a famous salmon and trout fishing stream, had been a well-known steeplechasing and "point-to-point" course up until 1916, and one that was famous for its difficult set of jumps.

Foxford is reached from Galway, via Ballina, an attractive market town in the West of Mayo. The River

Above: Thos. Nolan's Fill The Gap, a black dog from Galway, which, after coming through the elimination of thirty courses, split the sweepstakes with another dog; it was necessary to draw as darkness approached

The complete company of bookies line up together. Paddy Donohoe (center), well-known bookmaker who made the long trip "more for the sport than the profit." Bookies say they never get rich at country coursing meets

Moy runs through the town, and on that warm October morning, the salmon and trout were leaping from the swift-running stream at intervals of no greater than thirty seconds. On this morning, grouped about the square, were dogs from those breeding towns of Sligo, Tubbercurry, Ballymote, and Boyle, famous in greyhound pedigrees. The great bus that pulled up for the run to Foxford was, in fact, more a kennel than a passenger vehicle; and, the dogs were as clean and well-groomed a lot as I have ever seen, including those at our own Westminster show; great rangy dogs, exceptionally full-brisketed with long, well-developed legs. These dogs seemed a much larger and healthier strain than the dogs to be seen running at American and English electric hare tracks. Mostly puppy dogs, they were nevertheless well-blanketed and far better groomed and dressed than the poor young farm boys who so proudly led them.

Foxford is a small market town, famous for its woolen mills, (the product of which is a particularly fine tweed in very light, solid colors) and the course is located just behind the mills, immediately outside the town and is reached by a winding road which follows the banks of the Moy. The course is 500 yards long and flat, close-cropped turf. At the extreme end is the slipping-in box, and at the other end a laurel break, or escape, for the hare who is lucky enough to elude the dogs. The slipping-in corner is an ell-shaped enclosure of burlap, flanked on either side by flat cages from which the hares are released. The laurel is stuck loosely in the turf which permits the rabbit to escape into a cage which is concealed behind it, but from which the greyhound will turn abruptly. The hare, at these coursing races, is given approximately a hundred yard start before the dogs are released from the slips for the chase.

Slipping-in is a job calling for great skill, since the slipper must run from the enclosure at full speed, with two dogs straining at the slips. He must release them quickly and surely with the snap of his wrist, simultaneously and with great strain to his whole body. Mr. Bourke, the slipper-in that day was a tremendously tall man, and his reputation for sure, accurate slipping was the talk of the entire countryside.

The rabbit, released from the box, darts straight ahead for about 250 yards, with the greyhounds yelping at his heels. Then, suddenly, he wheels at a 45° angle to the right or to the left, and the befuddled dogs turn in fierce pursuit. This is the start of the real sport, and the second dog at this point may easily be the winner, since the remainder of the course is a battle between two dogs set for a "kill," and a well-trained and fast-dodging hare; and anything can happen. Mr. Hare darts first left, and then right, and very often he leaves the dogs completely bewildered, since the greyhound depends entirely on sight and the speed with which he wheels is often enough to fool the best-trained greyhound. The hare has had intensive coursing training and very often the greyhounds' speed and training suffer by comparison.

Stewards of the slips, flag stewards, and a mounted judge make up the officials. Two dogs are coursed at once, a white-collared and a red. The judging is done from the center of the course, and is flagged to the slips; and then relayed to the audience.

The stakes are well filled and usually (*Continued on page 96*)

Overhead garage doors form the end wall of the living room. The views above show this end of the room as it is open and closed

MARINE

At Sandyland, not far from Santa Barbara, between the sea and the mountains is the beach place of Mr. and Mrs. Reese H. Taylor. Their house, designed with many amusing marine touches, is gay in spirit and, at the same time, bursting with a practicality that can never be dull. It has caught nuances of color, comfort, and charm, which though they come to few houses, bring distinction when they do.

Best of all this house is a part of the sea and the sand and the out-of-doors with none of the attendant discomforts. A casual and not-on-schedule living has free reign. The dwelling is imbued with that spirit of vacation which should be felt in all summer places where everyone is supposed to have a thoroughly good time while the ravages of city life are being repaired by days in the open, but which unfortunately, for one reason or another, is often lacking.

Taking no chances that anyone should miss a ray of sun or a breath of sea air, Mr. Lockwood de Forest, the designer, installed overhead garage doors for the end walls of the porch and the living room. When the weather is perfect, up go the doors, revealing sand dunes and ocean literally at the doorstep. Not satisfied with opening up only the end of the house, this designer added glass doors on the side, which can be slid back very easily to make this section of the room also a part of the landscape.

Any participant in this delightful place is offered an abundance of comfort, a sense of relaxation, endless delightful recreation. From an early dip in the sea one comes up the boardwalk in front of the simple white board house, past the lockers for beach equipment to the side terrace, where the boarding is placed sufficiently wide apart so that the sand will fall through the cracks and not be tracked into the house. Here in comfortable chairs one may have breakfast. The rails around this terrace are from an old ship, and a ship's ladder leads to the pilot house and sun deck on the roof.

During the day wet bathing suits are no deterrent to lounging in the living room on canvas-covered chairs that have the arms waterproofed with bartop varnish. Wet feet cannot hurt the floor which is linoleum, cut in the most amusing fish scale patterns in gray and tan, orange and yellow, and white.

Refreshingly impromptu is the practice of serving food at the living room lunch counter where, seated on stools, guests may watch the preparation of the repast in a compact little kitchen hung with copper pots. Over the gas range is a photo-mural of the sea and rocks which serve as a background for a lone man, (it happens to be the owner) wrestling happily with a line and tackle.

ELLEN SHERIDAN

Photographs by Robert V. Brost

MODERN

One may take a siesta on comfortable built-in couches, covered with blue sailcloth against a shaded wall fenestrated only with port holes from old ships, and in wakeful moments look out to sea across the room without the irritation of window frames between. Comfortable and practical custom-made furniture is all about: soft yellow maple chairs with white canvas covers and tables with rope-wrapped kegs for bases and white linoleum tops, rimmed in brass. All the chairs are on runners for use in the sand. Draperies of blue sailcloth hang at the windows, which are louvered with opaque glass.

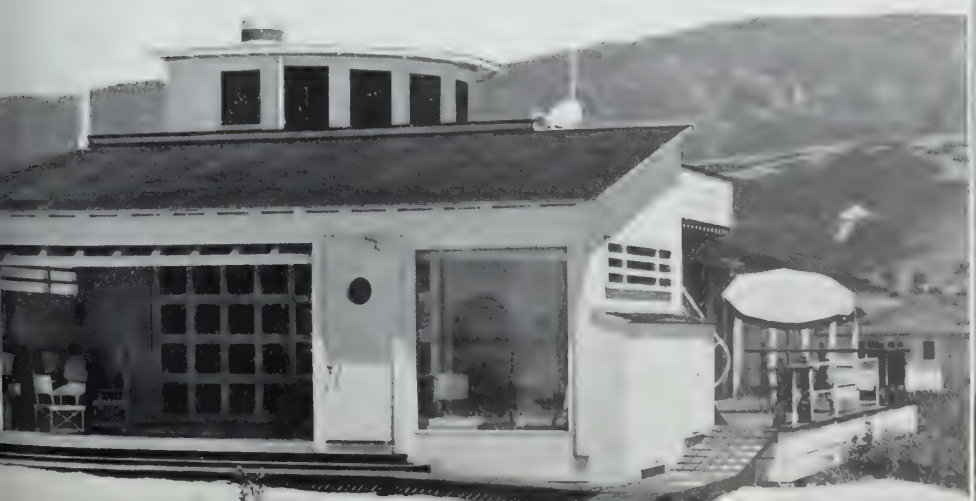
For those late dinners, when the informality of the day is laid aside, a Venetian blind conceals the lunch counter and service is direct to the table. Here, with the windows back, one may dine by candlelight, while looking out on the vast expanse of moonlit ocean and feeling a part of the lovely world outside. Children have a small dining alcove in the master bedroom at the rear of the house. This special nook is reached by an outside passageway, and there is no overlapping of child and adult evening activities.

On cool nights when the wind is up one may read Conrad before an open fire whose andirons are cast-iron models used for the casting of ship's propellers. There, under the old ship's wheel that hangs over the fireplace and by a lamp whose base is fashioned of ship's propellers, a snug security is enjoyed, while outside the surf pounds on the shore.

Lights are in four troughs of opalescent glass which are inserted in the ceiling of the living room. This light is indirect and restful. Over the couches, fastened to the bookcases, are small lumiline lights for reading comfort.

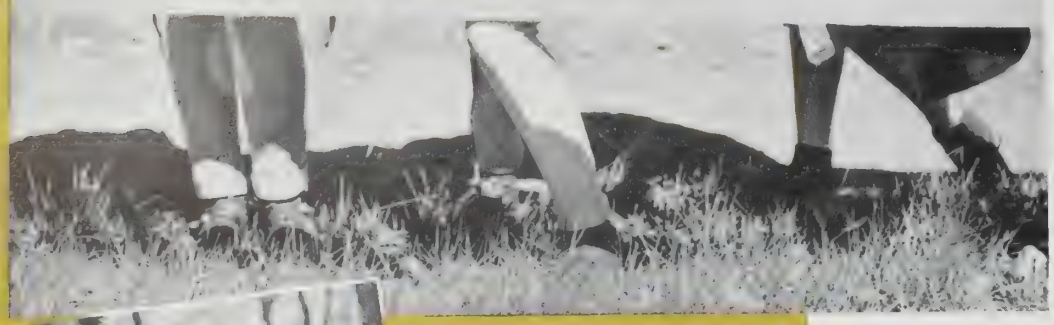
Naturally the couches in the living room (twin bed size) can be used for guests, so that the occupants of (*Continued on page 87*)

The Home of Mr. and Mrs. Reese H. Taylor, Sandyland, Santa Barbara, California. Lockwood de Forest, Designer



THE SPORTSWOMAN

The Younger Generation



At the Pony Show Hunter Trials, Newtown Square, Pa., Miss Hannah Sullivan, daughter of Mrs. Upton Sullivan, Miss Peggy Thayer, daughter of Mrs. Jeanis Thayer, and Joseph Dexter's daughter Polly

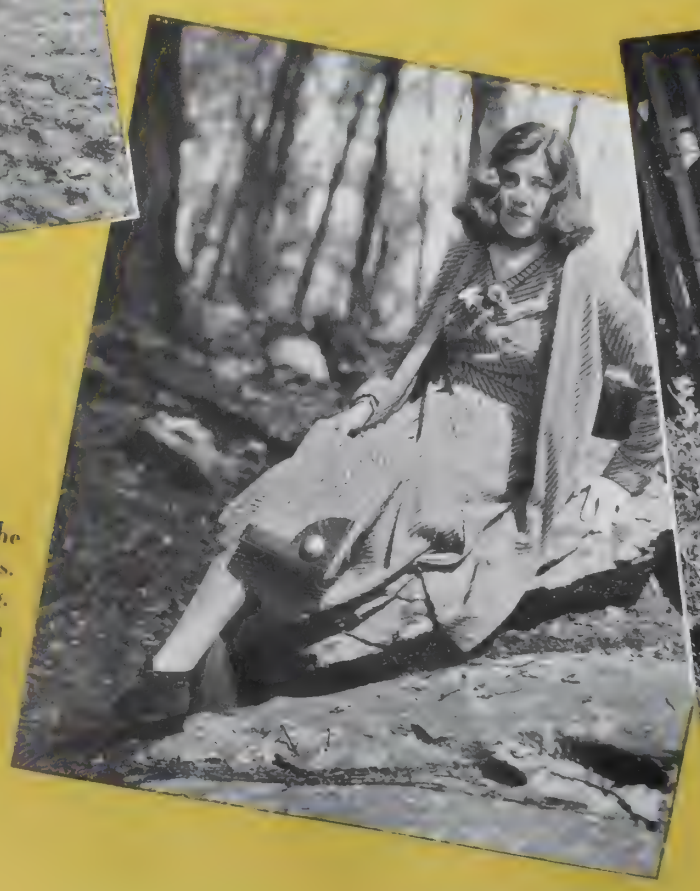
MRS. JORROCKS

Possibly it's partly a question of location and environment but it seems to me that the formula of feeding sports and games to children has changed very radically since the faraway days of my youth. In common with many other children of my generation, when very young I did quite a number of things, none of them very well, and I have been trying to cast my mind back into those dim, dark days of the past in an effort to remember any special method of education along these particular lines. My youth was spent in a children's paradise which encouraged practically every sport but was not quite so convenient for games, so I never did learn much of anything about golf or tennis. I can no more remember learning how to swim than I can remember learning how to walk. I can remember having difficulty with rowing a boat and paddling a canoe, but it was more a lack of physical strength than anything. However I *can* remember learning to sail. At a suitable age I was given a little sailboat. My father took me out in the cove at the foot of the hill behind the stables and told me how to make it go, spending about half an hour on the job, and then left me by myself to put the lesson into practice. I'll never forget that. I think I must have gone down the cove with the wind and rowed back again in desperation a dozen times before I finally mastered the technique of letting down the centerboard and beating back against the wind. But the thrill of that first triumphant trip back to the boathouse is something to remember, too. I was let out of the cove then, and into the river. It was the same way with horses. I can't remember, as a child, ever having had a lesson from a professional. My aunt, a beautiful skater, gave me a few pointers in that art and I loved it.

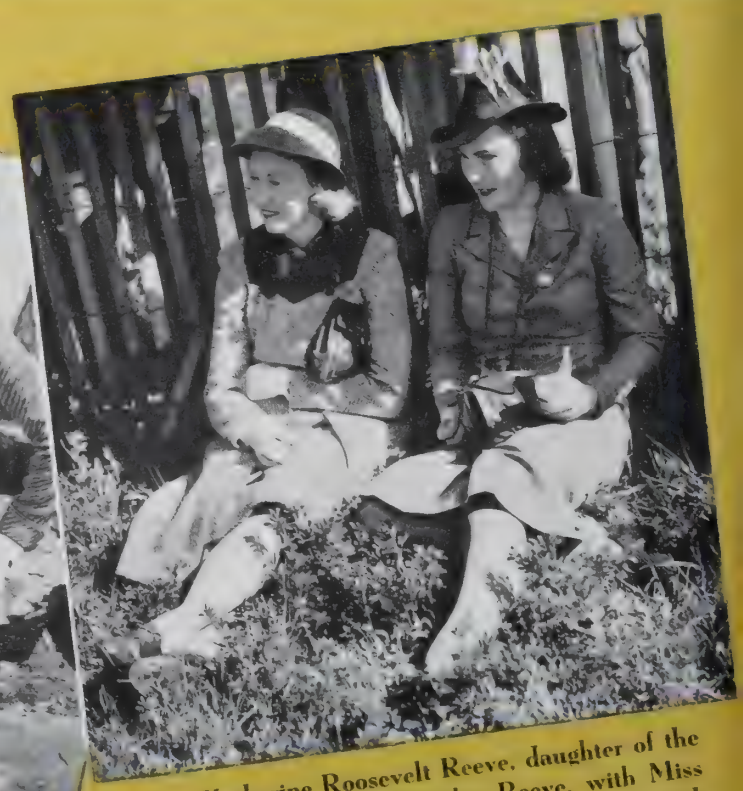
Don't think for a moment that I was neglected. No child ever had more sympathetic and interested parents and relatives. They would listen for hours to tales of my progress and give me all the help and advice I asked but I sort of picked up things as I went along just as did all the other children I knew. I believe the majority of children of my generation received their sports education in more or less the same way. We took a certain amount of pride in learning things ourselves and it wasn't quite "cricket" to be helped. The age, certainly, of rugged individualism.

Nowadays children are as scientifically educated in sports and games as they are in reading and arithmetic and rather more so

Left: Miss Bettina H. Belmont, daughter of Mrs. Arthur White of Middleburg, Virginia. Raymond Belmont, her father, won the 1922 Maryland Hunt Cup on Mrs. Maddux's Oracle II. Mr. White won in 1920



Right: Miss Sara Bosley, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Bosley, at Middleburg. All the Bosley family train race horses at their place in Monkton, Maryland, and send many winners over fences and on the flat to the big tracks



Miss Katherine Roosevelt Reeve, daughter of the foxhunting author, J. Stanley Reeve, with Miss Ida Kerr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Renwick Kerr, at the little Grand National in Hereford, Maryland. The big race of the day was won by Charles White on J. W. Y. Martin's Inshore

than they are in writing, if their average in calligraphy is any indication. From babyhood they are taught and drilled in almost every form of what used to be considered pastimes and if they show a definite leaning towards any one of them, they are specialized until they reach the very top of their proficiency. It goes without saying that they do things infinitely better than we did. There can be no argument about this at all.

The chief difference of opinion concerning the two methods of learning seems to be whether or not the children of this generation have as much fun as we did. These games and sports are, after all, supposed to be something that they do for pleasure. I personally believe the modern child has just exactly as much fun as we used to have although not in quite the same way. Their chief enjoyment is in rivalry. It's always fun to strive for perfection and if advancement can be proved by competition, the progress becomes just that much more exciting. As children we loved to learn the things we liked to do. For our own satisfaction we wanted to do them as well as we possibly could, but we didn't have much incentive to do them better than the other fellow. Possibly the best analysis of the situation on the last count is that while we probably derived more pleasure out of learning to do the things we did, the modern child has an equal gratification from the constant endeavor to prove their efficiency in competition. The only advantage in the first method, as far as I can see, is that you can tackle it single handed. The advantage of the second is the cultivation of companionship, sportsmanship, and ability through contests.

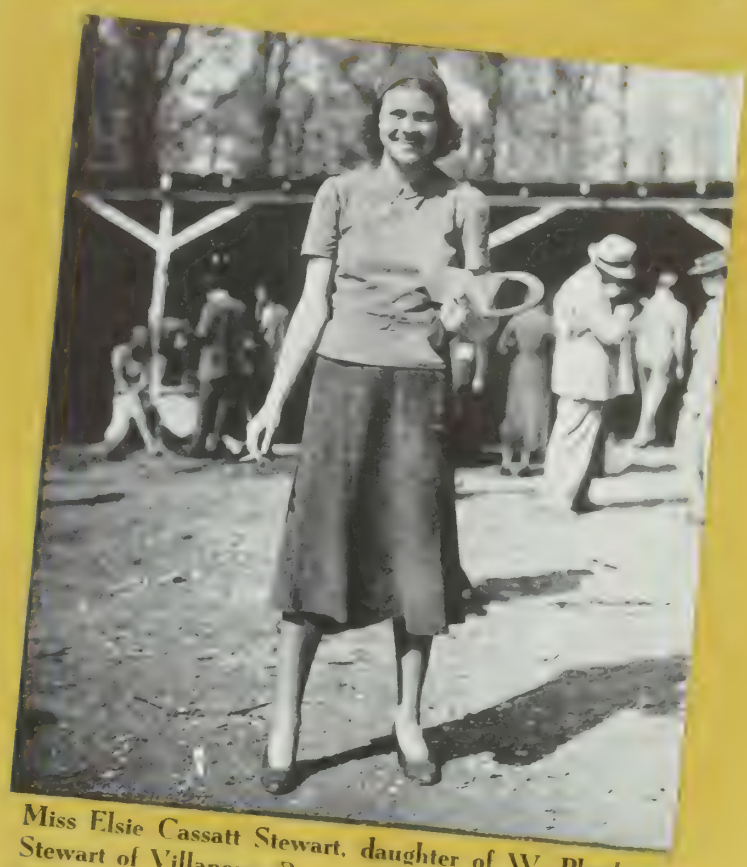
JUNE CYCLE. What happens in June? Almost everything. For through the conventional events of this month the whole cycle of life is more apparent than at any time during the rest of the year. Different places and conditions will set slightly different patterns and standards but the basic structure is always the same.

June is the month of graduations. Little girls and boys in crisply clean dresses and shirts lisping their carefully memorized verses. Fond parents, their faces fixed in fatuously encouraging smiles, in case Junior or Sister should happen to look in their direction, but suffering acutely below the surface in fear of the expected breakdown. The contingent that belongs to the non-performers sits in irritated boredom wishing that their own offspring would sit up straight and stop biting their nails and picking their noses. When it's over the audience will unite in their cooing adulation while the little darlings get thoroughly smeared with plenty of compliments, ice cream, and cake.

Sweet girl graduates, in organdy and lace, standing on the threshold of life and hoping for who knows what (no matter what they may guess) kind of excitement when the door opens. The parents aren't so apprehensive about remembered lines in this case. Their daughters are pretty glib in this respect. Their immediate worry concerns what is going to happen now that there is no longer any homework to do.

Huge amphitheaters and millions of young masculine forms swathed in gowns and topped with mortarboards. Valedictory speeches, reunions, processions, confetti, (*Continued on page 92*)

Miss Mary Mather, daughter of Gilbert Mather, and Miss Joan Lucas at the Newtown Square Pony Show Hunter Trials



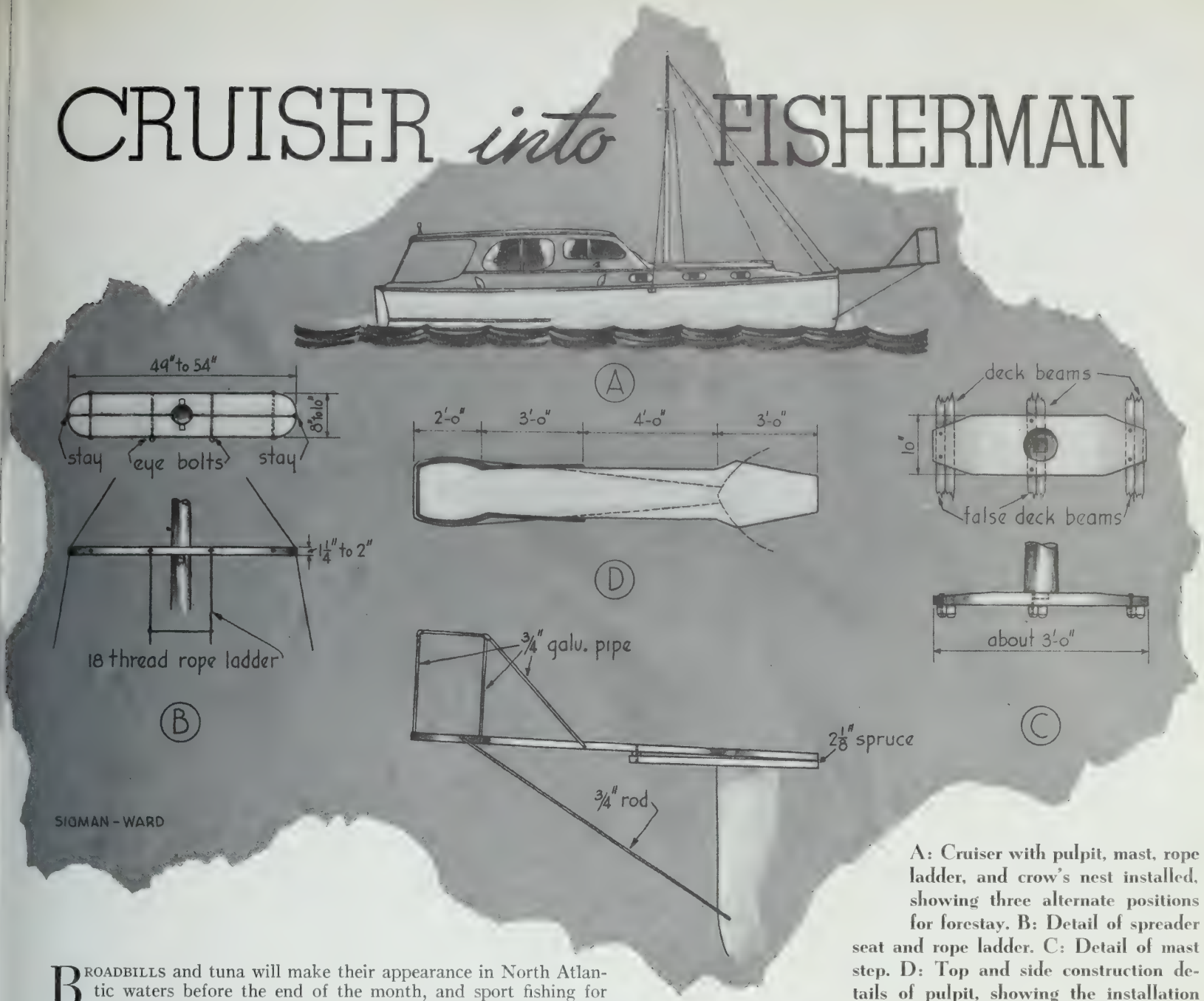
Miss Elsie Cassatt Stewart, daughter of W. Plunket Stewart of Villanova, Pa., at the Middleburg meeting. Mr. Stewart is Master of the Cheshire foxhounds, a private pack in Unionville

Photographs by Levick and Morgan

Left: Miss Elizabeth Thayer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmond Thayer of Haverford, Pa., and Miss Nancy Ritchie, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Ritchie of Chestnut Hill, Pa., at Newtown Square for the Pony Show and Hunter Trials

Miss Jean duPont receives a number from Mrs. Morris Dixon. Seated on the right is Mrs. Richard McNeely. The Pony Show Hunter Trials were held on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. William duPont in Newtown Square for the benefit of Chester Hospital

CRUISER *into* FISHERMAN



A: Cruiser with pulpit, mast, rope ladder, and crow's nest installed, showing three alternate positions for forestay. B: Detail of spreader seat and rope ladder. C: Detail of mast step. D: Top and side construction details of pulpit, showing the installation

H. WILLIAM MAIER

BROADBILLS and tuna will make their appearance in North Atlantic waters before the end of the month, and sport fishing for big game fish will continue well into the fall. Are you thinking of going after them with rod and reel in your own boat this year?

If you are, and if you don't already own a boat, by all means buy one of the specially designed sport "fishermen" that are now on the market. They are convenient for both fishing and cruising, with every appurtenance to make fishing easy and pleasant.

But if you do already own a boat, designed without a thought for deep-sea fishing, it doesn't necessarily mean that you must cruise longingly by when the tuna are finning, for the chances are that your boat can be refitted for this thrilling sport without much trouble and without exorbitant expense.

The requirements of the boat itself are few. Assuming reasonable seaworthiness and dependable power, size is not important. If you were buying a cruiser especially for fishing, you would get something between 30 and 45 feet over-all. But last year a 25-foot catboat, rerigged for tuna, made an excellent fishing boat, and a 75-foot "luxury" cruiser was used in New England waters for the same purpose with entirely satisfactory results.

The size of the cockpit, however, is important, as only an expert can play and boat a big fish in cramped quarters. And for the same reason any and all obstructions around the cockpit will be a nuisance, to put it mildly. Remember that, while the experienced tuna or broadbill fisherman can kill fish in spite of obstacles, for the beginner it is important to keep them at a minimum. So all stanchions and covers and other gadgets around the after-part of the cockpit must be removable.

Comparatively few sailing craft are used for big game fishing, and this matter of obstructions around the cockpit is undoubtedly the reason. The problems involved are as numerous as the number of rigs in use today. Permanent backstays, main-sheet travellers, jiggermasts on yawls and on the smaller ketches—these suggest a few of the difficulties to be overcome before an auxiliary cruiser can be used for rod-and-reel fishing. And when it comes to boating the fish, outriggers for jigger sheets are going to be in the way, and a long overhanging stern presents another quite serious problem.

Very few of these obstacles are insurmountable, however. Fish can be brought aboard over the rail; jigger masts and outriggers can be stowed; and when all else fails, a fishing chair can be set up in a dory and towed astern, which under some circumstances is a very good method indeed; in fact, has often proved very adequate.

Sailing craft, on the other hand, have some advantages over power cruisers: they already have a mast which, with the approval of a competent boat builder, can be rigged with a crow's nest and possibly with a boom and tackle for hauling fish aboard. They are beamy and they seldom have a cramped cockpit.

Among other requirements of the boat itself: ability to turn reasonably fast (twin motors, while not a necessity, are a big help); an unobstructed view of the cockpit for the man at the wheel, so that he can watch the man with the rod who is playing a fish—if this is not possible with the original layout, it can often be managed by a judicious placing of "remote" or subsidiary controls; and naturally, a clear view of the waters around the boat.

Assuming that you have figured out how to remove obstructions around the cockpit, you are now ready for the fishing equipment.

THE specially built sport "fishermen," fully equipped, have the following: one or two fishing chairs, a mast with a crow's nest, remote controls on the deck house and possibly in the forward part of the cockpit, outriggers, a fish box, a dead bait box, a live bait well, a roller on the transom, rod lockers, and a pulpit. Which of these is an absolute necessity, which a real convenience, and which can you get along without?

For rod and reel fishing, the absolute necessities are some sort of place to keep your bait and a fishing chair. Many of the other above-mentioned items will come in handy, and if you're going to harpoon fish you'll need the pulpit. But for tuna and swordfish on a rod and reel, the chair and the bait are the bare essentials.

Specially designed chairs can be bought for from $45 to $75 or more. They have a rod socket on a gimbal on the front of the seat and removable backs which are put in for comfort while trolling and taken out to give the very necessary freedom of action while "pumping" a big fish that has sounded.

Usable fishing chairs have been made from ordinary office chairs, or the whole seat, with arms and a (*Continued on page 93*)

The Country House

An amusing garden room by Richard L. Sandfort, in celadon green furniture, Chippendale style, wall paper simulating cast iron grillwork made to fit each background

Add garden interest with Olivotti's graceful stork fountain

Sons Cunningham's bamboo adds comfort to the summer view

Right: Two-tray rolling table for gathering flowers or dirt digging
ABERCROMBIE and FITCH

Left: Zodiac signs in a wrought-iron Victorian table
ABERCROMBIE and FITCH

Figure of the Seasons from WM. H. JACKSON CO.

Low slung chairs for Summer backgammon
HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER

Right: Lead tulips spray water ERKINS STUDIO

Top: Rattan buffet table with twin consoles
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

Left: Plant stand with double tiers of shelves for glasses or additional plants
BLEAZBY'S - DETROIT

Right: Wide enough to fit over chairs scooped out for foot room White fringed hood, bright blue seats
HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER

Salterni designed chair footstool to match makes a chaise
ABERCROMBIE and FITCH

Below: Slatted chairs and carry-corner table for a conversation piece.
THE DILLINGHAM CO.

Left
A gentle chime brings prompt service to your secluded garden nook. W. & J. SLOANE
Right
Cleverly disguised wrought iron looks like bamboo in shape and color
WM. H. JACKSON CO

Below: Wrought iron grill holds bright flowers on each side of your entrance pillars
W. & J. SLOANE

Molla's handsome folding tray table
BLEAZBY'S - DETROIT

Right: Lead tulips spray water
ERKINS STUDIO

Top: Rattan buffet table with twin consoles
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

Left: Plant stand with double tiers of shelves for glasses or additional plants
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Right: Wide enough to fit over chairs, scooped out for foot room. White fringed hood, bright blue seats
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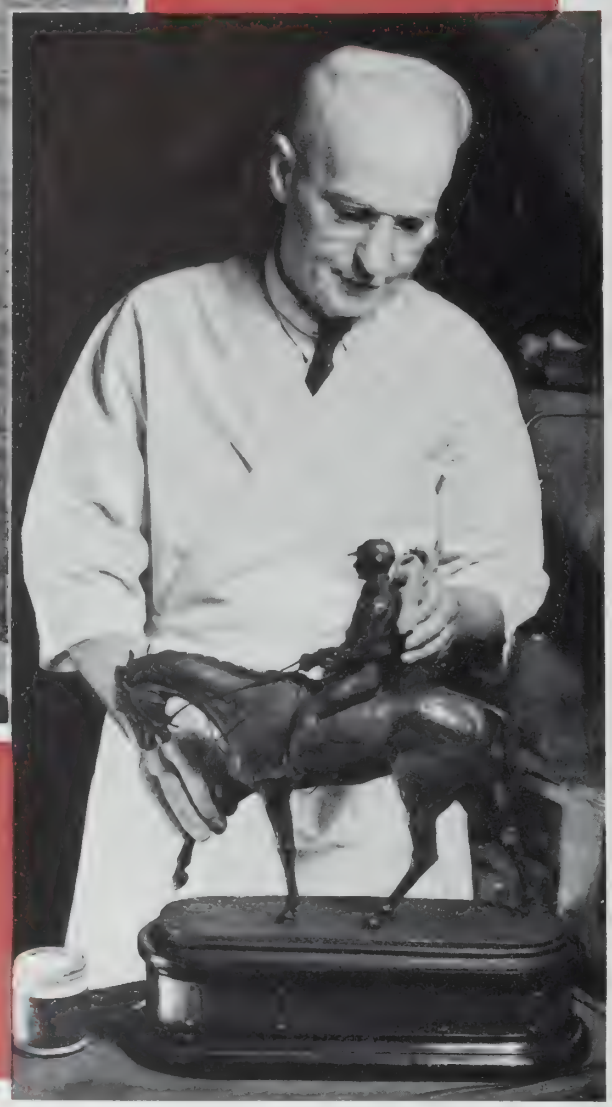
W. & J. SLOAN

Molla's handsome folding tray table
BLEAZBY'S - DETROIT

Many months before the day set for the opening of the Lake Forest Horse Show a survey of the situation is made by the committees and plans for improvements and repairs are under discussion

Below: Cups and trophies are polished and finished. This shows Mr. G. Gorbutte, the silversmith in charge of this department for the last ten years, at work on a prize for the show



"THE HOSPITAL NEEDS A NEW WING"

MUTTON WITHERS, ESQ.

BACK in the days of the family stable a horseshow was as simple to start as a labor strike seems to be now. Some charity, the hospital, for instance, would need money for a new wing, extra equipment, or almost any of the things for which hospitals are always needing money, and the good ladies of the board would turn to their husbands for advice, as they always did when what they really wanted was cash. Nine times out of ten, one of the gentlemen would come forward with the suggestion that a horseshow be held. "I'll show my bays, Tom, and I'll bet they will beat your browns. George Trowbridge has just bought a pair from Harry McNair that he thinks are the best that ever stepped in harness."

So, like a snowball rolling downhill, the show would gather momentum. Boxes would be built and rented at $100 a box to all the blind old dowagers with wigs. The horses would be given an extra grooming and the harnesses and carriages a special polish, and when the great occasion was over the treasurer of the show would have $5,000 net profit to turn over to the hospital and everyone concerned would have had a good time with a minimum of trouble.

In this way the horseshow became a custom that was handed down from father to son, like the convention of not eating with your knife or the instinct of self-preservation, so that now, when the poor, whom we have always with us, are in need—we hold a horseshow.

That, back in the horse and buggy days, was the way the Lake Forest Horse Show started. It was more or less of a family affair in the beginning. Then, by degrees, it grew to cover more and more ground. Even so it wasn't until 1935, when a crazy member of the committee named Dick, who had been exhibiting harness ponies around the circuit for a few years and become infected with National ideas, that the Lake Forest Show was practically forced to attempt the big-time. Through varied fortunes since our small beginning we have managed to pick up some indication of what makes one show a success and another a failure and have done our best to apply this knowledge gained by experience. It has been useful to us; possibly it may also be to others.

It seems to me that the first consideration of every horseshow committee, no matter how large or how small the show may be,

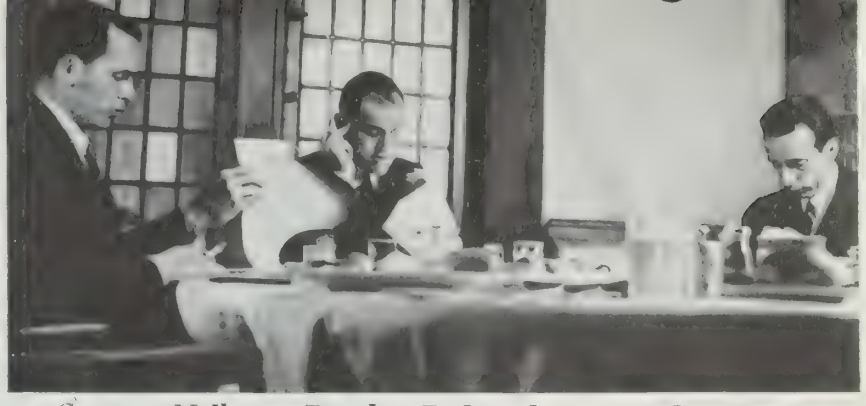
should be the comfort and safety of the horses that make their show. Exhibitors wouldn't own horses at all, and certainly wouldn't show them, if they weren't fond of them, so when the welfare of their horses is neglected the exhibitors are going to be dissatisfied. This obligation is so important that it must be taken over by some very capable person of high standing on the committee. Whatever stabling is provided must be practical. Grain, hay, and bedding must be personally ordered and inspected by a man who "knows his oats" and everything must be in perfect order some time before the horses are due to arrive. Nor does the responsibility end there. This member of the committee should meet every incoming shipment of horses himself. He should make inquiry of the stable manager as to the condition of the horses, direct him to the stalls his horses are to occupy, show him where everything is to be found, tell him where he can obtain intelligent information, should any emergency occur, and stay with him until he is pretty well established in case he has any questions to ask. When he leaves the stable he should send a wire to the owner letting him know that his horses have arrived safely and that they are being well looked after. Then, the last thing at night, the Boss of the Show should make the rounds of the stables himself, interviewing everyone in charge and making sure that no detail has been overlooked or any wish left ungratified. It is impossible to stress the importance of these observances too strongly because, even with the most efficient handling, things will occasionally go wrong and if those in charge are constantly on the alert serious complications may be avoided.

One year we lost the Canadian team on their way to the Lake Forest Show. A serious loss and a pretty large one but, because someone had been at the station to meet the train on which they were expected, not a moment was lost in sending out a search party. A committeeman was put in charge with orders to find the Canadians no matter where they were or how long it took. Out on a siding, some fifteen miles from town, he finally found his men and horses. By that time it was too late to get a locomotive to pull them in, but a truck was immediately engaged and the Canadian team rolled into their quarters only a little later than they would have under normal circumstances. Had there been no one to meet their train this valuable stable might not have been reported missing until it was too late to do anything about it.

Next to the horses come the exhibitors themselves and one member of the committee must be appointed as official host. It isn't enough to plan lunches, dinners, and parties for their entertainment. They must be approached individually and made to feel an integral part of the whole proceeding, as they most certainly are, and the greatest care should be taken to see that every single exhibitor starts the show in a pleasant atmosphere, enjoys it thoroughly while it is going on, and leaves with a desire to return another year.

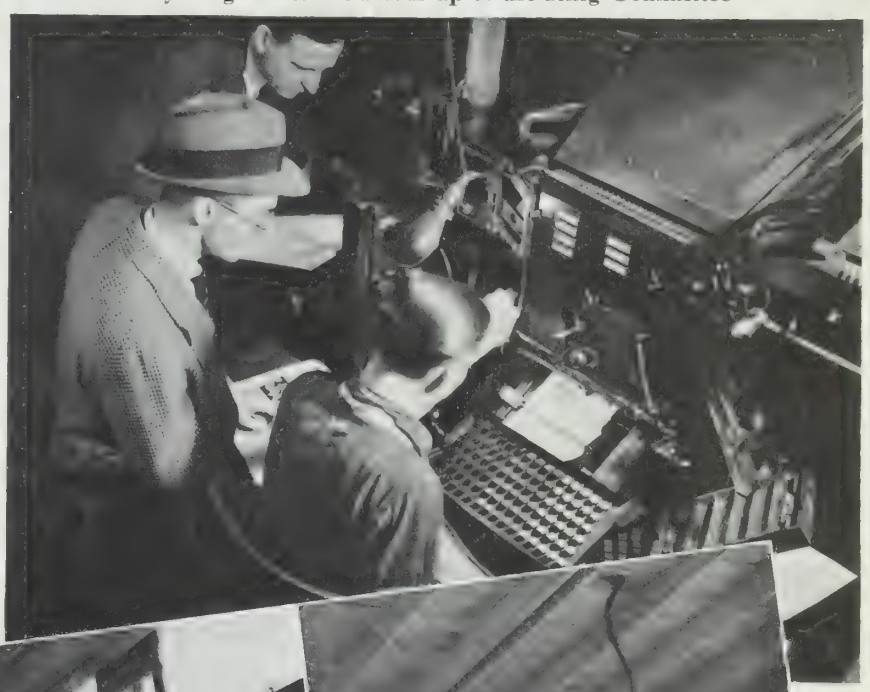
From my point of view it is absolutely necessary that a show be made comfortable for the horses and attractive to their owners. If a show is successful you will know that this has been done without being overdone because the best natured stable manager in the world will eventually resent a committee that makes a nuisance of itself and no exhibitor alive can stand even the very best of entertainment eighteen hours a day.

I have put the consideration of the horses and their owners first in this discussion of show management because of their vital significance but, of course, there are many, many other duties that must be undertaken long before they even come into the picture. Lake Forest has made many mistakes; we are still making them and will probably make many more in the course of time but we do our best to correct them whenever we can, not to make the same ones twice, and to avoid future errors. Since 1935 we have kept careful records of bad ideas as well as good ones and after every show we question the judges and other re- (*Continued on page 97*)



Secretary McIlvaine, President Dick, and Vice-President Pirie

Everything inside the rail is up to the Ring Committee



Photographs by Gerald Young

Left to right: Holes to be filled . . . tack to be cleaned . . . roots to be mended. Chairman W. A. P. Pullman goes over the grounds with Stable Manager Hindle. Above: Assistant Secretary John Morse supervises program printing

riel Moulin

The Golden Gate Polo Park, San Francisco's superb polo center, made possible through the cooperation of Herbert Fleishhacker and the Park Commission, is one of the greatest settings in the country for popular-price polo

Polo from the Near-Side

ARTHUR W. LITTLE, Jr.

If it's news it ought to be new. That's the general idea of journalism. And it works the other way around too. That's why, although spring play will be already under way on Long Island by the time these lines see the light of day, you'll perhaps pardon us if we continue to chat about California. The fact that as this is written, late in April, we are still out here where they grow oranges, grapefruit, lemons, avocados, and cattle in vast quantities—and they also grow thoroughbred horseflesh and polo players—may have something to do with this June's theme song too, so we will pick up the last few threads before we also join the trek back East.

After all, thinking over the season's forecast back East at this time of the year, people get a little bit bored reading about the old faithfuls and the same old stamping grounds. They have been talked about so much that you take them as a matter of course. Hitchcock? Of course he is the greatest player in the world. Iglehart? Smith? Certainly they are riding triumphantly along about on a par and giving Hitchcock a close race for top honors. Meadowbrook? Naturally it will be the scene of the National Open and the Monty Waterbury high-goal handicap event again in the fall, with the official opening of the 1938 tournament season getting under way early in June. Bostwick Field? Sure, there will be popular-price high-goal polo there every Sunday as usual, starting the first Sunday in June.

But to get back to our ramblings in the first paragraph—we hopped in the car the other day out here in Southern California and headed north in search of an idea. Sometimes things seem kind of dull just sitting around in the sparkling sunlight—especially after all the Eastern players have returned home. There's something about the lazy, pleasant atmosphere that gives one a guilty feeling and makes one feel even like rousing oneself to—well—go to work. So we thought we'd better do something about it. And sure enough—we found news that was *new,* to us anyway, at our first stop—San Francisco.

Up until that time, in our narrow Eastern manner, we had thought that Pete and Dunbar Bostwick, and their hustling manager, Ed French, had the best "P. P. P. P." (popular-price polo plant) in the country. We are fairly familiar as to how they pack in those Sunday drivers along the Jericho Turnpike at Westbury, Long Island "for the price of a good cigar," and it is not unusual for the Bostwick Field cash register to sing cheerfully to the tune of as many as eight thousand enthusiastic spectators per game. We had even gone so far as to boast a little bit about it out here. Imagine our embarrassment, therefore, when George Pope, who hits as good a ball as any five-goal player anywhere, came up with his beaming smile and said, modestly: "P. P. P. P.? Follow me! You ain't seen nothin' yet," or words to that effect. At any rate, we jumped into his car, climbed up some of the steepest hills anyone could possibly imagine—for only a ten-minute drive through San Francisco streets, however—and there but a stone's throw from the heart of the roar- (*Continued on page 98*)

THE FISHING VILLAGE OF ARILD, NEAR THE ROCKY PROMONTORY
OF KULLEN, IN SOUTHERN SWEDEN

MARSTRAND ISLAND, NEAR GOTHENBURG

Sweden

Two Water Color Sketches by
ALMA W. FRODERSTROM

Foto-Enit-Roma

ROMAN SUMMER

WILLIAM B. POWELL

In the years "B.M.," by June first, everyone who possibly could do so had fled from Rome to the seashore or mountains, leaving the Coliseum, Saint Paul's and shuttered palazzi in the hands of tourists. But under Mussolini's regime it's been quite different. People stay in the Eternal City much later before going off for a change of air.

Superb new boulevards now make Ostia, with its lovely stretch of beach, really a suburb of Rome. The city itself has impressive new swimming pools and elaborate facilities for sports. Also new parks—though, of course, nothing can touch the historical Villa Borghese which, to my mind, is probably the most fascinating park in Europe. Last, but not least, they say the atmosphere of Rome has actually changed, due to the draining of the Pontine Marshes. I don't know how much truth there is to the theory, but Princess Dora Ruspoli, who has been living in Rome a long time, told me that she has noticed a definite difference in the air since the marshes have been dried up. It is fresher and not nearly as debilitating, she claims.

Last year during the whole of June the social season was still going strong and many people were in town on and off throughout the summer. Certainly there's lots to be said nowadays in favor of Rome during dog days. Society goes informal; you aren't booked up every minute, which is the case during most of the year; you can dress as you please—in short, you can relax. The golf club, which is one of the most snobbish on the Continent, is closed, but I hear that, due to the increasing number of people remaining in the capital during the summer months, it may keep open this year. However, there's plenty of tennis about town, and those who don't play on private courts, use public ones, just as they are

VENICE
On the opposite page: Quai des Esclavons, a water color by the artist André Girard

Top of page: The famous Pincta Drive, cut through the estate of Prince Chigi, leads to Rome's new Lido at Ostia. Right: A sports statue in the Forum Mussolini

on, the panorama of Rome which this hill affords is an enchanting sight. You may find that Countess Dorothy Di Frasso has torn herself away from Park Avenue or Hollywood and has opened up her famous Villa Madama, which overlooks the new Stadium Mussolini, one of the most magnificent pieces of architecture and gardening achievements which the new era of construction in Europe boasts. Another American whom you will probably find in Rome until mid-summer is Cornelia Ormsby, whose spacious apartment in the Palazzo Colonna is one of the coolest and most charming homes in Rome. Princess Jane San Faustino continues to hold her salons much later in the season than she formerly did. Of course August always finds her ready to leave for the Lido where she still "queens" it as she has for years.

Gambling is a favorite—but to me most cursed—amusement in Roman society. They gamble furiously, seriously. Apparently they don't consider it any fun unless stakes are more than they can afford. So if you're asked out to (*Continued on page 84*)

patronizing those magnificent swimming pools which the Fascisti have established at various spots throughout the city.

Time was when the great ladies of Rome wouldn't dream of disporting themselves in public pools. But among most of them now, it's considered "smart to be thrifty—and democratic." At Rome's new Lido, Ostia, you see society by the hundreds just as you do "the masses" by the thousands. To be sure, the sheep are pretty well divided from the goats; the price of admission to the bathhouses automatically takes care of that. Consequently, it's at that end of Ostia Beach where Castel Fusano stands, that you should betake yourself if you'd see the diplomatic set, the high moguls of Fascism, and the most interesting people in Rome.

Castel Fusano is usually known as Tony's (though I thought all of Italy's Tonies had migrated to New York!) It is a gay, modernistic restaurant, night club, and bathing establishment all in one. With its broad terrace swept by breezes from the Mediterranean, Tony's affords a pleasant place to lunch or dine even on days when the thermometer soars in Rome itself. Many people take cabanas by the month or week and spend most of the day around them. You can either bring your own picnic meals or have waiters from the cafe serve you. Many Romans, even the "best people," don bathing suits at home, throw a coat over them, and motor down to Ostia for a dip. There are two broad highways you can use; one of them is largely through a pine woods, affording a drive quite different from the unattractive highways one usually has to face in getting out of a metropolis. This is the famous Pineta Drive, cut through the estate belonging to Prince Chigi.

If you know people in Rome, your problem for spending summer days is easy to solve. Many of the lovely villas and palazzi are up on the Gianicolo Hill, where the air is several degrees cooler and where, incidentally, you'll find our American Academy. From sunset

Right, top to bottom: The beach at Ostia, the Villa Borghese, and the Villa D'Este

Why do they do it?

Albert Cook Church

If you love the sea, go ocean racing. If you're not sure—stay home!

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR

Did you ever struggle out of a snug bunk about 2 A.M., to the tune of "All Hands," stumble on deck in your last dry clothes, and crawl out on a bowsprit that plunged you under water to your neck in every sea while you fought with a Genoa jib that was possessed of a thousand devils? Did you ever stew on a deck blistered by a torrid sun, working incessantly at sheets and halyards in an effort to keep the ship moving through an endless day of calms and baffling airs? Did you ever pump a foghorn through a thick night in the steamer lanes, hoping the big liners would miss you as they rammed through at full speed? Did you ever sit there and watch bulging canvas straining at bar-taut rigging and whipping spars, knowing that if there were a weak spot anywhere the whole rig would go to leeward; with your seaman's senses screaming at you to shorten sail while your competitive instinct argued that, if you did, some more recklessly driven craft, invisible somewhere over the horizon, would be beating you to your distant goal.

Under such conditions, faint glimmerings of intelligence penetrate even to the armor-clad mind of an ocean racer and he wonders why he ever got into this mess and how soon he can get ashore and forswear ocean racing forever and ever.

Then the squall passes, and a gorgeous sunrise breaks along the eastern horizon. The cook manages a pot of hot coffee, your shirt begins to dry on your back, and in a fair, steady breeze—regular flying-fish weather—the ship snores along hour after hour with an easy helm and no need to touch sheet or halyard. You may even sight a sail far astern, where competing sails should always be. Somebody brings out a mouth organ or a North Sea piano for a spot of dog-watch music. You remember that somewhere over the horizon ahead (so says the navigator) is a hospitable harbor, good companions, convivial and leisurely hours in which, with others who love and follow the sea, you can brag about your ship and her crew and spin tall yarns that will grow taller before they get to next winter's firesides. "Who wouldn't sell a farm and go to sea?"

Ellsworth Ford

Graham Bigelow, aboard "Brilliant" in the '36 Bermuda race, dumps water out of his boot to make room for the next sea

You can make ocean racing sound pretty grim, if you try. A few men have been drowned at it, though fewer than have been killed in other hazardous sports, or in crossing certain street corners. Broken bones, cuts, bruises, salt-water boils, rope burns, galley burns, and sunburns have sent many a sailor ashore for treatment at the end of a race, but he usually recovers in time to help sail the ship home—always in time for the next race.

Seasickness (more prevalent than you might think among ocean racers) seems to be no deterrent. One of the best ocean racing men I know is sometimes laid low, utterly helpless, for days on end, but he'd break jail (if necessary) to start on the next race. Yachtsmen are noted for the care and consideration they show mal de

mer victims. There's nothing like a wet sail dropped on him, or an accidental boot in the ribs, to make the victim more comfortable, while for more subtle forms of consolation there is Artie Knapp's habit of smoking black cigars in the cabin, and Jack Roosevelt's jolly custom of munching hard-boiled eggs, shells and all. But nobody, as far as I know, ever died of seasickness.

As a rest cure the sport leaves much to be desired. Sleep can be very sweet, even in a soaked, heaving bunk with a canvas strap to keep you in it, but you never get quite enough. The theory of four hours on and four off is deceptive. You get the four on all right, but the four off are subject to such distractions as meals (if any); "All Hands" summonses for any of a dozen reasons; the racket made by the watch on deck, who seem to gallop up and down over your head on horseback; stuffy heat; damp, raw chill; occasional dashes of bilge water in the lee bunks; and sundry other sailors' delights.

Then there is the matter of victuals. It's true that any kind of food tastes good at sea, which is fortunate, because any kind is about what you can expect, at best. I have shipped in yachts (George Mixter's schooner *Teragram* gets special mention here) that, miraculously, served three hot meals a day and a hot mug-up at midnight even when the going was tough. But the berth of cook in an ocean racer is one of the most active occupations known to man. He works in a small and usually stuffy galley, whose edges and corners jump up and bite him as the ship rolls and pitches, over a hot stove which now and then tags suffering sections of his anatomy. However ingeniously he lashes it down, the stewpot will sooner or later capsize its boiling contents on the galley floor (and probably on the cook's feet). Now and again the door of the icebox gets adrift and dumps its contents, also, making the galley floor a trifle slippery and increasing the difficulty of sorting out the butter from the chops and the eggs from one another. The seasick members of the crew object to the smell of cooking, while the rest complain either because there isn't any food or because they don't like it. So you can see why meals on ocean racers are uncertain. A good seacook, however, has no chance of quitting ocean racing. Though he hide in the hithermost fastnesses of the Rockies, his shipmates will seek him out and kidnap him when another race comes along.

The navigator has his own tale of woe, though I have always contended that, except for the risk of falling overboard while trying to take a sight from a deck in rough weather, his chief problem is working up a series of advance alibis in case his landfall on Bermuda turns out to be the Azores, or Nova Scotia.

The poor old owner, in addition to the troubles common to all hands, has troubles of his own, including the financial. He spends months of his time and a great many of his dollars putting his ship and gear in shape for the race, and more time and money putting it together again afterward. He has to pick and train a crew that will be congenial, skillful, daring, and enduring, and then, usually, has to feed them, drink them, and sometimes even has to send some of them home by steamer or rail. And he does ninety per cent of the worrying, which is a good deal.

THE inexperienced owner who turns his vessel over to some famous amateur skipper is in the worst jam of all. The guest skipper can think of more, and more expensive, sails and gear to buy than any mere owner. He picks his own crew and blackballs the owner's special pals. Then he drives hell out of the ship, secure in the knowledge that if there's any damage done the owner will get it fixed.

I have never known of an owner actually being refused permission to go along as his own guest, provided he didn't interfere with anything and that he bought the crew a dinner, with champagne, after the race. This arrangement seems to have met with complete approval by numerous owners, but there is one case on record of the worm turning. At Gibson Island last year an owner folded his anchor and silently sailed away at midnight, leaving his crew ashore at a party and taking along with him everything they had, except the dinner clothes they went ashore in.

I could go on about the terrors of ocean racing; about what continuous hauling on ropes does to office-softened muscles and palms; about the odds against finding a man who goes overboard at night; about the dangers of fire, or of a dismasted yacht drifting for months on a lonely ocean. But then, I could make a dozen other sports sound as bad or worse. I have merely presented a sufficiently gloomy background for the question the editors of COUNTRY LIFE fired at me some time ago, "Why do they do it?"

Offhand it would seem simple to answer "love of the sea" or "the competitive urge," or both. But if a man loves the sea he can enjoy it in far greater comfort and safety on a leisurely cruise than in a race. And if it's racing he wants, there are the one-design and rating yacht classes, with their afternoon triangular races in evenly matched boats against competitors who are close aboard, or at least in sight, at all times. In ocean racing you may sail for days without a competitor in sight, and time allowances have to be applied to determine the winner after you get in. For the pure mug-hunter, class racing with its many races a season offers more inducement, which is probably why few mere mug-hunters go in for ocean racing

Joe Appleton (aloft) and Ducky Endt express their opinion of the navigator by going aloft to look for Bermuda over "Brilliant's" stern

and fewer stick at it long once they fully realize its hardships.

Why, then? For myself, after giving the matter some thought, I was willing to ascribe my preference for ocean racing to being just the least bit loony, and let it go at that, but this seemed unfair to some hundreds of ocean-racing friends who might thus, by inference, be subjected to a suspicion of insanity. So I decided to offer some of them a chance to defend themselves.

My first step in this direction was to chuck the problem in the middle of the table at a Cruising Club lunch, and a dozen ocean-racing men immediately jumped on it with a whoop of joy.

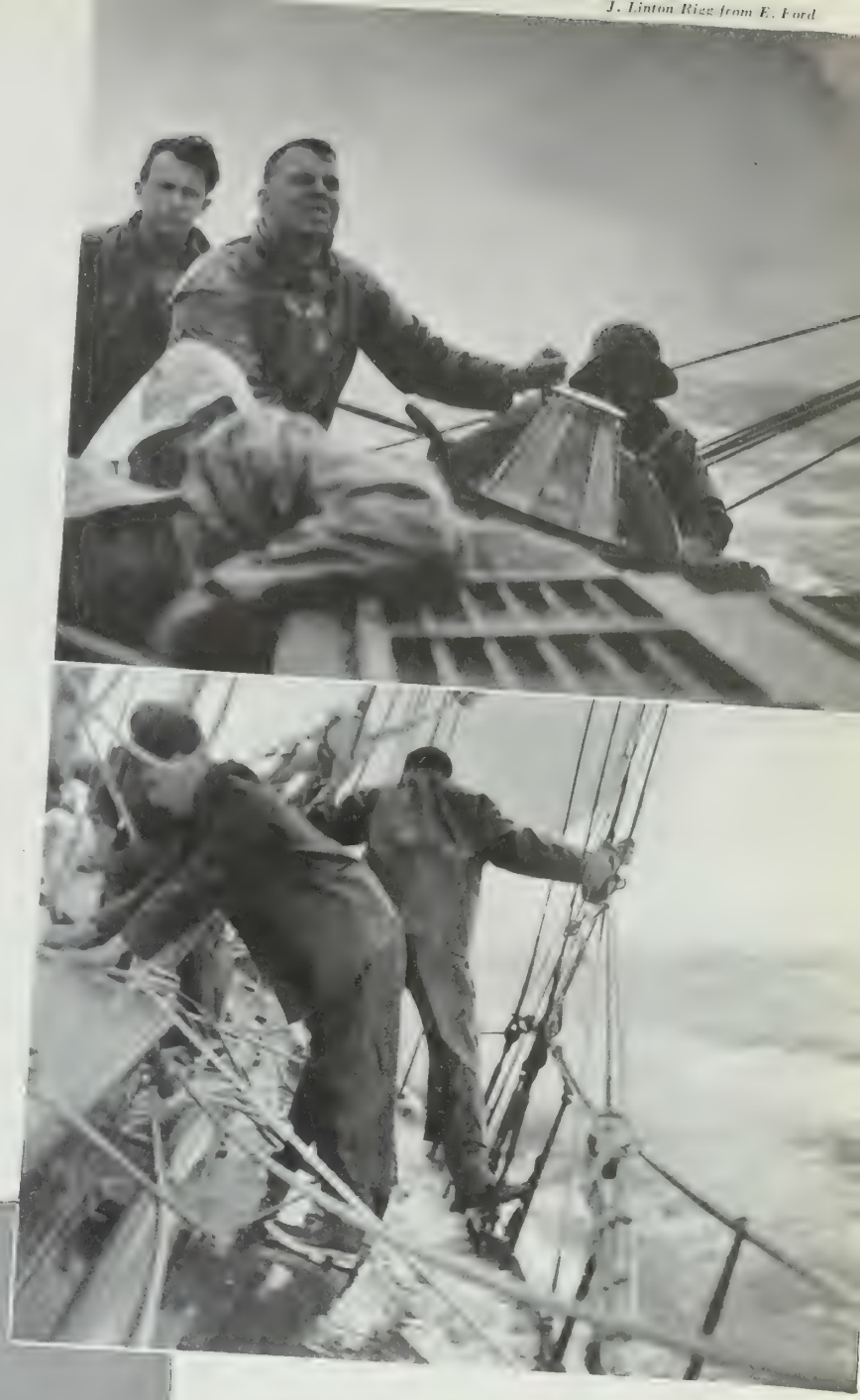
"Because they've never done it before," . . . "The drinking is extra good in Bermuda," . . . "They can leave women behind" . . . "So they'll have something to talk about afterward" . . . "Because they think it'll get 'em into the Cruising Club" . . . "To practice new navigation theories" . . . "You feel so good when it's over" . . . "Personally, to escape a twenty-fifth college reunion." . . . and much more in the same tone.

These answers, coming from veteran and inveterate ocean racers, seemed to strengthen rather than confute the insanity motif. On the theory that a man will set down on paper thoughts that he isn't apt to express in offhand conversation, I decided on a direct-mail campaign, writing to a dozen or so assorted ocean-racing men of experience and some fame as owners, skippers, and deckhands. The results were more than satisfactory. Among the replies received to date have been letters from Sherman Hoyt, George Roosevelt, John J. Atwater, Jack Dickerson, Jr., Alfred F. Loomis, Bob Bavier, C. W. Atwater, Rudy Schaefer, Sam Wetherill, George Mixter and Ellsworth Ford.

A more representative small group would, I think, be hard to pick.

The result is almost an embarrassment of riches. Some of the replies would have made complete articles in themselves and every writer seems to have given the question and its answers a good deal of thought. With appreciative thanks to the above correspondents, and with a sincere regret that space (*Continued on page 95*)

J. Linton Rigg from E. Ford



Top right: On "Seafarer" the amateurs carry on, but the cook (hired out of a Gloucester fisherman, by the way) takes his seasickness seriously. Right: A slight tangle of lines aboard "Brilliant" while handling the Genoa sheet

Ellsworth Ford

Above: One of the fancier tricks—sewing a rip in "Avanti's" spinnaker without lowering it. Left: "Pinta" driving into it under full sail in a fresh breeze

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

THE MARYLAND HUNT CUP

Mrs. Frank M. Gould, whose horse, Ostend, finished second in the race to Mrs. Read Beard's Blockade, and Mr. Richard Wallach of Washington, Secretary of the Sandhills race meet

From Chestnut Hill, Pa., for the Maryland Cup Miss Marjorie Downs and Miss Edith Leiper

Mrs. Simon T. Patterson with her daughter, Nancy. Miss Patterson's horse, Pete O'Donnell, was an entry in this record-breaking contest for the world's most famous timber race

Mrs. Gilbert Mather with Mary and Jane Mather, her daughters. In 1914 Mr. Mather won the Maryland on his own Rutland, and in 1917 he brought William Clothier's Brosseau home

All roads led to the estate of J. W. Y. Martin on April 30th. where a crowd of 20,000 gathered to witness the forty-fourth consecutive renewal of the Maryland

Above: Miss Beatrice Brown of Glen Head in L. I. Miss Peggy Darsie of Baltimore

Right: Miss Margaret Wing, daughter of Mrs. H. Granger Gaither. Mr. Gaither trains Steeplechase horses for Mrs. F. Ambrose Clark

Miss Anne Miller, the daughter of Mrs. J. Norris Miller of L. I.

1938 saw Mrs. E. Read Beard's Blockade, son of Man O' War, win the Maryland Cup in the record time of 8.44

Above: Mr. John Walter Foster of Glyndon with Mrs. Howard Whitney of Roslyn, in the carriage which took them to the race

Right: Miss Eugenia W. Carton, daughter of Mrs. Laurence R. Carton of Towson, Md. walks over the Worthington Valley, where the four-mile course has stood many years

Photographs by Morgan

VIRGINIA GATHERING

THE WINMILL-DUFFEY WEDDING

Mother of the bride and the father of one of the bridesmaids. Mrs. Robert C. Winmill and Mr. de Lancey Nicoll of New York and Middleburg, Va.

A minstrel makes music at the wedding breakfast at the North Wales Club. Miss Virginia Winmill, sister of the bride; Mr. Randolph Duffey, bridegroom; Mrs. Duffey, who very recently was Miss Viola Winmill; and best man, J. North Fletcher

The editor of the Middleburg Chronicle, Mr. Gerald Webb, with Mrs. E. Kenneth Jenkins. Mr. Webb's hands are trying to conceal his badge of office, a candid camera

Left: St. James Church in Warrenton. J. V. H. Davis ushers. Robert B. Young straightens a tie pin for Louis Stoddard

Right: Anderson Fowler and William B. Streett —the ushers list reads like a hunts meeting race card — on Mr. Streett's arm Mrs. Amory Carhart the wife of the M. F. H.

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Duffey; the maids of honor, Misses Virginia and Josephine Winmill; the best man, J. North Fletcher; the bridesmaids, Misses Jane Wilbur, Sally Appleton, Marion Gray, Dorothy McGhee, Frances Brewster, Mildred Nicoll, and Wilhelmine Kirby. Mesdames Melville Bearns, Raymond Woolfe and William Brainard; the ushers, Harry Duffey, Jack Skinner, Henry Frost, Louis Stoddard, William Streett, J. V. H. Davis, Townsend Winmill, brother of bride, William Brainard, Cralkson Rhame, Raymond Woolfe, and Anderson Fowler

Thomas N. Dustine

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

SOUTH

Host at a golfing luncheon in Bermuda was Mr. Morgan O'Brien. Sitting with him is one of the talented guest stars, Miss Barbara Bourne

Tulip time at the Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs—Miss Phoebe Crosby and with her Miss Alice Stevens

Cocktails at the O'Brien-Johnson luncheon where an informal match was contested by several famous golfers. Left is William McK. Laughlin

Mrs. Ford Johnson who was hostess with her husband and Mr. O'Brien, on the terrace of her Bermuda home. With her is Mr. Ryan of New York

Miss Nancy Anderson on a piebald pony being led by her cousin Miss Mary Houston. Behind the pony is Nancy's mother, Mrs. Warwick Anderson of Louisville

On the links at the Johnson-O'Brien golf match. Among the players were Jimmy Thompson and Horton Smith. Among guests, Mrs. Fraser M. Horn

On Coral Beach in Bermuda is pictured Miss Elizabeth Lawton, the daughter of Mrs. Samuel Welsh of Chestnut Hill. They both are living at Fleetwood Manor

Below: Miss Elizabeth Hovey of Boston, a leader among America's yachtswomen, on the Bermuda shore

Mrs. Ewing Webb of Lake Forest, Ill. and Mrs. Sidney Johnson of Cincinnati at the Cloister Hotel in Sea Island, Georgia, where they were vacationing

Photographs by Matney, White Sulphur News Bureau, Tribune, Scott Seegers, and Henry Clay Gipson

Sculptured Wood

creates the unique interiors of the CURTIS BOK HOUSE

Designed by WHARTON ESHERICK

SOPHIA YARNALL

MUCH has been said about architecture that is functional, and a great deal has been spoken and written about art that is functional, but a new approach to the combination of both of these has been achieved in Judge and Mrs. Curtis Bok's house at Rosemont, Pennsylvania. Here, Wharton Esherick, distinguished wood sculptor and artist in many mediums, has consulted with the owners about all the different phases of the house's construction and decoration. Invariably, it seemed impossible, after a plan had been devised, to decide whose was the original idea, so unified were these three in their conceptions. However, as soon as an idea did emerge, it was the part of Esherick to execute it, whether in the structure of the rooms, the furniture, the hardware, or the lighting.

The exterior of the house is of native stone, and its original Pennsylvania farmhouse type has been retained. Only the outside of the new music room which, with the bedroom above it, constitutes a separate wing, has been planned and modeled by Esherick. An outside staircase winds around the stone chimney and seems to be more a work of sculpture than of architecture. At its base is a small outdoor fireplace toward which face the surrounding flagstones. This wing is on the garden side of the house and not visible from the front.

On entering the driveway, up a steep hill, the first indication that this is an original house is the wooden lamp post standing sentinel at the path to the front door. Hewn from a solid piece of white oak, it has two sharply pointed sides at its peak, which conceal the electric bulbs and throw shafts of light toward the house.

Even though one is thus prepared for something unusual, the first glimpse through the front door seems breathtaking in the freshness of its conception. Three rough-hewn, broad, white oak beams, polished and waxed, form the steps which lead to an upper level of the hall. Immediately at the right, at the foot of these steps, is the entrance to the dining room. The doorway, made of the solid branch of a tree, has been carved and cut in such a fashion as to suggest the dipping valance of a curtain. Its massive lines have been so treated that they retain a fluidity which makes the entrance to the room most inviting. Iron gates by Samuel Yellin are purely decorative. The mantel in the dining room has had a semi-circular depression cut into its rectangular exterior. The chestnut oak, of which it is made, has a soft tawny color which blends harmoniously with the semi-circular blue soapstone hearth, edged with a shining copper band about six inches wide. Above the mantel is an abstract figure called "The Judge," carved in cocobolo, a hard tropical wood, luscious yellow brown in color. This has been mounted on a background of silvery aluminum which lightens its somber tones.

Up the three steps from the dining room, the ceiling and the back wall of the hall have been painted black to make a background for the honey-colored circular pine stairway. At the left of the front door stands a large piece of wood sculpture, made from a root of black walnut and supported on a double oak pedestal. The simplicity and sweeping severity of its swirling lines were necessities for its inclusion in this hall. Still on the left, but further back, is the entrance to the library. Its structure is less elaborate in design than that of the entrance to the dining room. Held together at the top by two wooden pegs, its far beam melts into the curve of the staircase. Another pair of wrought-iron gates by Samuel Yellin is the only thing here not designed by Wharton Esherick. Doorways and figure, walls and ceiling all have their importance in creating the feeling of this hallway. Essentially, however, it is the staircase to which everything points and by which everything is dominated. Even the massive three steps immediately beyond the front door, although in themselves supremely important, seem to be leading chiefly to the circular stairs beyond. These are of glistening white pine with amber-colored knot holes interrupting their smoothness. The wood came from a bridge in Frenchtown, New Jersey, and is probably about one hundred and fifty years old. A three-banded metal stair rail is in silvery tones. Three of the walls in the hall are of roughly plastered white; the back wall is black.

The library is not an entity in itself, being in a close relationship with the music room beyond. This is immediately apparent as the entrance to the music room and the fireplace in the book room are a unit, created by the repetition and the inversion of a motif of radiating lines.

Primarily this library is, as it should be, a room for books. The shelves, from floor to ceiling, have been especially and ingeniously designed to hold all sizes, shapes, and kinds of volumes. An easily movable ladder is of hickory while the shelves are of Padouk or Vermilion wood. Additional concealed shelves or trays pull out to make a place on which to rest heavy books. Against one end of the room, with a window behind it, is a built-in sofa, upholstered in a rough cloth of henna color. Its frame is also of Padouk wood and contains drawers at the bottom, which hold photographs and games. Part of the paneling lets down close to one end of this sofa and reveals a tiny desk. Its golden satinwood drawers have been carved in an abstract geometric design. Underneath all of them are concealed grooves by which they can be pulled out. A woodcut in black and white is framed in the small recess in the center.

A pair of oak doors leads from the book room into the music room. The satinwood latches have been carved concavely on the book room side and convexly in the other room—as if to be persuasive about the entering guest and reluctant to let him go. An allover soft brown rug stretches from one room to the other, uniting them harmoniously. The ceiling of the music room is paneled in pine, the broad boards running parallel to each other except for two which converge between the doorway and the fireplace and inevitably direct the eye to the painting over the mantel. The oak paneled wall on the left has been carved—modeled, one might almost say—and broken part way up, to hide the indirect lighting installed in it. A pair of straight sofas, in different lengths, stands against this wall. These may be easily moved into the room at will. Their wooden frames have been upholstered, at the back in sage green and on the seats in bottle green. Between them and the door to the library is a pair of solid swinging doors into a study on the left. Beyond them, through a miniature archway, a solid wooden door, concavely cut, leads into the garden.

THE small study, lined with oak bookshelves, contains a law library. Its only pieces of furniture are a desk of oak with a top of hickory and a leather chair. Esherick designed the desk to extend, at each side, into a large table for reference books.

The wall around the fireplace, in the music room, is plaster. Concealed behind the painting, over the mantel, is the loudspeaker for the radio-phonograph which is on the opposite side of the room. To satisfy the requirements of Mirko Paneyko, who made the instrument, Esherick has mounted the picture on a hinged frame which lifts up and fastens into the ceiling when the radio-phonograph is in use. The loudspeaker is concealed behind a wooden grill which is a satisfying decoration for the mantel when the picture is not visible, yet in no way interferes with the sound. Beside the fireplace is a window set between the ceiling and a broad piece of paneling.

Along the whole right side of the room stretches an immense window. It is framed by solid oak beams. The one at the far end is hewn out concavely and the one nearby is cut convexly, giving a feeling of variety while maintaining a sense of their belonging to-

A small door, its concave surface breaking the convex line of the oak paneling, leads from the music room to the terrace. A break in the paneling discloses the indirect lighting near the ceiling

Photographs by EDWARD QUIGLEY

gether. The upper beam has been slightly arched, adding grace to its size. Behind the two end beams there are slits into which the green and gold striped curtains can disappear when they are not drawn across the window. The window sill is of another solid tree trunk, hollowed out along its edge and rounded gently into a bow. Between it and the glass of the window is a delicate wooden grating which conceals the radiator but allows the heat to come through. An apron of solid wood hangs down in front of the radiator but is attached by wooden pegs so that it may be lifted at will. The piano sits in front of the window. Directly above it, completely inconspicuous, is a tiny hole in the paneled ceiling. Through this comes all the necessary light for reading music.

A rounded alcove, at the near end of the big window, has been entirely planned around the radio-phonograph. The instrument itself, especially designed in cherry, fits into a square opening in the center. Set on wheels, it can be easily moved around the room but there is also a set of remote control buttons which can be placed on the arm of a chair while the radio remains in its accustomed place. The top of the alcove has four rows of oak shelves with partitions set into them fanwise to hold record albums without allowing them to jut out into the room. The formation of the shelves makes it possible for the heavy record books to follow the curve of the alcove. Below the shelves is a set of narrow drawers, which hold music. These pull out from the center, in a fanshape manner kindred to the shelves. A central drawer immediately above the radio holds a game table and other drawers, running down on either side of the instrument to the floor, contain more music.

Turning again toward the book room from the music room, it is evident that this side of the arched doorway is different from the other. It has been especially conceived and planned as an integral part of the room instead of being, as most conventional doorways are, like its own other side. This is perhaps the keynote of the house. In each room, the walls, ceiling, furniture, and decoration have been created with an eye to the particular purpose of the room. Hallway, dining room, library, and music room each has its own particular flavor and quality. Especially noticeable is that each place has been approached apparently from the point of view of the use to which it is going to be put. The interior decoration is truly functional. Yet, at the same time, most of the features of the rooms have been newly conceived and freshly executed. Where the average house has a door or a mantel or lights that are useful and suitable, Wharton Esherick creates an artistic entity which stands on its own merits from an aesthetic point of view. It is a little the philosophy that one must lose oneself to find oneself. By attacking his problems of construction and decoration from a practical angle, Esherick has drawn deeply upon the resources of his unusual creative talent. In treating artistic things functionally, he has also broadened the scope of functional things and imbued them with an artistry entirely new to them. The use of active and inactive lines has been kept in such nice balance that the prevailing atmosphere springs from that use and is fostered by it. The house is, above all else, livable—a place in which to work and rest with equal ease.

An interesting aspect of the house is the harmony between the rooms—each so individual in purpose and feeling. Specifically, Wharton Esherick has used his doorways as much as anything else, to create this integrated effect. Generally speaking, there is more than that which gives this impression. Such details as the soft brown rug covering the floor of both book room and music room, the stairs leading from one level of the hall to another, the more intangible factor of a large conception which comprises all the parts and subjects them to its major purpose—these are the things which have made his results possible.

Surely a house to be lived in and visited happily must have a unified and a harmonious whole. After that, it gives pleasure in proportion to its commodiousness and its aesthetic value. Yet to attempt to give a set of rules by which to build or decorate a house seems pedantic and sterile. More satisfying is the capacity to appreciate the quality of a house as one would that of a person and to be grateful for the unique in either. In an age when man believes all things are possible for him who is industrious, it is revivifying to find reaffirmed one great truth—that talent, imagination, and originality cannot be bought or wooed or won—they grow, like Topsy, and, like her, they animate everything with which they come in contact. It took that unpredictable combination, originality, talent, and experienced craftsmanship, for Wharton Esherick to create this house which bears his stamp. There will be those who like it and those who find it troubling, those who are passionate in its defense and those who condemn it heartily. There will be no one who finds it dull—which means, I think, that it is lustily alive and significant.

The unusual driveway lamp post, designed by Mr. Esherick, was carved from a white oak trunk

With the exception of the stucco fireplace wall the entire music room is paneled in oak, with a ceiling of pine. A loudspeaker for the radio-victrola is concealed behind the painting over the mantel, the picture being set in a hinged frame which lifts up and fastens to the ceiling

The huge window, framed in massive oak, has curtains which pull completely out of sight into channels at each end. In the detail above may be seen the delicate wooden gratings which conceal the radiator. The specially designed radio-phonograph fits into an alcove beneath the music drawers

Above: The library mantel and door to the music room. Below: A specially designed sofa sweeps around in front of the library windows

Two exquisite details of Wharton Esherick's craftmanship are the latches on the oak doors between the music room and the library

THE CURTIS BOK HOUSE

—Continued—

The latches are imaginatively designed and executed in satinwood; the one on the entrance side of the music room, concave; the one on the exit side, convex

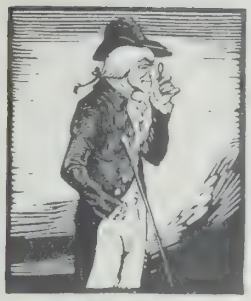
From the front door three broad, rough hewn, white oak beams, polished and waxed, lead to the upper level of the hall, its honey colored white pine staircase set against a black background. On the left, an abstract figure in black walnut on an oak pedestal

The chestnut oak mantel in the dining room has been carved in a semi-circular design. Above it, "The Judge," a mahogany colored figure in cocobolo is set against a square aluminum background. The semi-circular gray-blue soapstone hearth is edged with a tooled copper band six inches wide

THE CURTIS BOK HOUSE

—Continued—

In Mrs. Bok's bedroom, the stucco corner fireplace is indirectly lit from the rear, forming a perfect setting for the decorative jade figure



Seen and Heard

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

WITH Spring screaming "Yoo-hoo!" and having tantrums at every street corner, with forsythia and robins making fools of themselves in every commuter's front yard, it seems rather stupid to write about amateur boxing and marathons. But Spring is a fickle jade and this Department is a gent of austere fidelity to what might be called the facts of life rather than its pretty fixings. I could write about robins and forsythia and whippoorwills until the spectacles fell off your nose. I have done so before and I could do it again. In fact I defy anyone to write a more stupefying article on these subjects than your hero. But I will not do it. I will not do it! I have seen and heard the amateurs boxing and running, and the muse commands me to write of these. They are not as high-toned as the gentleman riders at the Hunt Race Meetings. They do not smell as sweetly as an apple orchard in full bloom. There is, in fact, a perfume of liniment and perspiration about them; but they are part and parcel of our early spring and I have seen and heard them. Hence these facile tears.

The Simon Pures

Only a few years ago an amateur boxing affair, whether a national championship tournament or something less important, was a fairly sinister performance. A cheap, dirty arena; the air a solid block of dense cigar smoke (Oh how the country did need in those days a *good* five cent cigar!), and an audience with an unduly high percentage of noisy drunks, quarreling and shouting at the embattled boxers. And behind the scenes a group of cruel, mercenary men hoping to find among the "Simon Pures" a profitable addition to that collection of ivory and human flesh pleasantly referred to as their "stable" of fighters. A national tournament was for the Simon Pures about as good fun as the Spanish Inquisition was for a renegade on one of Torquemada's best days. Sometimes a boy was obliged to fight—in that atmosphere—three times in an evening, the evening lasting till three o'clock in the morning or later. The intervals between bouts he could while away pleasantly lying in a dog kennel provided for that purpose.

Also the system was eminently unfair. A good boxer might draw another good one in his first preliminary and fight himself into a coma, just winning. An hour or so later he would meet a perfectly fresh young athlete who had drawn a bye or who had lucky-punched a palooka in the first fifteen seconds of the first round. Even youth shouldn't be asked to snap back after a hard fight and take on one or more untired opponents.

It is all very different nowadays. The Simon Pures have come into their own as providers of what my colleagues on "Stage" call "After Dark Entertainment." I was one of the eighteen thousand citizens who packed the Garden at the recent Inter-City Golden Gloves tournament—New York against Chicago. These two teams, totaling forty-six contenders, were, according to the Herald Tribune, the "survivors of more than 8000 from seven states who had been engaged in sectional preliminaries for six weeks."

A little later I attended the National A.A.U. Boxing Championships at the Boston Garden. That was, very literally, a three-ring circus, with one hundred and eighty-six entrants from all over the country, including Hawaii. There were a few candidates who were not allowed to compete for various reasons but roughly one hundred and eighty boxers brawled in the three rings before a large crowd of more or less bloodthirsty spectators. Who were these amateurs? Let me reproduce from the official program the lads who cuffed one another in the Heavyweight Class; it reads a good deal like the line-up of a Notre Dame football team:

Heavyweight Class

REG. NO.	NAME AND CITY
2117	Fred Hill, Kings Mountain, N. C.
P628	Robert Dennis, Murray A. A., Detroit, Mich.
6200	Frank Gelecki, Omaha, Neb.
119	Daniel Merritt, Caster A. C., Cleveland, Ohio.
2920	Bill Brittin, Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon.
	James Sverchek, Olympic Club, San Francisco, Cal.
5431	James Schoenfeld, New Orleans, La.
	Jay Pietsch, Amarillo, Texas.
831	Coleman Jones, Richmond A. C., Richmond, Va.
	Jack Townsend, Salt Lake City, Utah.
	Carroll Garretson, Tulsa, Okla.
1539	Tony Novak, Cole A. C., Kansas City, Mo.
218	Abner Powell, Salem Crescent A. C., New York, N. Y.
19513	John Hanson, Boys Club, Worcester, Mass.
	Ollie Smith, Buffalo, N. Y.
5338	George Moir, Newark, N. J.
18725	Frank Chludinski, Hyde Park, Mass.
	Moose Kennedy, Gary, Ind.
819	William Schloeman, First Ave. Boys Club, New York, N. Y.
58657	Lotha Shafer, Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.

Do not, however, be deceived by the occasional fine old Anglo-Saxon names on the program. Daniel Merritt, for example, who sloughed the pride of Hyde Park, Frank Chludinski—of the old Hyde Park Chludinskis—was an efficient and very dark coon. No, the Anglo-Saxons and, strangely enough, the Irish are slowly sinking out of sight in the ranks of the Simon Pures. Perhaps a few generations of life on this continent soften one. We old-timers realize that it is easier and less painful to go on relief than to make a living by taking socks on the puss. Our sturdy, old New England blood rebels at the thought of being knocked stupid by a Croat with a good right hand. Even John L. Sullivan, that nonpareil fighting man, drew the color line, because there happened to be a dark number named Jackson lurking around the prize ring who might, very possibly, have given him an uncomfortable afternoon.

Why do eighteen thousand customers crowd the Garden to see not very expert amateurs go into action? Making all due allowance for newspaper build-up and ballyhoo, the answer is that Simon Pures put on a good show. They fight. They go out for death or glory. Their bouts are limited to three rounds of three minutes each, with one-minute intermissions. Consequently they have to do their stuff very promptly indeed, and the result is action. There are not the affecting scenes of brother embracing brother which one sees in professional preliminaries. These lads want to make an impression and a reputation because then some nice, kind manager may sign them up for the Big Time. Mostly they are tough babies from some obscure "Athletic Club" or Y. M. C. A. who have achieved local recognition and are ambitious. It was perhaps five years ago—I haven't the record—that a colored amateur named Joe Louis fought in the National Championships. He was knocked for a loop by a young man named Max Marek who might be called "The Unknown Boxer." But for some time Joe Louis has been champion of the world and an important capitalist. As Napoleon's soldiers carried a marshal's baton in their knapsacks, so a Simon Pure carries a possible fortune in his gloves. At least he thinks so, and he fights. The public does not understand boxing but it loves action and fighting. Nothing is more gratifying to the paunchy spectator than a knockout. Even at the polite tournaments of today, the air—what there is of it—is rent with cries: "Kill him!" "Take that shine!" "Kick him in the shins!" "Sock him!" "Use that right"—and so on. And eighteen thousand people come, of an evening, to see the Simon Pures, knowing that there will be action and nothing else but. The boys won't stall along like the pros. They do not, like the wrestlers, need to wear beards and weigh three hundred pounds and make faces and scream when their opponent pinches a toe. They are not showmen; they are actors in a vital way, and the public adores it.

As technicians they are not, in my opinion, very good. The three-round limit puts a premium on aggressive slugging. The art of boxing is relatively ineffective in so short a contest. Besides, whether it be cause or effect, they do not seem to me to be well coached or taught. Our record in the Olympics would bear this out. The long, long hours and days and weeks and months necessary to perfect the timing and the distance of a left lead are discarded in favor of a few rounds in the ring with another greenhorn. The latter system toughens them but it may not give them that nice co-ordination of nerves and muscles which makes the champion.

However, they put on a great show and the public is happy and an occasional manager finds a good prospect—and what are a few thick ears after all?

Short Book Reviews

"Beneath the Surface, the Cycle of River Life" by H. E. Towner Coston (Charles Scribner's Sons, $2) is a wise little volume by the very knowledgeable co-author of "River Management." It tells you a great deal about insects and fishes and, although British in detail, it will interest anglers everywhere.

Entirely American is "Upstream and Down" by Howard T. Walden II, (The Derrydale Press, $10), a number of chapters of which appeared originally in "The Sportsman." I like this book immensely. It is not long or didactic or sentimental, and it has the positive virtues of frankness and simplicity and understanding. A real contribution to American angling literature.

"Giant Fishes, Whales, and Dolphius" (W. W. Norton & Co., $4) is written by two learned men of the (*Continued on page 95*)

Removing a Rail

LEGS

MENTAL visions of surfy, sandy beaches, bathing beauties, artists' models, Follies girls—but no! The legs we have in mind are those seen on the bridle path, in the show ring, on the hunting field, and when or wherever the horsy gentry are found. To the horseman, legs are important not from the beauty standpoint (thank God!), but because of their utility in riding or managing a horse.

Legs are those extremities of the human body which hang over the horse and permit the rider to hold on without "gripping leather" with his hands, which is considered bad form by those in the know. Draped over a saddle, with the toes pointing to the front, they at times present a unique effect, besides doing things to the horse. For instance, the legs are observed in numerous positions, i.e., the lower leg may be well forward, far backward, considerably elevated, or well let down.

In the first case, the rider frequently increases his stability by interlocking his feet around the horse's neck. A variation of this method of the interlocking grip would be the famous "feet on the dashboard" which is obtained by extending the legs in the general direction of the horse's head. By pressing firmly against the stirrup with the toes, one can brace oneself when one pulls vigorously on the reins if it's desirable to stop or slow down the horse.

The second method, that is with the lower leg well to the rear, has the distinct advantage of constantly tickling the horse's flank with the spur—and, as a result, additional propulsion or other more or less spirited activity on the part of the horse is easily obtained.

In the good old days, it was considered proper to lower the legs to the point where one could just reach the stirrups with the tip of the toe. This was called the "tongs across the wall" method. Posting, or rising to the trot was most irregular, if not actually unknown. Consequently, one "sat the trot," which was so uncomfortable to Southern planters that they, in desperation, developed the gaited or saddle horse. Moreover, farmers became quite incensed because huntsmen frequently removed the top rails of fences with their feet, if, as, and when they cleared the jump. This state of affairs finally led to the adoption of the cross-country, or jumping seat, which elevated the rider's lower legs and kept them reasonably close to the horse's barrel. This radical change has been justified, as riders can now ride abreast of each other without a resultant entangling of legs, and in some instances can even take a fence without removing the top rail. (Note to huntsmen: In spite of the above change, most farmers now nail or otherwise secure the top rails of all fences!)

Another method is that in which the toes are turned to the rear. This being reserved for the last ride, the technique thereof is not taught by our best instructors of equitation, and consequently is not

Removing a Boot

Just the Leg for a Boot

Interlocking Grip

and LANDSCAPES

LIEUTENANT COLONEL THOMAS LYLE MARTIN

discussed herewith, it being mentioned just "in passing," as it were.

In any of the above cases, the toes may be turned in or out. The "toe in" appears to be most popular this season and is accomplished by gripping the skirts of the saddle firmly with the knees and then tightening the ankle by turning it in. This is of material assistance to a knock-kneed person as he has to exert only his ankles. Strange, indeed, that one should expend such effort to be knock-kneed on a horse and to appear bowlegged when dismounted. However, note some of our best horsemen.

Despite the popularity of the "toe in," the question whether to toe in or toe out is still a very much mooted one. The following advice is for novice horsemen only as you couldn't teach an old one anything anyhow. The general idea is to observe the horse's stance forward and aft. If he toes out (or in) on all fours, one should also toe out (or in) for the sake of symmetry. If by chance (which is really quite frequent) he toes out in front and toes in behind, or vice versa, the solution is evident. Toe either out or in and a pleasing contrast is insured. However, it is not considered good form for the rider to do both at the same time.

To be proper one should wear boots and spurs. A noted horseman became famous when he once said, "I'd rather be seen without my breeches than without my spurs!" No direct mention was made of boots, but we can now assume that their general use was intended. Boots should be long, tight, and new to the point of extreme discomfort. Getting in or out of a pair of new boots is a feat not even experience can teach. After a day in the saddle, and a night at the Hunt Ball, many actually prefer to go to bed without removing them. The latter fact probably accounts for that old saying, "He died with his boots on."

Boots have another most important use. When one is chewing hay and carrying a crop, additional dash is assured if from time to time one smartly slaps one's boots with the crop. A good resounding slap gives emphasis and tone to the point of one's joke, if, or when the point is reached. Furthermore, it calls direct attention to the fact that one is wearing boots and belongs to the horsy set.

Be that as it may, from the foregoing discussion one will have learned that there are legs and legs—skinny legs and fat legs, long legs and short legs, bowlegs and knock-knees—and, unfortunately but nonetheless true, never a straight leg in a carload!

The Toe-In

Three Men on Three Horses

Sketches by the author

Every Sportsman a Naturalist

RAYMOND S. DECK

TROUT? Man alive, they were everywhere in that little Smoky Mountain creek! Between us I guess we'd seen a hundred brookies dart away like brown ghosts before our advance. In one deep blue pool I'd just seen a trout that would have made your heart stand still. The mighty fish had floated up to the surface like a submarine. Not a fin had moved, so far as I could see, in all of his insolent rise. An ample whirlpool spun on the water as he sucked in a moth. That was all. With lazy grace the wraith then sank slowly from my sight.

A chaste June Quill couldn't coax him up again, nor a glittering Royal Coachman. There wasn't a fly in the book that would tempt that Old Man of the Mountains. No more than troutwise Ed and I had managed to creel a fish all morning long! Now, while Ed waded on upstream, indulging the rosy hope which springs eternal, I sat down on the sunny bank beside the giant trout's pool. There I cursed the owner softly, admiringly, as befits such occasion.

Perhaps five minutes of that sparkling day drifted by. *Chkk!* I was almost dozing with the luxury of the out-of-doors in June when a sharp, excited note sounded just behind. *Chkk!* Quite lazily I shifted my head enough to see the source. On a mossy, rotting log a rod away was a "little brown bird" such as everyone sees in numbers on fishing and hunting trips. But no. On second glance this bird seemed "different." Its plumage suggested dead leaves, as the feathers of woodcock do. The improvised crest now erect on its head reminded me of a startled partridge. Not that this sparrow-sized mite looked like a game bird at all, you understand. But it made me *think* of

Photographs by the author

Top: A robin and hungry offspring. Above: A cowbird's egg in the nest of a chestnut-sided warbler. Right above: The kingbird family. Mother keeps a watchful eye on the photographer and Father brings home a butterfly for the young. Below: Line forms on the right—a cherry-bird trio

The usual formula for learning all about birds is for everyone in a sizable party to join hands and skip off across springtime fields, asinging. That is "baloney" —as Mr. Smith so very aptly used to say

one, which was a very pleasant thing.

Now, I'm not pretending for a moment that lolling on a sunny bank to watch an ovenbird feeds the soul the way trout-fishing does. But this individual suggested a Lilliputian game bird—and I know only one worldly thing that can attract my interest from game bird doings, and it is not trout-fishing. Besides the water was cold as ice; the fish weren't rising. And this bird showed a puzzling interest in lazy anglers. Those scolding *chkk's* bade me get on about my business. So I sprawled there instead, to find out what an ovenbird does on bright June mornings that makes it improper for a fellow to stop and swear a little when he sees a monster trout in nose-thumbing mood.

Fluff-fluff! With a whirr of wings the bird suddenly launched a power-dive at my face. It swooped so close that I felt a breeze from its wings fan my face; and my hands flashed up instinctively to shield my eyes from the clicking bill. *Fluff!* Again and again it spun in the air for renewed attack. Then it lit on a branch overhead, raised and lowered its orange crest in high excitement; cried *chkk, chkk, chkk!* An answering note clicked out of the hazel brush to my right. Another ovenbird whisked into view. Not even two fat green caterpillars dripping from its beak tempered the newcomer's fury at my intrusion. It lunged at my face with throaty cries of warning; fairly indulged in a foot-stamping tantrum on a leaning dogwood trunk. Not once for a quarter hour did either of the pair let up the frenzied accusation. But I just lay quiet, following them with my eyes until the tempest in a teapot finally blew itself out.

Now if you had been the target of the devil-may-care performance of that pair of ovenbirds you would have known as well as I did that they had a nest close by. There aren't many things in the world that would make a man mad enough to fight an army tank, and two diminutive songbirds attacking a man is the full equivalent of such a thing. The only thing I know that would turn the trick in either case would be a threat to the home. There are other ways you'd have known that those two birds had a homestead within a couple of rods. For one thing no bird would go flying around with tasty caterpillars in his bill unless he was taking them home; not any more than you'd amble up the avenue with a Daiquiri and a tray of hors d'oeuvres in your hands.

I decided to have a look at that ovenbirds' nest—since the water was cold and the trout weren't rising, and it was so warm and comfortable there. So I went right on lying still. The birds had calmed down. The agitated cock had swallowed his caterpillar-catch long since. The pair now made off on a bug-hunt. They were back very shortly, each with a beakful of insects. Then the tirade broke anew.

Three or four minutes ticked by and the birds were quiet again. Over and over the lady of the pair (at least I took her for the lady) flew to a sassafras sapling and dropped down from it to a lush clump of ferns. But each time she flicked away with nervous tail-twitchings. I have watched many a bird approach its nest. I know the trickery well enough that I would have laid two to one that I could walk over there and lay my hand on the nest in that fern clump. The hitch was merely that the parent hadn't yet steeled herself to vanishing in the tuft of greenery with her cookies and coming out empty-handed. That would be a dead giveaway.

But of a sudden Madame flashed over to my side. Wings dangling brokenly on the ground, she dragged herself in a circle about me. I think I could have caught her in my hand. Around and around she went, whimpering, fluttering, begging me to chase her in my search for food, like a foolish cat or weasel. The joke was on me. I straightway found her nest with its five unbeautiful fledglings just a foot from where my head rested on the leaves. It was an admirable nest wrought of grass and fine roots in the form of a snug Dutch oven. So artfully was it shingled over with weathered leaves that a hundred sharp-eyed predators, I hold, could have passed without spying it.

And because there are mornings in June when trout won't rise; because there are autumn days when a man likes to sit still in the orange-leaved woods and drink in the outdoors instead of pounding hard for a full gamebag, I toast the easygoing art of wild bird watching. I offer it only as one trick in the kit of The Compleat Sportsman. I do not proposed that a treatise on the lovelife of the pewee constitute your gift to posterity; nor do I urge that you run out and clap your little hands every time you hear a *tweet-tweet* in the elm tree. But I'll gamble on this, if it's sport you're after: I can kill a grouse or catch two fish on the fly in less time than it will take you to outwit an average wild bird into disclosing its nest. And, in taking me up on this, you'll display a lot more knowledge of woodcraft in your stint than I will in mine, to boot.

I think that every hunter and fisherman has a hankering deep in his soul to be a naturalist. He wouldn't care to be a laboratory scientist twiddling with stuffed skins in museum trays. But he *would* like to be an authority on matters of natural history in the field. He'd like to have people ask him what sort of bird it is that builds a Dutch-oven nest of leaves in the Junetime woods—and know the answer. His ego would fatten off knowing that Pete or Oscar chose him as the fellow to name the orange and black bird which had its hanging nest in the limbs of the driveway maples. Besides, there are a lot more sportsmen every year leading scientific expeditions to far places; and these do well to have a speaking acquaintance with wildlife other than game species, and to know the principles, at least, of proper field study. I think you can find a knockout hobby in observing the ways of birds. Perhaps, like me, you will betray a weakness for those plump sorts which are fair game in fall; or in their stead, for lesser sorts like fox-sparrows, larks, and ovenbirds, which make one *think* of game birds. But many a glittering songbird the size of your thumb has the internal fortitude to fly from Maine to Brazil and back every year. And I for one, am not blasé enough to consider such flyers as that unworthy of a few odd minutes' watching.

The usual formula for learning all about (*Continued on page 101*)

The male yellow-throat proves himself a good provider

An A.A. scout attaches a sign for the convenience of visitors to the Grand National at Aintree

BRIAN MEREDITH

A Royal Auto Club scout in front of a club booth. The R.A.C. and the A.A. provide service and help to tourists

From left to right above: Three services of the motoring clubs. Repairs to the engine, tourist information, and "petrol" for the unfortunate stranded driver

"VISITORS are particularly requested not to walk on the grass," reads a notice by some freshly seeded turf in Hyde Park. There's another, near the old castle in Ludlow, Shropshire, saying, "You are entreated and beseeched not to leave litter lying about." That, somehow, is England. You are requested, beseeched. For this reason, among many others, motoring in the British Isles is one of the most pleasant ways of seeing Old England's countryside.

Last year there was a fifty per cent increase in transatlantic motor traffic. It was put down to the Coronation. It is expected this year the number will hold because there is no Coronation. The opportunity to tour when the people are not patriotically preoccupied will be too good to miss. Except for the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow, only routine shows mark the summer season. You can see, undistracted, what there always is to see in Great Britain: gentle landscapes, beautiful villages, solid homespun people.

There are many ways of doing so, and for those interested in walking, camping, cycling, riding, or canoeing, a list of useful addresses is included at the end of this article. But motoring is still the line of least resistance for most of us; and I'm gradually maneuvering about to discuss it.

The discussion could be interminable, as in England motoring is still less a means of transport than a sport, which puts conversational possibilities on a spaciously technical plane. The points of a car are weighed as seriously as the points of a horse, and a subtle air of county gentility pervades any such conversation. Times are changing, even in England, but this approach to motoring as a recreation and a luxury lingers and imparts to it a rather odd yet undeniably attractive character.

Something like one person in twenty-five runs a car in Great Britain, whereas in the States it's one in five. Consequently it is

ouring in the British Isles this Summer

infinitely less democratic; the possession of a car carries a modern class distinction; the attitude of the authorities and motor organizations is comfortingly qualified; and motorists are better mannered.

This makes motoring very good for the soul: the hotel keeper can be as interested in a motorist as was his forefather in the owner of a private post-chaise; the uniformed road patrols and point-men of the associations salute your membership badge politely as you pass; and the police are less condescending. Particularly is this so if you bring over your own American car, tax free for three months. It is a giant among them and on a scale and in a class with the Rolls. The taxing of a pound per horsepower, now 15 shillings, has developed the sensible, small-sized, light, low-powered car in keeping with English conditions. The popular-priced car is in the seven to twelve horsepower class, which has multiplied five times over during the last ten years. Even the more expensive cars in the two hundred and fifty pound and upward class are low-slung, low in rated horsepower, and can be tiny beside a stock American car.

But there is scarcely an important American make not represented in England; and a tourist spending the $185 odd in round-trip uncrated transatlantic transport for his own car need seldom worry over lack of service. A great many bring their cars, finding their membership in the American Automobile Association valuable as a connection with the Royal Automobile Club or the Automobile Association, which works brisk miracles in unloading and servicing at the port of entry; but there is a lot to be said for using an English car. When in Rome . . . you know.

If you think of using an English machine, a matter you could settle quickly after your arrival, you will find an amusing variety to choose from. You can rent one, with or without chauffeur (and from $25 a week up), or buy one on a guaranteed repurchase basis, the costs being governed by the size and type of the machine; and in such matters either the RAC or AA are valuable guides. You may not as a transient be called upon to consider taxation and petrol costs as seriously as a native, and may thus be able to afford a more ambitious car than you would use as a resident; but first, for various reasons, I commend to your attention the simplest, beginning even with a motor-bike.

The baby cars are charming. They can cost as much as their bigger cousins in the States, say $600 to $1000, and in their own small way are as sturdy and serviceable. With the memory of a big machine fresh in your mind, they seem likely to be blown off the road by a high wind. You want to hold the little steering wheel as daintily as you might the handle of a tea cup. But they're in scale with the country; they have sunshine roofs; there's almost comic novelty in ordering a gallon or two at a time; and you become adjusted in no time.

If you crave creature comfort and transportation as you are accustomed to it at home, you'll have to drive the English edition of an American car, costing considerably more; or an English car in the $1000 to $2500 class. The super-cars I dismiss as not being of interest to most travelers.

Maybe through contact I am developing a little of the Anglo-Saxon view that comfort is immoral; but I suggest you should forego your big car. If you bring one over or buy a big model you merely strengthen the tradition that all Americans are *ipso facto* millionaires, and you will psychologically be shielded from any intimate contact with the countryside. I commend again the little car because with it you will mix, undistinguished, with the traffic and with the people. You will feel more at home because you are not recognized as a stranger and accorded formal hospitality.

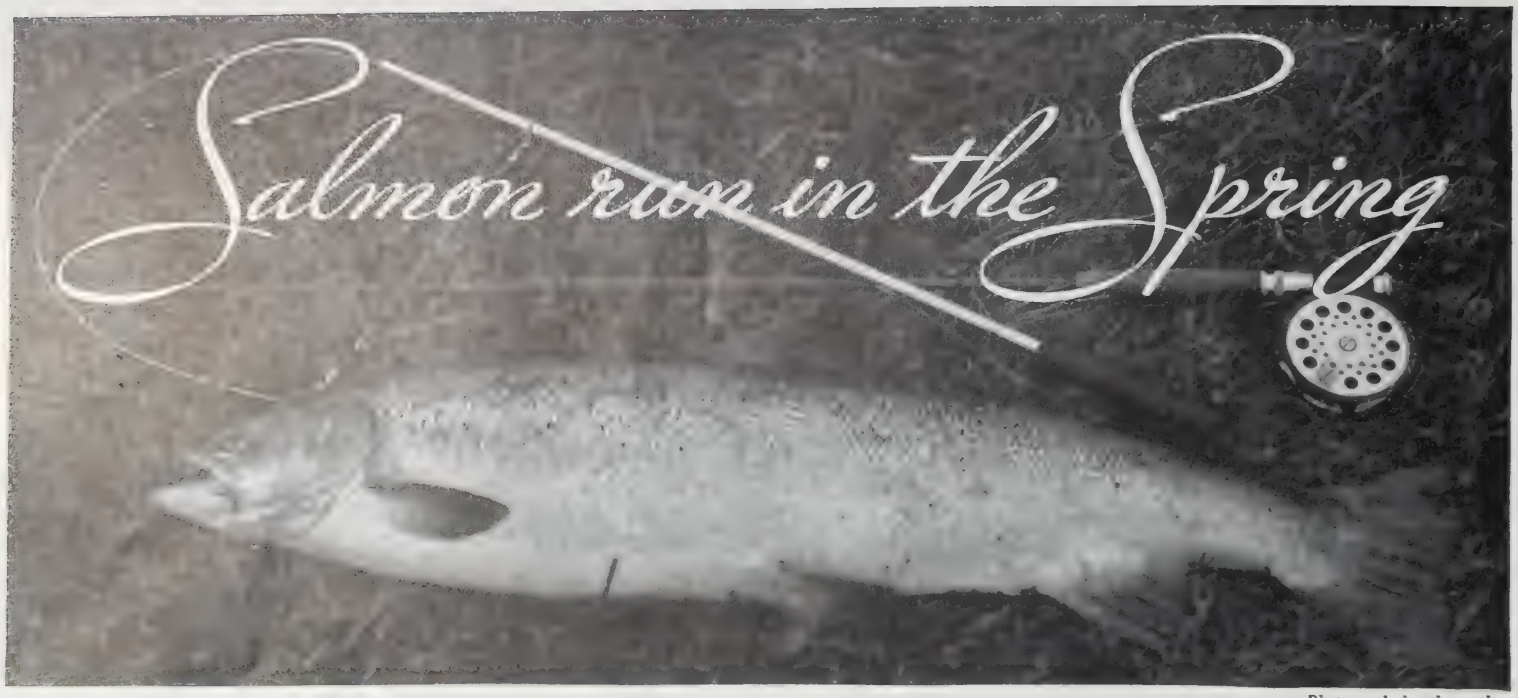
Hospitality, of course, you should find aplenty. The English, though they have the most naïvely weird ideas about the inhabitants of North America, are on the whole anxious to make them welcome. They are aware of their reputation for aloofness, of their supposed attitude towards Americans, and they can go to embarrassing extremes in running true-to-type, or in proving that they don't.

But we were discussing motoring. However you may motor, in a small way or big, the general atmosphere of the road, the character of the traffic, should immediately impress you. The class element in driving, plus more innate patience and reserve, results in decidedly better road manners.

The pedestrian has been given a legal right of way at uncontrolled intersections by means of pedestrians' crossings, marked by "Belisha Beacons" as they were popularly called; and the motorist must stop dead to let him cross. This is of great importance. A typical British balance has been struck between the rights of the individual and of the majority, between motorist and pedestrian.

The police are wonderful; but don't say (*Continued on page 90*)

And don't forget to drive to the left!



Photograph by the author

Anglers who go north in the spring, seeking the Atlantic Salmon, fish for an enigma; but little is known about the habits of this swift leaping fish from the time he goes down into the sea as a smolt until he comes back to the river of his birth a silvery grilse or full-grown salmon

LEE WULFF

THE snows melt on the spruce-clad hills or lift into vapors in the warmth of spring days. Ice chokes the rivers, frees itself and moves on. The floods pass down the valleys and the streams settle into their usual early summer flow. And northward turns a horde of salmon fishermen eager to intercept the silver fish on their yearly spawning trip to the headwaters of the streams. After a long winter of planning their equipment, their fishing grounds, and the proper time to find the most of these fish in the particular river of their choice, they travel north, feeling a thrill as they leave the maples, elms, and oaks behind and find in their place the darker green of spruce and the stiff gray-shingled houses that tell more than anything else that they are in salmon country.

They reach their favorite waters to fish for an enigma. The salmon is real because they see him and catch him. He has come into the rivers to spawn and spawn he will but not until late in the fall. He feeds sometimes, on a whim, but he loses weight steadily all during his stay in the fresh water. If the anglers had arrived just after the ice went out they would have seen the passing of the slinks, or spent salmon, that had spawned the previous fall and had passed a winter of self-imposed starvation under the ice of the upper stream. If they had fished for these spent fish they would have found them long, ravenous, black skeletons that take any big fly and after a few wild leaps come in quickly when they have spent the low ebb of their strength. These spent fish pass on to the welcoming ocean to almost double their weight in less than a year and return again to the arduous task of perpetuating their line.

These things and much more we know about the salmon by virtue of what we can see of him while he is in fresh water and by the telltale rings on his scales. At first he grows in the manner of a trout or other fresh-water fish until he feels the urge to seek the blue depths of the ocean. Until he leaves the stream for the first time his growth is slow, barely paralleling that of his cousin the trout. But once he reaches the sea his growth is tremendous. A three-year-old fish, leaving fresh water for the first time with a weight of four ounces, may in the next three years bring his weight up to thirty or forty pounds. Where he goes and what he feeds on nobody knows. He is equipped to withstand the altitudes of the high mountains in the headwaters of the streams he climbs to spawn and he is also equipped to withstand the pressure of the dark canyons of the sea. Tradition has been built up and legends have arisen on the life of the salmon; still, much is conjecture and many of the legends have become hollow myths with the passing of time and the slow increase of our knowledge.

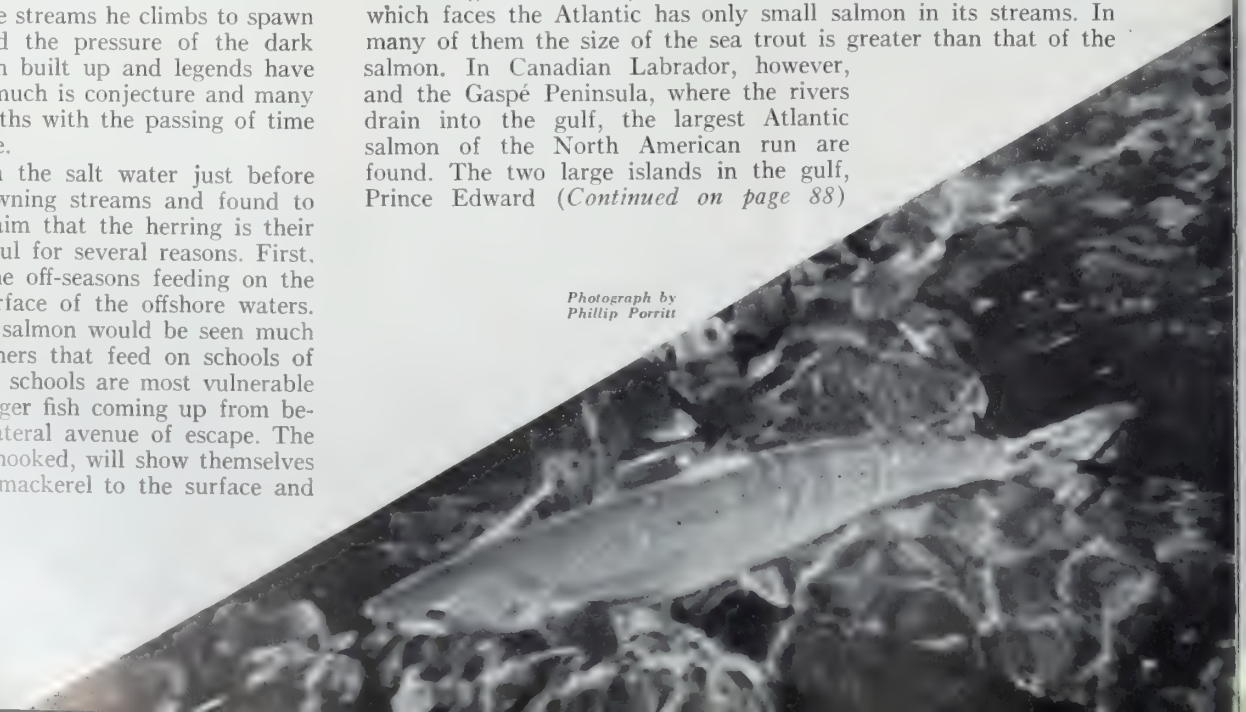
Salmon have been taken in nets in the salt water just before entering or just after leaving the spawning streams and found to have herring in their gullets. Some claim that the herring is their main source of food but this is doubtful for several reasons. First, because the salmon are not seen in the off-seasons feeding on the schools of herring that are on the surface of the offshore waters. Certainly, a swift-leaping fish like the salmon would be seen much in the manner of the bluefish and others that feed on schools of small fish on the surface. Small fish in schools are most vulnerable when driven to the top so that the larger fish coming up from beneath them have cut off all but the lateral avenue of escape. The giant tuna, fish that rarely leap when hooked, will show themselves regularly when they drive herring or mackerel to the surface and often come clear of the water in their efforts to swallow them. It is surprising that a fish as fond of leaping as the salmon, whose very name means the leaper, should never be seen feeding on schools of small fish offshore, if they form a major part of his diet.

Another clue to the probability that the salmon's main food is not the herring or any similar school fish is that while the herring are everywhere along the coast, the salmon in certain sections only grow to a large size while other sections produce a uniformly small run of fish. The largest salmon of our Atlantic shores come from the rivers emptying into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Large salmon prefer large rivers. Taking only the large streams into consideration, it holds almost without exception that rivers emptying into the gulf have a large run of fish and those emptying elsewhere have not.

Newfoundland is roughly triangular in shape and only one of her shores borders on the gulf. This one is the only one of her three shores having rivers into which the large salmon come. The other two shores facing the northeast and south on the ocean have no rivers where the salmon run much larger than ten pounds, while rivers of the west coast have salmon running in weight up to forty pounds and over.

The largest salmon taken from any river in Nova Scotia, a fifty-two and a half pounder, was taken from the Margaree River, which also empties into the gulf. Fish over thirty-five pounds are taken from this river every year. But the North River which has its headwaters within a few miles of those of the Margaree and flows east to the ocean side of the island draws a small run of fish in which a twenty pounder is a big one.

Turning to Labrador, we find that the Newfoundland Labrador which faces the Atlantic has only small salmon in its streams. In many of them the size of the sea trout is greater than that of the salmon. In Canadian Labrador, however, and the Gaspé Peninsula, where the rivers drain into the gulf, the largest Atlantic salmon of the North American run are found. The two large islands in the gulf, Prince Edward (*Continued on page 88*)



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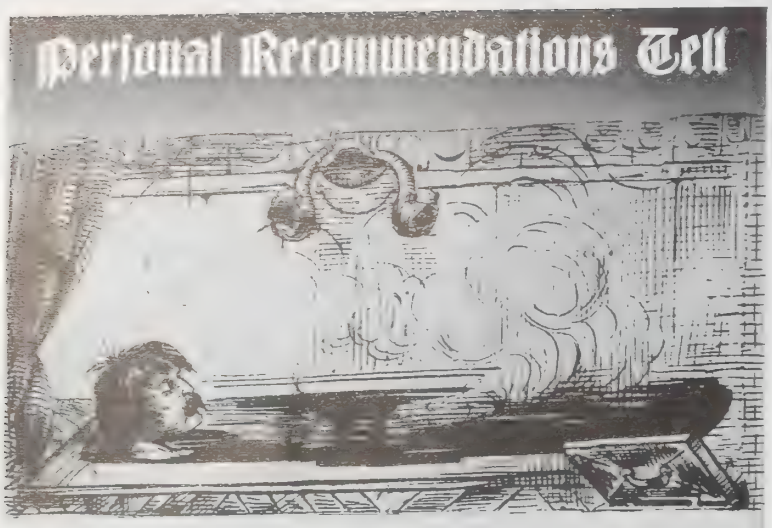

MARK TWAIN

has assuredly given you many an hour's amusement. Like an old acquaintance he has become so familiar that you gladly defer to his judgement. Listen, then, to what he has to say about Baden-Baden in his classic "A Tramp Abroad" published in London in 1881: —

"The baths are good. I spoke with many people, and they were all agreed in that. I had twinges of rheumatism unceasingly during three years, but the last one departed after a fortnight's bathing there, and I have never had one since. I fully believe I left my rheumatism in Baden-Baden. Baden-Baden is welcome to it. It was little, but it was all I had to give."

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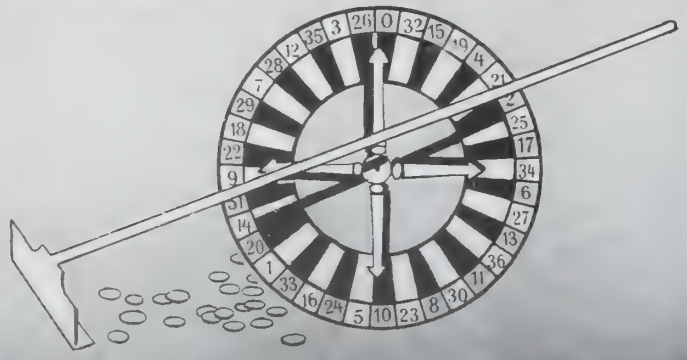

Full information from all Travel-Agencies, from the German Railroads Information Office, New York City, 665 Fifth Avenue or Chicago, 333 North Michigan Avenue or direct from the "Bäder- und Kurverwaltung" Baden-Baden.

Roman summer

(*Continued from page 60*)

bridge, backgammon, or poker, be prepared to go the limit or else sit on the sidelines.

As I look back over those perfect days spent in Rome last summer, there are certain things that stand out in my memory. One is the joy of riding around at a leisurely pace in an open carriage. Rome is full of these vetture or, to use Rome's special word for victorias, *botticelle*—they seem to go with the city far better than taxis. Then comes driving through the Villa Borghese in the late afternoon, watching cavalry officers do their jumps, seeing the most aristocratic babies in Rome being attended by nurses in colorful peasant dresses, and stopping to watch lovers canoeing on those romantic little lakes. The sunset view from the Pincio or else from the Gianicolo Hill; my astonishment and admiration for that man Mussolini when you see the way he has dug up Ancient Rome and contributed to the New Rome; being taken in tow by Tullio Carminati and shown the scenes of his early days in the theater when he first played with Duse; going to the flower market on a Thursday morning with Countess Martini to buy lilies as beautiful as Bermuda can produce, and for a song. I also remember with pleasure stopping at the Casina Delle Rose for a tall orange juice after walking through the maze of paths in the Villa Borghese; between five and seven sitting at Rosati's sidewalk cafe on the Via Vittorio Veneto with an iced coffee and some wonderful chocolate pastry full of lemon peel; being amazed how well dressed and contented all the passersby appear (Italian women have the chic of those in New York or Buenos Aires and the army of Fascisti officers are the last word in smartness).

When you're in Rome be sure to have a chat with Charlie, who presides over the bar at the Hotel Ambasciatori and is one of the most interesting drink dispensers you've ever encountered. From Charlie's long stay at Claridge's in Paris he knows lots of Americans and has seventeen books containing over fifteen thousand autographs. At Christmas he exchanges seven thousand cards with his old customers. One afternoon, chatting with him over an Americano he had shaken up for me, Charlie pulled out a photograph of the new tomb for his dog which he had just ordered erected in the dog cemetery in Paris. "Lucky," his famous police dog, had been with him seventeen years, and held joint court with him at the bar. Yes, Charlie is one of the sights of Rome.

Then there's La Quirinetta. It is a godsend for Americans in Rome, being a newly remodeled cinema which shows only foreign films, two a week. Just about as large as the Plaza Theatre in New York, the seats of La Quirinetta are as comfortable as those in Radio City Music Hall. Openings at this de luxe little cinema are to Roman society as social as are certain first nights in London, New York, or Hollywood. And audiences are as chatty as those in a country town, though most of those who are waving to each other and making bridge dates are quite apt to be duchesses and ambassadors.

An important part of a stay in Rome is the matter of trips to the country. I've already mentioned Ostia, though it seems almost like a part of the city itself now. Then, of course, there is Tivoli. The drive out there would be dull were it not for the road which leads a great part of the way through fields of yellow wheat, studded with brilliant red poppies, and purple and blue field flowers. A little more than half way to Tivoli you'll notice the odor of sulphur. It grows stronger and stronger as you finally arrive at the baths, the Acque Albule. Some people swear by these baths as cures for this and that. The several pools, fed by falls of sulphurous water, are in an artistic setting of cypress trees and statuary which help overcome the unattractive appearance of the muddy looking water with its unpleasant odor. Beginners who want to try the baths shouldn't stay in for more than fifteen minutes.

Although there's an open-air cafe at this establishment, you'll fare better if you continue to Tivoli for lunch. The little town is full of restaurants. Of the lot, the well-known old Sibilla is your best choice. Next to and almost a part of a ruined temple, Sibilla is on the edge of a cliff which affords a grand view of the falls dashing down to the valley. The restaurant is in a lovely sylvan setting, very Italian with doves and birds fluttering about. Motoring back to Rome you'll probably stop to look over Villa D'Este, not as well known to the average tourist as that other D'Este estate on Lake Como, but far more important from both a historical and gardening standpoint.

A visitor to Rome in summer has a great choice of places to dine. Probably the first on your list should be the Valadier restaurant. Situated in the Pincio Park, this restaurant offers a lovely view and air that is decidedly fresher.

Before leaving the subject of Valadier's, directly across the street from it is an open-air cafe where an excellent band plays for dancing in the afternoon and evening. In fact, one of the pleasantest features of a summer in Rome is the importance the City Fathers give to music *al fresco*. Every evening in the many open-air stadiums there are concerts which, being in Italy, are necessarily of high caliber. The most popular are given right in the Forum, in the Basilica Massenzia, built by Constantine in the years 306-312. In

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this exciting setting, for an entrance fee of merely three lire, you can hear the Augustium Orchestra with Molinari or guest conductors. These Basilica concerts always take place on schedule, for Rome, fortunately, can count on its weather. If it showers around three o'clock, you know you can sit out by four. This dependability of weather is another point greatly in Rome's favor as a summer city.

There are also less highbrow outdoor shows of one sort or another. Take the Casina Delle Rose. This cafe, so reminiscent of the restaurants in the Paris *bois,* has a fully equipped stage where shows are put on twice nightly. The most comfortable place to sit is on the balcony of the restaurant while dining late and leisurely—and one never dines in Rome before nine at the earliest.

ONE of the most artistic of Rome's open air restaurants is that of the Hotel Quirinale. Few dining patios can boast of a setting such as this. In the center a majestic sixty-year-old fir tree with graceful branches rises to form a canopy over the diners and dancers below. One wall of this garden is that of the Royal Opera House. The dim lights, shining from a few open windows—and the bulbs concealed in the branches of the fir tree—cast a charming soft glow on the scene. The furniture of La Taverna (for that is the name of this particular spot of the Quirinale) is covered in linen of bright Roman stripes. With excellent music, a bottle of cold Asti Spumanti, and of course just the right person for such a setting, La Taverna is a pretty close approach to Paradise.

As to some of Rome's other colorful restaurants, here are the pick of the lot: Alfredo's—a combination of Twenty-One and Sardi's, meaning it's a rendezvous for Bohemia, the intelligentsia, and visiting celebrities. The walls are covered with autographed pictures of everyone of whom you've ever heard. Alfredo himself, temperamental as an opera star, prances around the room, stopping every so often to put the finishing touches to his famous "fettuccine." He used to perform the rites with a golden spoon and fork given to him by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. But when Mussolini asked for contributions of gold, Alfredo turned in his famous implements. Ranieri's is one of the oldest and most aristocratic of the smaller restaurants. The cuisine is really distinguished and you dine in an atmosphere which is that of an old house rather than of a public inn. This is a good place to go if you tire of strictly Italian cooking, for here the chef understands all sorts of international dishes.

Fagiani's is a top restaurant, and you really should visit a very stunty one called Biblioteca. On entering, you have to go down a winding staircase into the basement of an old building next to the Teatro Valle. At first glance, you think you're in a library with strikingly illuminated volumes. But they turn out to be bottles stacked on shelves like brightly bound books. The stock of wine is actually kept in this strange style, each "volume" being replenished as it is drunk up. There is a little restaurant which is enjoying quite a vogue in Rome, Gianni Schicchi's, named after Puccini's amusing one-act operetta. Although within a stone's throw of the Excelsior and Ambasciatori Hotels, many drivers may not know the whereabouts of Gianni Schicchi's, which is tucked away in a back street next to a garage. The actual address is 14 Via Delle Fiamme. This little restaurant is a special favorite with the French Colony—at lunch time you're apt to hear *bonjour* quite as much as *buon giorno.* In a Florentine setting you are served food such as you have on the Arno and wines from Tuscany. Personally, I felt the place a bit overrated, but if you have time to try a number of different restaurants, Gianni Schicchi's is most certainly worth at least one meal.

If you're one who relishes a simple restaurant after too many places which are considered "smart," then I think you'll enjoy Sora Rosa and Già Tre Sorelle. The former, located in the Via Santa Maria, is a tiny place, perfectly plain and clean as can be. After dining there, it is amusing to go near by to the Galleria Colonna to hear the music and watch the evening promenaders. Walsheim's, a German cafe in the Galleria, specializes in Teutonic fare and drinks. In case you're jittery from that strong Italian Caffe Expresso, Walsheim's thoroughly understands how Kaffee Haag should be brewed.

The other place, Gia Tre Sorelle, is near the Piazza Colonna. To show you how local it is, I never discovered a waiter there who could speak English—something extraordinary in Rome. Two rotund musicians, one of them so fat he looks like a fugitive from a side show, play a violin and guitar while you are served fare that is very fine indeed. Be sure to try this one.

The Giardino Camilloni is a bourgeois open-air cafe where it's fun to stop in for a drink. Then there's the Dalla Rupe Tarpea, full of atmosphere. You think you're going into the catacombs as you descend many winding stairs. The restaurant has purposely maintained a catacombish feeling and, for decoration, depends mainly on ruins—a figure of a bust from Pompeii or the crown of a Corinthian pillar. Not recommended for meals, late in the evening this cafe is an amusing place for a nightcap and music. But enough of restaurant talk, I'm dashing off to Sardi's, Moneta's, or Barbetta's — or whichever one of my favorite Italian oases can be reached most quickly. *Evviva!*

Marine modern

(*Continued from page 45*)

the master bedroom are never inconvenienced, nor the person assigned the pilot house room and bath on the roof. Further provision for overnight visitors is found in the two dressing rooms for men and women, separate from the house. Here are built-in twin bed couches amidst a cheerful décor of gay flying fish and dolphins appliquéd to the closet curtains, floor of Jaspé tan linoleum, seats formed of rope-wrapped kegs with spun rubber cushions, and indirect lighting with unusual snap-on mouldings, chrome-plated. On the walls are hung coastal charts of waterways from British Columbia to Panama.

At the rear of the house is a garage with two rooms and a bath for servants. During the winter months the garage becomes a boat house for the summer craft. Almost incredible is the fact that this shoreplace occupies a lot only forty feet wide.

Note: All photographs for "Country House," pages 50 to 53, by F. M. Demarest except slatted chairs and table at top of page 53 by Hedrich-Blessing.

William H. Taylor on yachting

(*Continued from page 30*)

a national championship for the Herreshoff twelve-and-a-half-footers, with a Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff Trophy which will be raced for annually at Bristol, the first series being set for July 12-14. Hundreds of these fine little boats have been built, and, masquerading under varied class names in some places, they are used by the youngsters, and some oldsters, all up and down the coast. Among the clubs that have fleets of them are Seawanhaka, Beverly, Bristol, New Bedford, Larchmont, Mattapoisett, Cohasset, Tarratine, Woods Hole, North Haven, Quissett, Northeast Harbor, Fisher's Island, and Buzzards. Several have already indicated that they will enter crews in the Bristol series.

ERRATUM. If I said last month that this year would be the first time the King's Cup had been raced for east of Cape Cod I was all wrong. It was sailed for at Marblehead in 1915 and at Bar Harbor in 1924.

M. I. T. RACING. Twenty-one colleges sent two crews each to race for the Boston Dinghy Club Trophy at M. I. T. recently, but after watching the Tech crews for a while it was obvious that twenty of them were racing for second place. The two Tech crews, Runyon Colie and Delevan Downer in one boat and Eric Olsen and Tom Hanson in the other, did credit to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Nautical Association; which itself is doing a remarkable job of making sailors. Of the nearly five hundred students who are attending the shore-school of seamanship and sailing Tech's forty dinghies on the Charles River basin, only about twenty per cent of them had ever sailed a boat before they went to Tech.

There's a tradition at Tech about Colie. He was brought up on Barnegat Bay, sailing scows, and when he showed up at M. I. T. he proved by far the best racing helmsman in the place. But it was discovered that he couldn't even tie a knot, and he had to go to the shore school for weeks before he passed even the simpler seamanship examinations required of all budding Tech yachtsmen. It developed that on Barnegat Bay Colie always was the helmsman of the racing scow and his mother, who sailed with him, did all the odd sailorizing jobs.

MISCELLANY. The New Bedford Yacht Club's Whalers' Race, a 104-mile ocean race out around Nomansland hooter and Block Island, on June 11, is a swell race in which to tune up your boat and crew for the Bermuda race.

The Cruising Club held a plebiscite the other day and voted two-to-one that its rendezvous were stag parties and women's place on such occasions was at home. The net result of which will probably be to make the ladies more anxious to go, and to annoy the oppressed minority who figure it's their privilege to take their womenfolk along in their own boats if they feel like it.

MARINE BROADCASTS. Lest anyone construe our opening remarks last month as disparaging to the value of radio telephones on yachts, we might mention a few of the handy things about them, aside from the ability to communicate with the folks back home, which is the last thing we want to do when off on a cruise.

Thanks to collaboration among the Coast Guard, the Weather Bureau, Hydrographic Office and Lighthouse Service, the old Coast Guard daily weather broadcast by radio telephone has been broadened into a general marine information broadcast, including such matters as changes in buoyage, lights, etc., and newly reported obstructions, such as wrecks. Each Coast Guard district radio station has two five-minute periods a day for these broadcasts. (Apply to the nearest C. G. station for the time of the broadcasts from the station nearest you.) When storm signals are up, these are supplemented by special weather broadcasts every two hours.

Also (this is aside from the radio theme) every Coast Guard vessel and most shore stations will display storm signals this summer, so you can hardly cruise anywhere alongshore without being tipped off well ahead of time if things are going to start moving around.

Besides the regular broadcasts outlined above, if you have one of the modern ship-to-shore radio tel-

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ephone systems aboard you can call up the Coast Guard at any time to report yourself or another vessel in distress, ask medical advice or even, in bad weather, get reports on bar conditions (no, not that kind of bars) for any harbor you want to enter and may be doubtful about. This is strictly an emergency service, however, and for your own good and everybody else's don't load up the C. G.'s frequency with a lot of unnecessary calls and inquiries. You're supposed to paddle your own canoe under normal circumstances.

Salmon run in the spring

(*Continued from page 82*)

Island and Anticosti, do not have large runs of salmon but neither do they have the large rivers suitable for the large fish.

The best herring grounds of Nova Scotia are on the ocean side of the province but the salmon of that coast are small, while those from the rivers of the poorer herring grounds of the gulf side are large. This tends to discount the theory that the herring is the principal food of the salmon. It seems logical to believe, instead, that when the salmon leaves his spawning stream he follows the bottom and drops to the deeper waters. This would account for the largest fish coming from the gulf if the floor of the gulf has the best feeding ground for salmon. To support the theory that salmon are bottom feeders in the ocean I learned last year that cod fishermen on the south shore of Newfoundland catch salmon every now and again while fishing on the bottom in forty fathoms of water. These salmon are good-sized fish in fine condition and are usually taken in February or March when they are in all probability returning from deeper waters on a gradual, rising return to their spawning streams.

When they return to their native streams to spawn there are various theories advanced as to why they ascend the streams or how they find them. One theory is that they feel a sudden need for more air in the water for better breathing and better development of their roe and milt. Another is that the floods of spring carry fresh water currents down to them and they are stirred and follow these to their sources. The need of extra air is secondary as I know of some cases where the salmon have left the cool water of the ocean with its good supply of air to enter a warm low stream where the air supply is low. Salmon in common with other fish breathe air and do not take oxygen from the water. Water that has been boiled contains the normal amount of oxygen but fish cannot live in it because all the tiny bubbles of air usually present in water have been driven out. When it has been churned up vigorously and air beaten into it again boiled water once more becomes habitable for fish. Because it is unlikely that the fresh water offers them any physical advantage that salt water doesn't, it is more logical to assume that the spawning urge and nothing else drives them in from the ocean.

In lifting up from the depths they would follow the slope of the rising floor just as they dropped down it after leaving their rivers. If they had not traveled far during their feeding their return should bring them somewhere near where they entered the ocean. As they near the shore they may strike the fresh water currents from the spring floods but it is certain that a great many do not. Salmon in great quantities often come into bays in Nova Scotia, which have no rivers running into them, and stay there for some time before moving on. Commercial fishermen using nets in the salt water for salmon sometimes have better catches from blind bays like these than they do from bays into which good-sized salmon rivers empty. If the salmon followed the fresh water currents he would never be led into these blind bays but would go directly to the stream and ascend. The spawning urge drives him in to shore to seek his river to ascend as best he may find it.

It is this determination to perpetuate his line which makes him so hard to kill. There is an old, old myth, still well believed in many quarters, declaring that a salmon brought to gaff or beached is so close to dead that he will not live if released. This is probably the origination of the expression "killing" a salmon. In the parlance of fishing, salmon are "killed" and trout and other lesser fish are caught. Actually this isn't true. I have released salmon after salmon and have never found one of them dead later. It is possible to play a fish out so thoroughly that he will not live but it is most unlikely that it happens in ordinary fishing. Captain Taverner of the *Caribou,* the steamship plying between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, is an ardent angler. For many seasons he has kept salmon that he's caught in a submerged chicken-wire pen until he was ready to use them for food, just as many fresh-water fishermen keep bass, pike, and other fresh-water fish in live fish boxes until they are ready to use them. So far not one of the many fish he has put into his pen has died till he was ready to use it. And the myth that salmon played to a landing were sure to die has been used as an excuse to fail to return to the water many of these gallant fish when they were not needed for food. It is foolish to imagine that any fish that is almost at the point of reproduction will give up its life easily. Not once have I caught a salmon that could not have been released very safely.

When the salmon does reach his spawning stream it is a fortunate angler who finds him willing to rise to a fly. He doesn't rise from

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hunger but rather from playfulness, or, annoyance, or a mysterious urge that is a throwback to his days before he first went to the sea. When the river is cool and the flow of water is good the salmon will be very active and rise well to a fly, but when the river is low and warm the fish will lie slow and sluggish on the bottom ignoring the flies that may be cast over them. Last summer in Newfoundland was one of the hottest and driest that the old-timers can remember. I had seen the Little Codroy when it was low but I would not have believed that it could dwindle to the mere trickle it became last summer after months of drouth. The big lake at the head with its storage of water for the dry spells was of no avail. A few salmon got up the river early and reached the safety of the lake. Others were congregated in a few of the larger pools where they edged up toward the cooler, fresher water coming in from the springs or small trickles that once were brooks. These fish grew black quickly in the warm water, losing the radiant silver sheen they bring in with them from the ocean. A great horde of salmon were seen leaping as they cruised in and out with the tide in the bay. Sometimes they ran up-stream as far as the tide backed up the fresh water, raising the level of the river to make their passage possible, and then dropped back to the bay again when the tide fell.

The largest fish taken on the Little Codroy last year weighed thirty-nine pounds and was taken after a heavy shower of hailstones, lasting an hour, had raised the river six inches or better. Fresh water coming into the rivers from rains seems to stir the fish up and make them restless. They become more active and take a fly more readily. Oddly enough a very experienced fisherman had been fishing the pool, which was named Kidd's Run, for several hours without success. He and his guide left the pool to try one lower down on the river. A few minutes after they left a younger fisherman, much less versed in salmon lore, came down to fish the pool and almost immediately hooked the big fish and in the course of an hour brought him to gaff.

Month in the field

(*Continued from page 13*)

East faded from the scene. Not that we're against large kennels; far from it, but we also say the more small owners, the better.

POINTER AND SETTER TRIALS. The spring field trial season for Pointers and Setters is crammed into such a short period of time that a lot of people feel that there are far too many of these affairs in the Eastern states during this time and that it would be better if some of the smaller clubs would consolidate. There obviously are a lot of conflictions and for that matter too many trials, for every week-end in April there were several events situated closely enough together to step on one another's toes a bit. Nevertheless, the big trials, such as the English Setter Club, Jockey Hollow, and Southern New York, with big purses or handsome trophies, had just about all the entries they could handle, and the smaller ones got along pretty well in most cases with local dogs interspersed with a fair sprinkling of outsiders. As things stand we can't see how the situation can be changed very much anyway except by the natural competition between the clubs for entries, which will in time weed out the unpopular ones. Local pride runs strong in the Pointer and Setter game and it's hard to imagine many of the field trial clubs going in with their rivals as long as they are getting a fairly good entry.

Besides, the small trials do a lot to improve the caliber of shooting dogs throughout the country. It's really amazing how the general quality of Pointers and Setters has improved in scores of communities where in the past a pottering dog with indifferent nose has been considered good enough to shoot over. Stimulated by the competitive spirit of a yearly field trial in the neighborhood, the enthusiasts all try to breed or buy a dog that can beat any their friends have, and consequently the dogs get better and better with each succeeding year, which is, of course, a great thing for the future of the sport.

WOULD-BE HOUND. It seems that a few years ago—about 1931 would be our guess—a certain fox-hunting gentleman hailing from Middleburg, Virginia, called on C. B. Mallory over Winchester way. In the course of the conversation it developed that the foxhunting gentleman had a certain black and white hound puppy which puzzled him greatly. The puppy in question refused to trail or open up or do any of the things that a properly brought up foxhound puppy should do. Any scenting he did was with head held high, and he wasn't the least bit interested in foxes or fox scent anyway. As a matter of fact his greatest interest in life seemed to be chasing sparrows and meadowlarks so the foxhunting gentleman was getting pretty disgusted with him. Well, later on Mr. Mallory returned the visit and had a look at this incorrigible hound pup, which, as you probably have already guessed, wasn't a hound at all but a stylish looking young Pointer. Mr. Mallory liked his looks so much that he bought him and, by means that our informant didn't disclose, traced his breeding back an impressive number of generations. Mr. Mallory's hunch was a good one for this would-be hound is now the veteran Ch. Middleburg Dan with the imposing field trial record of sixty places, thirty-five of which were firsts.

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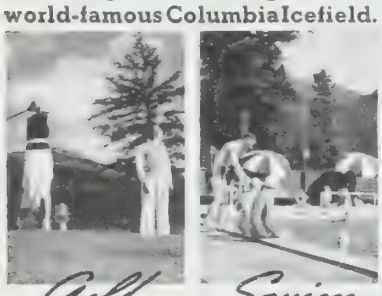

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Guns and game

(*Continued from page 28*)

ations for these purposes; it does not appropriate the money. When Congress "authorizes" anything it means, "Yes, indeed, we think you ought to have it—if you can get us to give it to you."

Congress, notably wildlife conscious these past few years, seems inclined to appropriate the money or at least a considerable portion of it. Unless the cash is harpooned somewhere farther along its route it will eventually get back in the shape of birds and animals to the men who pay the tax.

Incidentally this chap, Ira N. Gabrielson, Chief of the Biological Survey, is pretty darned handy with a harpoon himself when something swims by that he thinks might be useful to wildlife. Since he came to town the brothers in Washington have learned to take their poultry in o' nights. It's got so a fellow can't put down a heavy duty tractor or six dozen electric refrigerators for a minute to sort of rest his arms while "Gabe" is about. If he ever goes to jail it won't be for petit larceny, if that thought can bring any comfort and consolation to his family and friends.

It isn't libel, is it, to say that a man will never go to jail for petit larceny? Anyhow, if it is, they'll have to go to New England to get me for I have finished my stint. Down goes the hoe! I go a-fishing.

If you would go touring in the British Isles

(*Continued from page 81*)

so. The remark is on a par with admiring the New York skyline. The police seem to illustrate the standard of manners in driving; and it is indicative that the newly inaugurated traffic police should be introduced to the nation as "Courtesy Cops." It is explained they are not there to arrest or watch motorists, but to help them, and to teach the bad ones manners and efficiency. Anyway, anyone who has driven in England will admit their system works.

They are badly needed because driving, however considerate, is delightfully haphazard; and though this means little in winding country lanes, it is disastrous on the newer open roads at high speeds. It is indicative also of British phraseology and approach that *The Times* said bad drivers should carry a special badge, as the kicker on the hunting field is stigmatized by a red ribbon in his tail.

The actual traffic with which you must cope is completely different. There are many more motorbicycles than are seen in the States; and millions upon millions of "push-bikes." Also there are more cars per mile of road. There are a few big, or to you normal sized cars; there are thousands upon thousands of little fellows; and there are weird contraptions with three wheels, pushers and pullers; and a few locomotives that spout smoke and steam. There is such a galaxy that you mustn't elbow your way through unheeding or unseeing, or, with the extra preoccupation of having to drive on the left, speed in traffic as you would at home.

In London the speed limit, rigidly enforced, is thirty miles per hour, and though the average is much lower, you actually get where you want at a fairly even pace. The predominance in numbers of the professional over the owner-driver makes for much more efficiency in the maze of London streets than would otherwise prevail; and you are ill-advised to try and better anyone in jockeying for position. If you have an American driving license you do not need to take an English driving test; but a brush-up with an AA or RAC man would put you in touch with special traffic habits and regulations.

Peculiarities you should watch for include: stopping to give a pedestrian right of way; being ready to have a taxi in front of you turn in the middle of the street, almost on its hind-legs, to pick up a fare; having people drive across to park on the wrong side of the road in front of you or having them drive without stopping into a main highway or thoroughfare; slowing up to allow for low-horsepower cars slackening on up-grades; and having to obey the directions of at least three varieties of uniforms—the police, the RAC, and the AA patrol men. The motorists' associations continue to have a surprising hold on traffic control and road marking because the authorities have not assumed much responsibility or initiative in these fields.

Whatever variety of car you drive, don't try or expect to make a high hourly average speed. Thirty is plenty. The safety factor on roads varies so that an open-road pace is difficult and dangerous to maintain; there are many bottlenecks, metropolitan and urban traffic with restrictive thirty miles per hour limits, and narrow roads on which low speeds are essential. And besides, the scenery is usually too interesting.

The nervous strain of driving a hundred miles in the British Isles is about equal to 300 in the States; and the number of things you want to see per hundred yards is infinitely greater. So because Edinburgh and London look only an easy day's journey apart, don't think you can do it comfortably. The authorities recommend two days; and if you're interested in inns, parish churches, cathedrals, Roman remains, or anything else that constitutes a "sight" you could spend a month.

But one could gossip indefinitely about motoring in Great Britain. I have taken for granted your interest in the subject; you would not have persevered this far without it. But perhaps I should have lured you into it with some nice lump-in-the-throaty scenery. It

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should be easy, for there are no landscapes more sentimental than those of the British Isles, few more romantic. You'll see them best and most clearly when you first land; in the Highlands if you begin your tour this year with the Empire Exhibition at Glasgow; in the Lake District as you move south, about the provincial towns and cathedral cities. First reactions are always more enthusiastic and sincere, and there is then the added joy of noting little matters you will soon take for granted.

Which recalls the story of the visitors in London driving in a taxi down Piccadilly past Green Park. Suddenly one of them beat excitedly on the window behind the driver. "Look," she breathed in ecstasy, "Look driver . . . *sheep.*"

Londoners chuckle at that, but I am still surprised to find flocks of sheep in the heart of London, and reassured, somehow in the midst of *anshluss,* to see a shepherd and three sheep dogs watching over them.

The British Isles don't produce much in the way of night clubs, and London is traditionally supposed to be much duller than Paris; but don't forget there's a special charm in a foreign country where the natives all speak some form of basic English, where you are "Particularly Requested," where sheep crop the grass in the public parks, and where, though foreign, there's some instinctive and homely familiarity to it all.

And finally, to line up a collection of brass tacks, and to suggest brief travel alternatives. For motoring join the R.A.C., Pall Mall, SW1, or the A.A., Fanum House, Coventry St., W1. Membership with either is usually arranged through the A.A.A., or with the steamship company shipping your car. Membership costs ten or twelve dollars, and the service you get, from documentary management on landing and embarking or crossing the channel to getting detailed route sheets, is superlative. The club is the more swish; the association the larger, and more democratic. The former's great asset is its large club house to which you may be introduced with official entré, and where temporary memberships are available for visitors. It is separate to the touring service, and membership with club house privileges costs in the neighborhood of ten guineas more annually.

Rail travel, for those lacking the time, opportunity, or money to motor, has been much simplified by the amalgamation of the many services of previous years into four main lines; the LNER, the GWR, and LMS, and the SR. The railways have been most enterprising. You can book tours through them, taking motorcoach tours looping through attractive districts from their lines, with hotel stopovers all booked and arranged. You can go on a conducted ramble with them out of London, if you like tramping in droves; you can check your bicycle in the van; or you can hire a whole camping coach parked on a quiet country siding and accommodating six people for fifteen dollars a week.

Motor coaches don't run on quite the same scale or at the same speed as at home. Though you can travel by bus anywhere in the British Isles, booking in the holiday season has to be done often a week ahead, and connections can be less casually made. Consult London Coastal Coaches, near Victoria Station on this mode of travel if you prefer it.

Camping, caravaning, and canoeing experts are found with the Camping Club of Great Britain, 38 Grosvenor Gardens, Victoria, SW1. Cyclists should see the Cyclists Touring Club, 3 Craven Hill, London, W2.

All these organizations are glad to advise, and membership in them at the nominal fees available to visitors is strongly recommended. Other useful addresses for the visitor include: The English Speaking Union, Charles St., W1; the Society of Geneologists, Chaucer House, Malet Place, WC1; the British Women's Hospitality Committee, 41a Albemarle St., W1; the National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh Street, WC1; and the American Embassy, Grosvenor Square, W1. A useful and most efficient source of free travel literature and information is the office of the Travel and Industrial Association, 29 Cockspur Street, off Trafalgar Square.

These are some of the "ropes" in London, well worth knowing.

Horse notes and comment

(*Continued from page 29*)

VIRGINIA GOLD CUP. I sprained an ankle just before the Virginia Gold Cup races, making it impossible for me to get to the places I wanted to go and to see the things I wanted to see, but my special grandstand gave me a good view of the backstretch and it was interesting to watch the incidents that occurred there. In the farmers' race over hurdles one of the entries fell heavily and lay still; a bad moment until the broadcaster announced that the race was over and he hopped to his feet as merrily as you please. This racing business hadn't, apparently, been all it was cracked up to be from his point of view and he was just playing "possum" and taking no chances on being remounted. A beautiful view of Ostend galloping towards his second win of the Virginia Gold Cup, just touching each strong timber fence with the toes of his back feet as if to check them in his mind as another one safely passed. I wonder how many of them there have been in his honest career. Louis Stoddard's Blackcock still going so boldly over the big brush fences after two and a half miles of the Virginia National that I wasn't surprised

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when I heard that he had lasted the full three to win and, though I missed the thrilling finish in which this same owner's Mesa Rica beat Mrs. J. C. Clark's Itsaboy, it was pleasure enough to see the brilliant performance this three-year-old son of Petee-Wrack put on to earn his victory. A great day—for the Stoddards at any rate for, though Richard Gambrill's Navarino took the Broadview, Mrs. Stoddard's Straw Boss made it three in a row for the family by winning the Fauquier Plate.

WHITEMARSH. Rockicy and Pete O'Donnell redeemed themselves at Whitemarsh by running first and second in the Harston Cup. The third horse, Coq Bruyere, winner of last year's New Jersey Hunt Cup ran an extraordinary race. The story goes that he cut a flag on the first round, pulled up and went back around it the right way, came to the leaders again, and then cut the same flag again. By the time he had corrected this second fault it, naturally, was a little late to recover the ground for the second time and do any better than third.

HORSE SHOWS. The last weeks in April close the indoor horse show season around New York. That everyone liked the Squadron A horse show last year was more than proved by the unprecedented number of entries they received for this, their second venture. As is the case in most shows nowadays, the hunters were the strongest division, with Mrs. Harry Frank Clifton's Beau and Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Untermeyer's Hexameter fighting a battle royal to see which would be named champion. In the end the latter horse won and the jumper stake went to the May Top Stables' well-known performer Bartender.

Across the river in Newark the saddle horses came out of their winter retirement with The Fair City Stables' Dixie Maid proving that she is as good as ever by winning the championship over Kilkare Farm's Flashing American. Mrs. Freddy Wettach, who really wants to have some top saddle horses, is getting her wish, too, for her Five Star Final was named best of a strong field in the stake of this division.

But no matter how good the indoor shows are it feels good to get outdoors again. My judgment of horseflesh goes all haywire with the first classes that are held under the reflection of a nice warm sun and every horse I look at seems better than the one before. Maybe this accounts for my enthusiasm concerning the young horses that were shown at Washington but it seemed to me that there must be a lot of future champions among the two- and three-year-olds shown by Mr. and Mrs. Greenhalgh, Mr. E. L. Redmond, Mr. U. S. Randle —not to forget Mr. Clark's beautiful little bay Demopolis—and some of the others in those well-filled juvenile classes. It would have been a thoroughly interesting morning if there had been any way of finding out how these youngsters were bred instead of having to walk around and ask each exhibitor individually. I managed to do this in one or two cases but I was so afraid of missing something in the present while digging back into the past that I soon gave it up as a bad job. I suppose I *could* go and look them all up from their numbers in the stud book but I'm silly enough to want to know how they are bred while I am looking at them.

The two old rivals, Hexameter and Mrs. Ellsworth Augustus's Chatter Chat, reversed their usual order of finish when the championship went to Hexameter and that good little black horse has never performed better nor looked as well as he did at Washington. Chatter, a good feeling horse under all circumstances, was inclined to be a bit playful, as is any horse at his first shows so early in the year, but his spirit was nothing when compared to the enthusiasm exhibited by Mrs. John Hay Whitney's horses, all of which, barring The Bear, obviously needed the schooling they got at Washington to settle them for the coming campaign.

The sportswoman

(*Continued from page 47*)

spreads, club dinners and, through it all, parents trying to recognize their own sons among the thousands who all look exactly alike. The last serious morning when, on a platform built under the old trees, the professors, masters, and doctors assemble. In the front rows are the graduating students, some of them looking rather pale and wan, and behind them their parents, thrilled to the core with this obvious proof that their little boys have become men and visioning the miracles that they'll perform now they're equipped.

Weddings are another step in the June cycle. The receiving line, embraces, appropriate speeches of congratulation, coyly daring kisses. The breakfast, with its toasts and speeches and then the flushed, excited bride cutting the cake with the sun reflecting dazzlingly on snowy linen and sparkling in tiny rainbows from glass and silver. The soft breeze floats her veil across her face and into the way of her busy hands and makes the foliage and flowers behind her flutter and nod. A picture for her new husband to cherish, for her family and friends to remember, and one that will almost make some of the other guests forget for a moment that Jane Blank has on a terrible hat and that the little blond bridesmaid is "setting her cap" for the best man because he has money.

Travel comes next. No matter where they have lived in the past or plan to live in the future they must go to some other place for their honeymoon. Switzerland, Italy, France, Germany. Through

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And eventually, after a due lapse of time, they will take their places in the audience themselves, watching their own little girls and boys in their crisply clean dresses and suits lisp their carefully memorized verses—and the cycle will have started all over again.

Cruiser into fisherman

(*Continued from page 49*)

removable back, can be handmade. The complete rod-socket and gimbal assembly, ready to be screwed to the front of the seat, can be bought from any marine hardware dealer for $6.75; it would hardly pay to try to beat this reasonable price at your local machine shop.

You can also buy the mounting for the chair, consisting of a stanchion about 19 inches long, threaded at one end, a swivel socket, and a flush flanged plate to be screwed into the cockpit floor, with a cover for use when the chair is stowed. Total cost of the three parts is $15.25. If you want to make your own stanchion and your own arrangement for fastening it to the floor, the swivel socket alone will cost $4. Needless to say, the chair and its mountings should be strong enough to take plenty of strain.

A bait box is hardly a problem unless you are planning to be offshore for extended periods. A twelve-quart bucket with some ice in it will usually serve the purpose. The newest bait boxes have a cylinder in them which keeps the fish away from the ice, much like an old-fashioned ice cream freezer. Some of them are quite large, but if the cylinder is a foot high and nine inches in diameter it will do very nicely for all ordinary purposes.

Many sports fishing boats have built-in combination fish-and-bait boxes across the stern; if you have a perpendicular transom and enough space in the cockpit, you could build one there. Others have separate bait boxes at the sides of the cockpit, with hinged hatches in the deck. The problem with a boat designed for general cruising is to find an available space—almost any available space will do, and it doesn't need to be a large one.

Most of the specially designed boats also have live bait wells, with flush hatches in the cockpit floor and valves to let water in and out. They are nice but not necessary, and you'll almost surely run into difficulties trying to install one. Better perhaps to tow a box with holes in it over the stern, as they are said to do in Australia—if you must have live bait for your fishing.

Outriggers, those sky-reaching

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bamboo poles that unfailingly mark the sports fishing boats, are not quite the essential for tuna that you might suppose from their invariable presence. Most school tuna are caught directly in the wake of the propeller, and some fishermen whose boats were equipped with outrigger sockets have fished a whole season without using them, and with success.

They're not expensive, however, and you will want them when fishing for broadbills and marlin. Also, when you want to get a number of baits into the water at once, perhaps to see if any one of several kinds will attract fish, they serve to keep the lines apart.

Various kinds of pole holders can be bought. A good practical one with a swivel base plate and hinged socket, so that it may be installed on the deck or on the side of the deck house, sells for $5 at the outfitters. You will want a pair of them. More expensive ones have a sleeve and brace that moves out the pole as it is lowered from the perpendicular, working on the same principle as the brace that holds the cover of a trunk-rack on a car. One fisherman made a workable arrangement with two 3-inch eyes screwed to the bulkhead about 3 feet apart, the lower one farther inboard than the upper so that the outrigger stood at about 45 degrees from the horizontal.

The bamboo poles should be at least 24 feet long, preferably longer. Two or three dollars would buy a good one. On the end is secured a clothespin of the type that has a wire spring. The line is held out by the clothespin and pulls itself free when a fish strikes.

Of the nonessential conveniences, first perhaps would come a mast with some sort of crow's nest or lookout, a definite aid in spotting fish under the surface. And anyone who has ever been after swordfish or tuna will remember the experience of trying to see over the horizon.

This is a job that should be laid out, at least, by an experienced boat builder. For an average-size cruiser, a 5 or 6 inch spar, standing 15 feet above deck, will be about right. The sturdiest rig, if cabin arrangements permit, is to carry the mast through the deck to a step at the keel, but with proper stays it will usually be safe to step it on deck.

For a refitted boat a spreader type seat of 1¼ inch oak, 8 or 10 inches wide and spreading 22 to 24 inches on each side of the mast, would be better than trying to carry a chair aloft. A hoop, or a piece of hose lashed to the stays so that it hangs loose, forming a back, will make you feel safer up there. For getting aloft, ⅜ inch iron rods seized to the shrouds with marline make better steps than rope; or, if you don't want to bother with heavy shrouds, hang a rope ladder from eyebolts (see drawing on page 49) or put cleats on the mast.

The total cost of the mast and spreader, using a Douglas fir stick, three galvanized wire stays (⅜ inches) and galvanized turnbuckles, chain plates, and miscellaneous hardware, should come to about $60, although this will vary considerably with the boat. If the mast is to be stepped through to the keel, add $15.

Remote controls on the deck house are often a big help, but this is another job for the boat builder—and the one that will probably give him the worst headache. If your steering mechanism is of the chain and sprocket type, the problem won't be so tough; put an extra sprocket on and run another chain in pipes through the top of the deck house, connecting with another wheel with sprocket above, making sure that the new sprocket has the same pitch as the old. Cost of this might be about $75.

For handling the gear lever from above, you could either run an extension shafting up the bulkhead or rig up something with ropes and pulleys. This, with an extra ignition switch and wiring, would cost in a typical case about $25. Thus, if you're lucky, you might get remote controls for about $100.

If you have a spool-type steering wheel, the simplest thing would probably be to splice ropes to the tiller ropes aft of the wheel. Or in some circumstances they could run direct to the drum.

If you happen to have a worm-gear type, the problem is a mechanic's, and a hard one. It will probably run into money, and it may be that the simplest solution will be an auxiliary rudder.

Before you put in controls on the deck house, remember to make sure that the house is strong enough to hold two people—if the steering is being done from up there, somebody else is sure to climb up beside the wheelman.

A pulpit is necessary only if you are planning to harpoon fish, but in rod-and-reel fishing it will often come in handy for gaffing fish and fighting off sharks. You can pay $125 or more for them, but if you can find a boatyard that has had experience in making them for commercial swordfishermen, they will make you one for $50 or $60 that can't be beaten.

Of the other gadgets sometimes provided, a roller or brass rail on the transom is very handy on big fish—not at all necessary on small ones and, if you don't care about looks, a bicycle tire serves very well. Rod lockers are nice; you'll need some sort of a place below to stow tackle. A sail, even if it's only a small, loose-footed triangular one, will do a lot to steady the boat in a sea. If a sunshade can be rigged over the forward part of the cockpit without interfering with the fishing, it will be appreciated. A couple of long-handled gaffs, of the sort the commercial fishermen use, are very nearly a necessity.

And now all you need is a rod and reel—but that's another story.

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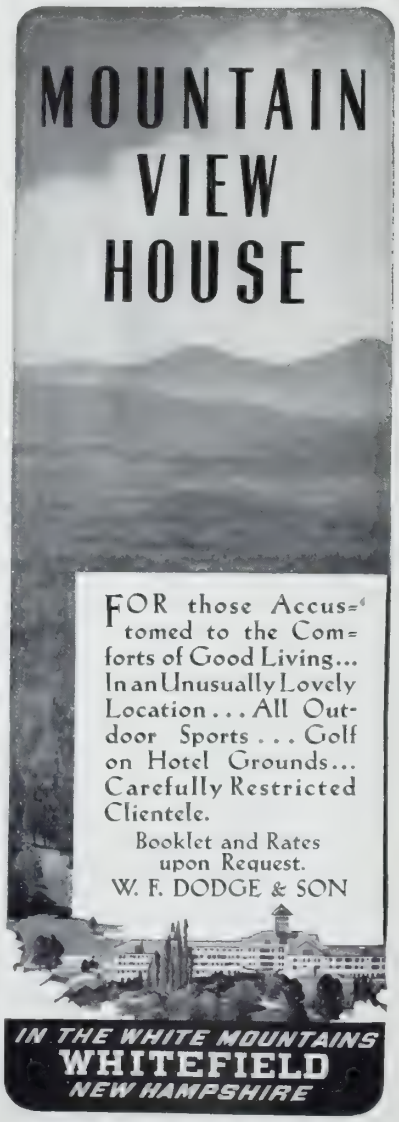
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Seen and heard

(*Continued from page 75*)

Department of Zoology of the British Museum, Messrs. J. R. Norman and F. C. Fraser. It is an excellent factual study in terms not too scientific for the layman of the greater critters in marine circles.

The strangest fishing book of the year is "The Compleat Goggler," by Guy Gilpatric, the creator of that unforgettable character, Muster Glencannon of the Inchcliffe Castle. This volume (Dodd, Mead & Co., $3) describes the methods of stalking fish underseas with goggles on your eyes and a spear in your hand. This is angling in the heroic style, but the author makes it seem—if not easy—at least filled with humors. An entertaining book.

"Who Called That Lady a Skipper," by Marion Rice Hart (The Vanguard Press) is as unconventional a book as its title. The story of a cruise around the world on a small boat commanded by the lady authoress who taught herself to be a navigator after her hired men had washed out, stops in the middle of the voyage, but there is enough gaiety, courage, and straight narrative to make this book appeal to all yachtsmen.

The point has almost been reached by this war-worn, weary Department when the reading of a new book on how to ride a horse or the study of a diagram with arrows pointing at pastern, withers, and stifle has become more than the stomach can bear. Yet I have read "To Horse!" by Captain F. C. Hitchcock, Fellow of the Institute of the Horse (Charles Scribner's Sons, $4.50) and liked it. The book is simple, clear, and concise. It conveys a great deal of information with a minimum of tears.

A lovely book from the Derrydale Press is "More Grouse Feathers," by Burton L. Spiller, illustrated by Lynn Bogue Hunt, well worth the $10 it costs. Those who read "Grouse Feathers" will welcome this second thought and appreciate the mellow reflective mood of an American sportsman and gentleman.

Another swell Derrydale book is "Tales of a Big Game Guide," by Russell Annabell, the authentic record of sport and adventure in the Alaskan wilderness. This is a volume which I could not put down until the very last page was turned.

Why do they do it?

(*Continued from page 63*)

limitations prevent reproducing some of the letters in full, I have tried to sift out the underlying motives expressed.

A good many, I find, start out with some such preface as "I don't know why elderly fools like myself still persist in ocean racing"; "We go because we want to"; or "Why do people play football?" John Atwater amplifies this theme a bit with the comment, "If I had to do it I probably would quit and go on relief. Because I do not have to do it, I apparently enjoy it." But these rather apologetic introductions are followed by specific reasons that cover a wide range of human impulses.

The thrill of struggle against the timeless sea, with the added fillip of direct competition against other men and other boats, appears most frequently in the replies. "The impulse in any man to have a fight, in this case a fight against both the elements and the other men in the race, with a definite goal at the end," is the way George Wallace expressed it, and most of the letters received include a variation or an elaboration of this thought.

Battling the sea in its ever-changing aspects, keeping your ship moving through rolling, slatting calms and baffling airs, getting the most out of her in fine weather; and conquering the squalls and gales the sea hurls at those who ply its surface—these have been a major occupation of mankind since the dawn of history, and it is surprising that only a few correspondents mentioned the heritage of seagoing tradition that belongs to the American race and its British and Viking forebears. "If fundamentally you have a love for the sea, go to sea," writes Sherman Hoyt, "and if you do not come by this feeling instinctively and naturally, avoid ocean racing." For the man who has salt water in his blood no other battle is quite so well worth fighting, no other sport holds the thrills and the eventual sense of accomplishment that ocean racing offers.

As between ocean racing and "afternoon" racing, the question of temperament enters largely into the picture, of course. Probably no two yachtsmen have earned more illustrious reputations in both branches of the competitive sailing game than Hoyt and Bob Bavier. In an article on ocean racing seven years ago Sherman said, "Don't think I have lost any of my loyalty for what I consider real yacht racing, for that still fascinates me," but after that lapse of time he wrote last week, "Leave the calms and irritating flukes of Long Island Sound or Marblehead to the percentage-chasers of mythical championships in nice afternoon-racing machines. I was brought up in them, but they have lost their charm."

"I would rather win a Bermuda Cup than an Astor Cup," writes Bob Bavier, who has won both in his time, "though I admit the triangular race is a better test of the racing skill of the skipper and the speed of his boat."

Jack Dickerson strikes an unusual angle in explaining why ocean racing has "more to offer than a short overnight race and definitely more than the eternal Saturday matinee." After touching on the glamour of going to sea and the adventurous tradition of the clipper ships he writes, "Men who have taken part, while in school

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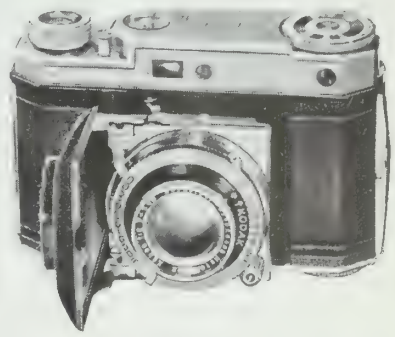

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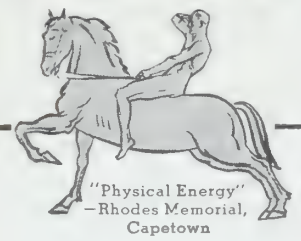

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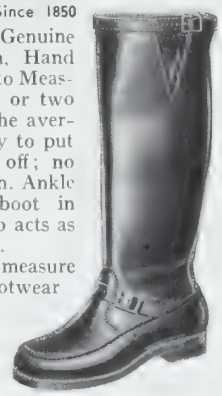

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or college, in some such sport as football, crew, wrestling, or boxing, in after years must find some hard sport to fill the place of the one they can no longer take part in. Those who have a liking for the sea instinctively turn to ocean racing."

The attraction of ocean racing to the ordinarily less competitive-minded cruising man is summarized by one correspondent as including "the elimination of debate about destination; exhilaration of competition; having something unusual to tell or at least think about afterward. He winds up with, "There is some exhibitionism in all of us. By working it out via ocean racing we derive pleasure and strength from what, if used in almost any other way, would increase this weakness." "Besides," he says, "a good cruising yacht likes a race now and then to prove she isn't tired."

George Mixter, another man who is essentially a cruiser rather than a racer, writes, "Yes, I like ocean racing because we are going somewhere, plus the obligation to get there. You start at the announced day and hour, regardless of anything other than flat calm or possibly a hurricane; you take whatever comes and like it; and if your ship has sailed a good race, never faltered, there is joy even if you are not in the money."

Sybarites who are appalled at the thought of the discomforts of ocean racing may be surprised to hear that one of the attractions of the game most often mentioned is its escape from civilization.

"In our present world of every imaginable comfort and convenience," writes Rudy Schaefer, "of mechanical things and timetable living, there could be no more definite out, no more complete contrast, than to go to sea in a small boat. It satisfies our desire to battle the elements."

As to the danger element, nobody gave it a tumble, except in reverse. "The automobile," George Roosevelt points out, "kills more people than the advances of medical science save. The telephone encourages instability of character, causing many cases of complete moral decay. The radio is ideally suited for the dissemination of misinformation and the movies relieve many people of the necessity of any thinking whatsoever. These Four Horsemen of death and degradation dictate the mode of our living and, in most cases, the manner of our death. The only way to avoid their contamination is to go ocean racing."

Sam Wetherill ponders on the spectacle of 80,000 people sitting in the rain to watch a football game, and wonders how many catch pneumonia, and how many die of it. Real ocean racers worry only about the fate of somebody else, including inexperienced and incompetent sailors who go ocean racing in unsuitable craft. Roosevelt and John Atwater both point out that our ancestors made longer voyages in smaller craft, with gear nowhere near as good as that of even a poorly-equipped modern ocean racer. There was no fuss at all made in Boston on July 8, 1796 when a Captain John Boit, Jr., aged twenty-one, made port at the end of a two-year's trading voyage around the world in the sixty-foot sloop *Union*.

This is a sketchy summary of the contents of the dozen letters received in the course of this pathological study of ocean racing. Other points were brought up. The friendships formed in long night watches at sea; the pride of owner and crew in their ship and shipmates, the luxury of the first hot bath when you get ashore; the fellowship and the yarning after the race is over came in for frequent favorable mention. Lank Ford spoke with something like nostalgia of the reception in Santander after the Spanish race, and George Mixter pointed out that pride in a job well done compensates even the cook for his tribulations. Alf Loomis, the demon navigator, claims that he has solved the problem of avoiding strenuous occupations, such as bowsprit work and pumping. "When anybody shouts 'All hands on deck,'" Alf says, "I grab a sextant, rush out and take a sight." A pretty picture, this, but while I would not wish to question the veracity of even a navigator I have heard his shipmates maintain that Loomis was the hardest worker aboard.

If the above observations and quotations do not solve for the reader the problem of why men go ocean racing, he will just have to try it for himself. Or better yet, quit worrying about it and stay ashore, as per Sherman Hoyt's advice.

Perhaps a definition of sport evolved for his own satisfaction by a yachtsman long since in his grave, Henry M. Plummer, would provide the right note to end this piece on. "Sport. The pursuit of pleasurable occupation which requires exposure to weather, exercise of all bodily muscles, judgment, skill of hand, eye, and foot, never to be followed without a degree of personal risk. Under this classification I put — Sailing of boats; Handling of horses; Hunting and canoeing; Mountain climbing. I know of no other purely sporting propositions." Harry Plummer was never an ocean-racing man as far as I know — his yachting days were over before the sport got a real start. But how he would have loved it.

Foxford coursing meeting over Moybanks

(*Continued from page 43*)

have six or eight braces in each event. After each of the stakes is completed, the winners are pared off, so that the semi-finals and the finals, are in fact, sweepstakes, and very often you see a puppy dog pared off with a veteran courser. Gambling is heavy, though the individual bets seldom go above a half crown. The favorite dog is us-

ually one to four, with the second choice two to one, and even money bets. In some cases odds of two to one can be had on the favorite to kill the hare. The science of these odds and the benefits to the bookmakers can be checked by the fact that out of thirty-four courses the rabbit only fell seven times. (A. S. P. C. A. please note.) Favorites are notoriously successful and run true to form. The books are honest and perfect strangers are allowed credit; and, with any kind of luck, after an intensive day's sport and betting, you should break even. It is difficult to understand how the bookmakers profit from these meets, though it is said that some are financially interested in the dogs that are running. The strict respectability of the farm boys who own these dogs seems to belie this rumor.

The spectators are composed chiefly of farmers, a few sporting people and a sprinkling of gypsies for color. A tribute to their sporting characteristics may be seen in the fact that though they may have their last half crown on the favorite to take the hare, their hope and sympathies are with the "little rabbit," and any display of cunning on his part will bring cries of "Isn't he a daisy," and "The foxy little fellow has outsmarted the dog," or "Good luck to the little hare." A humorous twist is given by the wag who cries in derision at the low odds, "Two to one on the rabbit to kill the dog," or when one dog is doing very badly, "Even money on the red dog to kill the white."

As an exhibition of the running dog in form, it is unsurpassed and far beyond anything to be seen at the electric hare-racing. As a picturesque and colorful meeting of sports-loving people in a natural and sporting atmosphere, its equal is not to be seen at any of our most fashionable meets. The stranger is easily distinguished by his dress and his manners, and is treated with a distant respect until the heat of the course is on. Then the fellowship of sport becomes apparent and conversation takes on a warmer and more brilliant tone. Good points of dogs are shown, hunches and tips offered, but never in the sly manner of the tout. Tall stories of great dogs that have gone forth from Ireland to wind up at Crystal Palace, Birmingham, and Miami Beach are told and you are offered dogs to bring back to run in America for their "transportation and a share of the win."

It's a far cry from the floodlights, smoke, and jazz bands of the Florida dog tracks, with their million-dollar gates and second rate dogs, to this grand open day in October, with the greyhound at its peak of perfection, and a shilling the "tops" in bets. One cannot but think that an afternoon of sport like this might change the opinions of those who say that dog racing robs a community and cannot be run legitimately. And to those who say that coursing is an exploitation of hare and hound, one cannot but say that they haven't seen this congenial company on a gray October afternoon, under the leaden sky of the West of County Mayo.

The hospital needs a new wing

(*Continued from page 55*)

sponsible people, filing their suggestions and making use of those that are practical. Much has been learned in this way that might otherwise have been overlooked.

Although our show doesn't take place until the 22nd of June we start right after Christmas to organize our committees and assign them their individual duties. The most important of these committees are those for the Stables and Ring, and the Grounds and Stands. Working with the guidance of Ned King, the only professional on the board by the way, the Stable Committee sees to the carrying out of all new suggestions, gets estimates on repairs and new building, on feed, bedding and, in fact, everything necessary to the proper running of a completely furnished stable. Everything inside the rail is up to the Ring Committee. Rehabilitation, proper surfacing of the track, attention to the grass plot, the secretary's table, telephone connections, decorations, the jumps, jump crews, wagons, and teams. The thousand and one things that are necessary to the smooth running and attractiveness of the actual exhibition. The Grounds and Stands Committee attends to the audience part of the show—tickets, programs, seats, concessions, and everything that is necessary and advisable to have for the spectators' pleasure and convenience. All these things are planned and in readiness to undertake the moment the treasurer gives the word to go ahead.

It would take many pages of pretty dull reading to go into all these matters in detail but there are one or two things that I believe to be worthy of special mention because of their general interest. We have been so fortunate in the surface we have put in our ring that I would like to describe it in case any management might be having trouble with theirs. First, fourteen inches of "muck" were removed, then drainage of the spinal type was installed all the way around the track. Six inches of stone, crushed to the size of a goose egg, and then four inches of cinders, each inch rolled in separately to bind it, were applied. The top surface is a mixture of sand and clay. We have found that this surface provides excellent and safe footing under almost every circumstance. Outside of a cloudburst, it drains quickly and although it cost $3000, it has been worth its weight in gold.

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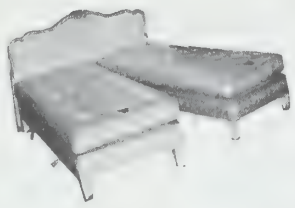

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middle of the ring supplemented by additional lights on the take-off side of each jump, but I would like to warn the committees of shows which contemplate running night sessions to watch their time-tables so that no jumping class will be run during the period between daylight and dark. Obviously this would not give each horse an equal chance. At the end of June we have found that we can open our night show with a short jumping class at eight o'clock, Chicago time, but that another such class cannot be satisfactorily held until five minutes past nine. Cloudy and dark days also influence this time element and it is advisable to give this subject a good deal of careful preliminary thought and planning.

We have found it better, instead of hanging on a telephone trying to get entries, to cancel weak classes and substitute for them ones that we feel pretty sure, through advance investigation, will automatically attract sufficient horses. Because no matter how large a show may become it is only as secure as the local interest behind it, we do all we can to encourage local and amateur classes as well as those that will bring out the best horses of the most famous stables. In spite of believing that one competent judge can see as much, make as accurate decisions and be just as satisfactory as three, besides being more economical both in time and expense, in order to assist in the enlisting of new blood in the game we would like to have a junior judge officiate with a senior whenever it seems convenient and practical.

So many trials and tribulations have come into the running of a horseshow, since those good old days when one just harnessed up the family pair, that once in a while, when things are going unusually badly, it isn't very far-fetched to wonder why there is anyone left that will undertake such a thankless task. On the other hand, there is so much satisfaction to the final results of all these labors being carried out to a successful conclusion that in the end one forgets the headaches. And in the solving of each small problem there is the thrill of accomplishment. A detail of the Lake Forest Show that has annoyed me for years has been the appearance of the jump wagon teams. This year one of the most prominent exhibitors and breeders of Belgian draft horses has promised us two of his best pairs for this purpose and I am looking forward eagerly to seeing them in the ring. I am expecting that they will be a good show in themselves and help materially to fill in that lonely period when the jumps are being taken down or put up. Thus does a horseshow committee find pleasure in overcoming its obstacles and since there are more of them now than there were in the horse and buggy era, there must be more pleasure in running a show now than there was then.

Polo from the near-side

(*Continued from page 56*)

ing metropolis, overlooking the bay, the beautiful harbor and the new bridges, "darned if he didn't *have something there!*"

It might not be a bad idea for G. H. "Pete" Bostwick and R. C. "Dick" Schwerin to get together one of these days in the not too far distant future and arrange on an exchange home-and-home series basis a gigantic East-West Series to be played first at San Francisco's Golden Gate Park during the opening of their coming 1939 Pacific Coast Exposition and concluding at Bostwick Field during the latter days of New York's World's Fair, which starts somewhat later than the Western show. The public have been clamoring for another East-West Series, which now, incidentally, stand at a tie with the West winning the first two out of three games at Chicago in 1932 and the East galloping away two years later at Meadowbrook with the second encounter in two straight games. The only trouble with the thought would seem to be that the beautiful grounds of the Meadowbrook Club ought to be the logical place to put on such an attraction in the East. But Meadowbrook will be busy playing host 'round about that time to Great Britain's challenging International team, and the Polo Association will doubtless have enough expense on their hands as it is. However, if the players took care of the expense of shipping their ponies individually, it does seem right and sporting that the general public, which has such an interest in a sectional clash, should have their own show at their own Bostwick Field, which would naturally have to have somewhat enlarged seating accommodations.

Rather than detracting from the international games, we venture to say it would stimulate and further educate the fans to high-goal polo—and might even be of service as test matches for the international squad, especially if held at different months of the playing season during World's Fair time when many exceptions and added effort in sporting events will doubtless be pushed forward.

Golden Gate Park Stadium is the logical place to have the series in the West. There, in fact, is the greatest polo setting we have ever seen for popular price polo. In addition to the unusual seating arrangements, not unlike the Yale Bowl, "Uncle John" McLaren has contributed in developing one of the best playing fields to be seen anywhere.

It's a sunken bowl, as aforementioned, not unlike the Stanford football stadium. Around the top is a mile track and the day we were out there it was busy with trotters and pacers warming up for the summer circuits. To enter, you walk, or drive your car through a tunnel and, on emerg-

ing, see spread out below you the immense green turf which allows, on either end, at least a hundred yards of free runover space beyond both sets of goal posts. It is a wide surface, like Meadowbrook's famous No. 1 Field, and there is a great deal of room outside the sideboards. You look up to the edge of the rim of the saucer, around which the sulkies are breezing, and beyond that, giant redwood trees mark the limits of the large clearing. Through the trees are mountains and typical San Francisco blue skies. And through the woodland are miles of magnificent bridle paths which, together with a glorious ocean beach for the legging of ponies not five minutes' walk away from excellent stables, make the polo picture rather more attractive, from the conditioning point of view, than most centers of the game. There are stands to seat 15,000 persons, plus room for 600 cars parked on the race track above, from which occupants, looking down on the seated spectators, get a splendid view of all that occurs on the turfed stadium floor. Two hundred boxes accommodate 1200 additional spectators, and along the lawn on the sloping banks of the hills that border the track there is standing and lounging space for 50,000 to 75,000 Sunday picnickers or what have you.

Of course Golden Gate Polo Park, although new to us, is already an old story to San Francisco fans. Some great matches have already been conducted there, with many of the leading players of the world performing in such games as the annual North vs. South Series; California vs. Texas, and the recent Mexico vs. California clash last fall. The summer season is just getting under way there as this is written. Regular league play, à la baseball, is to be inaugurated this season and the crowds will doubtless increase as they already have at Bostwick Field, returning Sunday after Sunday as regular repeating customers and beginning to know a one-goal man from a six-goal man as well as they know Joe Di Maggio. When we were out this way before, away back in 1929-'30, before San Francisco's Park Commissioners gave a helping hand, before any effort whatever had been made to interest the people in polo, the visiting Argentines drew over 15,000 observers to the San Mateo-Burlingame fields which had not the proper accommodations to take care of them. William F. "Bill" Leiser, popular Sports Editor of The San Francisco Chronicle, whom we called up for further "dope" about Golden Gate Park, estimated that a similar series today in San Francisco would unquestionably draw 50,000 observers. He based his contention on the fact that San Francisco, as a sports center, is known to include thousands who can't be "ballyhooed" into crowding a mediocre event, no matter how much publicity accompanies it. However, this city does have a public which can be counted on to recognize and patronize, by the thousands, any special attraction that approaches top notch in sports. Therefore an East-West Series would doubtless pay for itself several times over and should fit the bill (no pun intended)—as far as special attractions go until another Argentine team or perhaps even a team from India, as has been discussed, comes along.

But Golden Gate Park is not the whole polo show in Northern California—not by a long shot. On the way down the Coast again, we stopped off at the San Mateo-Burlingame Club where Col. Lewis Brown will be up from Tucson, Arizona, to run things for the summer. This is the club that was awarded the Pacific Coast Open tournament this year but graciously allowed Del Monte to hold it when it was expected that Charles B. Wrightsman's Texas Rangers and some of the visiting Eastern stars would be able to participate at Del Monte. When the celebrities failed to stay on out West for the Open, that very important tournament this year didn't amount to as much as usual. In fact, there were but four players in the Open who were not horse dealers or professionals and although Eric Tyrell-Martin, the British internationalist, turned in his best polo of the year at No. 2 on Darryl Zanuck's winning Los Indios Four, which also included Aidan Roark at No. 3 and Tom "Red" Guy at Back, the high-goal event lost a lot of its customary glamor when stars like Eric Pedley, Cecil Smith, Stewart Iglehart, etc., failed to put in an appearance. Riviera with George Pope of San Mateo whacking in the winning goal in an extra chukker, won first from Santa Barbara, 7 to 6; Los Indios then defeated Midwick, despite the fine play of Louis Rowan and Howland Paddock, probably the most consistent 4-goal player in polo, by 8 goals to 3. And then Los Indios, with Aidan Roark at one time taking the ball from midfield down the boards with a headless mallet, won out in the finals over Riviera by 8 to 5.

In the Walter Hobart Memorial, a 16-goal tournament in progress at San Mateo when we stopped by, Midwick (Harry Russell, Converse Converse, Paddock, and Arthur Perkins) defeated Riviera (Meyers, Bob Smith, Willie Tevis, Charles Howard); San Mateo (B. Gilmore, Pat Linfoot, Red Guy, and George Pope) then won over Del Monte (William G. Braid, Peter McBean, Eric Tyrell-Martin, and the famous speed aero-pilot-poloist, Frank Fuller); and then Midwick was vanquished by Santa Barbara (Ray Bell, who played very well, Hale Marsh, Alec Bullock, and Gerald Dempsey) and in the finals Santa Barbara again won against San Mateo by 10 to 5. In the 12-goal tournament that followed, the same Santa Barbara four defeated

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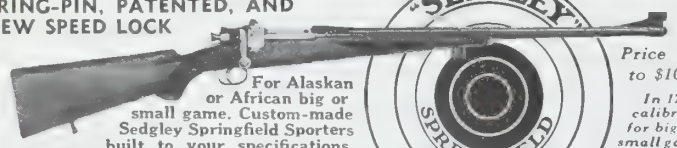

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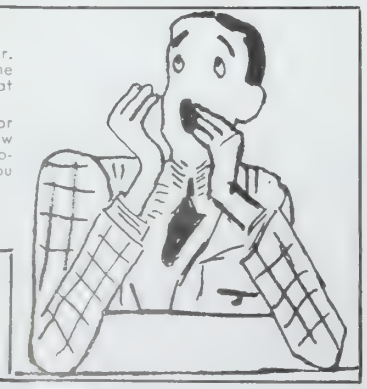

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Riviera (Loschner, Meyers, Smith, and Tevis); San Mateo (with Gilmore, Richard Magee, Pope, and Guy) won from Del Monte (Braid, McBean, Howard, and Fuller); Santa Barbara then rode roughshod over Midwick (Dinkelspiel, Russell, Paddock, and Perkins), and in the finals Santa Barbara upset San Mateo. Alec Bullock played outstandingly for the winners, scoring six goals and breaking up many plays. However, the most noticeable point of both tournaments was the fine teamwork of the Santa Barbara side. They continually called to each other to pass the ball on short, controlled shots, whereas San Mateo hit long drives up the field that gave the winners time to meet and convert into an advantageous play for themselves. Gerald Dempsey, in an unaccustomed role up forward at No. 1, managed always to be on the right side of the rival back, Gilmore. Red Guy, the former Oklahoma cowboy, who hits a tremendously long ball, also played particularly well at San Mateo, appearing easily two goals better on handicap rating, than he did earlier in the season.

As we left San Mateo, still looking for news that is new, we dropped in on the beautiful cattle ranch of J. B. Snow and Col. Robert P. Holliday, which is away up in the mountain country beyond the quaint little unspoiled agricultural and cattle town of Hollister. Mr. Snow, of course, is the Anglo-American sportsman, who makes his home abroad most of the time, and annually has an Irish jumper, Delachance, Delanaige, etc., in the Grand National Steeplechase. To our way of thinking, from the point of view of scenery, soil, water, grasslands, timber, game, cattle, and stock horse advantages, the San Bonito Valley is as inspiring and rich in assets of natural beauty as any ranch country ever heard of in romantic tales of the old West.

After that, in the foothills of the Santa Cruz Mountains, looking south over the blue waters of Monterey Bay, we dropped in on the 650 acres, once a part of the famous old Carbonero Ranch, that now has become the Pasatiempo Country Club. Owned and operated by Marion Hollins, former Women's National Golf Champion and one of America's outstanding horsewomen, we found along its green slopes, studded with beautiful oaks, groves of redwoods, pines, bays, and madrones, a country setting that seemed to have everything for which those who love an outdoor life could wish. There was a polo field, race track, a championship golf course, of course, well-equipped stables, mile upon mile of trails, tennis and badminton courts, a swimming pool, and even a private swimming beach on the shore of Monterey Bay.

Not far from Pasatiempo's attractive guest cottages, "just over yonder ridge," is the delightful country home, Windy Hill Farm, of the Deming Wheelers who raise many of our outstanding thoroughbred polo mounts. We were fortunate enough to be invited to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, the latter being well-known to readers of this magazine through her own writing. After lunch we saw the mares, colts and the three stallions, Ortalon (the Lark) by Ortiz out of Alfreda by Chafinch; Moraker by Moonraker (sire of some of the Coast's leading money winners) out of Kitty Moran by Chafinch; and Sumar by Mars Mouse out of Aunt Sue by Chantilly. On the way over to the new Pogonip Polo Club, started several years ago by Mrs. Wheeler, on the grounds of an old golf course, we paused at the Robert Laws', who a few years ago bought the Vine Hill Farm from Marion Hollins. Mr. Law, an ex-Yale poloist from Greenwich, Conn., also raises polo mounts, in conjunction with Deming Wheeler. Pogonip Polo Club, where the season, *by invitation only,* gets under way May 1st, is an old rustic building, not unlike the famous Cheyenne Mountain Country Club at Broadmoor, Colorado Springs. There is a swimming pool and a practice field overlooking the Bay of Monterey in addition to a championship turf set against timberland and mountains in which roam elk, deer, and buffalo. It seemed to us to be one of the most perfect settings for informal polo, as it used to be played in the good old days before any hint of professionalism or horse trading crept in. If Mrs. Wheeler, who last year attracted twelve teams of girl players, in addition to the regular invitational men's tournaments, to Pogonip, can work out her plan to have polo strictly by invitation only, it may well be that Pogonip will become one of the last great polo centers where gentlemen, anxious to have a game, as a game, and a drink afterwards in the tap room without any danger of being interrupted by someone trying to sell them a horse, will annually ship their ponies, and enjoy amateur polo for the fun of it to their heart's content.

THERE is no doubt that polo in California has unfortunately resolved itself into two groups: those who can afford to carry a team, and those who can afford to be carried. It's not the professionals' fault. They are all fine fellows and as the amateurs either don't seem to have enough money or simply won't take enough interest to carry on in their own right, somebody has to play—and there is mighty good polo being played. Mrs. Wheeler's invitational idea, however, will make it virtually certain that when four friends get together and form a team to enter a tournament they won't come up against, to borrow golf terms, say, one amateur, and Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, and Gene Sarazen. That, in itself, is really news.

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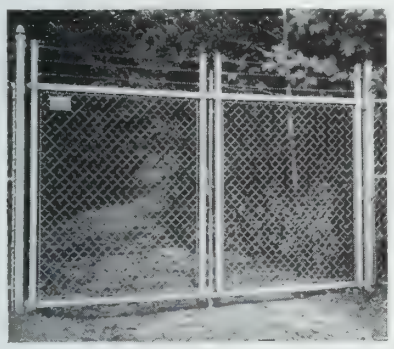

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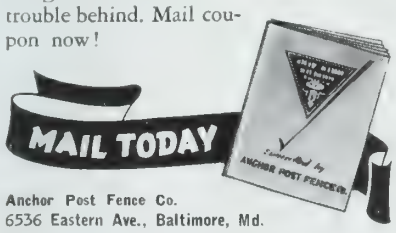

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Every sportsman a naturalist

(*Continued from page 79*)

birds is for everyone in a sizable party to join hands and skip off across springtime fields, a-singing. That is "baloney," as Mr. Smith used to say. It is "baloney" for numerous reasons, chiefly because there are too many transient birds about in migration time. That is confusing. Also, birds on the make don't stay put long enough for anyone to get a good look at them. June, to my mind, is the ideal month of the year for finding out what makes birds tick. Scientists estimate that around four billion wild birds are resident in the United States—an average of two birds to the acre. Practically every one of the lot has a family in June; and mamas and papas, as you know, are relatively sedentary. And ere you read these words of wisdom, nature will have rendered unto the Far North those things which are the Far North's. The species and individual birds found in your fields and woodlands today are ones which will stay about till fall or winter. So there is plenty of time for you to get acquainted with your country guests.

My way to the sport of bird-watching is not conventional. Pocketing a bird-guide and setting off to memorize the names of as many species as possible is dry and discouraging. You didn't come by your love of hunting by memorizing the Latin names of quail and prairie chicken. You just started banging away at brown birds as they flushed. You got next to them. And before long you could tell from a half mile away that a given bit of cover would give up timber-doodles, grouse, or ringnecks according to its nature. That's what I call really learning natural history!

I propose a sort of amateur biological survey as the best way to learn the lore of wild birds. Maybe it would be better to call this a census of nesting birds, although the thing inevitably will become more than that. It is a diversion for odd summer hours only. The idea is to make a map of your place or any part of it, indicating hedgerows, swamps, and the like; and to chart on this, the location of every bird nest in the area. Perhaps you should restrict your first survey to the orchard, a couple of acres of meadow or a single woodlot. Year by year you can add charts of other sections until you have a composite picture of wildlife on the whole place. Without much effort, once you've got the hang of the thing, you can bring the map right up-to-date every year.

Thump! rup! rup-rr-rrr! I could take you today to a thickety place where an ancient cock-grouse drums. While we sat on the porch of the log cabin there I could point out to you the "songs" of other birds. Perhaps a quail would whistle from a meadow fencepost; or a pheasant crow. Thrushes and catbirds would chant from damp places by the creek. From bushes and trees all about would come the little wiry songs of warblers. And if we were wise enough in the ways of the out-of-doors—which we are not—we shortly could discover one nest or brood for every singing bird of the lot. For birds don't sing or thump their wings or beat tattoos on hollow trees just to hear themselves. They don't sing because they feel so durn good they can't keep from it either. Only male birds sing, and when they do so they're broadcasting a notice to other cocks of their kind to keep away or fight. They're posting their nesting- and hunting-grounds just as calculatingly as you post yours when you nail up printed signs (though with better results, by and large). So it follows that a census of singing birds in June is a pretty accurate census of nests and various scattered broods.

But to stop taking evidence at this point would be like locating a flight of woodcock in October and then going home to read the paper. If you would know the stuff of which this sport with summer birds is made, try to locate the nests themselves. If you think you're too advanced in field-doings to fiddle with such petty things, I challenge you to set your finger on the nest of the song-sparrow tinkling in the garden; to show me one globe-nest of grass in the meadow where bobolinks sing. If you can find these things, then tell me that the game isn't worth the candle, I'll take your word. But until you *prove* that you're craftier than a wood thrush or backwoods whippoorwill, I'll have to set the answer by my own experience.

I've learned a few shortcuts for spotting bird nests in the summer hours I've spent on homemade "surveys." One is that early morning and very late afternoon are vastly more productive than midday. Birds take it easy when the sun is high and hot. There isn't much singing going on then, and feeding trips are few. But from dawn till ten o'clock and again from six until dark on bright days, the domestic routine hits a giddy pace. Every three or four minutes, once the youngsters are big enough to have generous appetites, either the male or female songbird will zip in to the nest with a blueberry, a dragon-fly or some other birdly tidbit. All you have to do to discover the nest is to watch the parent as it flies down and delivers the groceries. Then step over to the bookie and collect your money. Oh yeah!

Yeah, that's all you have to do! But take the time I decided to get some boudoir pictures of a little blue and yellow bird the size of your thumb. I'd seen that Canadian warbler slipping around through the sphagnum swamp on my place more times than one. And I'd walked over there on a sparkly June day like this one (Please, Dr. Kimball.) confident in my knowledge that I'd once

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killed a buck that every native of Grafton County had been after for autumns on end. I was a wise guy. Yeah! But high noon came; and one o'clock and two. Believe it or not, gentlemen, not once in all of that time did that dumb little bird descend to her nest. She just stalled around, calling me ugly names. It was four o'clock by distant factory whistles when she finally darted into the tussock or bracken which concealed her nest. But when I stepped over for a look at it I felt all right again. For it isn't every day in the year that you'll see in Connecticut five eggs of a typical Northwoods bird; especially of a rugged individualist who has lined her nest with deer hair instead of the moss that textbooks say she uses.

There are two special tricks which I've found to be strong medicine for locating nests. One of these is squeaking and the other is stump-thumping. Squeaking is high-pressure stuff. You will feel like a complete fool the first time you try it, but you will get used to it; and it gets results. To "squeak" birds you go out in the fields, well out of human earshot. There you kiss the back of your hand with a long-drawn-out whining sound that you would never risk in any other locale. This silly performance produces a noise like a captured fledgling. Every parent bird within hearing will come pronto on hearing your tale of distress. Some of these altruistic parents will have berries or insects in their beaks. Others will wear the harried look that all parents have, feathered, furred, or naked. All you have to do, as I've said before, is to follow one of these birds to its destination and there you will find a nest. Yeah!

Stump-thumping is the art of banging with one's fist, or a rock, on every dead tree trunk one encounters on summer rambles. It will elucidate numerous birds of woodpecker persuasion, which make their homes in the bowels of dead trees. It's almost a rare thing in this modern well-groomed world to come on a punky dead birch which doesn't house a family of birds (or flying squirrels). And it's a still rarer happening for a brooding mother bird to be able to withstand the shattering reverberations of a sound stump-thumping. *Pee-dee!* To the tune of piping notes I've forced the debut of many a nesting chickadee by kicking at long-dead stumps. Nuthatches, flickers, and sundry other birds are to be found nesting in hollow trees too.

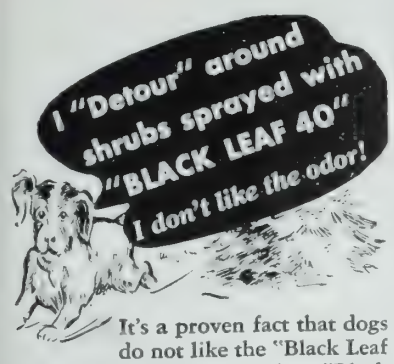
Once you've discovered a nest you'll see plenty to whet your scientific appetite if you're crafty. If you're too brash it's quite likely that the parents will forsake the nest with its eggs or young and establish a home at a distance. One of the many things I find diverting in birds' at-home doings is the preference in foods displayed by different species. The kingbird, for instance, specializes in the capture of butterflies. Brown ones, yellow ones, black ones; I've watched them fetch these gay insects home in dozens to their young. Waxwings are often called cherry-birds from their odd predilection for fruit. Yellow-billed and black-billed cuckoos, commonly known as raincrows, feed their progeny almost entirely on hairy tent-caterpillars. And woodcock, I'm convinced from much observation, proffer never a morsel to their precocious young, but earth-worms.

Wrens, on the other hand, show a spectacular preference for spiders. Twelve hundred spider-laden trips, no less, have been credited to a single parent house-wren in a day's looking after her octuplets. There is more of "human interest" about a wren-house than this, as well. For Jenny Wren's spouse is an object-lesson in what a husband should *not* be. He's a polygamist, the cad! Not one trusting wife, nor two, nor three will quell that rascal's spirits if there are more to be had. So the next time you hear a house-wren bubbling sweet nothings to his mate in your wren-box, don't feel sentimental toward him. The chances are he has a wife in every box in the countryside.

Generally though, birds are a pretty straightlaced lot in matters matrimonial. The average bird is as faithful as you'd ask during the three months of a mating season. After that it's a matter of taste. One member of a pair is pretty likely to get knocked off by a hawk or air-rifle or something between September and May. What happens then is nobody's business. Even in June there's always an eternal triangler or two lurking in the background. That isn't sophistication, but biology. If a hen or cock is killed there has to be a new mate to keep the home fires burning. So it comes to pass that sub-debs and young squeaky-voiced males are always slipping about in the green woods of June; hoping, perhaps, that a cousin will get it in the neck.

There isn't the traditional difference in parental responsibilities in the bird world, that exists in the human cosmos. Both sexes feed the children, and change 'em, and all that sort of thing. In many species, notably in the vast American family of warblers, Pop is more devout in tending the young than is his mate. I've taken pictures of more than one warbler family in which the mother deserted the kids at first glimpse of the camera, while good old pater carried on in the face of danger.

There is one family of birds more casual in family relations than any warblers ever thought of being. It too is a strictly American family, the orioles, which, since you insist on Latin, are really *Icteridae*. This bright-feathered group includes such show-offs as the bobolink, the red-wing blackbird, and the Baltimore oriole. Don Juan of the latter race checks out the minute his drab orange-brown mate has the last egg laid; gets on about his club-life rather than



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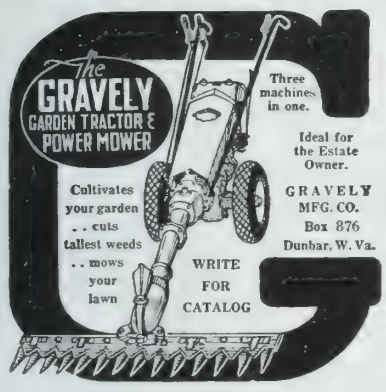
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risk his gaudy skin one time, in keeping the eggs warm. The cowbird is several steps lower in the scale of moral riffraff in the bird world. Both polygamy and polyandry are chargeable to that wayward race. Cowbirds don't even build nests. Caesar's wife of *that* clan slips her quick-hatching eggs into the nests of smaller birds, counting on unwilling foster-mothers to rear her extremely gluttonous offspring.

. . . But my point is only this, as I was saying columns back: I think that the habit of watching birds will add zest to your established doings in the out-of-doors. I think it can fill in right worthily odd hours when the fish are pouting. Perhaps you'll never launch a "survey" as I do every summer. But in June, July, and August while birds are making whoopee in the hedgerows, you might enjoy random glimpses of what they're about. And when hunting time comes in fall, I for one, would miss a lot if I didn't know a bit about the voyagers swarming through the treetops. I like to consider that this redstart from my woods is off for San Domingo. I would not miss the excitement I feel when barn swallows leave my eaves for Brazilian *sabanas*, as summer wanes. And when another year rolls around I would like to share once again the thrill my feathered tenants must feel on staking new homesteads in a land as kind as New England in June.

Rhododendrons for your garden

(Continued from page 41)

garden. Indeed, there are gardeners, still spry enough to get around without crutches, who remember the day when rhododendrons were rarities in our gardens. Reference to the prices quoted in the older nursery catalogues makes it easy to understand why this should have been so in gardens where the cost is a determining factor. But there were rhododendrons (and some of them were glorious!) not only in gardens where price was no consideration, but also here and there in more humble environs. The desire to possess that the sight of these fine specimen plants created, along with increased nursery offerings at sharply reduced prices and the popularization of knowledge of their care, has swung open our garden gates so that rhododendrons could come flocking in. This is especially true in the highly favored regions. Some other sections, especially certain of the middle states, are having to struggle against very adverse growing conditions; there the wise gardener moves with careful experimental steps.

Of course the popular belief that rhododendrons would not grow away from their native mountains was never taken seriously by the expert grower and hybridizer. The two most important of our East Coast natives went to England a long time ago (R. maximum in 1736 and R. catawbiense in 1809) and have been extensively used there, especially R. catawbiense. R. californicum, which has been but little used, holds wonderful potentialities for the skilled worker. In England, Holland, Germany, and France outstanding work has been done through generations of time in producing hybrids; but this country produced comparatively little until very recently. Unquestionably the new widespread interest in this shrub will spur our experimental nurserymen into activity and we may expect some of the finest of the new rhododendrons of tomorrow to be produced in our land.

The hybrids we have are commonly less temperamental than the species and permit rather freer handling by the experienced gardener. On the whole the rhododendron is versatile, and fits into many different types of gardens and landscapes, from that of the fifty-foot city lot to those of the great country estates where it has been planted by the carload to form naturalized plantings in woodlands, to bank driveways, or edge lakes and streams. In the small city garden, with its strictly limited space, it finds its place in the foundation planting on the sides of the house which are shaded from the heat of the afternoon sun. There it mingles happily with a number of other broad-leaved evergreens. Special care must be taken when rhododendrons are used in this type of planting to see that no lime from the foundation work has been left in the soil.

I like the rhododendron as a major item in the hedgerow planting. Here, even though there are no trees to provide overhead shade, close planting (giving self-created shade) and a generous use of mulch and ground covers, will give good growing conditions.

The formal garden is most effective if given a substantial framing of evergreen foliage and in such a planting the rhododendron makes an outstanding contribution. If tall-growing, narrow-leaved evergreens have been used to mark corners, or to screen out undesirable views, these broad-leaved shrubs massed at their feet will tie the whole together.

But the rhododendron is loveliest when growing in informal plantings. Even on a little place there can often be a winding path that really leads somewhere, with, along it, opportunity for a clump or two of rhododendrons. Let them screen off the shady rockery (usually given over primarily to ferns) from any unrelated portion of the garden. Let them have a generous part of that semi-shaded corner where, with trees above and a happy company of ferns and other congenial friends around, they will grow in great profusion.

And now, what rhododendrons shall we plant? To answer this question definitely and authorita-

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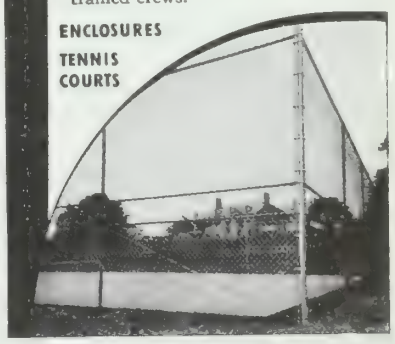

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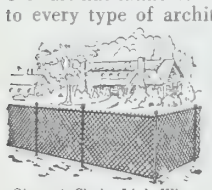
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tively is about as difficult—and dangerous—as trying to tell a lady what her new spring hat and gown should be. There is a bewildering number of rhododendrons, differing in foliage, growth form, and color and size of blossoms.

Perhaps the first decision to be made is whether we prefer the natural species or the hybrids. While there is no absolute rule, in general the species rhododendrons are simpler and bear the impress of unspoiled woodland beauty. The hybrids have been generally developed for size of blossom and a distinguished English authority has summarized the argument against them by saying, "that too much of form and foliage are sacrificed to mere flower content, with the inevitable result of a rather stiff and prim monotony . . . They lack character . . ."

I often think of this spirited indictment as I stand admiring the proud beauty, Alice (a hybrid of the Asiatic Griffithianum Species) in the full glory of her heavy load of large pink blossoms. I am willing, with my lips, to confess that the critic speaks the truth; but in my heart I love this haughty beauty. Some hybrids, however, have retained the simplicity of the species. For instance, just around the turn in the path from Alice is a fine R. roseum elegans (a Catawbiense hybrid) which retains all the lovely simplicity of a native rhododendron.

The easy solution is to have both the species and the hybrids, and to group them carefully in regard to their companions and backgrounds so as to enjoy the distinctive contribution of each.

The selection of our species is the simpler problem but it would not be so simple if our nurserymen specialized more extensively in rhododendrons. For this lovely shrub is distributed widely over the world. If our selection were being made in England it might be difficult, for English nurserymen offer a considerable number of rhododendrons grown from seed brought or sent from distant places. But in the United States, our choice is pretty well limited to our American species.

On the Pacific Coast (and almost nowhere else in the ordinary trade) we have that beautiful native, already referred to, R. californicum. The finest species from the Eastern mountains is R. catawbiense. Its foliage is good, although not equal to that of californicum and the flowers stand out as heavy masses of rosy purple blooms. True, the color fights like an Irishman with others, but used in massed effects by itself it is very lovely.

The other Eastern species in common use is R. maximum (the rosebay rhododendron or great-laurel) whose narrow leaves are six to eight inches long and whose blossoms are white, or white flushed with pink. As the blossom is not very large, it is often hidden by new foliage; and it is late—in my own garden the last of all my rhododendrons to bloom. It is an excellent background shrub because it grows very tall, but to look well it must have shade.

R. caroliniana, the only other native commonly available, tends to be a dwarf. Covered in early spring with a great profusion of small, pale pink flowers, it is lovely when used as a foreground planting.

When we come to the hybrids we find a glamorous array. A recent book lists about thirteen hundred and sixty named ones and makes no claim that the list is complete. However, careful study will find the right rhododendron for almost any location, for in size they vary widely and the colors range from purest whites, pinks, lavenders, purples, and reds back to the beautiful, soft cream and yellow shades.

It is difficult to establish standards of excellence by which to judge flowers since the personal element is such an important factor. At present rhododendron ratings are largely established in England, and because, as noted, we do not have ready access to most of the new English products, they are of questionable value to us. Yet this is no reason to start tearing up the "unstarred" kinds from our garden. One of my red rhododendrons, which always catches the admiring gaze of visitors as they pass along a certain path, is considered by our English cousins as "old-fashioned and not up to the present standards"; but it is as safely protected by my affection as any plant in my entire garden.

A much more vital consideration is that of hardiness, for certain kinds wholly suitable for the moister, milder Pacific Coast may not prove able to survive the severe winters of the North Atlantic states or the dry heat and cold of other regions. Fortunately the rhododendron specialists are carefully studying and recording the reactions of new varieties as they are found or introduced and the results of their decisions are generally included in nursery catalogues or are otherwise accessible to would-be purchasers.

The final word concerning selection must be spoken for each garden by the one who plants it. To select rhododendrons one should see them in bloom, preferably in other gardens where they are properly planted. Rather than submit a guiding list based upon my personal taste and judgment, I offer one (page 41) that is a composite of several prepared by well-known authorities. Those named are all available hybrids, most of them the old standard ones, and the lists have been influenced by the desirability of a considerable degree of hardiness. A list compiled exclusively for the South Atlantic and the Pacific Coasts would be far more generous. While the stars (indicating the rating by English rhododendron fanciers) may not appear very often, the sorts listed are definitely chosen for American gardens.

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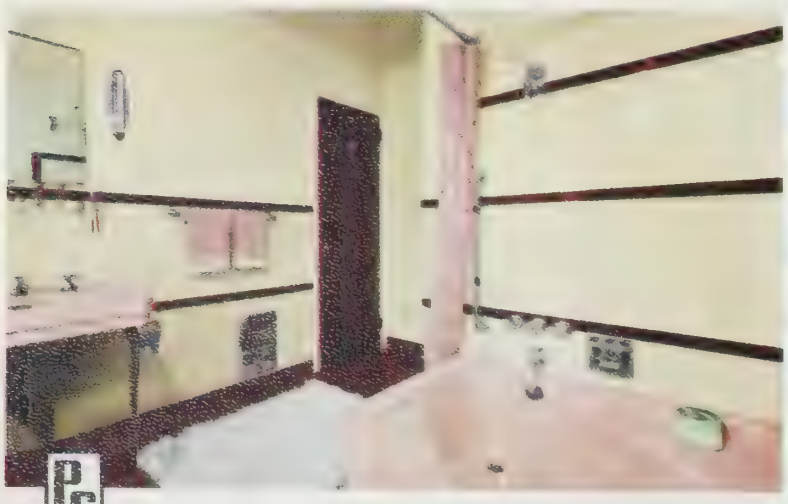

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Quarryman, an almost perfect type of middleweight Thoroughbred hunter, owned and ridden by Mrs. William duPont Jr. Mr. Isaac Clothier Jr., Vice-Chairman of the Devon Horse Show, congratulates them on winning a first prize

HORSE NOTES and COMMENT

ELIZABETH GRINNELL

HUNT MEETINGS . . OUTSTANDING HORSES

ATLANTIC CITY . . WILMINGTON . . DEVON

MR. RICHARD MELLON'S Toolbox, ridden by John Harrison and jumping much better than he did last year, won the Billy Barton. It was a great race until Montpelier's Golden Reel fell, and even after that there was plenty of excitement because William Jones bounced back into his saddle as soon as he hit the ground and made up a tremendous amount of ground to finish second. But the four-mile grind of the Radnor Hunt Cup, the other feature of that rainy Saturday at Chesterbrook Farm, was a race to remember for several reasons. The five horses were almost the same ones that ran in the Maryland, only instead of Mrs. E. Read Beard's Blockade, there was Mr. John Strawbridge's Coq Bruyere, which had won the New Jersey Hunt Cup last fall. Charlie White set most of the early pace on Mr. J. W. Y. Martin's Inshore but the big chestnut wasn't jumping very well. At several fences he brought the watchers' hearts into their throats and finally skidded up to a fence and pecked so badly on landing that he threw Charlie heavily. Again it was up to John Harrison on Mrs. Frank Gould's Ostend only this time his problem, instead of catching Blockade, was to stay in front of Coq Bruyere. It didn't appear to be a difficult task at first but anyone who has ever seen Coq Bruyere run knows how fast he can finish a long race, so when Ostend finally cracked a fence hard, pulling it up by the roots, it was almost time to call the gray horse the best. Ostend stood up, miraculously, and ran again as gamely as if the accident hadn't happened but Coq Bruyere was moving up, steadily, surely, and confidently finally to pass the little brown horse and win. It must be a wonderful sensation for George Strawbridge, who rides Coq Bruyere, when the gray horse starts to overhaul the leaders in a race. There is something so positive in the way he does it that he looks as remorseless as fate.

It was a great race and, as I have said, a good one to remember because one wonders how many more such timber races we are apt to see. There have never been many timber horses like these, and in the future there are not apt to be many more. Real soldiers of the sport, these, which can race at almost stake horse speed under heavy weights for long distances and over fences that would knock the courage out of the average horse. Imagine, if you can, hitting a strong timber fence hard enough to take it down and then denying the pain it must cause while the will to win still carries on over further obstacles. How can anyone help admiring such loyal hearts? But it isn't, actually, the timber fences themselves that are causing the shortage in the entries for these races. It is the tremendous speed at which these races are now run. After all they are hunter fences—fences to be jumped with calculation and respect. They don't hurt nearly so much when they are hit in this way. Why not give the timber races back to the hunters, then. Certainly there are plenty of horses running in the point-to-points now and there are sure to continue to be, provided each hunt keeps its own cross-country day completely private and local. There is a great deal of talk about arranging point-to-points so that visitors from other hunts can compete, but, in so doing, their chief aim, the test of the rider to find his way across country, will be defeated. My suggestion for the month, then, will be to have the point-to-point championships run over such beautiful courses as the Virginia Gold Cup course and the Middleburg course. These championships can be open to any one who thinks that he has a hunter good enough to enter and he can find out how good he is at his own local point-to-point. Maybe this is a crazy idea but it is one that would put timber racing back in the class where it belongs and one that would be certain to bring plenty of entries to any number of meetings. There would, probably, have to be a certain number of rules worked out but, as far as I'm concerned, that is like the story of the ants and the grasshoppers. The ants got tired of things as they were and asked the grasshoppers how they, too, could hop around in the sun and enjoy themselves. "Why it's a cinch," said the hoppers, "Just grow long legs like ours." "Yes," said the (*Continued on page 77*)

The finish of the Belmont Stakes. Pasteurized leads Dauber under the wire. Cravat on the rail and Jolly Tar fourth

Dog Stars

Edited by VINTON P. BREESE

THE MORRIS AND ESSEX

AN ESTIMATED 50,000 admirers of pure-bred dogs were delighted to learn that the weather man is a pessimist, for, contrary to his prediction, the venue of the great Morris and Essex Kennel Club dog show at Madison, N. J., was bathed in golden sunshine from dawn to dusk. Held on the vast greensward of the polo field at Giralda Farms, the magnificent estate of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge, this supreme canine extravaganza presented a panorama of gaiety and splendor unsurpassed by any other sports event anywhere. Gold and purple pennons proudly flaunting over the big tops under which the dogs were benched and enclosing the 1500 by 500 foot field where fifty-four judging rings were roped off; the gaily garbed milling multitude which reached its maximum in early afternoon and, despite the spaciousness of the grounds, actually crowded the aisles between benching and rings; the finest of pure-bred dogs from far and near of every size, shape, and shade going through their classes in rapid succession; and the closing groups and best in show competition in the big court of honor with a center block for the winners surrounded by flowering plants and fluttering flags, altogether presented a spectacle that once seen is never to be forgotten.

Although classification for only 74 of the 107 recognized breeds was offered, 17 having been dropped in 1937 and 16 more this year, the fixture registered its record renewal with 4,213 dogs, an increase of 109 over last year, and fulfilled the advance prediction of this writer. The basis of elimination was all breeds having less than ten entries, this year occurring in only two cases, so that next year's renewal will have classification for seventy-two breeds. However, provision is made for unclassified breeds by the addition of miscellaneous classes. Since the initial event in 1927 with 595 dogs this fixture has registered record advancement, even being the greatest outdoor dog show extant and in 1933 becoming the largest canine classic in America. Furthermore, it is thought, if rated upon the actual number of dogs benched, it is the leading dog show of the world. Only those closely connected with it can realize what an enormous undertaking it is to stage an affair of this magnitude for the multitude of humans and dogs and complete the judging between the hours of ten A.M. and seven P.M., yet this was accomplished with phenomenal precision, convenience, and comfort to all concerned. Therefore, gratitude and congratulations must be accorded to Mrs. Dodge who makes possible this most spectacular and delightful of all kennel fixtures.

BEST IN SHOW. The climactic contest for best in show brought forth five celebrated champions: Leonard Collins' Old English Sheepdog, Ch. Ideal Weather; James M. Austin's Smooth Fox Terrier, Ch. Nornay Saddler; Louis J. Murr's Borzoi, Ch. Vigow of Romanoff; Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau; and Mrs. Vincent Matta's Pomeranian, Ch. Sealand Moneybox; winners of the working, terrier, hound, non-sporting, and toy dog groups respectively. The sixth, winner of the sporting dog group, was Dwight W. Ellis' English Setter, Maro of Maridor, unknown save for a single appearance at Westminster this year where he won the puppy class but bearing reflected renown by reason of being a son of Ch. Sturdy Max, best in show winner at this event last year, and a litter brother to Daro of Maridor the sensational best in show winner at Westminster this year. According to the procedure of Judge Harry T. Peters it seemed for a few moments that Maro might duplicate the feat of his famous sire. However the judge later remarked that the dog was "a bit too light through the middle." Passing on to the others in a rapid succession of inspection, the issue appeared to be wide open until suddenly the judge directed the Old English Sheepdog to the flower and flag bedecked dais amid resounding applause.

Ideal Weather, although a veteran of six years, looked no more than half his age, a big, sturdy, square-built bobtail, carrying a profuse coat of pure pigeon blue with even white markings, pronounced power, absolute action, and even matching paces with the Setter. This was the crowning climax of a career composed of many such similar successes scored at important events including the recent Chicago show and Canadian National Exposition. In order to reach the final the Canadian-bred, Ideal Weather, had some very formidable ringsters to defeat in the working dog group but succeeded under the keen eye of Judge Charles G. Hopton. Next in order were John Phelps Wagner's Boxer, Ch. Dorian v. Marienhof, a model-made and mannered, red brindle importation, teeming with character and the outstanding winner of his breed with twenty-one best in show victories to his credit; Mrs. F. B. Ilch's Collie, Ch. Bellhaven Black Lucason, a big, handsome, profusely coated, tri-color home-bred, carrying his seven years lightly, a repeated group and best in show winner and unquestionably one of the greatest in the history of the breed; and John Gans' German Shepherd Dog, Ch. Pfeffer v. Bern, a properly proportioned, finely finished, alert appearing black and tan German Sieger importation which gained his American championship in short order, was returned to Germany where he won a second title and came back to America.

TERRIERS. Terriers as usual were a very hot lot and assigned to the veteran expert, George S. Thomas. There was a tension around the ringside punctuated by exclamations of, "Where is he," "There he comes," "That's he," etc., which of course pertained to Ch. Nornay Saddler, the latest sensational best in show winner with ten such victories at his last twelve shows and seventeen in all. Mr. Thomas examined the dogs rapidly in pose and pace and without further fuss directed Saddler to the number one position. He is a black head and saddle-marked terrier (hence his name) of perfect hackney build, ideally combining substance and quality, absolute action, composed demeanor and altogether about as near perfection as is ever seen. Later he had a large ringside following for the premier prize. Second, Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Clark's Welsh Terrier, Ch. Aman Superb of Halcyon, a richly colored bitch of ideal size, sound coat, true taffy type, and a stylish shower. Third, Col. P. V. G. Mitchell's Bedlington Terrier, Ch. Love Letter, another bitch of ideal size, light blue color, perfect proportions, fine finish, and quite a gay manner for this rather tranquil breed. Fourth, Miss Helen Schweinler's Sealyham Terrier, Nut- (*Continued on page 13*)

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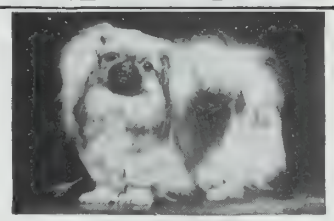

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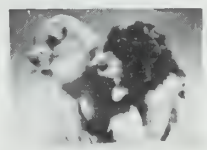

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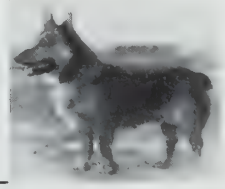

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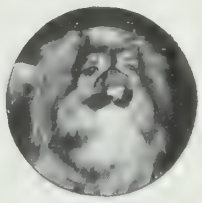

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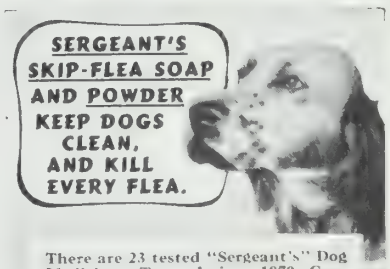

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MONTH IN THE FIELD

Morgan

Western Retriever Trials

THIS last month we have managed, by devious means, to get a pretty comprehensive, though secondhand perspective of the Middle Western retriever trials which at this writing have only recently been completed. We have talked to or corresponded with various Eastern and Western experts who attended the trials and have gleaned so much information from them that it would be hard to convince us we weren't there in person. As a matter of fact this composite view is probably a lot better than any one opinion especially when your informants, as ours did, really know what they are talking about.

Undoubtedly the most impressive thing about the Western trials this spring was the excellence of the young dogs—everyone we heard from agreed on this. On the average the puppies, novices, and derbies produced better work than the all-age dogs, and in the opinion of Dave Elliot who has some pretty fine young dogs in his own string, if some of these youngsters continue to be as good as they were this spring when fall comes and they have more age and experience, there are mighty few dogs in the East that will be able to touch them. He was particularly impressed with the young Labrador, Freehaven Jay, owned and handled by J. L. Free of Chicago. Jay is only fourteen months old but Dave says that as he is now he is perfectly capable of winning an open all-age stake in fast company. As it was he accounted for first in the Amateur Novice at the Mississippi Valley trial held at the Dardenne Shooting Club, Peruque, Mo., first in both the Novice and Amateur All-Age stakes at the Midwest trial, third in the Open Derby which was held in May at Minnesota.

AMATEUR TRAINERS: While, as we said last month, the Golden Retrievers are becoming popular out in the West we were amazed at the number of them the trials brought forth—and the number of them in the money too. For instance at the Minnesota Trial there were, out of the total of sixty-four retriever entries, thirty-one Goldens—quite a comparison to the three or four entered last year. Out of the twenty awards given, nine were claimed by members of the Golden breed which goes to show there is an excellent reason for their rapid rise in popularity—a popularity that will, we feel sure, spread to the East before long. The fact that impressed us most of all though was that nearly half of the Goldens were home trained. This also applied to the other breeds but not to the same extent as with the former. Many of the Western sportsmen, even though they may only have one or two dogs, are so keen about field trials and shooting they find time in the early morning or in the evening to work and train their retrievers, making them not only worthwhile companions in the field or blind but capable of winning field trials too. This to us is the best sort of field trial spirit and the satisfaction of placing a dog you have handled and trained yourself is many times sweeter than winning with one you merely own and let someone else work on. Of course, few amateurs have the time to train their own dogs but those who have are missing something if they don't do at least part of the work themselves.

EASTERN DOGS. As we predicted in June the Eastern professionals who made the long haul out to Oshkosh and Barrington for the Wisconsin and Midwest trials didn't come home empty handed, for although they met the stiffest of competition they really made a very fine showing. The three who went out, as you probably know, were David Elliot with the Wingan dogs, Tom Briggs with the Harriman Labradors and Lionel Bond of Chesacroft. Joy of Arden, handled by Tom Briggs, was first in the Open All-Age at Oshkosh over Nigger of Barrington with F. T. Ch. Glenairlie Rover, third and Elliot's F. T. Ch. Banchory Night Light, fourth. Also at the Wisconsin event Dave Elliot won the Open All-Age Springer Stake with Dr. Milbank's little black and white Springer bitch, Chancefield Jean. This, plus winning third with her in the Minnesota trial was quite an event, for Jean, when Dave first got her, was to all appearances hopelessly man shy and absolutely devoid of any desire to retrieve. The fact that she has come around so beautifully is quite a feather in Elliot's cap. When we saw Jean recently down at the Wingan kennels, all traces of shyness were gone, and there was every indication that she is going to make herself felt in the fall trials. Additional wins by Eastern dogs at Wisconsin were one, two, three, in the Non-winners with three Labs, John M. Schiff's Jock Dhu, and the two Arden dogs, Braes and Banks, second and third in that order.

MIDWEST TRIAL. The Midwest trial held May 14 and 15 out at Barrington, Ill., was, according to Dave Elliot, our official observer, an exceedingly worth-while event in spite of dismal weather. Eastern dogs gave a good account of themselves here too, for the Open All-Age in which there were fourteen entries was won by W. A. Harriman's Peconic Pyne of Arden with A. A. Bliss's Chesacroft Barron a close second—it was almost a photo finish. Third went to Elliot's F. T. Ch. Banchory Night Light, and Nero of Roedare, that excellent Golden owned by Richard Ryan, was fourth. Nero is a grand dog and frequently hard to beat but he blew up on this occasion. Certificate of Merit was awarded to Marvadel Marker, a Curly owned by Leonard Buck and handled by Elliot. Dave has had a hard and at times rather embarrassing time with this Curly, for the dog has a habit of leaving his handler and heading for parts unknown if he is spoken to in a loud or angry vioce—one time at the kennel he disappeared for five days. The tough part of it was that at Barrington he was high in the stake and going great guns until a blind retrieve was decreed. This as Dave knew full well before it started was the end, for Marker objects to being given direction as much as to a scolding—sure enough he deserted this time and swam out into the middle of the lake, of all places, where he tried to climb into someone's fishing boat. However, it looks as if the dog had great latent possibilities if he can ever be cured of this habit.

The Amateur All-Age produced but few steady dogs—apparently it was just one of those days. Freehaven Jay, the young and promising Labrador mentioned above, accounted for this, with Cocoa II a Chesapeake owned and handled by F. A. Bunte of Chicago, second, and Golden Red, a Golden owned by Dr. Clark, third. All the stakes, except the Novice, which strangely enough was the best of all (possibly because it was run over a different course) and which was also won by the practically unbeatable Freehaven Jay, were held over very difficult terrain, which undoubtedly accounts for the low caliber of work done by many dogs. A lot of them such as Joy of Arden, Glenairlie Rover, or Banchory Night Light, which have proved many times to have excellent noses, showed just the reverse over the Barrington course, due in Dave's opinion, to the fact that everything was green and a gas was rising from the marshy land. Both factors could easily confuse the scent of a dead bird. Also there were high hummocks all through the marsh which, while they didn't interfere with a dog's view of a falling bird, did make it hard for him to see his handler and vice versa. The judges for all events were J. Gould Remick and Bob Becker of Chicago.

MINNESOTA TRIAL. Unfortunately available space doesn't allow us to give the Minnesota trial—or any of the others for that matter—as much space as it deserves. However, we'll try and give you a general idea of what it was like in as few words as possible. It was held May 21 and 22 at White Bear Lake, ending the spring field trial season with a flourish. They were much luckier with the weather than the other trials because the rain which fell almost continually for a month or so prior to the event suddenly relented the night before and both Saturday and Sunday were bright and clear, producing a gallery of upwards of 2000 people each day. They say the work was better on the average than at the Midwest trial, and as at the former event the young dogs were spectacular. As a matter of fact the judges, (*Continued on page 80*)

Dog stars

(*Continued from page 10*)

field Snowfall of Croglin, an all-white bitch of correct cloddy build and size, full dense coat, beautiful balance, and a great little goer. Saddler appeared a fairly decisive winner while the remaining trio were extremely closely matched in merit and behind them there were also several others of an extremely high order.

HOUNDS. Hounds, judged by Robert Vagt, brought forth Ch. Vigow of Romanoff, absolute leader of his breed for the past four years and winner of the A.K.C. $250 prize for best American-bred of all breeds in 1935 and 1936. He is a huge hound of superb symmetry, pronounced power, and he was in beautiful bloom. Altogether he presented a problem just beyond the solving of Mrs. Annis A. Jones's intensely typical and sound Dachshund, Ch. Herman Rinkton, the Baltimore best in show winner and to date tied with Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, for best American-bred of all breeds. The towering Borzoi and the squat Dachs presented a striking contrast of type in hounds and which could hardly be more pronounced if all breeds were included. In view of the Dachshund's recent repeated group victories many thought this canine submarine might sink the battleship but the latter carried too heavy an armament. Third, L. S. Knechtel's Beagle, Ch. Grapeside Gamble, a model-made and merry little hound, which appears a workman fully capable of coursing cottontails around in short order. Fourth, Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Clark's, Irish Wolfhound, Halcyon Allanah of Ambleside, a sixteen months old, gray brindle bitch of extreme quality, absolute soundness, and needing only age for size and development.

NON-SPORTING DOGS. Non-sporting dogs were the least numerous of the groups and quickly judged by Anton Rost. The winner was Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's beautiful, snow white, home-bred Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, a daughter of the same owner's celebrated Ch. Nunsoe Duc de la Terrace, 1935 Westminster best in show winner, to whom she bears a marked resemblance in a slightly smaller size. As previously marked she is in the front rank with group wins for best American-bred dog of all breeds and has eight best in show victories to her credit. Second, John F. Maginnis's French Bulldog, Ch. Miss Modesty, a model-made and mannered little lady which has amassed an interminable list of breed and group wins and was best American-bred non-sporting dog a couple of years ago. Third, Droll and Rosenbloom's Boston Terrier, Ch. Hagerty's Fascinating Model, a trappy little chap of ideal size and type and pleasing markings. Fourth, George

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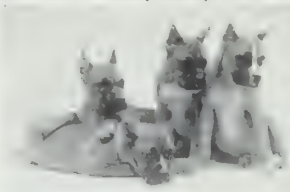

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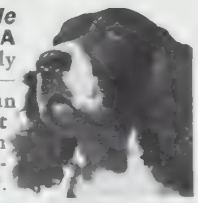

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SPORTING DOGS. Sporting dogs, judged by William H. Pym, found Maro of Maridor to the fore. A son of the same owner's Ch. Sturdy Max, last year's best in show winner at this event and a litter brother to Daro of Maridor, this year's Westminster best in show winner, this fourteen months old youngster is naturally not yet at his fullest development. Both he and his brother are splendid specimens with little choosing between them, but in this writer's opinion neither are, nor will be, quite the equal of their celebrated sire. Second, Harry Hartnett's Irish Setter, Ch. Milson Top Notcher, leading scion of the ruling dynasty of Irish Setters for nearly two decades, which includes such celebrities as Ch. Higgins's Red Pat, Ch. Higgins's Red Coat, Ch. Milson O'Boy, and many others known to fame. He was top of his breed throughout last year and promises to make it two in a row. Third, Herman Mellenthin's Cocker Spaniel, My Own Brucie, a beautifully modeled, finely finished, merry-mannered little black, distinctly of show rather than a combination of show and sporting type. Fourth to a Golden Retriever, James S. Thompson Jr.'s Toby of Willow Lake, was somewhat of a surprise to some. However, he is a splendid specimen of this rather rare breed.

TOYS. Toys furnished close competition and were judged by G. V. Glebe. The imported Sealand Moneybox, a full-coated rich orange of exquisite type and perky manner, managed to nose in just ahead of John B. Royce's homebred Pekingese, Ch. Kai Lo of Dah Lyn, a profusely coated and intensely typical little red bitch, which at present is leading the race for best American-bred toy. Third and fourth went to Miss Mary P. Lawrence's Yorkshire Terrier, Lawlock's Little Tottie, a beautiful little bitch of the desired steel blue and tan coloration and long silken coat and K. J. Hedengrin's Miniature Pinscher, Arnot v. Montgomery, a very shapely and showy little red.

SPECIALTY SHOWS. On the day preceding Morris and Essex, four clubs, the Interstate Poodle Club, German Shepherd Dog Club of America, American Fox Terrier Club, and Scottish Terrier Club of America, held their specialty shows at near-by points to the big all-breed event. The Poodle show attracted the amazing entry of 124 American-breds thereby establishing a record. The judge was Mrs. Grace L. Boyd, owner of the famous Piperscroft Kennels in England, who chose as her best of breed winner Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau and winners in dogs and bitches Lynde Selden's Aucassin of Pommel Rock and Mrs. Whitehouse Walker's Carillon Amour, respectively, with the latter best of winners. Best in Miniatures went to Mrs. James M. Austin's Cheri of Misty Isles which also took winners dogs while Mrs. D. K. Jay's Miette of Misty Isles won winners bitches. At the German Shepherd Dog event, under the German judge Herr Ottmar Sautter, John Gans' German sieger and American champion, Pfeffer v. Bern, was best of breed and Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's home-bred, Ch. Giralda Geisha, best of opposite sex. Winners in dogs and bitches went to Ruthland Kennels' Edgar v. Haus Fritz and Carol of Ruthland. As at last year's Fox Terrier specialty show James M. Austin's Ch. Nornay Saddler was best of breed over both smooths and wires and defeated Mrs. H. H. Swann's Ch. Boarzell Brilliance which was best wire. Winners in smooth dogs and

(*Continued on page 76*)

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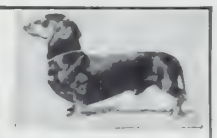

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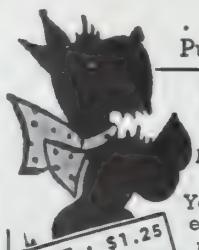

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Fox Hunting

A Department by W. NEWBOLD ELY, Jr., M. F. H.

PERHAPS as fall thrusters torpidly wiggle their toes this summer in the sands of some watering spot, where water is seldom drunk, the following remarks of Stubbins in the English "Horse & Hound" may give them the answer to this question so often asked members of the hunt staff, "What under the sun do you do to amuse yourself in all the months you don't hunt?" "For the benefit of the ordinary hunting men and women, ninety-nine out of every hundred of whom go home after a day's hunting and never give a single thought to those who have provided their fun. . . . I've skinned knackers, boiled oatmeal and horseflesh, soaked biscuits, prepared the feed in the trough, and drawn hounds for feeding—yes, even for a 'second feed,' as 'Salopian' rightly suggests. As a nipper I fell asleep all night on the bench with about 24 couple of doghounds while the police were searching the county for me. . . . Frank Freeman (the renowned Pytchley huntsman—Ed.) used to draw the gross feeders first and let 'em gobble up the slops, and then send 'em out and bring in the poor feeders to tackle the tasty, more solid feed which had settled at the bottom of the trough. . . . I know that some packs are fed on raw flesh; others buy up cods' heads and other coarse fish from the fishmongers as a change of diet, some boil young stinging nettles, cabbages, and so on with the meat broth; some won't have biscuits within a mile of the kennel. . . . We know a great deal of flesh goes rotten before it can be used, and I should say a small cold room would pay for itself in no time. It wouldn't surprise me if some of the troubles in kennels (and to humans) are caused by rats. . . . Bones and skins are not the sweetest of things after a day or two, neither are the scrapings from the yards. . . . Hearing the old blackbird this morning reminds us that spring is upon us; 'stinkin' vi'lets' will soon be rampant in the hedgerows, vixens will be severely left alone, and . . . more Hunt servants will be out of collar. Then while you thrusters are trimming your sails and setting your course for the Solent or the Mediterranean, the Hunt servants begin to settle down to the real business of keeping the pack up to scratch. There may be a new huntsman arriving. He has to learn the names and peculiarities of perhaps 50 couple of hounds. Bitches will be whelping, and old hounds sorted out with the Master and put down. Hounds which have proved too slow are drafted, perhaps to some pack in the Colonies, or maybe to a pack of otterhounds. Puppies have to be taken out to walk, and this is where the new huntsman gets to know a lot of the farmers and followers. The breeding of hounds today is a very exact science, and stud books are kept most carefully in every kennel. The Master may be aiming at a level pack of so many inches high at the shoulder. He may fancy a strong touch of the Belvoir tan, or the light colours from Mr. Curre's kennel; or he may have seen Welsh hounds hunting on their own on the hills, and he will say to his huntsman, 'Let's send a couple of bitches down to the Ystrad and Pentyrch'. . . . Yes, there will be (or should be), much scratching of heads and chewing of pencils between Master and huntsman. . . . The young hounds begin to come in from walk and they have to be broken from a free-and-easy life on a farm to stern kennel discipline. Mrs. Tom Brown, from Ripton Farm, breaks her heart when she sees her darling Rampant coupled to an old hound and having to go where he is dragged. Then comes the huntsman's great day—the puppy show. Seats are arranged 'round one of the yards for the Master and friends, visitors, farmers, and puppy-walkers. . . . Some Hunts buy cobs or ponies for the exercising of hounds on the roads, which gradually increases in distance as the hounds' feet harden and they get into condition generally. . . . Then regular hunters come into action. These hunters have been gradually conditioned by long road exercise. During the hound exercise it is a wise plan to visit every farm in its turn in the Hunt; also other houses where puppies have been walked. Farmers and their families think the world of these visits. and look upon them as a great honour. And if the Master occasionally rides with them it does a power of good in creating the right feeling on both sides. While all this has been going on the tailor has been down and measured for the new clothes for the opening day; the top boots have arrived, and between you an' me the second horsemen have been sitting up o' nights trying to get a real glint into their own hogany tops. He's a much bigger swell than the huntsman in his own opinion. . . . The new hunting crops, gloves, spurs, have arrived and perhaps a new horn for the huntsman." And our English friend has still to touch on all the time and work and money which goes with fencing, poultry damage, litters of cubs, etc. So even thrusters with ophthalmia should be able to see that those on the inside of hunt establishments work just as hard in the non-hunting season as they do on those gray fall days when hunt servants start their work of dressing hounds' injuries and drawing them out to feed about the time the field is starting on their second cocktail.

D. T. Carlisle

THE BELVIDERE HOUNDS ABROAD

Decide not to toss the caber in the Caledonian Scottish Games at Balmoral

THE QUEEN ANNE PERIOD. To escape the new law about hunting Mr. Charles after March 31st in our native state, a band of pilgrim foxhunters voyaged southward this spring in the Rose Tree M. F. H.'s station wagon to that Utopia of foxhunters,—the Eastern Shore of Maryland where the serene foxes run with the regularity and fixed routes of trolley cars, and all you have to do is to stand on your corner and watch the chase go by. En route southward we passed Roulie Carpenter's Dilwyne farms, the source of some of the oldest foxhound blood in our kennels. In the fields near the road as many as eight thousand wild Canadian geese can be seen together—all of which reminded us of Mr. Carpenter's great Chesapeake, Montauk Pilot, immortalized on Dick Bishop's splendid set of sporting dog (*Continued on page 79*)

Maynard L. Parker

ON THE COUNTRY ESTATE

Guernseys . . . Jerseys . . . Holstein-Friesians

Edited by
GEORGE TURRELL

UPON looking over the results of the Third Middle West Invitational Guernsey Sale which took place in Chicago on May 12th we find that the top animal at the sale was Ridglydale's Bell Alert 546157, a ten months old heifer, at the price of $950. She was consigned to the sale by W. S. Ridgly, Ridglydale Farms, Decatur, Ill. Though there was spirited bidding between G. N. Dayton of Boulder Ridge Farm, James McDonald of McDonald Farms, and Mrs. Ernest Martin of Pine Manor, the final bid made by Mr. Dayton was not as high as it might have been if times were better—sales such as this reflect general conditions quite closely. As a matter of fact the price was sixty-one dollars lower than the high at last year's event but still eleven dollars higher than the top price at the first sale three years ago. The second high animal at the sale brought $750. This was Meadow Lodge Rex's Lady 470920, consigned by S. W. Hayes of Oklahoma City and purchased by Mrs. F. L. Weyenberg, Thiensville, Wis. Third high was Sedgley Laddie's Nadine 452961, purchased by Isabel Bates, Barrington, Ill., for $700. This cow was consigned by the Chicago Guernsey Farm, Hinsdale, Ill. The cattle were consigned from nine different states and constituted offerings from many of the best herds in the Middle West. The average for the 44 head offered was $356.48.

JERSEYS. On the second of June 103 head of Jerseys competed in the annual Jersey Parish Show held out at the Far Hills, New Jersey, Fair Grounds. This show was in the words of Paul J. Spann, Chairman, "a Jersey preview of the National Dairy Show." It brought into competition the cream of the Jersey dairy herds from the breeding farms of New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania, and since it was held the day after the Jersey Cattle Club's annual meeting many of the members who came from all parts of the country stayed over and went out to Far Hills for the show. This show is the signal for the start of Jersey parish shows all through the United States during the summer to select the outstanding animals of the breed to go to the various fairs and finally to the National Dairy Show. The Far Hills show is sponsored by the Jersey Cattle Association of New Jersey of which Fred Huyler of Gladstone is president. Some of the other officers are P. D. Van Mater of Marlboro, Vice-president, and Professor George Taylor of the College of Agriculture, Rutgers University, Secretary-Treasurer. On the Show Committee with Mr. Spann are C. S. Holgren of Morristown, Wallace MacMonnies of Madison, and J. M. Belcher of Far Hills.

The widely known Jersey cattle judge, George La Fever, of Kingsport, Tenn., selected the winners at Far Hills. There were five classes for bulls, six for heifers and cows, and six groups including produce of dam, junior and senior get of sire, dairy herds, calf herds, and exhibitor's herds with six championship rosettes, five cups, and $200 in cash prizes.

The Twin Oaks Farm herd of Jerseys, owned by P. H. B. Frelinghuysen of Morristown, N. J., took the major honors in the show. This herd won both the senior and grand championships for bulls with Les Geonnais Volunteer, and Junior Championship with Onyx Really Royal, a senior yearling bull; first in every bull class; two firsts in the female classes; first for produce of dam; get of senior and get of junior sire. Twin Oaks also was proclaimed first dairy herd and first exhibitor's herd, and they won both get of sire classes with the get of Dreaming Royalist, and the blue for produce of dam with the progeny of Les Geonnais Lady. These winnings gave Twin Oaks the silver loving cup presented by O'Dowd's Dairy of Pine Brook, N. J.; the cup presented by Fred Huyler, manager of Hamilton Farm, Gladstone, N. J. and the cup donated by the Jersey Cattle Assn. of N. J.

Senior and grand championship for Jersey cows went to J. G. Spackman's Hill Farm herd at Coatesville, Pa., with La Robeline Design Belle winner of the blue ribbon in the class for cows four years and over. George D. Widener's Erdenheim Farms of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, took the junior championship for cows with the heifer calf Erdenheim Queen. Hamilton Farm won the silver loving cup donated by W. V. Griffin, Peapack, N. J. for winning cow in the production class with Raleigh May Flower Diana's record. This is the second time Hamilton Farm has won this honor, and they also won the blue ribbon for first prize calf herd.

The Ernest G. Peterson trophy, awarded annually for best animal bred and owned by exhibitor by the Jersey Cattle Association of New Jersey through the gift of Mr. Peterson, owner of the Pleasant Valley Farm, Yardley, Pa., was won by Erdenheim Farms with Erdenheim Roseway blue-ribbon winner in the class for three-year-olds.

MEETING. On the first of June, the day before the Parish Show at Far Hills, the American Jersey Cattle Club held its annual meeting in the Waldorf Hotel in New York for the election of officers and discussion of other matters. The four newly elected directors of the Club are W. J. Campbell of Jesup, Iowa; M. Y. Henson of Fayetteville, Ark.; Dr. A. F. Rheineck of Milwaukee, Wis.; and Henry Waters of Greenwood, Tenn. They will replace E. R. Angell of St. Paul, Minn.; R. A. Patterson of Muskogee, Okla.; R. C. Tway of Louisville, Ky., and D. L. Wheelock of Clay Center, Kans. Mr. Campbell was chosen as the outstanding dairyman of Iowa by the Iowa State College Dairy Cattle Club this year and his well-known herd of pure-bred Jerseys are celebrated both in the show ring and for production. As president of the Arkansas (*Continued on page 18*)

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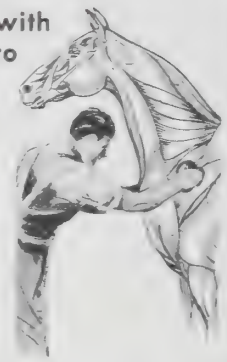

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ABSORBINE

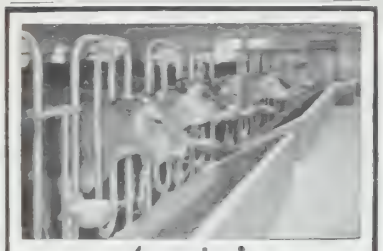
Jersey Cattle Club, Mr. Henson has long been prominent in the dairy industry of his state. His Jersey herd achieved national distinction a few years ago when Ann Dreaming Dewdrop, a young cow in the herd, became the millionth pure-bred Jersey cow registered in the United States. Dr. Rheineck, owner of River Hi-Land Farm, Grafton, Wis., is a prominent physician in Milwaukee and is president of the Wisconsin Jersey Cattle Club. Mr. Waters is a practical dairyman and farmer who has been active in the dairy industry in Tennessee for about twenty years. He has tested his herd twice through the Herd Improvement Registry of the American Jersey Cattle Club. His herd averaged about 35 cows in the first test, and the butterfat production average was 382.55 pounds butterfat, 7,066 pounds milk, the highest completed during the first twelve months of this Herd Improvement Registry testing.

Perry B. Gaines of Carrollton, Ky., former Kentucky state senator, was re-elected president of the club. E. S. Brigham of St. Albans, Vt., was named vice president at the meeting of the new board of directors held immediately after the annual meeting of the members.

HOLSTEINS. Top price at the Royal Brentwood Holstein-Friesian sale was brought by Oostie Inkarnation Bussie, Grand Champion at the 1937 National Dairy Show, Reserve All-American four-year-old and a popular choice for the All-American title, and with a record of 680 pounds fat at three years. She was purchased at the price of $1,250 by John F. Cuneo of Chicago who is starting what promises to be an outstanding herd at Hawthorn Farms, Libertyville, Ill. She was bred and consigned to this sale at Brentwood by A. C. Oosterhuis.

The sale in general was highly successful, the prices being up to the more optimistic estimates of those present—an average of $370 for 88 head. Another cow besides Bussie reached the four-figure mark. This one was Lashbrook

(*Continued on page 80*)



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GUNS & GAME

Coffee Gadget . . . Winchester Bee
Woodchucks . . . High-Speed Bullets
A Tribute to Lorene Squire

COL. H. P. SHELDON

A MONTH or two ago there appeared in these illustrious columns a melancholy little essay on the manner of coffee making in the State of Utah, which included a brief description of a certain instrument or apparatus used in the obscure process. It contained a statement that "some suave scoundrel" had peppered the State with these gadgets. Now on the strength of the garbled information contained in the following letter it seems that I should correct my hasty characterization. And that I do herewith and gladly by retracting the word "suave." It further appears that there are respectable people engaged in the production and distribution of these things, or at least we seem to have lunched with one of them without suffering appreciable loss of caste. In justice to myself and other guests present it must be remarked that this person did not disclose the nature of his associations at the time. Making this retraction really handsome while I'm at it, I'll even concede that the "wrong branch of Mormons" might have operated the gadgets I encountered in Utah.

And here's the letter—or what remains after censoring. Some of the words were awfully naughty.

"Having just read your 'Guns and Game' column in the March issue of COUNTRY LIFE, I am promptly putting my head in the lion's mouth and sending you under separate cover, one of those 'glass globe gadgets' in order that you may conduct some experiments *not* of a biological order.

"Having religiously worshipped at your shrine, I was more than shocked (and here comes the nigger from behind the wood pile) to read your remarks about these glass coffee makers.

"This is to let you know that I am now handling the advertising for the Silex Company of Hartford, Conn.

"Having been told that coffee is a relatively new experience for you, and there seems to be even some doubt now that you are a confirmed coffee drinker, I nevertheless hope that this Silex may contribute something to your coffee education.

"I too have been to Salt Lake City and evidently got mixed up with the wrong branch of the Mormons. After a day of sightseeing, which took in not only organ recitals, tabernacles, and even district churches, I finally was able to escape for an hour or so around 5 o'clock and look up a man I had never met before, but whom an Eastern friend had recommended that I see. Having had such an intensely religious day, I asked him immediately if he was a Mormon, he said 'You bet I am, but I am one of those G—— D—— drinking Mormons,' whereat we relapsed into a good old Eastern custom and I think perhaps it was Bushmill's or maybe Johnny Walker (advertisement) on that occasion.

"The one and only time that I met you was at a luncheon in Dick Danielson's or Ralf Coykendall's room at the Ritz in Boston several years ago, prior to a so-called fishing trip in Maine. I cannot recall that any coffee on that occasion was used by *any* member of the party. I can remember very pleasantly, however, that you delayed our fishing trip very effectively with stories of Vermont natives, Kentucky Colonels, and 'pert squirrels.' I think it was the revolving door on the Newbury Street side of the Ritz that reminded you of the latter and when we finally debarked for Mountainy Pond many of us were uncertain as to whether we were doing the right thing in going fishing at all.

Sincerely,

L. B. S."

The gadget arrived; experiments are being conducted, though I may emerge from the hazardous business with a patch over one eye socket looking for all the world like the familiar picture of the monk, Bacon, who is said to have invented gunpowder.

Homestead Studio

WINCHESTER BEE. The development of the 22-caliber center fire cartridge continues apace. Without going into details it is possible to think of at least half a dozen very promising special cartridges using the little bullet, and five, including the original Savage Imp, of standard manufacture for standard rifles. The latest is the Bee cartridge brought out by Winchester and adapted to their lever action 65 model repeating rifle. The cartridge is said to develop a muzzle velocity of 2,860 feet with a 46-grain bullet, and sufficient accuracy to give 2½ inch groups at 100 yards. I would expect slightly better accuracy from a good target action and barrel. The rifle and the little cartridge form a neat, efficient combination and will undoubtedly be very popular. The Model 65 is the older Model 1892 brought up to date and much improved and strengthened. I always liked the '92, especially in the 32-20 caliber, as a practical rifle for small game shooting at ranges up to 100 yards. The Bee cartridge may be a bit too violent for squirrels and small game where it is desired to save something for the skillet, but the hand loader can easily overcome this difficulty by using lighter loads. The new rifle comes with good iron sight equipment and weighs about 6½ pounds. If I owned a cruiser and could spend my time fooling around among our coastal waterways, I'd certainly have one of these rifles aboard, and on a canoe or horseback trip or any excursion of the sort the gun would be a useful and handy companion. The Bee cartridge is the old 32 Winchester case necked down to handle the 46-grain Hornet bullet and others.

WOODCHUCKS. During an all-too-brief sojourn in New England I had many opportunities to test the 22/3000 Lovell cartridge on woodchucks, and can recommend it unreservedly for such shooting up to 250 yards. There was no noticeable recoil in my ten-pound single shot rifle and the report is light. The 50-grain bullet given a muzzle velocity of from 3,100 to 3,400 feet per second, goes to pieces on impact, apparently, and reduces the danger of ricochets—a most important factor of safety if one is shooting in farming country. I didn't shoot as many 'chucks as might have been killed had I been in a frenzy of blood lust, but of those shot not one got into his burrow after being struck. Very sloppy shooting resulted in two 'chucks being hit so far back that they would most surely have been able to crawl away—possibly just slightly maimed—if a less effective bullet had been used.

HIGH-SPEED BULLETS. There is something very deadly about extremely speedy bullets that is not understood very well as yet. Even the tiny 45 and 50 grain projectiles demonstrate this fact. At low velocities these bullets are notoriously bad as game killers, but at somewhere between 2,000 and 2,500 feet per second this unfavorable characteristic vanishes and the small bullet acquires a killing power quite disproportionate to its size. I have been strongly of the opinion that no 22-caliber cartridge could ever be developed suitable for use on medium game such as deer and bear, and there is still room for doubt as to the general desirability of these modern high velocity 22's for such shooting. But so many experienced and qualified riflemen have demonstrated the effectiveness of the Winchester 220 Swift on this class of game as to require some revision of my previous opinions on the subject. That isn't an unusual situation with me. In my youth I several times held earnest convictions that I could outrun another person or had a better left than someone else possessed, only to be compelled to modify these views to a great extent after demonstration.

The paralyzing effect of a high-speed bullet doesn't to me appear to be entirely due to the increased mushrooming action of the projectile, although this is great. It may well be that velocity pure and simple develops a sort of lethal effect that acts in ways quite apart from the visible damage done to the living tissues by the bullet. High speed has many curious properties.

Mr. J. B. Smith showed me a 22 he has developed from the 250-3000 cartridge. With

a 40-grain bullet velocity ran as high as 4,490 feet per second. No one knows where this sort of thing will stop. The range finding problem of the practical rifleman has already been tremendously reduced by these developments. With cartridges of this type an error of a hundred yards in estimating range becomes unimportant; windage allowances are cut from yards to feet and from feet to inches. It is almost as easy to hit an animal the size of a woodchuck at 300 yards using a modern rifle, cartridge, and 'scope as it was to hit one at a third of that distance only a few years ago.

The trend is steadily toward smaller, more powerful rifle cartridges for sporting and military purposes as well. Within a few years we may send our infantry into the field, each man carrying 400 or 500 tiny capsules of latent violence capable of knocking a foeman right out from behind his identification tags at five miles or more. But nothing of any consequence will be accomplished thereby because the other boys will have them, too. A tax-ridden world might well junk all this high power armament stuff and go back to the broad sword, the battle axe, and close order warfare. It costs only a few cents a year to keep a good convincing edge on an axe. We are actually in danger of reaching the point where the soldier's weapons will be so highly developed and so complicated that he'll be unable to use them in combat. The modern pursuit plane is rather close to the point at the present time; the task of flying it makes such extraordinary demands upon the flyer's mental and physical resources that he has little left for the exigencies of combat. The last war I went to had, I thought, a bit too much of advanced mathematics in it to be as thoroughly enjoyable as it should have been. The next one promises to be much worse with everyone engaged having to know how to count up to ten. Maybe the way out of this mess is by setting up higher qualifications for entrance to war and not admit any brother to combat who is unable to do simple sums appropriately in red ink. The world greatly needs a Fool Killer who could be free to travel throughout the nations of the earth armed with a Red Cross sock with a sizable lump of quartz in its toe. From time to time, he should pause and listen among the statesmen, and if perchance he heard one of these raising his voice above ordinary conversational tones the F. K. should step quietly forward, remove the orator's hat, so as to insure good contact and fetch him one hell of a two-handed wallop on the knob. I know that would work. Men of low voices and few and courteous words seldom start any trouble, but they are frequently required to put aside their personal affairs to go and subdue a lot of it.

In New England and many other regions when a neighbor falls ill or suffers disaster, other members of the community quietly turn out and help the unfortunate one through the crisis. They might easily take advantage of his defenseless condition to invade his premises, steal his stock, break down his fences and commit other depredations—but they don't. The result is that without diplomatic exchanges of any kind the highest possible sort of social security is achieved most economically and may be enjoyed by any man who is honest and of good intentions. It is odd, indeed, that cultured statesmen have failed, so far, to light upon a design for conduct that simple folk have practiced successfully for hundreds of years. I repeat, all this trouble comes from too much loud talk by men who will step briskly out of the ring just as soon as the gong sounds for Round One.

If there is a psychoanalyst in the audience I wish he would tell me how in the devil a simple description of the new Winchester Bee rifle got transmuted into an authoritative treatise on world peace.

A TRIBUTE. Every day in Heaven there is a roll call of all the infant souls who are to be born on earth during the next twenty-four hours. Gabriel blows First Call and Assembly; not in the stentorian, blasting, terrifying notes that on the Day of Doom will awaken the sinful dead, but in gentler, merrier strains arranged to make children laugh. St. Peter aligns the ranks of the little spirit tykes, calls the roll, and then the Lord, Himself, takes over the formation. Passing along the line. He issues His gifts, talents, and instructions to each mite, and the parade is dismissed. Some of the recipients in the process of being born and growing up in a distracted world spoil their gifts and forget their instructions so that when each has served his hitch he goes back whence he came, leaving the world no better off for his stay. But others do much better.

Not many years ago there was one small female wraith who hiked up her celestial shift, answered roll call and received her talent from the august hand of The Giver. When she turned up at Harper, Kansas, she learned that her name was Lorene Squire and she remembered that her instructions were to devote herself to the photography of waterfowl. That she is doing with a degree of persistence in overcoming obstacles only possessed by an artist cursed or blessed with "the infinite capacity for taking pains." You saw some of her work in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN, and you perhaps read her own disparaging remarks about it, but anyone who appreciates the singular beauty of our waterfowl and of the places where they live and breathe and have their being

(*Continued on page 76*)

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THE WORLD'S BEST—BY ANY TEST

William H. Taylor on Yachting

Rosenfeld

Bermuda Race . . . . Twelve-Meter and Six-Meter Classes

Nat Herreshoff . . . . Fishermen's Race

IF SUCH early-season races as have been held prior to the writing of this piece are any criterion, the yacht racing fleets are, more than ever, swelling in numbers and shrinking in average tonnage. Not only do the inactive America's Cup sloops contribute to the latter shrinkage, but there are fewer boats of the M class and fifty-footer size in commission each year and even in the twelve-meter class the building of two new boats seems to be balanced by the absence of some of the older ones. It's purely a financial matter, a part of the current Abundant Life business. The one exception is in the ocean-racing field, where a number of boats have been built this year including several up to or very near the 73-foot overall limit of eligibility for the Bermuda race.

But for every big boat laid up a score, or maybe a hundred, of smaller fry, from auxiliary sloops like the Weekenders and Coastwise boats, down through the dozens of classes of racing boats under twenty-five feet on deck pop up from everywhere. It's a tough situation from the point of view of the professional yacht sailor, but from the Corinthian standpoint it means that there are more skippers in proportion to the number of amateur crew members—so much so that some of the skippers have a tough time filling out even the small crews which they do need with men who have had some experience.

There also seems to be a tendency to decentralization of racing—maybe an instinctive reaction against the political situation. While such general mobilizations as Marblehead and Larchmont Race Weeks will doubtless bring together more boats than ever, some clubs are holding local races for the home fleets in conflict with invitation regatta dates in the same neighborhood.

BERMUDA RACE. Guessing at Bermuda race winners is a silly business at best, and doubly so when the guesses are to be published after the race is all over. But there are so many interesting new boats and so many interesting older boats that it seems worth mentioning at least a few. Three of the new ones, *Edlu II*, *Baruna*, and *Actaea* have had a pretty good workout in afternoon races on the Sound—a very different business from ocean racing, but perhaps an indication. *Baruna*, one of the limit boats and a good one, has generally led the way home, but *Actaea*, which gives indications of being an exceptionally fast boat, hasn't been beaten on time allowance yet. In one race she beat a twelve-meter sloop two and a half minutes over a fifteen-mile course. This is some going for a deepwater yacht and probably indicates better than anything else the difference between the extreme modern ocean racer and the husky cruising yachts that dominated ocean racing up to a few years ago.

The two foreign entries, *Latifa* and *Roland von Bremen*, are both fine fast ships that will take a lot of beating. Some of the new boats, such as *Kirawan II*, *Blitzen*, and *Escapade*, may suffer from being launched rather late and being short of time for adequate tuning up. *Escapade*, one of the biggest of the entries, ought to have a good chance of leading the fleet into Bermuda, especially in fresh fair winds, if she's driven. *Vamarie*, which has twice shown the way to St. David's Head only to take a trimming on corrected time, probably won't repeat this year as her Annapolis crew have more enthusiasm than experience.

The new measurement rule has given the schooners a new lease on life and some of the best of them, such as *Teragram* and *Grenadier*, may have a shot at the main prizes as well as the schooner trophies if schooner weather prevails, though with the breeze either ahead or dead aft their chances are thin. *Mandoo II* is a sloop this year, instead of a yawl as she formerly was. She is a fast boat and maybe the change of rig will bring her a change of luck—she's had more than her share of bad breaks so far. Some of the smaller boats, like *Rubaiyat*, *Golden Eye*, and *Narwhal*, are highly regarded by those who know them best, and as between the extremes of size I think I'd pick a smaller craft rather than one of the limit boats to win on corrected time.

My only excuse for devoting all this space to Bermuda race entries in an issue due to be published after the race is that the reader can glance through it and immediately comment, "Why the dumb cluck never even mentioned the boat that won the race," instead of having to wait several weeks to make the same observation.

TWELVE-METERS. Fred Bedford's new *Nyala* is doing things in the Twelve-meter class, having won the majority of her early races against *Gleam* and *Seven Seas*. She seems to be better in a breeze than in lighter stuff. So maybe the other new Twelve, Alfred L. Loomis's *Northern Light*, will be a light-weather boat and then the older ones will be completely surrounded.

SIX-METERS. Briggs Cunningham, sailing *Fun*, of the 1937 crop of six-meters, won the Memorial Day series for that class of Seawanhaka, beating both the new boats, *Djinn* and *Star Wagon*. A third new six-meter, building for George Nichols, should appear shortly, but it looks as if the older boats will be well in the running in the trials off Oyster Bay prior to the start of international six-meter hostilities.

NAT HERRESHOFF. Nat Herreshoff won't, after all, sit in his window this summer and watch the boys and girls sailing his twelve-and-a-half footers for the Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff Cup. The old man sailed from Bristol June 2 on his last and longest voyage, leaving behind him a memorial of scores of fine yachts that will continue to ply the seas and do honor to his memory for many years to come.

To the general public the "Wizard of Bristol" was the designer and builder of five successful America's Cup defenders—*Vigilant*, *Defender*, *Columbia*, *Reliance*, and *Resolute*—but yachtsmen knew that he was a profound influence on the (*Continued on page 78*)

Morris Rosenfeld

Turn 'Em Loose in Boats!

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR

"JUNIOR skippers," snorts the old-time sailing man. "Huh. Spoiled brats. Heads cluttered up with racing rules and hifalutin' theories, and they can't splice a line nor row a dinghy nor reef a sail nor pick up a mooring. Too lazy to pump out their own boats. Go sailing with a wet nurse running alongside in a launch to do their thinking for 'em through a megaphone and tow 'em home when they get tired of it."

When the old-timer was a boy, he'll tell you on the slightest provocation, sailors were made the hard way and they got to be real sailors. When he wanted a boat he had to patch up some leaky old skiff and snitch one of mother's bedsheets for a sail. It didn't make much of a boat, but when you'd learned to get around with an outfit like that you could sail anything. Or maybe the old-timer spent his summer days pumping and polishing brass and drying sails for some boat owner for the privilege of being allowed to haul on jibsheets in the Saturday race or possibly police the galley on a week-end cruise.

That kind of training made sailors—not an awful lot of them, but good ones. The kids with salt in their blood stuck at it and are our most competent amateur yachtsman of today. The others soon gave it up, and the old-timer's opinion on that subject is that they'd never have made sailors anyhow and the sooner they took up pool, or golf, the better for yachting. Allowing for the prejudices of old-timers in any line of endeavor, there is much to be said for the old yachtsman's point of view.

There is at least equal virtue in the fact that we are, today, exposing hundreds of boys and girls to sailing where only dozens had the chance a few years ago. There are several hundred of them, under eighteen years of age, learning the game under the wings of the clubs in western Long Island Sound alone, and that is a small, though populous, puddle in thousands of miles of coastline and inland waters where the same thing is going on. How many of them will become real sailors and how many will drift off into other sports it is impossible to say. Perhaps it doesn't matter. The experience is doing them no harm.

We yachting enthusiasts go almost lyrical over the benefits of sailing for youngsters. It provides fresh air and sunlight in unexceeded doses and plenty of healthy, though seldom violent, exercise. No sport is safer, assuming a proper course of training, and it keeps them a long way from highways, automobiles, and other hazards that turn parents' hair gray just thinking about them. Self-reliance and responsibility are developed because, once afloat, the youngsters are pretty much on their own. As a last resort the Coast Guard, a passing boat or a rescue party will yank them in out of trouble, but pride makes them work out of their own messes and come home under their own sail, if possible. Care and foresight are other by-products. Nine tenths of the art of boat handling is in being equipped and ready for whatever may happen before it happens. Neatness, a virtue that we parents find hard to sell our offspring at home, comes naturally to the sailor. The orderly arrangement of deck gear is vital to boat handling, and living in a small boat's cabin offers the choice between neatness and utter chaos.

Flying may be as normal a part of our children's lives as driving cars is of ours, and experts agree that sailing is good preliminary education for aviators. If a boy takes care of his own boat—and if he doesn't he shouldn't have one—he becomes something of a rigger, carpenter, and painter. A working acquaintance with tools, even if you're naturally clumsy with 'em, comes in handy around the house.

Then again the sailor is an observer of nature, especially the weather, and is less apt to die of pneumonia in later life because of leaving his raincoat home at the wrong time.

Greatest of all is the satisfaction of accomplishment, of mastering the game step by step, and there is no end to that, as your child will learn when he's sixty-odd and knows how much he still has left to learn. Sailing, unlike many sports, doesn't end with college. It can be a lifetime avocation whether the sailor's preference runs to racing, adventuring across oceans, or just pottering around on cruises.

Every yacht club worthy of the name encourages its juniors with tutoring that ranges from casual advice by members to hiring paid instructors. Many have semi-independent junior clubs with their own officers and clubhouses or rooms. Classes of small boats are established, some owned by clubs, others individually. The most famous of junior yacht clubs, the Pleon, at Marblehead, has existed for fifty years practically independent of adults, runs its own regattas, cruises, and social affairs, and has conducted Race Week regattas and national events such as an intercollegiate championship and a series for the Sears Bowl, emblematic of the national junior championship.

Junior racing is nationally organized through the North American Yacht Racing Union and its member associations. Crack club crews compete for district championships, and district winners get a shot at the Sears Bowl. If you're raising your boy to be an international sports figure, it may as well be in yachting. Ever since Commodore Herbert M. Sears established the Sears Bowl in 1921 it has been a step on the road to fame. Among its winners such sailors as Arthur Knapp Jr., Raymond Hunt, Chandler Hovey Jr., Bill and Mike Cudahy, Bill Cox, and Frank Jewett have gone on to win international honors in everything ranging from America's Cup sloops to Olympic monotypes.

But perhaps I'm doing what too many clubs and instructors are guilty of—stressing the competitive angle and forgetting to make sailors of the kids. You don't send a boy to law school before he's finished prep school, but too often youngsters are stuffed with racing tactics and technicalities before they've learned to make a mooring, or read a chart, or handle a dinghy or have laid some or the other vital stones in the foundation of a nautical education. The result is that a lot of fairly successful racing men can't find their way home in a fog, take a towline without an even chance of sinking the towboat or make a seamanlike job of picking up a man overboard in bad weather.

The worst spoiling is done by a few clubs where the juniors are taken out in a launch and put aboard boats already rigged for them, which they later leave in an awful mess for some paid hand to straighten out. This sort of thing is less common than it once was. A more frequent error can be charged to some junior instructors (who are often college boys) who got their jobs through being known as racing skippers and feel that their function in life is to turn out district championship crews. They are prone to high-pressure their most promising helmsmen and light-sail setters, making sea lawyers of them in the process, and neglect the rest.

The instructor's job, on the other hand, is no easy berth. He may get along fine with the kids but some of the mothers are his special headaches. Mothers so often can't see why Junior isn't always the captain, why he should do such menial work as bailing out the boat, why the club launch can't follow him around at arm's length, and why the instructor can't see that Junior gets the proper diet when he has lunch at the club.

On the whole the clubs and their instructors do an all-around good job with their juniors, however. The kids who want to learn can. Those who don't particularly care whether they learn or not should be weeded out and shoo'd off into some other sport. While I think too much emphasis on racing is a mistake, a certain amount of competition, even in the early stages, keeps the youngster's interest up. Competition doesn't wholly mean racing. Some clubs put up prizes for everything in the curriculum—rope work, care of boats, dinghy handling, life-saving drill, "seamanship races," which start and finish on the beach and include all sorts of maneuvers, and so on. A few clubs are even fortunate enough to have adult members who loan their boats (under competent supervision) to the juniors for a club cruise.

All this is preliminary to airing my personal views on what constitutes a sound nautical education for the boys and girls who are learning the game either in junior yacht club groups or by themselves.

The first requisite is swimming. No child should go in any boat until he or she can take care of himself or herself in the water. He (I'll drop the she to save space) needn't win any swimming races. The thing is to be able to keep afloat indefinitely; to feel no fear of being in, or under, water; to swim a reasonable distance with confidence and without exhaustion. In other words the boy should be at home in the water and able to use his head as well as his hands in case of a fall overboard or a capsize.

Next, and too often neglected, is the rowboat stage, which may well last for several summers if the learner starts young enough. A boy can have a lot of fun with a rowboat, and when he's learned to handle it he'll have mastered many principles that apply to all boats, including ocean liners. To row the boat, feather his oars, take an easy, efficient stroke, to tie her to the float and to anchor her, to bring her alongside another boat or a dock properly are essentials.

Rowing in a fairly rough sea will show him how all boats behave in a seaway. Taking her off and onto a beach through breakers is instructive fun. If he capsizes, so much the better—he should learn to cling to a swamped boat, right her, bail her out, and get ashore safely with her. Obviously all this should be done in a protected place and with people around who can give him a hand if he gets in too much trouble. A light, easily-rowed boat from eight to twelve feet long and not so beamy but that she can be capsized if she's too badly handled is the thing. She should be tight, because nothing is more discouraging to a boatman, old or young, than continually bailing a leaky tub. And the boy should take care of her himself, from the spring painting right on through, with an adult to stand by at first and show him how it's done.

When rowboating begins to pall, it's time for a sailboat, and on this I have some very decided theories. The boat should be small enough to be within the boy's strength to handle—twelve to sixteen feet long. The rig should be simple, either cat or jib-and-mainsail. It should be a centerboard boat, for three reasons—shoal draft, the necessity for more careful handling than a keel boat needs to get any place, and capsizeability. A boy who learns sailing in a keel boat rarely masters all the finer points of the game, because he can blunder along without them. It should carry little or no ballast, and if ballasted should have compensating air tanks or floats of some sort so that, if hove down and filled, it will still float three or four boys hanging onto it until you have time to go off in another boat and fish them out. It should be neither expensive nor fragile.

Given such a boat, the embryo Mike Vanderbilt or Harry Pigeon can go out and sail—it's the only way he'll learn. The first few times, of course, some experienced hand—father, brother, or instructor—must go along and show the beginner how it's done. After that just turn him loose. He'll get in plenty of jams, and be well scared a few times, and he'll learn.

In my youth, at a summer resort off Buzzards Bay, a number of fathers bought us boys fourteen-foot jib-and-mainsail dories one summer. Most of the first season we spent out sailing, rowing home, bouncing off rocks and what not in a big fresh-water pond, where the worst that could happen to us was that we'd drift ashore somewhere and walk home. Then we were allowed out in the salt water, but kept within the bounds of the harbor, not going beyond the breakwater for more tedious months. Gradually our sphere of

Racers under tow to the starting line. Youngsters can take pretty good care of themselves afloat as a rule and, though they may get into difficulties, the only way for them to learn to sail a boat is through their own experience

activity was bounded by more distant buoys, points, and lighthouses, all within sight of home. Nothing much was said about it but I imagine there were plenty of watchful eyes ashore following those white triangles of canvas.

At the same time we were getting some "ground school." Prof. Yandell Henderson, of Yale, father of one of our fleet, contributed his own time and that of the paid hand on his yawl a couple of mornings a week to teach us rope work and the fundamental principles of seamanship.

When "the bounds were taken off" and, in somewhat larger boats, we were allowed the freedom of the bay we were made men—and I mean men, in our own estimation. Nothing much ever happened to us. One boy did capsize out in the middle of the bay, but another who was with him sailed back to the Point and he and I, in a larger boat, went out and towed the capsizee home. I'll never forget how cold and lonesome and chagrined, and yet somehow heroic, Johnny looked when we sailed up alongside as he stood there in his swamped dory.

In a few seasons we were going off on cruises for days and weeks at a time, and we knew practically everything there was to know—much more than we do now, of course. I shudder to think of some of the things we got away with, but the point is that we did get away with them, and always brought ourselves home. If Father occasionally had to foot the bill for a damaged centerboard or parted rigging, it didn't seem important to us at that age, and it was probably worth it to Father to have us back again safe and under our own steam—or at least he thought it was.

I have outlined this course of training on the basis of the boy having his own boat, because he learns faster and enjoys it more that way. As he develops, he'll get chances to go in bigger boats, and will learn from the men who sail them. But not until he's ready for it. A kid who can keep himself happy sailing his own dory around all summer is likely to be thoroughly bored cruising with adults in the confines of a boat too big for him to do much with himself but not big enough to give his energy something to work on all the time.

This is no treatise on how to sail a boat. Plenty of books have been written on that in the last few years, and a lad with a little experience, some word-of-mouth instruction and a boat in which to go out and practice what he reads can pretty well complete his education if he keeps at it conscientiously until he's eighty or so. Meanwhile he will have been safe and healthy and had a lot of fun.

As to the age at which a nautical education should be started; the sooner the better provided the youngster evinces an interest. The famous Rookie classes at Marion and Cohasset have novitiates as young as five or six years, I believe. At seven or eight a boy can really begin to learn, if it interests him. At twelve he may be quite capable of handling not-too-large a boat in protected waters. By the time he has reached high-school age, if he started sailing young enough, you ought to be able to turn him loose in a small, seaworthy cruising sloop with one or two pals, hand them money enough to buy grub, and tell him to report by wire or phone occasionally and to get home in time to clean the boat up and leave her shipshape before going back to school. Then maybe he'll let you take her for a little cruise yourself, though he'll probably worry about you a little. After all, our maritime history is full of lads who were mates and even masters of deepwater ships before they were twenty.

I like to remember the Odyssey of the son of a friend of mine, at the age of eighteen. He was husky for his age, and besides sailing small boats since childhood had made several deepwater cruises with his father. On the occasion in question he was to take a sloop to a port some sixty miles from home to meet his father. At the last minute the two boys who were going with him backed out, but orders were orders and Bobby started off with a crew of two cocker spaniels. The boat was a ten-meter class sloop, sixty feet long and setting over 1600 square feet of sail, a boat that normally takes a racing crew of six or eight good men, and could by no stretch of the imagination be called a single-hander.

A few hours out he was caught in a sudden, squealing easterly gale. The situation might have scared a veteran mariner, but it didn't worry Bobby much. He got the huge mainsail and the jib off her and furled, put her under snug canvas, hove to and rigged his anchors ready to let go, and then drove her for the nearest good harbor to leeward. When worried parents caught up with him some hours later, the sloop was riding safe and sound to two anchors and Bobby and the pups were peacefully asleep below. He'd have gone ashore and called them up, he told them, but the dinghy was stowed on deck, requiring a lot of work to launch, and he was sort of tired after his afternoon's sail so he'd turned in.

The moral of which is that a youngster can take pretty good care of himself afloat. If your boy wants to be a sailor, just turn him loose in a boat and don't worry any more than you can help.

Judy King's Atlanta Stables

SUSAN JONES MEDLOCK

On Mount Perrian Road in Atlanta, Georgia, is a large green acreage surrounded by white fencing. In the center of the rolling green lawn stands a double-wing rambling white clapboard stable, which extends far back into the heart of the grounds. On a lower level you see a race track, dog kennels to one side, and a small cabin for the trainer. With the first quick glance the eye catches the J. K. painted in white on a green bucket, which stands near by.

This J. K. stands for Judy King, the attractive titian-haired owner of these stables, who spends all her days traveling around with her hackneys, exhibiting them, and bringing home ribbons and trophies. But Judy has not always known her hackneys. Soon after she made her debut in Atlanta, she began to wonder what she would do with her spare time. One day at the Biltmore Horse Show in Miami, a friend jokingly suggested to her that she take up hackney showing and she, being absolutely ignorant on the subject of horses, thought the idea amusing. But, to her immense surprise, that same day Judy found herself the owner of four prize-winning hackneys. The next thing she knew she had employed a trainer, bought six more horses, and was enthusiastically planning to build a combination stable-home that would be comfortable for both herself and her new pets.

The first section of Judy King's stables is divided into two parts, with the wide corridor, which extends the entire length of the stables, separating the attractive and very compact living quarters on the left from the carriage room on the right.

The living room, which could easily be termed a trophy den, is paneled in knotty pine, with one entire side of the room constructed with built-in glass cabinets, made especially to fit the handsome trophies which Judy's hackneys have already won. A multi-colored hooked rug almost covers the floor, which is smartly finished in dark shades of brown linoleum. The stable atmosphere is emphasized by chintz blocked with red-coated figures on horseback, bric-a-brac in forms of horses, horseshoes, stirrups, and lamps made from trophies won by her campaigners.

A blue and brown club sofa, blue leather chairs, brown blinds with green tape, along with the vivid colored ribbons and rosettes inside the brightly lighted cabinets make the entire room cheerful and gay.

The race track below the stable serves as a training ground

Top: The entrance to the stables and living quarters. Above: Rear view of stables from the kennel runs

Right: Miss King with a well-filled trophy case. Below: One of the stalls showing the interior arrangement of the stable

Adjoining the living room is a short hallway, but no space is wasted by a mere hall—a compact pine bar has been built into the wall on one side. Across from the bar is an all white built-in-the-wall kitchen.

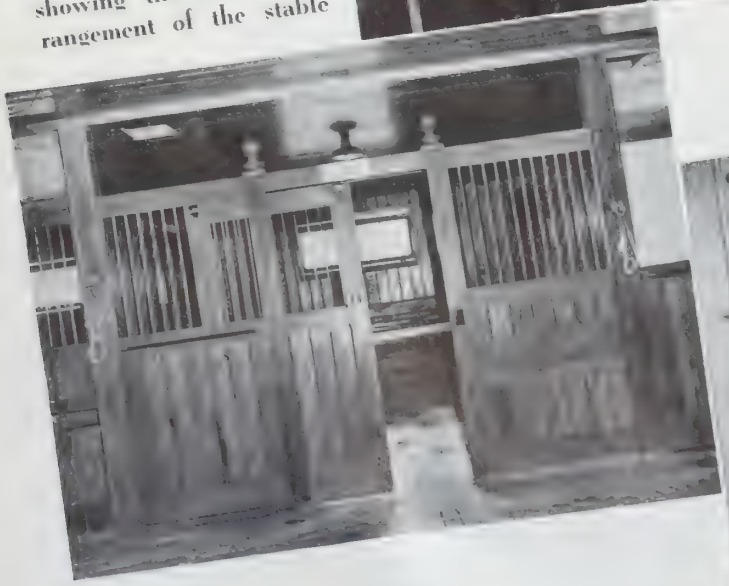
The bedroom, which is paneled in white pine, measures only about nine by nine feet, but it will accommodate two people. A double-decker bed stands in one corner with a ladder attached, a small dressing table in an opposite corner, and a good-sized closet takes up another side. The draperies in this very compact little room are of chintz, figured with horses; the rugs are hooked, and the Venetian blinds are white with green tape.

Patrick Joseph O'Connell, nicknamed "Patty" by both his friends and "Miss Judy," is her most excellent trainer. Soon after he started training at the J. K. stables, Patty built an ingenious chandelier out of horses' bits, horseshoes, and a large wagon wheel. This hangs in the harness room, the next room to the living quarters as you go down the corridor. This lamp, along with the horses, sulkies, the entire layout of harnesses, and all the green riding blankets and buckets with the painted J. K.'s on them, go with Judy on all her trips whether they be north, south, east, or west.

All the various harnesses ever used by the J. K. stables hang around the paneled part of the walls in the harness room, while on the wall above the paneling are row after row of blue, red, white, and yellow ribbons won by Judy's hackneys. A glass case stands in the center with horses' bits and horseshoes arranged in rows.

The carriage room, which is on the opposite side of the corridor from the living quarters and the harness room, is more of a collection exhibit of old-time hacks than anything else, and contains one of the first old barouches, a King George IV carriage, a Hopwood, a lady's phaeton, a cabby buggy, and a solid mahogany wagon. The remaining portion of the corridor has a brick floor and is given over to the real stable part of this stable-home. The stalls, which number a dozen, are pine paneled.

Rolling lawn behind the stables leads to the race track where Judy King works out with her horses every day when she's in town. Since Judy knew nothing at all about handling hackneys when she first went in for showing them, she has had to work hard to learn all that was necessary to become the shower of winners that she is. She's been a game, conscientious worker, and a good sport with it all, and she and Patty have done a great job of which they should be very proud.



Left: A more general view of the den in the stables. Trophy cases line the wall shown on the right

Seen and Heard

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

TONIGHT, dear friends, this Department entrains for a lake which is partly in Maine and partly in New Brunswick. Naturally I have neglected to do the necessary shopping and to write these soul-stirring paragraphs. I haven't bought a single quart or written a mumbling word. Nor have I packed anything, nor do I know where the things are that ought to be packed. But I am on my way. For the bass season opens tomorrow in Maine, and if there's any better fishing anywhere, I'd like to know where it is. Trout and landlocked salmon receive much more publicity in Maine literature, but the first two weeks of the bass season are, in my opinion, the top of Maine fishing. The fish are just moving to the spawning beds and they angrily resent the appearance of a fly in their locality. They are burly, powerful brutes and, taken on a barbless hook, can be returned quite unhurt to fight another exciting battle.

So, if you don't mind, I will finish this job and start packing. And, in the meantime, the best of luck to all.

By the time these wise words smite the air, the news will be stale and the incidents all but forgotten. Something or many things will have happened in the interval and the feeble, flutelike pipings of this Department will be drowned by the brass band of the latest news. However, one can go on record and then jump in the lake. I am referring to the Match Race between Seabiscuit and War Admiral which did not take place because Seabiscuit was not feeling so hot, and the subsequent scratching of War Admiral in the Suburban, and the anger of the Belmont authorities.

Something is misunderstood, either by the public or by the sponsors of racing in New York. And I do not know where the blame for this confusion lies. But I do know that a really first-class fiasco was staged by all hands and I know that we certainly ought to be smarter than that.

Two gentlemen own outstanding race horses. For one reason or another they are not destined to meet in any of the stakes of the year. Public opinion varies widely in its estimate of the two horses and we all know that it is a difference of opinion which makes races and race horses. Nothing could be more constructive or sportsmanlike than to have a match race between these two horses and, if the owners wish to do so, they can put their own wagers on the result. It seems to me that a cash penalty should be stipulated if one of the entrants withdraws. But when a third party intervenes, when a racing association puts up a fantastic sum, such as $100,000 as a prize, then you have a show—something to draw the public. Naturally it is proper for an owner to scratch his own horse if he knows the horse cannot win. To permit the public to bet on it under these conditions would be really fraudulent and dishonorable. It is the right of an owner to withdraw a horse from any race, provided he do so in due season. The public or a racing association should not feel that because a man owns a famous horse and "does not choose to run" him, they have been deceived and defrauded. But it was a pity that so sporting an event as the now defunct "Match Race" could not have been more efficiently handled. It will be a long time before a similar contest will be sponsored by one of the racing associations of New York.

Two-Year-Olds

The racing authorities of California should be congratulated on their effort to prohibit the racing of two-year-olds before May first, any year. Many nominal two-year-olds are raced at the winter tracks long before they have attained the ripe age of twenty-four months. And far too many are worthless before they are three-year-olds. If the object of racing is "to improve the breed of horses," —a rather large "If"—this premature and destructive racing should be prohibited. If the object of racing is to get the quickest possible cash returns against the costs of upkeep, even then the practice is ill-advised and unsound. If you can't afford to let your colt or filly mature before racing them, you really ought to be in some other business.

Timber Races

This season has seen the inevitable working out of cause and effect in the timber classics at the spring hunt race meetings. For years those of us who were keenly interested in the sport have felt that steeplechasing over timber as now conducted was doomed. A stiff post and rail fence is not a proper obstacle for racing at high speed, but the pace has been getting faster and faster year by year. The reluctance of owners to race over timber under present conditions was clearly manifested this spring. Four horses went to the post in the Maryland Hunt Cup. Only two horses started in the Virginia Gold Cup. In a timber race at Middleburg Mr. Jack Skinner's was the only entry. This is a fantastic situation, but one which could have been foreseen. Timber racing can be revived and put on a sound basis but there is only one way to do it. Committees must insist that timber racing is for hunters—not race horses—that every horse entered must have been regularly hunted with a recognized pack of hounds. Timber racing is an outgrowth of foxhunting in the post and rail countries, a natural and inevitable outgrowth and development, and it was designed originally as a test of hunters over a fair hunting country. It was a great sport and a truly American one. But it is doomed unless the brush horse or the ex-flat race horse is barred unless he has well and truly qualified as a hunter.

Short Book Review

In "Full Tilt," the sporting memoirs of Foxhall Keene, (The Derrydale Press, $10) the authors, Mr. Keene, and Mr. Alden Hatch, have written an extraordinarily interesting book. Probably no American has had as varied and impressive a sporting career as Foxhall Keene. A splendid athlete, he was always fit; his nervous coördination was nearly perfect; he could do almost anything and do it well. For years his father and he dominated the American turf and several chapters deal with this interesting history. But it is with his personal performances that one is chiefly concerned. Precocious and untiring, he excelled at whatever sport he turned his hand to—boxing, hunting, steeplechasing, polo, racquets, court tennis, even such exotics as pigeon shooting and automobile racing, but he was first and foremost a horseman, and one of the best. I like the closing lines of this life history so well that I cannot help quoting them here:

"So I have participated in nearly all the sports that men have invented to harden their bodies and temper their spirits. In each of them I found pleasure and an incalculable profit to the soul. All but one of them were competitive and in all those I ranked well, while in some I reached the top. But my favorite always remained foxhunting, where there was no ranking and the highest award that might be gained was the simple phrase, 'He was a good man over Leicestershire.' Let that be my epitaph.

"Now I ride no more. My strength and skill, and even the fortune which enabled me to live so royally, are spent. But if I had it all to do again, I would follow exactly the same way. It was a life of pure delight."

Name a Baby!

He was born July 4th by Spendthrift out of Utopia. The subscriber sending in the most acceptable name for the colt by August 1st will be presented with the original of Mr. Price's sketch

Swedish

Mural Decoration by
CLAGGETT WILSON

Photographs by
GEORGE H. DAVIS

CHRISTINE FERRY

No more colorful or delightfully naïve decoration could be wished for than that done in the Swedish peasant manner in a lakeside cottage belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Harry K. Chamberlain of Boston.

Mindful of the typical primitive painting seen in Swedish farmhouses, the artist, Claggett Wilson, has portrayed Old Testament Biblical episodes wherever there was space for them between windows and doors, and also has composed a frieze of scenes, such as "Canoeing," eloquently expressive of the pleasures of country living—all vividly painted and conceived in the whimsical manner of a glamorous picture book.

Painted decoration of this nature is especially proper for an interior with exceedingly simple structural details as here. Walls and ceiling are sheathed with boarding which has been left more or less in the rough (not planed too smoothly), thus presenting an appearance of having been hand sawn. The severity of these surface expanses is in great contrast to certain decorative exceptions: the ebullient rococo balusters of the staircase and balcony at the end of the room opposite the fireplace, and a similar trim of jigsaw wood cut-outs used for cornices of the windows, doors, and mantelpiece.

Mr. Wilson's first step was to color all the woodwork (walls, ceiling, doors, and casings), a light purplish gray as a neutral background color upon which he might sketch designs with charcoal, preparatory to painting them. Below the Biblical panels a festooned dado is carried along the side walls under the windows, and a narrow border of a conventional nature tops the frieze. Cupboard door panels have been utilized for further painted ornament composed of scroll and flower motifs that are traditionally Scandinavian in character.

The human characters depicted are delightfully expressive and naturalistic, notwithstanding the absence of a feeling for the third dimension which is always in abeyance where primitive portraiture is concerned. A constant source of interest is the wealth of detail in the costuming, as well as the floral motifs entering into the design.

The style of costume and figures in the frieze panels is modeled after a mural illustration in a book of old Swedish design. One marvels particularly at the geometric patterning of the garments of the "Seven Wise and Foolish Virgins" who parade above the doors on either side of the mantel at the fireplace-end of the room each with her hand extended holding a burning lamp—fourteen arrangements of design and color, with each one quite unlike the others.

Primitive

In the game room of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Chamberlain

Above: A view of the fireplace shows much of the painted wood interior. Top right: "Susannah and the Elders" and the "Wise Virgins" with their lamps filled and burning. Right: Plaster screen with relief ornament

Not at all out of harmony with the gaily colored wall decoration or the jigsaw trim topping the white, brick fireplace is the old map of Middlesex County, Massachusetts, above the mantel. Being the largest unbroken area of wall-space in the room, great care had to be taken in selecting something of sufficient area for this focal point of interest, yet not so arresting as to detract from the murals. Similar subtle artistic judgment was needed for the staircase-end of the room, where the wall space was merely marbleized very delicately with a variety of colors to break the monotony of the background color without conflicting with the ornateness of the rococo balusters and moldings, as would have been the case with painted wall designs.

The little old iron stove on a raised brick hearth between two windows of the wall adjacent to the chimneypiece loses none of the flavor of its Victorian New England ancestry when painted white to resemble the porcelain stoves of European origin, and backed with a screen of white plaster ornamented in relief with 18th Century rococo Venetian moulds.

Country Life in America

Photographs by Maynard L. Parker and George D. Haight

No. IX in a Series

"WILSHAW RANCH"

The Estate of

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Cowlishaw

NOGALES, ARIZONA

ROLAND COATE, *Architect*

MARTHA B. DARBYSHIRE

RUTH and Frank Cowlishaw were New Yorkers who had never lived below the eleventh floor, never owned so much as a flower-box of Mother Earth, and for open spaces were content with their living room view which looked down the length of Central Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Cowlishaw wanted and needed a vacation. They wired Nassau for reservations but were unable to get those they desired. It was too early to go to Florida. Someone suggested a vacation on a dude ranch in Arizona. All they knew of Arizona was what they had seen from a pullman window en route to California, and it hadn't especially appealed—dust and sand and blistering sun. Dude friends scoffed at their description. It did everyone good, they contended, to turn from orchids to cacti, from chicken livers to buckwheat cakes, from dinner jackets to blue jeans. Apparently, the only reason the dude friends had ever left the dude country was because of relatives at home and a return ticket. Eventually, the Cowlishaws packed new ten-gallon hats and jaded suspicions and went forth to see for themselves.

Neither of them had ever been on a horse. They didn't know a cinch strap from a rein but all the same, booted and spurred, they rode. At first, over picturesque easy trails and then on to straight-up and straight-down mountain riding over nothing but rock terrain. They like the rugged grandeur—liked it more every day. The first thing they knew they were talking about buying a ranch. Were they crazy they asked each other? Mr. Cowlishaw was merchandise councilor in one of the world's largest department stores and Mrs. Cowlishaw was his assistant. Their lives were interesting and busy.

Previously, when Mr. Cowlishaw had talked of early retirement from active business, he had visualized their going to Italy—a home in the hills back of Sorrento, he thought. Mrs. Cowlishaw had dreamed of England. In fact, on each trip abroad she had visited from three to ten country estates offered for sale. Somehow though, all of that was now forgotten. If you have never gulped down great draughts of pungent sagebrush aroma after a rain, if you have never watched the late sun paint the rugged mountains, if your recollection is unstirred by mottled greens of elders, cottonwoods, and alfalfa in the valleys, and if you do not know of nights with stars hanging within reach—then, you have never met fall in the Arizona desert, and you can't know the illusive enchantment that gets mixed up in the human bloodstream.

Anyway, it was boots and saddles for keeps for the Cowlishaws! Before they left for the East, Joe Kane, a dude wrangler, at the dude ranch where they had vacationed, had sold them the ranch they had been looking at, and himself with it. Joe was fed up with dudes. He wanted to be with the cows again.

Back in New York, Mr. and Mrs. Cowlishaw were a bit confused about the whole matter—so much had happened in so short a time. They owned a good-sized ranch, 13,000 acres of Arizona grazing land. Just what else they had received for the checks they had written they were a little hazy about. There had been some cattle and a few buildings, but about the only thing they could specifically

name was a Palomino colt, which they had liked very much, and Joe Kane, the new ranch foreman, a very important figure.

Firm as Mr. and Mrs. Cowlishaw were in their decision to be ranchers, it was a year and a half before they were back in Arizona to stay. New York friends gave them three years to play with their new idea. No one believed they would stay. That was five years ago, and today it would be hard to find two more contented people. Perhaps New York friends were not the only surprised ones. Apparently the Arizona ranchers, the men who have been in cattle raising for years, have little faith in the Eastern dude's ability to stick and make the business pay. Cowboys are quiet men, especially with strangers. Maybe it is a lack of confidence in city folk, or maybe it's the nature of the breed. That's why it was a streak of luck to catch Buckshot Harris in a particularly loquacious mood. Buckshot is a hardbitten, straight-thinking old timer, who has been riding range in the Santa Rita Mountains, the Cowlishaw territory, for thirty years. Buckshot doesn't mince words. He says what he thinks whenever he talks. The difficulty is to catch him talking. "Frank Cowlishaw's one dude in a million," Buckshot told us. "I won't even call him a dude." (That was probably the greatest compliment Buckshot ever uttered.)

"What makes you say that?" someone asked.

"He's too good a rancher," that's why," Buckshot answered. "Frank's a business man wherever you put him. He learned one valuable lesson back in New York. He calls it, 'quick turnover.' It's this-a-way. If Frank gets a bad calf, he sells him right off. Takes what he can get. No waiting 'round for a better offer and taking chances on running the blood of his herd down. That's just *one* little reason why he's making a success of ranching. This is a feast or famine sort of business, depending on the market and drought. Frank watches both. Ranching may be moderately profitable—that is, if you know how to cut corners, and Frank sure does."

Mr. Cowlishaw wears high heels and big hats and looks as if he had always worn them. But he's a rancher, actively engaged in the game, and riding range in a nifty felt or rolled straw hat would look funny, wouldn't it? He not only rides range and in round-up but he can lasso a cow or a horse like a veteran. He didn't buy the ranch to sit on the veranda and direct work. He was looking for a business in which he could go on working but one that lacked indoor confinement at a desk.

Lassoing is a necessary accomplishment on a ranch. Therefore, for the first six weeks he lassoed a keg in the ranch house yard and then for six weeks more, he practiced on the skull of a dead cow. When he mastered the skill on ground, he still had to learn to do the trick on a galloping horse in pursuit of a moving animal. And that is not all! Head lassoing must often be timed with the action of a second man on horseback who also swings a rope and catches the animal's back leg. This little maneuver is a science all its own. The cowboy must lay the rope ring against the cow's back leg in such a way that as the animal steps forward the ring also falls forward, causing the cow to step into it. That instant the loop must be jerked securely. If possible, the cowboy tries to catch both back legs in the one throw. If he misses, he gets the other leg when they get the cow down. To throw it, the two men go in opposite directions and quickly spread the cow out. The horses are so trained that they back up and hold the ropes taut while the men dismount. If the cow has been thrown for doctoring, one man does the work while the other sits on its head or steadies the back leg rope. This is just a start on what Mr. Cowlishaw had to learn. As Buckshot Harris said, corners must be cut if there is to be a profit. One way to cut is to learn how to

Top right: Mr. Cowlishaw; Joe Kane, ranch foreman; Bert Yoas a "near" neighbor from 30 miles away; Mr. Maulsby Forrest of Chicago. Right: Mares and foals

Above: Prim Lady with her Thoroughbred foal a few moments after it was born; this is the foal with stiff knees described in the story. Right: A group of Herefords

Mr. and Mrs. Cowlishaw leave in the early morning for a day's ride on the range

Highball by Midway of the Voter strain is a sire at Wilshaw Ranch

take the place of a cowboy you would otherwise have to hire. It's worth learning anyway, just for the sport of knowing how. As head lassoing is easier than hind feet roping, Mr. Cowlishaw took the head first but now is proficient at either.

After five years, the size of the ranch has increased. Mr. Cowlishaw owns and controls 35,000 acres. 25,000 acres are owned outright with a surface privilege of grazing 10,000 acres in the Coronado National Forest. For the benefit of those who may share the writer's inability to visualize beyond a few hundred acres, 35,000 acres represents around fifty-five square miles. The ranch includes 200 acres of river bottom land along the Sanota River, a stream which has never been known to go dry. The fields, irrigated from the river, raise large crops of oats, barley, and alfalfa. The ranch lies in a belt of rolling grassland, dotted with live oaks, which is, roughly speaking, fifty miles wide and seventy-five miles long, continuing then on into Mexico. To speak of grassland may be a little confusing to Middlewest or Eastern farmers as they know grass country, especially if they see the dry grass in the early spring before the summer rains. In winter, the grass resembles dried hay but if you look again, you will see small clumps of short grass growing close to the ground, under the dried grass. In the summer, the ranch has knee-high grass as green as any Iowa field.

Wherever you go there are meandering white-faced Herefords. Cattle stay within speaking distance of each other but rarely are seen in herds, except when they are being driven. If cattle are not in evidence, there are broom-tails, or range horses, grazing in groups.

Being almost as green on some points of ranching as any dude, we had to learn that one does not ask how many cattle or broom-tails a rancher runs. As on any large ranch, the wonder is that the hundreds of cattle and horses have, and raise, their young unaided and yet, casualties are few. Come what may, they shift for themselves. In the heat they "shade up" under live oaks and cottonwoods in the arroyos, and in rain, turn tails to the wind and take it.

Drought, of course, is the fly in the ointment in this Southwest country. On the Cowlishaw ranch there are a few springs, and windmills are located at strategic points all over the ranch, but wells and springs go dry and always on the hottest days of the year. That's why the Arizona ranchers can't say enough nice things about the CCC boys and justly so. In Mr. Cowlishaw's territory their work has wrought miracles. They built what are called dirt tanks across canyons to catch and hold the water draining off the mountains in the rainy season. Construction of the tanks is skillfully worked out. A high dike or dam is thrown up across the lower end of a canyon, with a spillway built at one side. The spillway, lower than the dam, relieves the danger of water rushing over the dam and washing it out. The sand and clay formation of the soil is as if made to order. Mixing with the water, it forms a hardpan adobe base with the result that the tanks hold water from one rainy season to the next. There are eleven of these tanks on the Cowlishaw ranch, which means that cattle, no matter where they are, need never walk more than a mile and a half for water. According to Mr. Cowlishaw, a cow drinks five gallons a day in warm weather and drinks twice a day. In cold weather, the trip is made only every other day.

When we say the cattle and broom-tails take care of themselves, we mean they forage for themselves and are never under shelter. However, they *are* under observation. Riding range is a fairly steady job. In winter every cow is seen once every ten days, but in summer, blow fly season, it is necessary to see each animal once every three days. There is only one cross-fence on the ranch. It is built of smooth wire which is being used to replace all barbed wire boundary fences and yet, the cattle and horses do get abrasions of one kind and another. The minute this happens the animal is attacked by blow flies which lay eggs that develop into screw worms. It is these screw worms which keep ranchers on the trot all summer long. The animal is absolutely at the mercy of the pest unless found and treated, as the worms eat inward, causing even death. The ranch includes within its confines a rugged mountain range. Looking after all the cattle and horses means combing the summits as well as the canyons and valleys. It is surprising where cattle will venture in their wanderings. They almost equal mountain sheep in their remarkable feats of climbing.

There is one angle of this story of a successful dyed-in-the-wool New Yorker shifting to become an outstanding Western rancher which so far we have not mentioned, but it has a lot to do with it. If Mrs. Cowlishaw had not been just as interested as her husband

in the new venture, if she had not entered into it with a zest, there wouldn't have been any fun in it. It might have been a very different story, indeed. As Mr. Cowlishaw says, there might not have even been a story. Her uncanny business penchant, which in New York placed her in that necessarily small group of American women who stand, on their own rights, shoulder to shoulder with big salaried men, has made a game of the new venture. Too, born with a natural love of animals, which because of city life had heretofore been stifled, the serious angles of ranching have been fascinating, mixed up as they are with making the acquaintance of wobbly legged calves and mischievous, capering colts. Like Mr. Cowlishaw, Mrs. Cowlishaw takes an active part in the new life. Foreign as action astride a horse was to her, she rides today as a veteran minus however, the fanfare of native and assumed cowgirl reckless abandon. Dressed for action in tailored trousers, Mexican high-heeled boots, English riding coat and a black sombrero she has, in the saddle, the same quiet poise and dignity with which she greets you later in the day for tea or cocktails in their charming Georgian living room.

Construction of the new ranch house and the landscaping has claimed much of Mrs. Cowlishaw's time. The house, by clever handling of the Los Angeles architect, Roland Coate, has an exterior which is exactly right with the rugged terrain of an Arizona ranch. Built of adobe brick, made by Mexican labor right on the premises, the thick-walled, wide-eaved, rambling house has deep, shadowed verandas, eight of them to be exact. Within, however, it is a different story. It is New York carried with them to Arizona; Park Avenue of the past set down next to Joe Kane, the native cowboy foreman, and all that typifies the present. The house could not have been otherwise. The past is too vibrant a factor in both Mr. and Mrs. Cowlishaw to cast it off for the present. They are themselves a half and half blend of two environments, and Roland Coate sensed the situation and gave to their home the same harmonious welding.

The house is furnished with Eighteenth Century English and French antiques, from their New York home, which they personally collected abroad. The bibelot, collected in foreign rag and flea markets, has a personal history. Even Mr. Cowlishaw's office contains the same favorite furniture which he once used in his New York office.

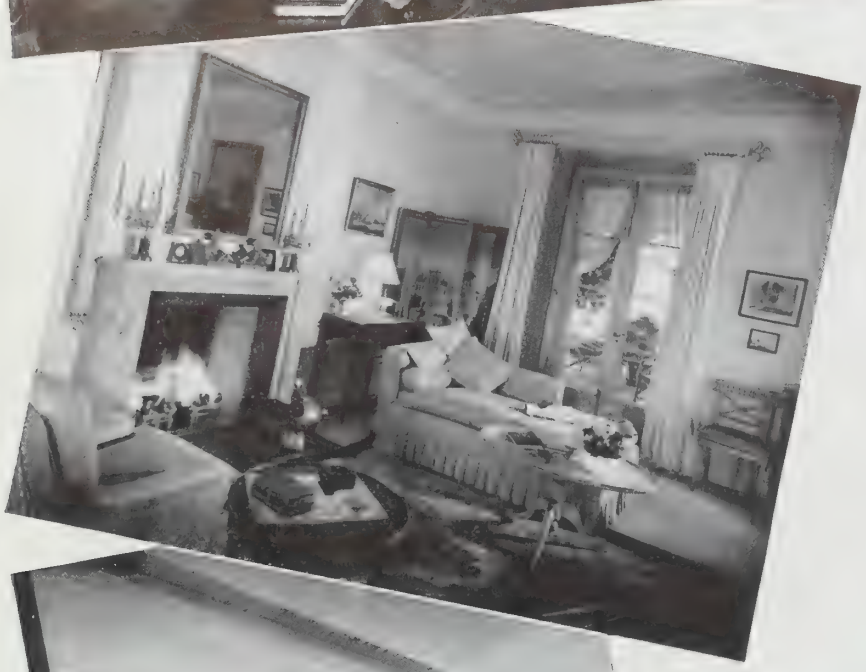
The floor plan was also cleverly worked out. Mr. Cowlishaw's office, with its own outside entrance, is an immense room with a large fireplace, more the size of the average recreation room, and is furnished with spacious couches and comfortable lounge chairs. Off of it is a large dining room so planned as to be at the right of the butler's pantry, which opens left into the main dining room. This enables Mr. Cowlishaw to entertain drop-in business associates without upsetting plans in the rest of the house.

The ranch house is new within the last two years. When Mr. and Mrs. Cowlishaw first came to the ranch they built a smaller, low-running ranch house which they occupied until they proved definitely to themselves that they liked ranching and that it could be managed profitably. The original house, built in two large wings, has now been turned over to the groom and the gardener.

With the ranch paying fifteen per cent on its investment, the Cowlishaws have now gone into the additional business of raising Thoroughbred hunters and polo ponies. "Ruth's Folly," Mr. Cowlishaw has dubbed the venture, but in his heart he is as much for the idea as anyone. The outlook is promising if the aristocratic, nosy, curious colts may be counted as such. They are the offspring of Highball, by Midway of the Voter strain, and mares who are all registered Thoroughbreds. The plan is to sell the untrained hunters and polo ponies as yearlings and two-year-olds. This plan should be successful according to the revenue realized by Mr. Cowlishaw's comparative custom of selling his calves at eight and nine months of age to feeders.

Until the Thoroughbreds came, there was not a barn on the ranch. Blooded stock, however, require housing and great care—and they get it. Their stable, built of stuccoed adobe in U shape, with a con-

Above: Mares and a foal are seen through a passageway in the center wing of the stable. Left: Mr. Cowlishaw is shown here against the Arizona sky



Above: Eighteenth Century antiques are used in the bedrooms of the owners; one room has a dark color scheme of blue and raisin; the other, lighter tones. The wide entrance hall opens directly onto the patio. Center: Fine Georgian and French furniture and bibelots are effective against the Georgian green walls and gold draperies of the well-designed living room. Right: The dining room provides a breakfast table in a wide window alcove. The owner's office is decorated with antique English oak furnishings and dueling pistols and guns are used for lamp bases. The patio includes a pool and the entrance porch is recessed

tinuous veranda outlining the center courtyard, is probably the finest in the state. The adjoining tack room has saddle space at the far end of a large lounge room with fireplace and connecting shower and bath, and it opens onto a roofed, stone-paved saddling shelter at the back.

The birth of each Thoroughbred colt is an event of great importance. Excitement runs high. So far there has been only one tragedy in the maternity ward and that was when Prim Lady, one of the best mares, gave birth to a foal whose front legs were stiff. A perfect specimen in every other way, the knee joints were apparently locked and would not straighten out. That was a morning to remember! Hopeful that the condition was temporary and one which massage might eliminate, the first consideration was to get the colt to feed. It needed milk for strength and yet, with its pitifully doubled up legs it could not stand to nurse. Both the indispensable Joe Kane and the groom are handy at emergencies but this was a new situation even to them. They tried holding the baby up, one on either side of the mother but that did not work. Finally someone suggested a sling and a pulley. It took time, but eventually the colt had his breakfast. He was a plucky little codger but in spite of continued effort his stubborn little legs failed to respond to orthopedic treatment. It was one of those heartbreaking experiences attended with encouragement one day and desperation the next. After a week it was necessary to end the struggle. The Westerner is adapt in treatment of animal ailments. Almost any other condition, other than this one, might have been remedied. Mr. Cowlishaw has one field known as the hospital pasture which has worked wonders with ailing stock. He speaks of it as a pasture and yet it is 2000 acres in size. Climatically it is good. The ranch is at an elevation of 4000 feet and although there may be, in winter, ice an inch thick in other places, the hospital pasture is always warm. Too, by virtue of its browse, it is excellent for the sick.

Roundups are the most strenuous seasons of the ranch year and yet the most thrilling. There are always three such events in a year. The spring roundup is for the purpose of branding and takes place in early May so that the brand scar may be entirely healed ahead of blow fly season. The two fall roundups are for weaning purposes and for sorting out the cattle to be sold. Mrs. Cowlishaw rides in roundup and takes an active part right along with Mr. Cowlishaw. Her duty is to keep tally on every branded animal. Riding out under starlight at four in the morning and back at night by moonlight may sound like work to most of us but not to these two ranchers.

To a mounted jaywalker the procedure of the roundup is fascinating. The outward trek is under the supervision of Joe Kane, with

the top of the distant mountain range as a starting point for the drive back. Riding out in a group, one rider at a time is dropped on each hill bordering the main canyon, with two outriders stationed just inside each hilltop lineup. As those on the ridge top push down the steep mountain side, driving the cattle before them, the cowboys from the side hilltops close in, pushing the herd on down to the corrals in the valley below. It sounds more simple than it is. The terrain is rough with many sub-canyons within the main one. Considering the nooks and corners to be combed, and doubling back to retrieve wayward, balky customers, roundup may mean anywhere from a fifteen to thirty mile trot. That is for one day. But one day covers only a small section of a large ranch. Roundup lasts days on end and is as strenuous as it is exciting.

Once at the corrals the cattle are driven inside for the branding and then brought out in the open where five or six cowboys hold herd, while a man in the center cuts out those to be turned back and those to be weaned. The ones which are to be returned to the territory they came from are driven for a short distance until they get the drift of what is expected of them. Usually after the first few are started, the others follow. Those in the corrals which are held are then driven, fifty to seventy-five at a time, to other more distant corrals by Mrs. Cowlishaw and Nicolas, the old Mexican, while the rest of the cowboys and Mrs. Cowlishaw go on rounding up in adjacent territory. With luck, they are all back at the branding corrals with a second group by noon, where they are met by the chuck wagon which comes laden with the best and most welcome food you ever ate. Roundup for the broom-tails is handled in much the same way.

And so it goes, a dude rancher spends the first two years learning a lot of things about the new business and the next two learning to correct much of what he first learned. In connection with what there is to learn, he certainly has plenty of information to pick up for his own safety in handling animals. For instance, a cow will charge you the minute you let her up, regardless of why she has been down. Maybe you have just extracted a tortuous cactus thorn from her festered hoof. It makes no difference to the ingrate, she'll chase you just the same. But here's something to remember, a cow can't run up a hill. She's too clumsy and awkward. Therefore, the thing to do is to get her down near an incline, where you can run to safety the minute she is released. If a cowboy has a cow down for doctoring on level ground, he grabs her tail as she gets up. Round and round she goes, doing her best to throw him off. When she sees it's hopeless, she gives up and stolidly stalks off—hence (*Continued on page 71*)

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

VIRGINIA AND ST. LOUIS

At the gymkhana in Warrenton, Virginia, which is given annually for the benefit of the Tuberculosis Association. Mrs. John Hinkley and her shooting spaniel

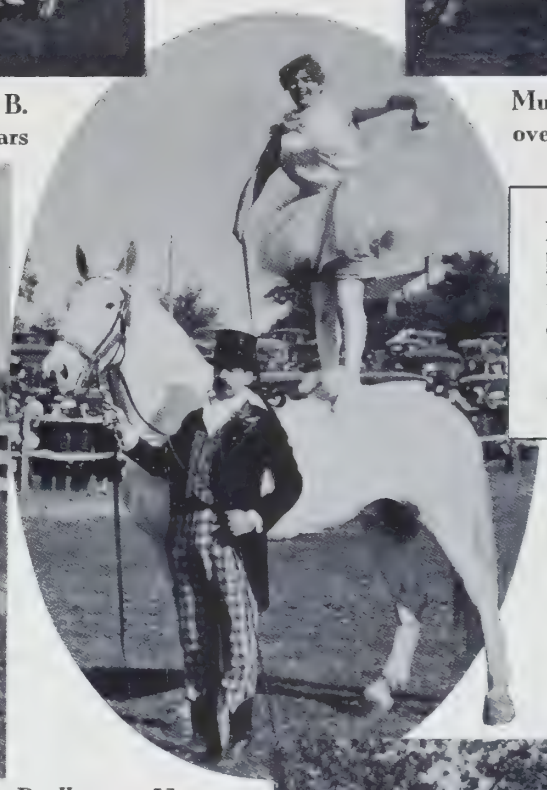
Miss Sally Streett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Streett, showed her Dachshund "Speedy Spooky the Killer" in the fancy-dress class for dogs

Virginia hay ride. At ten cents a ride Mrs. A. B. Hagner's Belgian horses collected forty dollars

"Honest Jo Gipum," Mr. Harry Poole, ex-master of Warrenton, who offered a choice selection of prices on mule races. Mrs. Poole checks

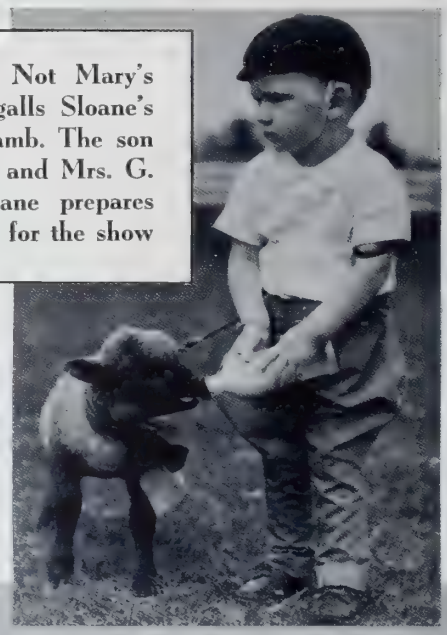
Musical chairs. Other events were a race for cars over fifteen years old, potato race, and greased pig

Miss Marion Carhart with her dog dressed as a circus clown in the Warrenton Gymkhana. Every sort of costume was represented



Above right: Bridlespur Hunt Club's Gay Nineties class. The ballet dancer Arthur L. Hardin and ringmaster Jules Van Raalte

Right: Not Mary's but Ingalls Sloane's little lamb. The son of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Sloane prepares his pet for the show



Left: During one of the Hunter classes at the Bridlespur Hunt Club, St. Louis. Miss Jane Winter riding Spilan to a rail fence in the working division

Above: A reminder of other days when traffic progressed with a leisurely dignity and ladies wore hats that were hats. A victoria in the Bridlespur Gay Nineties

Photographs by Hayes and Browning

Mrs. James M. Austin, who owns the Catawba Kennels of Old Westbury, L. I., showing the best poodle in the miniature division, "Ch. Cheri of Misty Isles"

Mrs. Whitehouse Hardy with her standard Poodle, "Carillon of Amour" from the Carillon Kennels of Bedford Hills, N. Y., the best of winners and best of specials

Blessed with beautiful weather, the Morris and Essex Dog Show, which is held annually at Giralda Farms, the estate of Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge in Madison, N. J., ran a record exhibition. The upper picture shows the presentation of the trophy for the best dog in the show to Mr. Leonard Collins's Old English Sheep Dog "Ch. Ideal Weather." Left, Mr. H. T. Peters; right, Mrs. Dodge. Showing Labradors are Dr. Inglis Frost of Chester, N. J., and Mrs. S. Hallock duPont

Near the paddock at Belmont Park, Mrs. Frank A. Bonsal, Jr. of Glyndon, Maryland, and Mrs. Howard F. Whitney, of Roslyn, L. I.

Right: The Chairman of the Jockey Club, Mr. William Woodward, and Mrs. Woodward. The Belair Stud, owned by Mr. Woodward, produces many famous thoroughbreds each year

Another racing enthusiast at Belmont, Miss Barbara Wall the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold M. Wall of New York and Southampton, L. I.

By the rail of the walking ring, Mrs. H. Granger Gaither of Camden, S. C., and Westbury, L. I., is with Mrs. Wilbur B. Ruthrauff of the "Highlow Farm" in Red Bank, N. J.

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Carmichael of New York crossing the paddock. Before her marriage in October Mrs. Carmichael was Miss Evelyn Sloan

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

DEVON AND WILMINGTON

Mrs. Owen J. Toland with an injured foot. Mrs. Edgar Scott who might have won the Wilmington championship with the famed "Justa Boy" if he had not hurt himself just before the finals

Mrs. Edward Shober, Mrs. J T. Ligget, and Mrs. Rowland E Lea are selling chances on the station wagon at Devon. Almos anything from a house to a horse is included in the raffles sold

The Devon Horse Show and Country Fair is always a festival to look forward to, to enjoy, and to remember. A week of entertainment for everyone no matter what his age or interest may be. Above, children are taking pony rides around the grounds. Miss Peggy Sutherland, Mr. Brook Lessig, Mrs. L. Blabon, Miss Kate McCreary, and Miss Jene Wetherill with some of the stables behind them

A box in front of the Devon grandstand. Miss Eleanor V. Dick, Miss Charlotte Tindle, and Mrs. William H. Snyder, Jr.

A bit of bridge during a lull in the day's work. Mrs. Gibson McIlvain, Miss Edith Clark, Miss Molly Jane Kirk, and Mrs. H. A. Prizer relax

Right: Miss Deborah G. Rood, who has made the Wilmington Horse Show into a hunter test that is the best in the land

Left: A spot of beer from a bottle at Wilmington. Mr. H. Marvel, Mr. Edward Peachin, and Mr. John Miles are amused at Mrs. Miles' endeavor

Left: Mrs. John Klopp and Mrs. S. Robb, with Mrs. Herbert Fritz and Mrs. Henry Huey, look over some photographs at the Devon lunch tables

Right: Mrs. William Forkington, Mrs. H. A. Howell, Mrs. Edward W. Shober, and Mr. Benjamin West with, perhaps, a purchase from a booth at Devon's Country Fair

Photographs by Lucy McIlvain

POLO from the Near-Side

Historic Broadmoor, Oak Brook, and others on the way to Long Island

UNTIL a few weeks ago, Broadmoor was just a place where we would stop overnight on our way East by motor from the Coast. A nice quiet little residential section "on the bench" outside of Colorado Springs, Colorado. . . . A delightful "show place" nestled under the protective shadows of Pikes Peak . . . with one of the most beautiful hotels in the world on a picturesque lake with colorful Cheyenne Mountain as a backdrop . . . And a lot of attractive people and stately homes and gardens . . . And a sporty golf course and a group of three championship polo fields that are second to none anywhere, where the weather is balmy enough to stick and ball all the year 'round . . . and in summertime a cooling thunderstorm of about thirty minutes' duration sweeps down from the mountains every day about noon, settles the dust, and then regularly at game time gives way to brilliant sunshine, that basks the blue haze of the distant plains, just as suddenly as it appeared.

ARTHUR W. LITTLE, JR.

Of course we were not insensible to the fact that polo has been played there for fifty years or more, and that years and years ago Spencer Penrose, Foxhall Keene, Bryant Turner, Walter Devereux, Harvey Lyle and other gentlemen sportsmen, whose distinguished names escape us at the moment in the rush of going to press to meet a hurried deadline, made polo history in this favorite Pikes Peak region. As a matter of fact, in our memory book Broadmoor was not only a historic polo center with facilities among the finest in the world in the days when we last played there in 1929, when Arthur Perkins as eight-goal polo manager was in the height of his prime, but since then we have always regretted, not only that Perkins left there in 1931—not to return again until this summer—but that it had simply not been our good fortune to drop around that way again.

Until a few weeks ago, that was. Right now, with Arthur Perkins back in the saddle as good as he ever was; with polo plans for the best year at Broadmoor since 1930; with the old fields being remodeled and put into first-class condition; with modern sprinkling systems being installed and the surfaces leveled; with many of the country's outstanding players shipping in their crack strings of Thoroughbred mounts, and also a team of motion picture actors and executives from Hollywood on its way; with army teams from Fort Riley, Kansas, and Fort Bliss, Texas, and the air corps team from San Antonio augmenting the local players—Broadmoor and The Pikes Peak Polo Assocation have definitely come back as the summer capital of Western polo.

Incidentally, though it really isn't incidental, today, in addition to the polo attractions, you might have some difficulty recognizing this grand old sports rendezvous if you hadn't had some advance warnings about it. So extensive are the developments that Spencer Penrose has created for the enjoyment of visitors to Broadmoor during the past few years that our one night planned stopover was stretched to three days. And it kept us busy all of that time exploring the many attractions and forms of recreation. The hotel itself, for instance, with metropolitan service as good as the Ritz, The Waldorf, or the Plaza and all the accommodations of a big city, is something to tempt you beyond your fondest dreams after a hot drive across the western plains or long hours of touring winding canyon roads in the Rocky Mountains. It stands majestically at the foot of its own Cheyenne Mountain. In fact, Broadmoor is the only hotel anywhere that has a whole mountain on its grounds. Cheyenne Mountain is Broadmoor's mountain because 3,000 acres of it, rising abruptly from the plains from the 6,000-foot elevation of Colorado Springs to 9,500 feet into the azure heavens, actually belongs to Mr. Spencer Penrose.

From the Broadmoor Hotel to the summit of Cheyenne Mountain we found a wide, safe highway. After eight miles of scenic thrills and vistas, you can dine on mountain trout at the famous Indian Lodge at the summit . . . and also feast on the magnificent scenery below. To the east are the great western plains—to the west are the Rockies piled into nature's wonderful rugged beauty. Directly below are Broadmoor and Colorado Springs. At night the mountain road is lighted and the twinkling lights of the city below as you come down are almost as much to write home about as the sunsets you see, if you come down a bit earlier—or the colorful sunrise we viewed across the lake from our bedroom window the day we reluctantly had to crawl in the old car and leave.

About half way down the mountain is the new widely famed Will Rogers Shrine of the Sun, built by Spencer Penrose as an everlasting memorial to Will Rogers. The 100-foot shaft of native granite, resembling a feudal castle, was built from one huge boulder taken from the side of the mountain a few feet above where it now stands. It stands on a promontory that catches the last fading rays of sunlight in late afternoon—and is also said to catch the first rays of the morning sun, though we never got up that early to find out except on the day we left, when we forgot to look. It also is on the exact spot where Zebulon Montgomery Pike, in 1806, looked over God's Country and discovered Pikes Peak. In its singing tower are silvery chimes that ring out over the surrounding countryside every fifteen minutes. And on the inner walls of the shrine are painted in fresco by Randall Davey, episodes in the history of the Pikes Peak Region. Davey is the celebrated Santa Fe artist whom we visited a few days earlier at his New Mexico ranch home—and found him, of all things, playing polo! He is the sportsman who was delegate to the U. S. Polo Association from Colorado Springs for many years and also happens to be the father of young Bill Davey who was such a promising up-and-coming player as captain of the Princeton team a few years ago. Mr. Davey, Major Grove Collum, show judge and horse authority and C. M. Woolly, Yale player, and others enjoy "informal" polo throughout the summer at nearby Santa Fe.

NEAR the foot of Cheyenne Mountain is the private zoo of Mr. Penrose which, from the point of view of cleanliness and animals having the advantages of pens in natural forest surroundings, is certainly the most attractive we have ever seen. More than 300 animals are quartered in the forty acres of native settings of trees and boulders. Some of the specimens are the only ones in captivity; others are the only ones of their type in American zoos. All have been given to "Spec" Penrose by friends. He rarely buys an animal but he gives a fine home to those that are presented to him by explorers and friends breaking up their own collections. The day we were there workmen were putting the finishing touches to new, large hillside pens, with moat fronts, for the bears and lions. You stand and look at the animals over the moats that have no bars, and it seems as if they could come right up to you! Concealed steam-heated caves and provided in the mountainside for the shelter and comfort of these animals during the cold winter months.

From the hotel, up the mountain side, Mr. Penrose, as another

hobby, has built a miniature cog railroad which carries passengers to the zoo. The "Tom Thumb" railroad (with a Ford engine incidentally, though you'd never know it) is a little brother and exact copy of the world famous Pikes Peak cog railroad. The tracks circle the Broadmoor lake, skirt the golf course, and cover a distance of two miles. They pass through two tunnels. And speaking of the Broadmoor golf course—it was the scene last month, on June 13th to 18th of the Women's Western Open event with such nationally known figures as Patty Berg, Babe Didrickson and Helen Hicks taking part. The Trans-Mississippi tournament for men has been held on this course three times and the Men's Western Open in 1935.

Though this article, right now anyway, seems to have digressed a bit from general polo news, (because as this is written around the first of June the Eastern and Western polo summer seasons are still in the "in-between" stage)—as one interested in sport who never saw a sports center as versatile as Broadmoor has become, we must admit to getting a terrific bang out of the whole business. Across the lake from the Broadmoor Hotel we found the old indoor riding ring had been enlarged and made into a beautiful ice palace. It is one hundred by three hundred feet and has an ice surface eighty-five by one hundred and eighty-five feet. It has grandstands accommodating 3,000 persons, for hockey, etc.—and together with Lake Placid, New York, is one of the only two ice palaces in the country open all summer. Skating instruction is under the direction of Earl L. Myr of Yosemite. While on Decoration Day we were looking at the ice palace, a group of ski enthusiasts came in by motor from Glen Cove on the slopes of Pikes Peak, forty minutes away. They took off their winter clothes and went in the Broadmoor pool. Later they were playing golf in their shirt sleeves! Next to the ice palace, with Arthur Perkins as one of the directors, is the new sunken steel stadium where the Will Rogers Memorial Rodeo will be held August 19, 20, and 21. The stadium will have 10,000 covered seats and the horseshoe arena will include a quarter-mile track for racing.

But Old King Polo still reigns supreme at Broadmoor, despite all these new attractions we found there, and play got under way there on June 15 with two big tournaments planned for the first two weeks in July and the last two weeks in August. With Arthur Perkins as playing-manager, the Pikes Peak Polo Association, composed of members of the United States Polo Association, has the following officers and directors: Spencer Penrose, President; Major Henry Leonard, Vice-President, Reginald Sinclaire, who played so well this past winter at Del Monte, Delegate and Chairman; Col. W. H. Neill, Sec'y; Charles L. Tutt, Treas.; M. W. Bogart, Asst. Treas., and H. K. Devereux. Among the players expected this summer, in addition to the visiting army fours and Walter Wanger's Hollywood team (Wanger, Tim Holt, Carl Crawford, and Peter Perkins—with Jack Holt possibly coming on to referee) are Reginald Sinclaire, Raymond W. Lewis, W. G. Elmslie, Rogert Allen, E. G. Bradley, Willis Hartman, Rube Goodnight, Gilbert Wilson, Col. W. H. Neill, Capt. Harry A. Fudge, Lea Aldwell, Clarence Starks, W. L. Allen, Wm. G. Braid, Sr., Wm. G. Braid, Jr., Capt. J. W. Wooford, Major E. G. Cullum, Randall Davey, Rolland Thompson, Robert Nichoalds, Henry Zarges, Gene Hayward, Lt. Col. T. W. Hastey, Merrill Fink. Thomas E. Proctor 2nd, Roy Barry, Harold Lane, Frederick Joy, Lawrence C. Phipps, Jr., from near-by Denver where they also have some beautiful fields: Frank Wilson, Capt. R. D. Charlton. George Oliver is also expected to bring a strong visiting team for one of the tournaments.

On the way to New York we stopped off at Paul Butler's Oak Brook Polo Club (at Hinsdale, near Chicago), where they have seven beautiful fields. We call it Mr. Butler's club because Paul Butler is the father of Oak Brook polo, though a very young father at that. He doesn't hold office in the club these days, though he was president for many years. He is at present chairman of the Central Polo Association which conducts polo at Oak Brook. Oak Brook always has a team in the field under its own name and operates on a lease or rental basis with the Central Polo Association. The vast acreage, including the seven Oak Brook fields picturesquely situated in slightly rolling country, is the property of the Butler family, which also raises polo ponies and has a dude ranch in the hilly country of South Dakota. One of the Oak Brook fields, No. 2 Field, is located on an island. If you have a fast pony that you don't stop in time, you're liable to continue the game with a couple of brook trout inside your riding boots. Their best field, No. 3, which they like to compare as the nearest thing to Meadow Brook's famous International Field, is reserved for tournament play. The clubhouse itself is set on a hill and overlooks all of the playing fields. It is an extremely handsome though homelike white building, and the interior is of pine—with typical polo atmosphere in wall prints and attractive furnishings. The stables are adjacent to the fields, nestled in the wooded hillsides surrounding. James A. Hannah, captain of the Oak Brook team, was re-elected president of the club recently for the second successive term and Capt. Roy D. Keehn, Jr., is secretary. There is, of course, a board of governors.

AROUND the first of June, we found enthusiasm over the 1938 outdoor season at Oak Brook at high pitch, though they hadn't started to play yet. The reason was obvious. In the first place, all of the leading players thereabouts—some twenty-four of them—were planning to turn out the following week as usual. There are four regular teams stationed right at Oak Brook—namely, Oak Brook; Rising Sun Ranch (captained by Paul Butler); the Mandalays, and the 124th Field Artillery team. Several tournaments were scheduled for early summer play with the invasion of the Cuban Army team for an "International Series" starting July 4th as the stellar attraction. The 124th Field Artillery team played the Cubans at Havana during the past Christmas holiday season, and won in three straight games, so this visit is by nature of a return engagement. The possibility of the National Intercircuit and National 12-goal events again being awarded by the U. S. Polo Association to Oak Brook this year, as they were in 1937, was still in the negotiation stage as we passed through Chicago. Last year champion teams from five of the country's six circuits competed in these tournaments at Oak Brook and were tremendously successful, drawing great crowds. Last year Oak Brook inaugurated a "popular-priced polo for the public" policy à la Bostwick Field, and, more lately, Meadow Brook.

Rosters of the various regular teams at Oak Brook include: Oak Brook: James Hannah, Len Bernard, Hobart D. Reed, Robert Nichoalds, John C. Bowers, and Roy Nafsiger. Rising Sun Ranch: Paul Butler, Capt. Roy D. Keehn, Jr., (*Continued on page 73*)

Photographs by BERT CLARK THAYER

Made in Ireland

DONEGAL
Ch. Heavyweight Hunter
"WICKLOW-BAY"

Sketches of Horses in Action

MORNING BREEZE
The Curragh-Kildare
"TULLAMORE"

by James Reynolds, '37

Michael Lerner, fishing off Louisburg, Nova Scotia, hooks into "Rover," the giant broadbill that got away after two and a half hours. Here the fish is circling the dory as Captain Bagby attempts to spin the craft with an oar to keep up with "Rover"

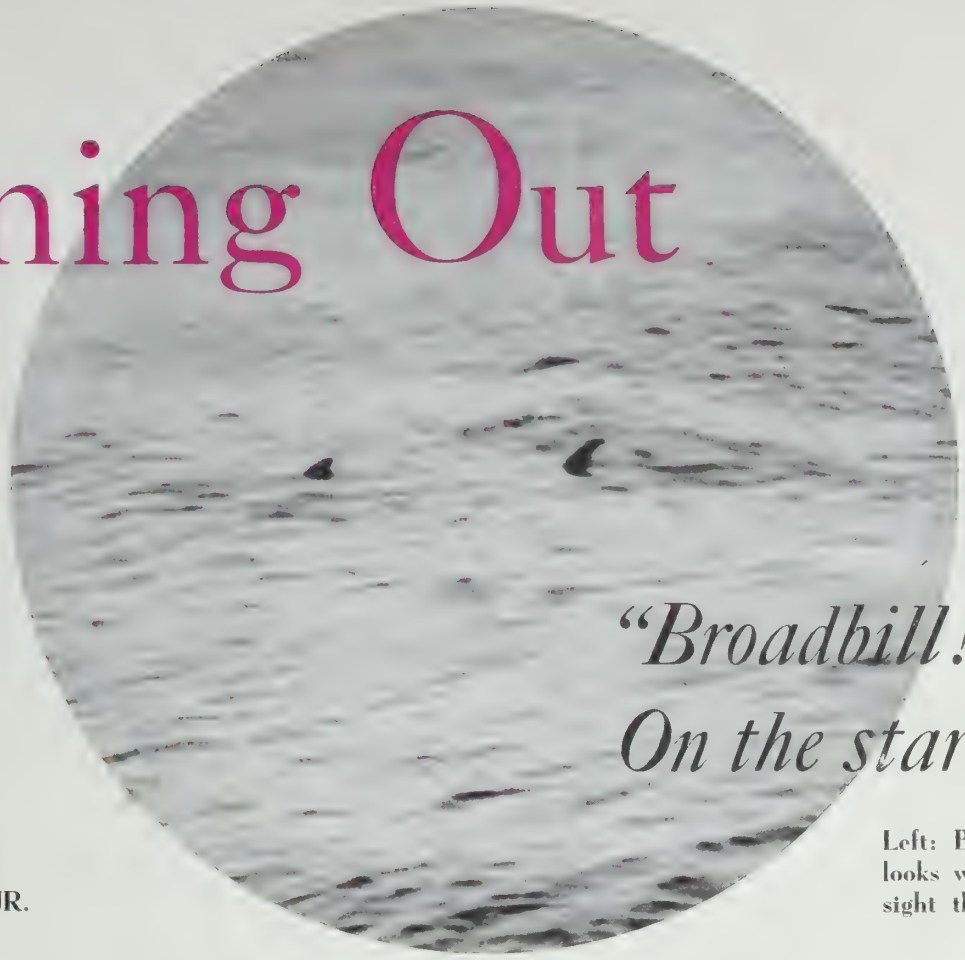
GALWAY
"FLOOD OF ANTRIM"
Ch. Hunter Stallion

"THE
HOLY GHOST"

KILDARE
The Young Stallion
"PERSEPOLIS"
Dromkilty Stud

Photographs by BERT CLARK THAYER

Finning Out



"Broadbill! Broadbill! On the starboard bow!"

S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR.

Left: Broadbill swordfish as he looks when finning. This is the sight that starts the excitement

"STEADY as you go," the lookout calls down from the masthead.

"Steady as you go," repeats the man at the wheel.

The lookout strains his eyes, pulls his long-visored swordfishing cap farther down on his head and stands up on the crosstrees. The other lookouts are also tense; the man on top has seen something. All on board shiver from the cold and the excitement and breathe in the salt briny air a trifle faster. No matter how many broadbill you have sighted, each new one will give you that curious sensation in the pit of your stomach.

"Broadbill! Broadbill!" echoes from above. "On the starboard bow. Hold her on your present course."

Below, the other lookouts are not yet sure. One of them ventures the guess that it is a blue shark.

"You're crazy," replies the other. "I see him well now."

"Starboard, starboard!" yells the man on top. "He is heading away from us."

When a broadbill is finning out, his dorsal fin resembles a sickle. It is entirely different from a shark's, but at a distance it is sometimes hard to distinguish one from the other. The broadbill's caudal fin or tail also shows, and a shark's rarely does.

All is action in the cockpit now. The guide has taken the mackerel bait out of the icebox where it has been kept to insure freshness, spat on it for luck and tossed it overboard. With the drag off, the angler holds the rod and reel, never taking his eyes from the bait. These fish must be found first, so baits are rarely trolled for them, since too many sharks go after them off the Cape Breton Coast.

"Keep him out of the sun," yells the helmsman. "I can't see."

"Steady now," call the lookouts in unison.

"O. K. I see him."

The speed of the motor is never changed, for any added noise may drive him down. The angler sees him now, and his bait will pass him within ten feet.

"God, if he is only hungry," he groans, and his knees tremble a little in anticipation of that swirl and the smashing strike he hopes will follow.

Not this time; he isn't interested. So the boat is swung around and once again we put it across him. Again he shows no interest.

"A fair fish," the lookout shouts. "He'll go 300 easy."

The broadbill's coloring shows up a vivid purple in the dark-brown water of the North Atlantic. The third presentation of the bait is just like the two previous, and so is the fourth.

"He is all marked up," calls a lookout. "I can see the scars plainly. "Evidently been fighting, or else they're old harpoon wounds."

The fish heads into the wake, flips his tail, and goes down. They usually do this after getting into the wake, which sometimes scares them. We stand by for ten minutes, (with the motor idling, and the bait beneath the surface) then a cracker tin is thrown overboard to mark the spot, and we circle about in the water for an hour.

Michael Lerner, fishing off Louisburg, Nova Scotia, hooks into "Rover," the giant broadbill that got away after two and a half hours. Here the fish is circling the dory as Captain Bagby attempts to spin the craft with an oar to keep up with "Rover"

Right: The North American record, taken off Louisburg by Mr. Lerner—a 601 pound broadbill. Below: A commercial fisherman and crew

"He won't come up," exclaims the angler, throwing down his rod. "If they don't hit the first two or three times they never will."

This last statement echoes my sentiments exactly, after many weary days, weeks, and summers spent in trying to catch a swordfish —the most interesting, fascinating and, yes, crazy fish that swims; his travels take him all over the world.

The largest broadbill to be found on the Atlantic Coast put in their appearance off the tip end of Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, —the most easterly point of Canada—and remain there through August and early September. Commercial fishermen from as far away as Boston, Gloucester, and Portland come down to this coast to stick them with harpoon pole and dart—or "brass bait," as the rod-and-reel fishermen call it—throughout the late summer. This American fleet of professionals is reinforced by the Canadian vessels out of Yarmouth, Lunenburg, Halifax, Canso, St. Peters, and other Nova Scotian ports. I have counted 271 boats out of twenty-six different ports in the harbors of Louisburg and Glace Bay at one time. The American buyers from the Boston Fish Pier spend the summers at these towns, shipping the fish by rail to Yarmouth, over 500 miles away, thence via Eastern Steamship Lines to Boston. They keep in daily communication with the home offices of their firms and there is keen competition regarding the price, which averages about six to eight cents a pound—eight or ten less than would be paid the fishermen on the Boston Fish Pier.

Since the American vessels are not permitted to harpoon within three miles of shore, they remain outside during their whole month's trip, icing their fish and returning with them directly to the States, where they will get the benefit of the higher prices for swordfish. This law also fits in with the plans of the American fishermen, since the largest fish are usually farther offshore, the majority being on Scatari Banks, thirty miles off Scatari Island, which is the turning point for steamers going to Sydney—the Pittsburgh of Nova Scotia—to load iron and steel. Cape North is rounded some seventy-five miles farther to the east, by steamers entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The market fishermen will tell you these Cape Breton broadbill are not the same ones that appear off New Jersey and Montauk in May and June, after following the 100 Fathom Curve from off the Delaware Capes. They also maintain that they are not the same fish that are off Block Island, No Man's Land, Nantucket Light Vessel, or the Georges Banks, but are new fish that are constantly coming in from offshore. Some of the fishermen even claim these are not the fish that are harpooned on St. Peters, Le Have, and Brown's Banks. I do not agree with this theory, however, as these famous grounds are not far from Cape Breton Island.

One of the most interesting things about broadbill in these waters is that they are never seen breeching in the month of August, and rarely in September. The reason given is that no swordfish taken east of the forty-first parallel, which cuts the Georges Banks off the Massachusetts coast, has ever been seen with a remora, or sucker fish, clinging to it. These parasites stick to them as well as to other varieties of the larger fish, eating particles of food that are not devoured by the broadbill. Along with their free board they also get a free ride, and are sometimes called "shipholders."

When broadbill are seen breeching off Cape Breton in September, it means they are on the move—not jumping to rid themselves of the annoying little fish. Their fall migration evidently has begun, for they are never seen in the same area of water the following day. Where they go nobody knows, although it is generally thought they head for the eastern coast of Africa or to the Mediterranean, which is about the only place where many small specimens have been taken. Market fishermen catch them with handlines, fishing deep in the Straits of Gibraltar in March and April. So, as this coincides with their appearance off our Atlantic Coast in May, it is entirely possible they follow the Canaries' current past the Azores and Bermuda.

LOUISBURG is the port in Nova Scotia where the rod-and-reel fishermen make their base, and in the two summers these waters have been fished by sportsmen, only two men—Michael Lerner of New York, who pioneered the grounds, and B. D. Crowninshield of Boston—have caught fish. The reason that more of them have not been caught is that off this very rough and rocky coast, the fish that will strike a bait are usually fifteen miles or more offshore. Although hundreds of broadbill are near the coast, they evidently are much too well fed to take an interest in the mackerel bait presented to them.

The commercial men, of course, have no such difficulty, as they can spot the fish from their masts, some of which are eighty feet high and have from five to eight men riding them. From this height they can easily see the fish under water and strike them beneath the surface, since their poles average sixteen feet in length. When the fish is harpooned, they simply throw over a keg attached to 500 feet of heavy line, put a man over in a dory without even stopping the vessel to tend the fish, and keep right on jogging around, looking for another. The striker never leaves the pulpit, nor the helmsman the wheel. A klaxon horn is used for communication between the men in the masthead and the helmsman, telling the latter how to steer when bearing down on a fish. I have seen five dories overboard at one time from a single vessel.

The rod-and-reel fisherman, however, has a harder task when trying to locate the fish, since his boat lacks the high mast. Besides, when he sees the broadbill, he has to maneuver his craft, usually in a rough sea, to get the bait near enough so it can be seen by the broadbill, which has the largest eyes but the poorest eyesight of all the big fish. He is usually on the surface, digesting his food and getting a bit of sun, if there is any, being without a doubt a bottom feeder. If he does strike, he gives the bait a tremendous slap with his sword and then picks up the mackerel, squid, or tuna belly—these being the baits generally used. The angler then (*Continued on page 74*)

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BLACK STAR

Peace in Provence

In the south of France, winding lazily through the beauty of Valence, Avigon, and Arles to the Mediterranean, are the canals and waterways that link the Rhone and Garonne Rivers. The water trip from Lyons to the sea through the famed Van Gogh country can be made in eight days.

OUTDOOR SHELTERS

Designs by
ROBERT M. SCHROYER

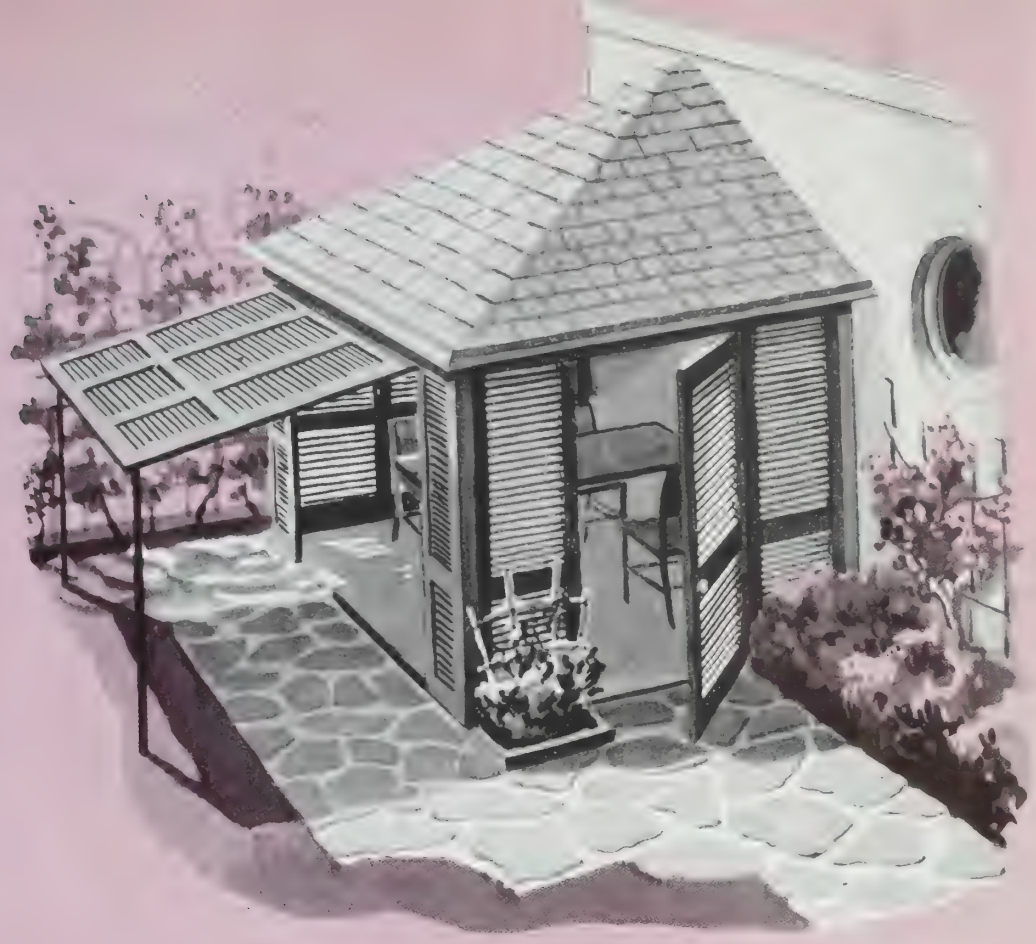
PORTABLE CABAÑA OR TEA HOUSE

This simple framework of metal piping covered with bright canvas hangings will serve as a beach cabaña or as a tea-house on a paved terrace. The hangings are designed in the form of a mediaeval military tent and have a crenellated roof covering; they may be draped back on any side or entirely closed and divided into dressing rooms. For alfresco tea or for cocktails this is an especially beguiling structure

CHILDREN'S DECK TERRACE OVER TOOL HOUSE

Built of timber construction with brick and mortar walls, this permanent garden house is useful for many purposes. It serves as a tool house, potting shed, and as storage space for garden furniture. The awninged deck affords a play terrace where children can play "King of the Castle" and be monarch of all they survey

QUICK
PRACTICAL
DISTINCTIVE
COMFORTABLE



LEAN-TO IDEAS

Above: The louvred shutters of this outdoor room admit ventilation as well as provide protection from the sun. Painted silver gray, one side is hinged and opens out as a shelter over the flagstone path. The interior is a cool, lime green. Below: This rustic retreat uses a sapling fence to enclose turquoise blue paving and a blue latticed wall. The tile roof and brick walk are red

TEA SHELTER TOPPED WITH A DOVE COTE

Above: This formal French garden house lends itself to several uses. It may be a tea-house in the garden or a gallery surveying the tennis court; the dovecote included in the design of the roof is an attractive feature. The frame structure is painted bone white and it is draped in yellow curtains which provide seclusion

Left: Miss Sallie Smith dismounts unintentionally in the Vassar Horse Show at the Rombout Hunt Club. A second later the horse negotiated the obstacle and jumped Miss Smith. Neither was injured

THE SPORTSWOMAN

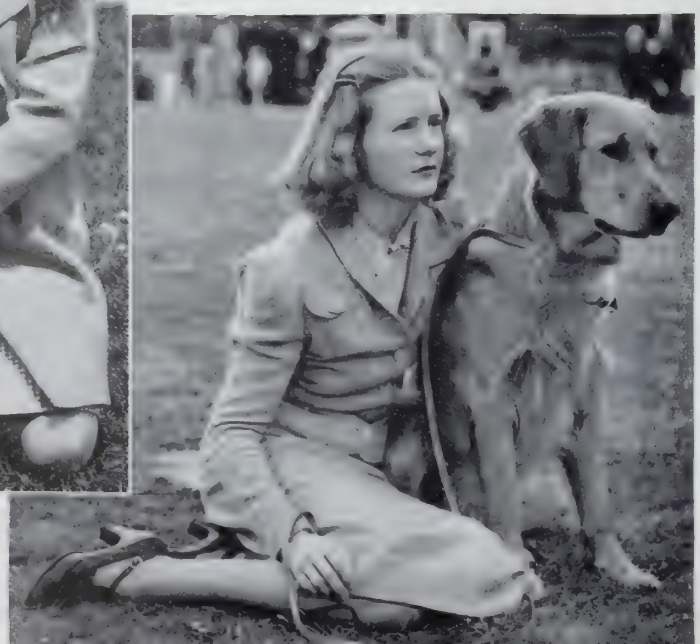
MRS. JORROCKS

THAT sport at its best, and the things connected with it, are feeling no depression whatever is perfectly obvious. Our citizens, it is said, are pretty much poverty stricken in every department but even if they haven't money enough for food, clothing, rent, and the actual necessities of life, a great many of them seem to have sufficient funds for automobiles, gasoline, and tickets to ball games, prize fights, horse races, and polo matches. Just spread the news abroad that some worth-while contest is being staged and the beautiful parkways, so painstakingly planned for the purpose of employing the W. P. A., immediately become so crowded that a cry goes up for more adequate accommodations for traffic. Possibly this is a small example of what the administration would like to promote in a big way. By building parkways men are supplied with the money to buy automobiles to crowd the parkways so that they will have to build more parkways and earn more money to buy more automobiles to crowd more parkways to —sort of like the house that Jack built only that yarn had a beginning and an end. So has the crowded parkway fantasy, for that matter, for the money to build them must come from somewhere as well as the incentive to use them. And that's where the sporting events come in. The taxes on them provide the money; and the attraction, the incentive. Simple, isn't it. If political activities were only as interesting to watch as sporting ones then seats could be sold to them and the "wheels of industry" might be set whirling at the rate that those of the automobiles on the parkways are now. At that the idea is scarcely more grotesque than some that are being worked out in Washington at present. And I am beginning to wonder who's going to support some of our "sporting incentives" in the future if the government continues, as it is doing at present, to rob Peter to pay Paul.

JUST AVERAGE. If asked to name the one thing in the world that bores him most a polo player would probably answer, "Poor polo." A canine fancier, "A dull dog show," and so it would go. The exhausted president of a not-so-very good horse show once asked me what was the matter with his show. "Why," he said "won't anyone come to see it?" The obvious reason was that it was just a little too good for purely informal, local competition and not good enough to attract the best. I sometimes wonder if the world of sport isn't in danger of overproduction in events of just average quality. The psychology of the situation runs something like this—taking the dog world as an example, because almost everyone is fond of dogs and, being so, would like to learn something about them. Our first experiment would probably be at some convenient, local show where we would do our best to study the one or two special breeds that interested us the most. Having learned a little about points and judging, we, naturally, would like to see better dogs under more favorable circumstances and, once we have moved on up the grade to the best it isn't probable that we shall waste so very much more time and money on anything less. The situation will change somewhat if we become sufficiently

Right: Miss Alexandria Bunn with Bessie, her Cairn terrier, at the Long Island Kennel Club Show on the Rockaway Hunting Club grounds

Below: Mrs. Samuel Mills, formerly Miss Barbara G. Kane, with her entry "Shephard of Whatnot," Golden Retriever in the L. I. Kennel Club Show at Cedarhurst



enthusiastic to buy a dog to show ourselves but the ultimate result will be the same. For the first show or two our family and friends will flock to see us in the ring, but they won't keep on doing it forever unless our dog is so very good that he holds their interest by constantly moving up the ladder through more and more difficult competition. And if our friends won't follow us from one show to another, where we meet practically the same type of competition and see almost the same thing over and over again, how, in Heaven's name can we expect the general public to do so. Thousands of people will attend the Morris and Essex Show, where they are sure of witnessing the best that is to be seen. They can be relied upon to crowd to capacity any event where they can depend on competition of truly high quality, but isn't it a little unfair to ask that they rally to the support of dozens of mediocre exhibitions that they know to be inferior? All this doesn't mean that I'm against the small show of any sort. On the contrary, I'm all in favor of them, so much so that I want to see them stay small. I want to see them keep the friendly, local interest that makes them attractive and depend on this interest for their success instead of striving for the things that are impossible to attain and thereby lose the thing most valuable to them. The way things are now it strikes me that there are too few friendly, family affairs on the circuit and that there are too many that are half way between the big and the little.

STORMY WEATHER. The committees of some outdoor events are terribly sensitive. If it happens to r—hush—n on their party they don't like to have the fact mentioned, though just why I am at a loss to understand. It hurts the "gate" of course, and it makes things rather uncomfortable for the people who are present, but I don't think that it has ever occurred to anyone to blame the weather on the management, so I don't see why it should hurt their feelings. As a matter of fact a perfectly vile day will often turn out to be a lot of fun for the few who are hardy enough to brave the elements. The informality created by the inconvenience and the comradeship inspired by a common discomfort often make up for the lack of perfect conditions. In fact the very thing that annoys the management most, the shortage of attendance, may prove a boon to those present who may move around at will, choose their favorite points of observation, and be sure of being able actually to see from them, besides being permitted to meet and greet their friends without being surrounded by a mob scene. From my point of view a bright and sunny day is so apt to bring out a crowd of inconvenient proportions that, were it not for my sympathy for various hard-working and harassed committees, I would, on some occasions, welcome a dreary dawn. And so would a lot more people if they knew what they were missing by staying away. I'm speaking from experience, too, because for the last week or ten days I have been soaking wet almost all the time and yet I have enjoyed myself thoroughly.

But apparently on the Atlantic Seaboard where we are *supposed* to have more fair weather than foul there isn't much of such a thing as "rain appointments." A downpour will bring out the oddest assortment of protective clothing and, during these drenching days I have spent some of my time wondering why people, myself included, don't just admit that it does rain, and quite often too, and plan a wardrobe accordingly. If we went places practically protected from the elements we spectators could be much more comfortable. Good, warm, strong, completely waterproof coats, for instance, large enough to accommodate heavy clothing underneath them when necessary, would be a good idea but, actually, very few people wear them. Rubber boots that would fit like a riding boot, with a strap across the instep, which would make them comfortable for walking whether or not heavy socks were worn with them. Why not sou'westers? There's a good hat that will keep the water from running down your neck, or a helmet, such as policemen wear, which comes down over the shoulders and has an opening for the face only. If these had visors to keep the rain out of the eyes they would make a lot of sense. Or someone might get busy designing a sort of small umbrella that could be worn on the head like a hat. They have them for the sun so why not for the rain? Except in strong winds such a contraption would be fine protection for the upper part of the body and leave the hands free for the business of marking programs, lighting cigarettes, and such. Unbecoming? Well possibly these garments wouldn't be quite as beautiful to look at as the pretty prints, (*Continued on page 72*)

Photographs by Morgan and Rotofotos

Above: Miss Carolyn Clothier at the Radnor Hunt race meeting. Above right: Miss Nancy Penn Smith, Miss Betsy Smith, and Miss Barbara Lucas at Rose Tree. Right: Miss Nancy Van Vleck at Radnor, and, extreme right, Mrs. William Reed Kirkland, Jr. at Queens Valley Country Club, Long Island

Ingenious SUSI SINGER

WHIMSICAL arrangements unite here in harmonious complexities the natural growing forms of flowers and grasses with appealing figurines which are the creations of ingenious Susi Singer. Even as a small child this Viennese sculptress was devoted to working in clay. She studied while still very young with the great designer, Josef Hoffmann, and today achieves these ceramics of half real, half fantastic inspiration, distinctly her own.

Susi Singer never creates two figures alike. Always they have just that right touch of wistful humor, that proper amount of dignity and deep understanding which all great artists working from within inculcate in their works of art.

The innocent duo at the right above, called simply "Children," with their red hair and freckled faces exemplify all children everywhere. The boy's turned-up toes reveal at once both his embarrassment and his pleasure at so much attention from the opposite sex. The faintest of pink plum blossoms arranged in an off-white bowl are all that this charming group needs for living completeness. To be sure, these figures express their meaning so clearly that flowers are scarcely necessary.

Surrounding "Young Bacchus," at the left above, in gay pasticcio are ranunculus and anemones, all in green and yellow-greens. The vast amount of verve in Bacchus's youthful body is instantly communicated the moment one sees him. Up goes the chin, and life somehow becomes a gayer place. No wonder this study is a favorite of all who see it.

How so much tenderness can be modeled into a pair of clay hands is difficult to understand; yet it is definitely the hands and arms that

so appeal in the "Girl with Bird" figure in the center. All the world is forgotten. Only the bird is important, quivering and softly warm with life. Purple-red Japanese plum blossoms in a white vase enhance every line and tone of the gray and yellow figure.

Pale green ice-plant, with red-brown edges surround the figure, "Mermaid," at the left. An interesting feature of this ice plant is the collection of small beads of water on its very edges. And so the delicate glass balls are a happy addition, resembling as they do larger beads of water. "Mermaid" has red hair and a body of cold green. Both disc and dish are white.

"Prayers" is the title given the composition at the right by its maker, Susi Singer. Just the right flowers have been used to display better her perfection. Delicate shooting stars and snowdrops, fragrant Johnny jump-ups and grape-hyacinths seem to be growing from a base of moss and blue-eyed grass. The whole composition is fresh, poised, and serene as a bright summer day.

A very interesting observation about Susi Singer ceramics is that, at first, many of us find them a bit strange, probably due to their fantastic feeling and "not of this earth" quality. However, even at a first glance they all arrest one's attention, and we find ourselves going back, and back again, to enjoy them. The sculptress lives quietly high up in the Austrian mountains, removed from all except her husband, a worker in the coal mines, and her five-months old baby, named Peterl. Aided only by her appreciative spouse, who has sometimes found it necessary to carry her to her studio in order to save her strength, she works entirely alone, producing her delicate lyricisms for American friends who can obtain them through the Amymay Studios in Pasadena, California.

ELLEN SHERIDAN

Photographs by ROBERT HUMPHREYS

On the Pregel in Konigsberg, Germany

Charcoal Sketch by Ragimund Reimsch. Courtesy Die Schriftleitung

Photograph by Peggy Moss

The Bucks Otterhounds at Lechlade on the River Thames

OTTER HUNTING in ENGLAND

COLONEL CLIFTON LISLE
and W. NEWBOLD ELY, JR.

THERE are nineteen packs of otterhounds in England, comprising Border Counties North Wales, Bucks, Bure Valley, Carlisle, Cheriton, Courtenay Tracy, Crowhurst, Culmstock, Cumberland West, Dartmoor, Dumfriesshire, Eastern Counties, Hawkstone, Kendal and District, Northern Counties, Pembroke and Carmarthen, Staffordshire and Yorkshire, Tetcott, and Wye Valley. In spite of the large and enthusiastic following of each one of these packs there seems to be for some reason a remarkable lack of knowledge about otterhounds on this side of the Atlantic, although otters are found in all the States excepting the arid ones of the Southwest. The sport has never been formally launched here and will probably have to wait until the day when some enterprising Nimrod will don his gray bowler or azure Sherlock Holmes deerstalker and plunge into a local stream behind his hounds and their otter.

The English otter is larger than ours, measuring up to three and a half feet from his nose to the tip of his tail. A male otter of that size will weigh from twenty to twenty-four pounds and can easily outswim, outdive, outfight, and outdodge a dog of double his weight; in fact, it takes a real pack of hounds to corner him at all, and then he is beaten only by numbers and the necessity of coming up for air.

We have read with pride about the various "biggest otter ever killed." Apparently one of the packs we hunted with in England monopolizes the record because three different correspondents give the Eastern Counties Otterhounds the record, with different otters, at different places and on different dates—35 pound dog-otter, Brandeston, September 1909; 34 pound dog-otter, Kirton Marshes, 1917; 34½ pound dog-otter, Attleborough, 1912; and a 36½ pound one at Kirton last year. However, some otters in the Ethiopian creeks, 5,000 feet above sea level, are reported as being over five feet.

In color the otter is brownish gray, the under coat soft and nearly white with brown tips, while a longer outer coat of much lighter brown, gray only at the base of the hair, gives him his characteristic color. He is a marvelous swimmer and seems as much at home below the surface as on top. Low, short-legged, with broad, flat head, thick whiskered muzzle, jet eyes and tiny ears, he is streamlined for the element in which he lives. His tail is not very long, but quite broad and flattened a bit to serve as a rudder when diving or turning sharply. In fact, otterhunters refer to his tail and his rudder in the same way that a fox has a brush and a hound has a stern. When on shore he glides along or gallops at a surprising clip for an animal having such short legs, and broadened, web-toed feet; the five-clawed curving marks of his pads are unmistakable in soft going. He propels with his hind feet, carrying his front feet forward for changing direction. When he comes up to breathe he is said to vent, and the bubbles which appear are called his chain. When the pack or the terriers get him, his pads go as trophies to people in the field, and his mask usually is taken back to decorate the kennel door.

The otter is particularly partial to eels, and catches old trout to help make up for his depredations along the waterfront. He leaves many kinds of cards for huntsman to see: fish scales in the grass or a whole fish with a little piece bitten out of its neck, scratchings where he has pawed and stretched, slides where he's played Coney Island, flattened grass where he has rolled or taken a quiet siesta in the warm sunshine, and the faint path through the grass at the bends of the river where he has developed his short cuts—routes which may prove fatal to him on some day when hounds are running and he is entirely cut off from his holt.

Now a word about the otterhound. There are only a few packs hunting mostly purebred otterhounds; among them are the Eastern Counties already mentioned, the Kendal and District in Westmoreland, and the Dumfriesshire in Scotland. In fact, this was one of the reasons that we hunted with the Eastern Counties. Most packs are well leavened with foxhounds of various sorts: tricolored English drafts from the regular establishments, touched with the typical Belvoir tan, lighter colored, rougher coated Welsh, some of them almost white, with an occasional heavier staghound of the Devon and Somerset build, and here and there a smaller, more active hound that shows in his lemon and white or badger pie the unmistakable West Country harrier. As a matter of fact, the Eastern Counties had in their pack Drifter from the East Lincolnshire, one of their favorites, which was an otterhound cross. They also had a straight English hound, and a pure Welsh hound, and since that

Douglas Wyatt

The whip and two future members of Eastern Counties pack

time the latter two sections of their pack have been augmented.

The otterhound is supposed to have come from the French hounds —the Griffon Vendéen and the Griffon Niverais, which look astonishingly like them as well as like their other partial offspring, the rough-coated Welsh hounds. Their ears are hung on low, they have a high-domed head, appear a bit slack in the quarters, and give the rough appearance of looking like fuzzy bloodhounds. Their color is black and tan or grizzled tan, the latter so prevalent in the best Welsh foxhound strains. Sir John Buchanan-Jardine in his monumental work "Hounds of the World," mentions that "in 1307 King Edward II had an otter-hunter who kept 'twelve otter dogges'." However, up until the latter half of the nineteenth century, otterhunting more resembled javelin throwing than hound pack work. I recall a Henry Alken's otterhunting print given me as a boy, showing the otterhunters aloft on their spears like top-hatted pole vaulters with one of their "otterhounds" looking horribly like a white bull terrier. "Hounds of the World" goes on to say that during the Franco-Prussian War the Comte le Conteulx de Canteleu sent his entire pack of Nivernais Griffons to England, and that the Dumfriesshire later imported a Griffon Vendéen bitch which, crossed with a bloodhound, produced a rough-haired black and tan dog to which all this pack trace. Rough Welsh hound crosses have been used since, although the purebred otterhound is mostly French Griffon and Bloodhound. The straight English foxhounds, however, enter surprisingly well to otter, not only taking to the water with gusto, but of course being right in their element when the otter takes one of his turns across land. Most packs, however, prefer a foxhound otterhound cross.

And now that we have covered the hounds that follow the otter, we come to those that follow the otterhounds. It is a healthy democratic condition in that they are everybody—from retired Colonels, M.F.H.'s, bankers, butchers, parsons—in fact, the Cheriton have two nuns on bicycles in their enthusiastic field. The day we were out with the Eastern Counties, in spite of it being early in the season and a bleak stormy day, there were over one hundred in the field. The Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Vigne, kindly took us in for a "cup of coffee" at Dr. Loughlin's. Not liking coffee we went both to be polite and to get warm. The coffee proved to be cherry brandy, several good glasses of which at ten A. M. are not only warming, but make one step along like a Leicestershire blood horse past the Roding banks.

On this particular day the meet was at Passingford Bridge near Ongar in Essex, and we quote from "Doug's" official diary of the day for "Horse and Hound": "On the 11th (April 11th, 1936) a large field was at Passingford Bridge to draw the Roding up stream, and before moving off we enjoyed Dr. Loughlin's kind hospitality (See above—Ed.). Hounds opened immediately in the osier-bed above the bridge, and continuing up stream there was a strong overnight drag with frequent padding visible. Fresh spraint was seen at the river bend below Aspen Wood. However, there was no line up to the lake in Navestock Park, the scene of many good hunts, and hounds carried on the line of the drag up to Little End, where operations had to be held up for a time owing to a sudden blinding snowstorm. Followers sheltered as best they could under anaemic hedges and leafless trees, someone halloaed a rabbit and started a riot, Donald thought of the flask he'd left in the car, and Reg. Smith (now a married man with a missus already entered to otter) went staghunting, and having found The Stag, proceeded to play darts in it! Amazing it all was and horribly cold. The storm having passed and taken most of the scent with it, we continued on to Littlebury Mill, where lunch was taken. Resuming, Langford Bridge was reached and the drag became stronger, but beyond Hallsford Bridge the feeting was noticed to be smaller than that seen in the morning. On reaching the covert between High Ongar and Shelley, Master decided to finish as it was now after 4:00 P. M. We had drawn ten miles of river, were apparently between two otters, and hounds were a long way from kennels. It is good to know that otters are still working this river well. We were pleased to see out our friend the whipper-in from the Crowhurst O.H., also Mr. W. N. Ely, M.F H. from Pennsylvania. There are some delightfully named villages in this part of Essex. I always think of Willingale Spain, Willingale Doe, and Shellow Bowells. This is beside the point, but there they are. By the way, if you want to know how to pass handkerchiefs across the river, ask Summers about it! I believe he is now theorising on a "dry-footed stickle."

Douglas Went

Otterhounds in full cry take to the water

WHAT hunt diaries, of course, take for granted are the picturesque otterhunting costumes, sometimes velvet hunting caps; with other packs, gray bowlers; and with still others, the old-fashioned fore and aft deerstalker reminiscent of Sherlock Holmes. In the Eastern Counties the master wears a scarlet cap, the hunt staff and hunt officials bright blue hats, and all wear scarlet ties, scarlet vests, bright blue coats, of a Welsh waterproof material, blue knickers, and scarlet stockings. All veteran otterhunters are armed with six-foot thorn or ash poles, and adorned with brassheaded tacks, each tack denoting a kill, or with notches cut in them à la our own Wild West. Nothing seems to stop them, once hounds are in cry. After trudging over all sorts of rugged going for eight or nine miles, wading rivers and plunging knee-deep into stickjaw bogs, as Jorrocks would have it, away they go like witches in rain, at the first hint of a find, climbing West Country banks, wiggling through Devonshire hedges of close-growing beeches or tearing through quick-thorns and crawling up walls till a cross-country expert is hard put to keep up.

The usual procedure of hunting an otter is simple. Hounds meet at some convenient spot close by a river where otters have harbored. Generally this is a bridge. A good otter river must not be too wide for hounds to swim, nor too swift or muddy in spate. If the water looks like Guinness Stout, as one Master (*Continued on page 71*)

J. Dixon-Scott

Surrey Scene

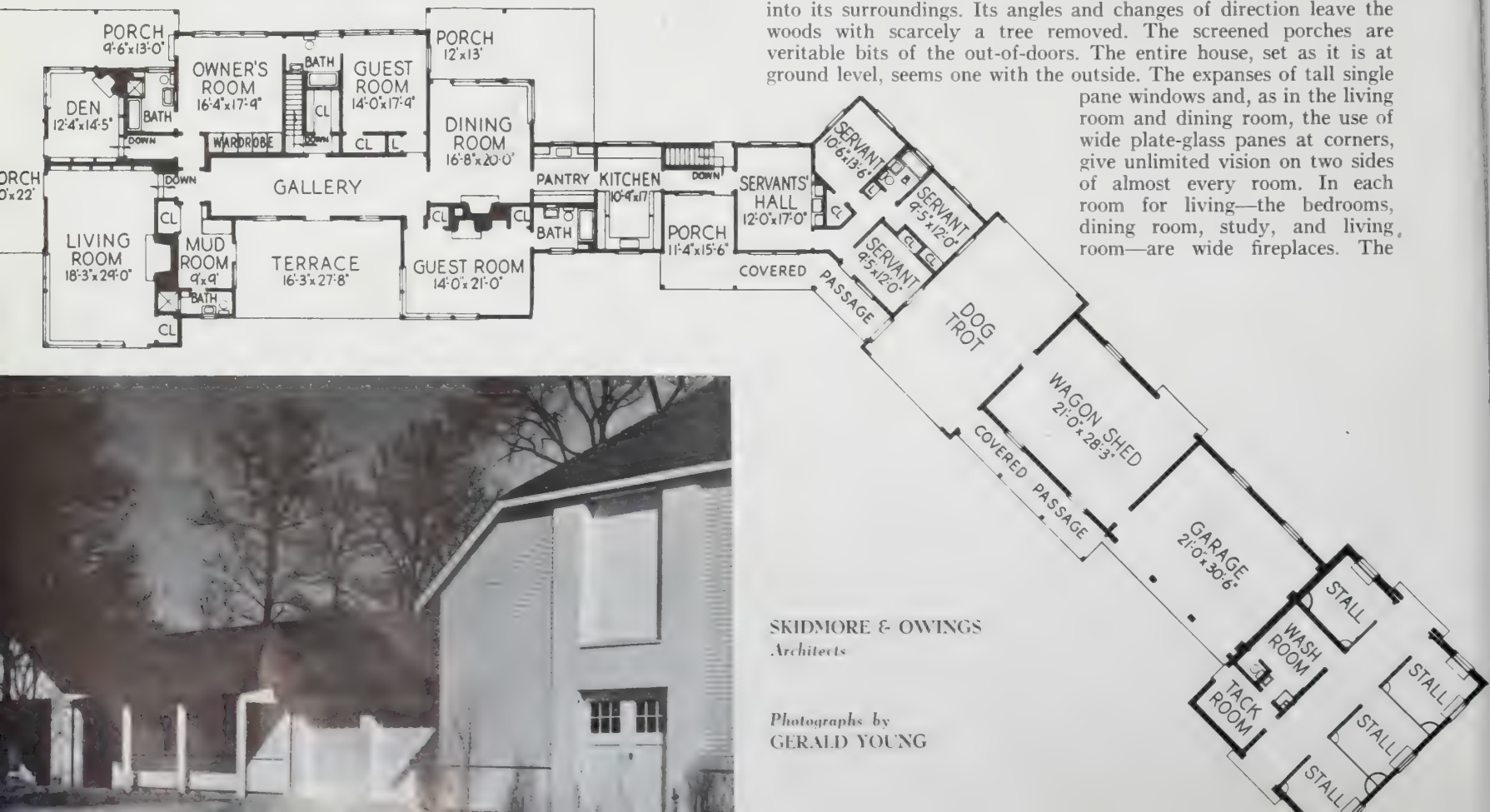
Here, spreading out under the hot clear air of the South Downs, are the fertile valleys and closely wooded hills of England's Surrey Highlands. Above, White Hill a mile from Caterham and, below, Ashcombe Wood on the slopes of Ranmore Common near Dorking

MARGARET YOUNG

SET deep in the midst of fifty acres of oak woodland to the northwest of Chicago lies a rambling country house—long, low, glistening white, extremely restful and inviting—the country home of Mr. Glenn R. Lloyd, lawyer and bachelor.

Planned to a man's taste by Skidmore & Owings, architects, the resulting effects of masculine influence are much in evidence. The mud room extends out sufficiently beyond the servants' portion to afford the horse-fond owner a frequent look at his stables. The massive Dutch doors, the extensive use of natural woods throughout the interior, the practical floorings—indeed, there is no angle of approach from which the masculine influence is not outstanding. The house is significant for its dreamed-out evolvement. No ordinary front-door-to-back-door house was to satisfy this owner once he had fallen in love with such a woodland spot along the Des Plaines river. He preferred a house expressive of a personality. It was to require study before being absorbed. It was to be gone through from end to end before it could be described or classified. There was to be no trade-mark, no stamp of pattern on this home. Consequently, purely as an experimental venture, the owner pulled a discarded envelope from his desk and began to sketch a floor plan. Strangely enough, that floor plan sketched on the back of an envelope is exactly the plan of the house as it now stands, with the exception of one minor detail—the positions of the master bedroom and dining room have been exchanged.

So well is it planned to its setting that the house seems poured into its surroundings. Its angles and changes of direction leave the woods with scarcely a tree removed. The screened porches are veritable bits of the out-of-doors. The entire house, set as it is at ground level, seems one with the outside. The expanses of tall single pane windows and, as in the living room and dining room, the use of wide plate-glass panes at corners, give unlimited vision on two sides of almost every room. In each room for living—the bedrooms, dining room, study, and living room—are wide fireplaces. The



SKIDMORE & OWINGS
Architects

Photographs by
GERALD YOUNG

SPORTSMAN'S ESTATE NEAR CHICAGO

Above: Broad panes of glass mark the living room corner exterior

Bottom of page: A mud room, with wormy pine paneling, opens off the terrace. The tack room at the right is paneled in knotty pine

long gallery extends as a connecting link between entries and service rooms. So much does each room lay claim to attention in its own right that no other treatment seems adequate.

Begin with the gallery. On sunny days when the ground outside is dry and the going underfoot is clean, the gallery presents a logical point of entrance. Behind the great Dutch door, it stretches out at comfortably unstinted length, one wall covered with a hand-painted line mural from Switzerland in a pale rust on pebbly eggshell paper, the opposite wall in plain paper, and around each panel a border of wormy chestnut. The floor is of deep brick-red Italian tile. From the round-arched ceiling hang simple lights like opalescent soap bubbles on thin brass pipes.

For muddy days and returns from walks and rides in the dripping woods, there is a mud room, again with tile floor, a heavy Dutch door, and wormy chestnut paneling. The adjoining bath is papered in a deep burnt-orange, tropic green, and black jungle pattern. Draperies in both bath and mud room are in a plain burnt-orange linen. The only furnishings in the mud room are a small telephone table and chair near the door, and a long bench opposite. The clever illumination brackets are exposed lamps hung round with horseshoes and backed in natural sole leather with studdings of brass.

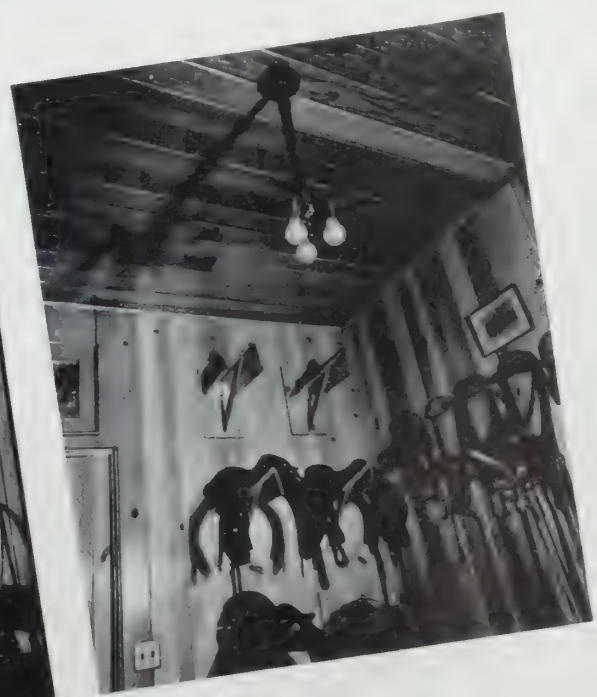
Directly around the corner from the mud room and at the north end of the gallery, two steps lead down onto the first soft gray-green carpet of the living room. Of a conservative modernism is this room, its color scheme taken from the chintz draperies which are in a massive tropical foliage print of richest blues, greens, and yellow-greens on white, their accent falling in the sprays of small pussy willowlike sprigs in rich brick red. In this room all the richness of woodland color is repeated in wormy chestnut woodwork and wide plank, pegged, dark oak floors.

The fairly small pale gray-green rugs fill in the areas where furniture is grouped for comfort by the great fireplace of limestone with its mantel of a single oak-hewn log, taken from a tree felled on the site of the house, and where the two yellow-green chairs face each other before the great plate-glass corner windows. The deep sofa is of a rich brownish brick color in a heavily textured, nappy fabric. One of the chairs opposite is deep green, the other palest blue, and each has its small mahogany end table.

Just across from them, near the bookcases and door to the porch, stands the grand piano. Between the two bookcases stands a small mahogany table, flanked by two blonde mahogany side chairs with brown and yellow green seats. Beautiful lamps, skier ash trays, magazines, and well-chosen books give the room a charm and sense of inviting comfort as well as a feeling of extreme simplicity.

Back through the gallery and off the master bedroom to the north is the cozy little study. Here, three comfortable chairs steal two corners and a place behind the desk, while in a third corner the native limestone fireplace climbs to the ceiling. Corner windows again give unrestricted view and light. Again in browns and brick-reds, this thoroughly delightful room, sized only for solitude, or at most a tête-à-tête, is the master's own.

His bedroom is almost bare in its simplicity. A pale birch bed and its accompanying table are alone in the room except for a single chair by the long windows and the small rug upon the floor. The natural birch-paneled walls hide closets and conceal storage spaces. From one corner, a door leads off to another screened porch for rest or for sleeping. Next to this is a bath in white, then a bedroom in blue and cream, also paneled in birch.



From here one ducks out into the gallery again, this time at the end far from the living room, turns left, and finds oneself in the dining room. Here again are birch-paneled walls and a comfortable fireplace. The draperies are of white linen covered with great white-shaded dahlias and green foliage. Plate glass again fills the corner, looking toward the jumps, the barbecue pit, and the back of the stable. The coloring of this room is basically green.

Next come beautifully equipped service pantry and kitchen followed by servants' quarters, the dog trot, garage for three cars, carriage house, and finally the stable. Before considering that, however, let us

Above: The living room, with its broad banks of windows. Left, top to bottom: The corner fireplace in Mr. Lloyd's den, the living room fireplace, and a corner of a guest bedroom. Bottom of page: the gallery with its tiled floor and a hand-painted mural

take in the guest room across the gallery from the dining room.

Here is a delightful room, with a ceiling in pale blue that follows high along the line of the pitched roof. Many feet of windows at the corner look across to the mud room and even afford some sight of the stable. The paneling is once more in birch. Here too the fireplace fills the center of the inside wall. Double beds in apple green stand at one end covered with green monogrammed white spreads. A chaise longue and chair of plum and blue striped chintz fill the corner by the windows and a tiny mahogany make-up table stands near the beds. The draperies have a pattern of blue carnations with green foliage on a white chintz background and they may be pulled shut or left open as the guest may wish.

Draperies throughout the entire house may be pulled shut forming banks of charming decorative color in each room as night falls or as the sun becomes too strong.

The stable for four horses is separated from the carriage house by a fireproof door. Between the carriage house and box stalls is the wash room, and beside it, the tack room. Both rooms, as well as the stable itself, are paneled in varnished knotty pine. The light fixtures, which are most effective, are specially designed of stirrup straps and horseshoes set around brass.

There is nothing spectacular about any part of the house. It is simple; it is beautiful; it is full of comfortable charm. Built for and by a bachelor it is a tribute to his quiet and excellent taste—his ability to integrate perfectly a house with its surroundings, preserving the best feelings of both and assimilating the maximum of real "country" to make the dwelling in harmony with the woodland.

The Real Champion of the Turf

CLINTON B. ALVES

Sketches by
J. LOUIS LUNDEAN

Now that the first poignant regret over the fizzle of the much publicized War Admiral-Seabiscuit match race is past, racing fans may sit back and consider how a really decisive contest may be arranged.

Even if the scheduled contest had gone through it would have, in all likelihood, been far from conclusive.

For one thing—to be brutally frank about it—Mr. Howard's son of Hard Tack is outclassed by the Riddle champion. The racing world was working itself up into a lather over a race between a sound, fast, high-class four-year-old which had been sensibly campaigned and had done everything asked of him in a real racehorse manner and an over-raced, over-shipped, over-worked five-year-old that never at any time in his life possessed the class of his younger rival. It was press-agented as a 'Championship Special'—but it could not have produced a champion.

Now they are trying to smoke it up again for next fall—and the chances are very great that Seabiscuit will not even race again. For a quondam $3,500 plater to have earned a quarter-million is enough to entitle him to a chance in the stud, and a life of ease and comfort the balance of his days.

Someone strained at a gnat to move a mountain. That's mixing metaphors a little, but it expresses in a measure, the aftermath of feeling with regard to the famous projected match race on Memorial Day. The two horses concerned were entered in the same stakes all down the line and would, in the natural order of things, have met in a regularly scheduled fixture. But the racing public still doesn't know just who is the real champion. How about the top-line three-year-olds like Stagehand and Dauber? And how about the mares such as Esposa and Handcuff? The latter filly, especially, might easily develop into a worthy representative of her sex—she is bred to go on at racehorse speed. The racing public of America will have decided upon the champion three-year-old colt by fall. Also the best three-year-old filly. Likewise the queen of the older mares, if there is one. Then Mr. Riddle's War Admiral, provided he still remains king of his division, could earn some really genuine fame by winning a four-cornered match of that sort. Be a champion in fact, rather than in the newspapers. And if the racing public insists, such a race will be inaugurated. But the race *must* be weight for age with the usual sex allowance only, else it would resolve itself into just another of those races which John Hay Whitney so aptly referred to as "sucker handicaps," put on to build up some one horse and draw the shekels at the gate. And each owner should be required to put up at least $5,000 to start, so as to eliminate the shoot-at-the-moon fellows praying for a miracle to happen.

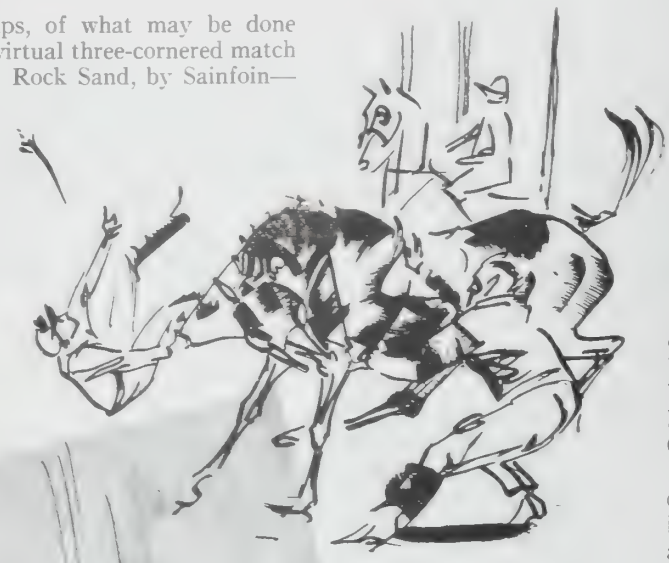
It would not be necessary to put on a special sweepstakes to get the three or four best in a contest that all racegoers would crowd in to see. For this purpose the distance of the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Belmont Park could be reduced from the unpopular two miles to a mile and a quarter. Weight for age, with $10,000 added for *each* of the divisional champions engaging in it—three-year-old colt, three-year-old filly, older horse, and older mare. The race to be run the latter part of the meeting, and the four champions to be named by an expert board by the first day of the same meeting. As a matter of fact, it would be 100 to 1 that the champions of the various divisions would name themselves by their performances in the regularly carded stakes events through the season. Or the Maryland Handicap at Laurel could be changed from a strictly three-year-old race, to one of the same conditions as outlined, with say, $10,000 added in any event, and $10,000 for each division champion engaging in it. In either event, the future enhancement of the stud value of the winner each year would soon grow to very desirable proportions, and the race itself would come to be recognized as the climax of the American racing season. In a race of the sort suggested, no owner of a division champion could very well decline after being invited—unless at the cost of losing considerable face with the sporting public. It can be done, and quite readily.

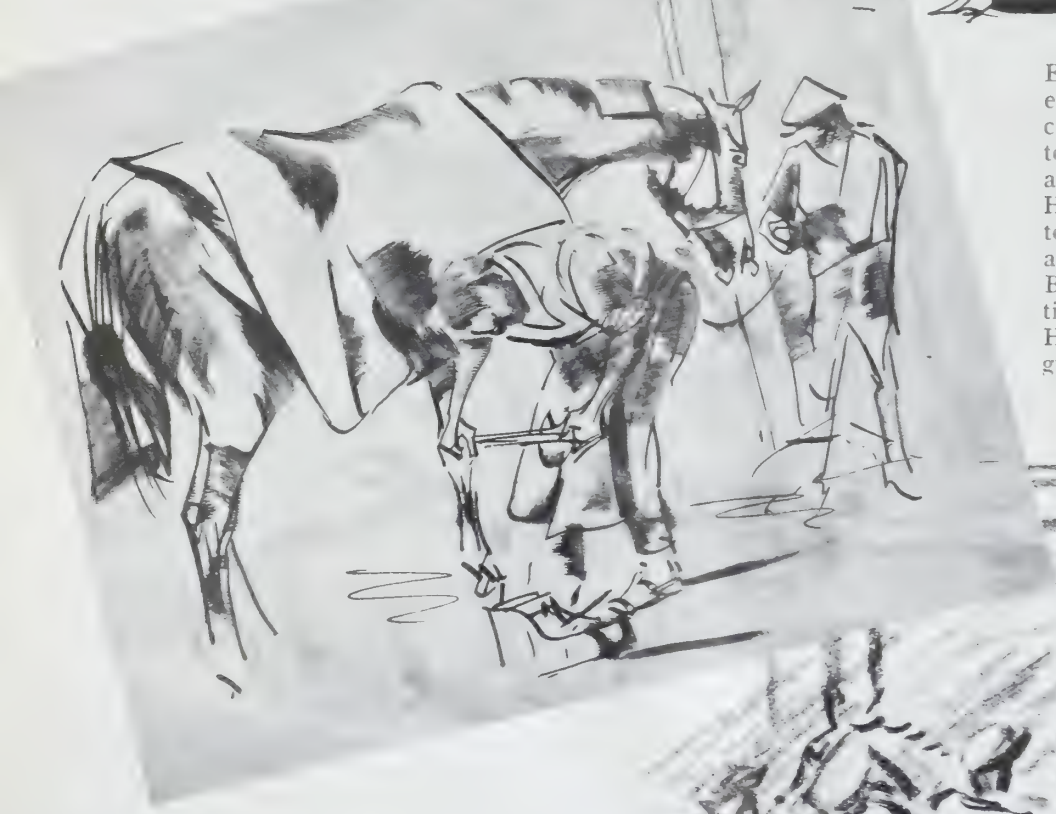
But the point is, that whether at Belmont Park or Laurel or wherever it might be, and by whomever put on, the great American racing public is entitled to witness a contest which would definitely and conclusively prove the Champion of the Turf. A race run in the fall of the year after the champion in each division had been fixed in the public mind. A contest such as the Sandown Eclipse or the Jockey Club Stakes run in England each year, open to three-year-olds as well as older horses. Both these fixtures have furnished some thrilling spectacles when the winners of such classics as St. Leger, Derby, or Guineas have tackled older horses at weight for age. There have been great mares, Sceptre and Pretty Polly, for instance, which won one or the other. And such Derby winners as Voltigeur, Ladas, Rock Sand, and others whose owners were not affrighted to try conclusions with the best of the older division. Voltigeur whipped the supposedly unbeatable Flying Dutchman in the Ascot Gold Vase at weight for age, when the four-year-old could find none else to oppose him. In this country we have seen Twenty Grand gallop to the champion money-winning Sun Beau in a Saratoga Cup. And the three-year-old Reigh Count easily beat Display in the same race, and that same horse, and Chance Shot as well, in the Jockey Club Gold Cup. Also witness the easy manner in which Granville beat Discovery all the way for the Saratoga Cup. All this

is just to point out that no promoter can hide behind the statement that a champion must be an older horse. Nor can he attempt to pooh-pooh the mares because of their sex alone. Any championship event should be open to mares if they are worthy, for who knows when another La Fleche, Sceptre, Pretty Polly, or Regret may come along to make a mark in racing annals?

But while the English races mentioned carry purses of some $40,000 to $50,000, our one and three quarters mile Saratoga Cup, and our two mile Jockey Club Gold Cup are only for a beggarly $6,000 or so. Naturally, such races can never be expected to engage the champions as long as the owners of the best horses know that some promoter will come along sooner or later and offer a staggering sum for a "match" race. And the distances of both those races are greater than present-day trainers want to send their horses—and greater than is necessary to prove championship claims. One mile and a quarter is enough—but the purse should be commensurate with the importance of the consummation desired—the fixing of the Championship. Nor should the contributing public be expected to carry the entire burden. The owners of champions should be willing to stake a decent amount on the chances of their respective horses without eternally expecting a hundred thousand to nothing for the trouble of running their horses for the public entertainment. That fine sportsmanship which was once the keynote of the Sport of Kings seems to be rapidly degenerating into showmanship—with the public footing the bill.

The finest example in history, perhaps, of what may be done under stress of popular demand, was the virtual three-cornered match for the Sandown Eclipse Stakes in 1903. Rock Sand, by Sainfoin—Roquebrune by St. Simon, had won the Triple Crown of Derby, St. Leger, and Guineas that year. Sceptre, a mare by Persimmon-Ornament by Bend Or, had won the St. Leger and the Oaks and had been an even-money favorite over Ard Patrick for the Derby the year before, having defeated him for the Guineas. At four she had won the Hardwicke Stakes, at a mile and a half in a canter, being an even-money favorite. Ard Patrick, by St. Florian-Morganette by Springfield, after finishing fourth to Sceptre in the 2,000 Guineas in his first start, had turned tables on the mare in the Derby and then gone on to win the Ascot Princess of Wales Stakes at even money. At four, he won the Princess of Wales Stakes at Newmarket. The stage was set for a battle of the giants in the Sandown Eclipse, and as your Englishman worships the current classics winners, and Rock Sand had won all three, he was made the favorite at 4 to 5, Sceptre being 7 to 4, and Ard Patrick 5 to 1, with 142 pounds in the saddle to the mare's 139 and the three-year-old's 130. That was thirty-five years ago, but the record of 2.08 for the race still stands. Ard Patrick outgamed Sceptre by a neck, with Rock Sand third, three lengths back. The Press of the entire sports world carried columns about the race before and after its running. One result was the sale of Rock Sand to our own August Belmont for $125,000. Sceptre, in England for the same sum, and Ard Patrick to the heathen in Russia or Germany or some place for $110,000. The latter had little chance in the stud as he died shortly afterward; Sceptre was the comparative stud failure that all superlative race mares seem to be as matrons; but Rock Sand sired the $265,000 Tracery, Trap Rock, Footprint, and many more stakes winners both here and in France where he was afterward sold for the handsome sum of $150,000.





These illustrations were torn from the pages of a notebook in which with pen, pencil, or crayon Mr. Lundean records his impressions almost as rapidly as he could with a camera

In this country before the Civil War, match races at three mile or four mile heats were the rule. Boston, sire of the great Lexington, ran for as much as $20,000 a side—those were the days when owners put up their own money! Boston raced until he was ten years of age, running forty such races and winning all but five. Among them was that renowned match with the famous mare, Fashion, when she beat him in four mile heats for $20,000 a side. The mare had beaten Boston the year before at Camden, N. J., for a small purse, distancing him, and Boston's owner, Mr. Wickham of Richmond, Va., did not believe any mare should beat his champion, hence the big side bet in the match at the old Union Course in New York.

The life and deeds of Lexington, in competition and in the stud, is a book in itself—an epoch of the American turf, as his crosses with Glencoe, Leamington, Bonnie Scotland, Australian, and Eclipse made of the American racehorse an established entity. Dr. Elisha Warfield of Lexington, who owned a crazy, washy mare named Alice Carneal, bred her to Boston when her very unimpressive racing days were done, and the produce was a bay colt with white feet and star. He was registered as Darley, and starting twice at Lexington as a three-year-old, easily won both races. The day after the second race the colt was sold to Richard Ten Broeck for $5,000, one half in cash, and the balance contingent upon his winning the State Stake at New Orleans. His name was then changed to Lexington and so the greatest Thoroughbred ever (*Continued on page 72*)

NO THREE ALIKE

Old pine and maple furniture collected by the owners and clever ideas about decoration have transformed an old schoolhouse into the attractive play- or guest-house shown above

No. I. NEW YORK

F. S. LINCOLN, *Photographer*

House of Mr. John W. Hanes at Rye. Decorated by Mrs. Barber Larocque of St. James's Galleries, Ltd.

TRANSFORMED from a very old schoolhouse, this playhouse now consists of one large living-dining room, a bath, and kitchen. The predominating colors are blue and burnt orange and because the house is used for parties and extra guests, the atmosphere is cheerful and gay, though the scheme is kept very simple. Comfort, convenience, and color are the keynotes. Since comfort is stressed, it is a room for either relaxation or gaiety, and the color scheme itself induces a mood of pleasure. The antique furniture is very definitely usable, proving the point that beauty and serviceability can be sister and brother.

Hung with blue and white wallpaper and glazed to look old and mellow, the walls are accented by a pine trim and dado. The three multicolored rag rugs with blue and tan tones predominating make most appropriate floor coverings. Against pine Venetian blinds, the burnt orange string cloth curtains on pine poles and rings make a pleasing contrast. Under the windows on one side of the room are three built-in beds and at the east end of the room, near the kitchen, is a drop-leaf table which is often set out for dining. Notice that every chair has its table for cigarettes and the like, and that convenient tables with lamps have been provided between the built-in beds. Here, then, is a house with all the comforts and bright, gay atmosphere which could be expected by the most exacting guest.

Blue and white glazed wallpaper lends pattern interest, and built-in beds along one wall are practical. Used for parties and extra guests, the atmosphere is gay, the scheme simple

Inspired by an old blue and white Chinese dressing table, the scheme includes other Chinese pieces, modern beds, and a white leather highboy. The draperies are of raw silk with silver bands

No. II. CALIFORNIA

Guest and powder room are combined in the home o
Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller.
Decorated by Harold Wallace

MAKING one room serve the purpose of two is always a se idea and, when carried out with ingenuity as in this om- bination guest and powder room, is smart.

White Chinese grasscloth applied horizontally on the walls, ith pewter finished mouldings to cover joints, establishes the char Luxurious and feminine are the pink-brown frieze carpet and hite fur rug. Hand-woven, fringed raw silk upholsters the beds and c longue; the draperies are raw silk with silver horizontal bands, nd the two easy chairs are white leather. A Queen Anne wing air slip-covered in coral-colored raw silk makes a bright color contst. All of these fabrics, as well as the dressing table puff in loop aw silk fringe, are by Dorothy Liebes. From San Francisco's Cha- town came the antique ancestral portraits, figures, a pewter desk et. Chinese wood blocks, and a teak mirror. The Eight Immortals nd other figures are Eighteenth Century glazed terra cotta in brillnt Chinese colors. The wallshelf, designed especially for the grup, is of pewter and natural teakwood. To make an efficient povder room for entertaining large groups, both doors are mirrored, as ell as the space back of the dressing table, which is illumined from abve.

While the inclusion of modern fabrics with antique Chinese mdfs necessitates imagination, the simplicity and richness of this inteor emphasize a restraining touch which abhors clutter. Mr. Wallac is one of the young California decorators who are planning rooms vth futures. The fabrics of Dorothy Liebes, in pale soft shades or brht glowing colors, all have unsurpassed textures and draping qualy.

No. I. MOHAWK VALLEY

In Miss Marguerite Spraker's Victorian home the drawing room has pale, true blue walls and draperies copied from those always used in this room. W. & J. Sloane, decorators

MARGUERITE SPRAKER'S home was built by her grandfather about 1878, overlooking the Mohawk Valley where Indians had swarmed when he was a boy. Because the grounds were landscaped before the house was finished and all the trees were personally selected, house and grounds are harmonious. Some of the trees, rare for that time, are the ginkgo, and coffee trees, fine evergreens, and a scion of the Washington elm. Inside the house a sperm oil lamp in the hall testifies to the age. An Early American chair given by General Stark stands at the top of the stair. In the drawing room there are pale, true blue walls, exactly their original color. Satin draperies trimmed with crystal fringe match them perfectly, and were copied in every detail from the hangings always used in this room. Rare chairs have Nubian slaves reproduced on their arms and the colors and weaves of the upholstery are copied exactly too. A soft, faded rose rug covers the floor. In the music room is an unusual three-corner settee and a huge Victorian piano.

All cornices and mirror frames are mahogany, carved and are either lined with gold or inlaid.

LOUIS WERNER
Photographer

Creating again the old atmosphere, the hall walls are the original Indian red, and a new carpet copies the black ground and multicolored floral design of the old one. The newel post, stair rails, and banisters are of solid mahogany

RAYMOND S. DECK

After Dinner Fishing

You're a salt-water man, like as not. It's Bimini for you: white foam on a blue-dyed ocean, giant marlin catapulting high in sunlit air. I'm wrong? You'll have your fishing where waters run sweet and fast, you say. You'll take brookies and steelheads from white-boiling rivers in the Big Woods, and salmon from deep blue pools on the Miramichi. Muskies will crash your plugs in the clear, cold lakes of the northern wilderness. I like your program. I wish I could go along.

But I can't get away just now. Providence has done a rather good job, I should say, in making pleasant the path of man; still things crop up now and then which can't be begged even for the sake of rare sport. There are unromantic tasks which have to be done. I have to do some right away. There are butchers among us; bakers, candlestick-makers, and more of their unholy tribe. No, I can't get away just now.

But before you're off—though I know you're rushed—may I offer a tip on a kind of close-to-home fishing you might enjoy sometime? I'd like to present my venerable friend the large-mouth bass. He'll be my friendly enemy on many a long summer evening while you're away. He isn't as gallant a battler, I grant you, as his small-mouth cousin we've caught in big northern lakes; nor as handsome a fish as the red-spotted trout we flicked out of laughing creeks in May and June. He can't hold a candle, by any token, to the theatrical giants you'll fight on the seas. But for sport in odd hours about the modest pond on one's own place, I vouch for the prolific old large-mouth. He's a grand, stout-hearted fish for such as that.

Of course if this pond of mine were deep and cold, with rocky ledges and gravel-shoals for spawning, I'd have stocked it with small-mouths from some commercial hatchery. Or if I owned ample stretches of foaming brooks I'd fill them with trout. But there aren't any waters like that on my place near New York. There's only this little five-acre pond not over six feet deep in the couple of deepest holes. The rest of it averages no better than half of that. And in summer the trickle across the little stone dam always dies clear away; then the pond level sinks lower and lower and the temperature of the water rises by the hour. It gets pretty hot by the middle of August! Then leaves are forever sifting down from the trees about, to carpet the mud bottom and give the water a brownish cast, use up the oxygen in the water as they decay, and make it acid.

Trout couldn't survive one summer in a warm-water pond like this; and while small-mouths could weather the conditions like as not, they'd never be able to spawn successfully. And spawning means quite a bit to the fun one gets out of fishing. There isn't a lot of romance, to my mind, in taking fish which grew up in a hatchery trough and have to be replaced by others from big tin cans as fast as you catch them. That's too much like catching goldfish from a bowl. I'll take my fish wild and wary, spawned and grown old where I hook them, so they know where every knife-edged boulder is, to cut a leader, every sunken limb that can tangle a line. I'll have them dart off like shadowy lightning when a man comes near, and not swim toward him in quest of liver or beef-plucks.

Now there's only one game-fish worthy of the name that would find a suburban pond like this one at all to his liking. That's Old Mossback, the large-mouth black bass. Of course if I'd always been content—as I frequently am—to catch bluegills on trout flies, and bullheads and perch with worms, I'd never have found that out, for there were a lot of these lowly pan-fish already swimming about in the place. But bluegills and such are pretty little. While their hearts are stout, they can't stand the gaff very long.

Old Mossback, on the other hand, grows to aldermanic proportions: up to eight or ten pounds or even a whole lot more where the climate is gentle. He fattens off almost anything the water affords, from shiners to bullheads and goldfish, so long as there's plenty of it. He *likes* warm, shallow water. A restricted domain, even an acre or less, is no thorn in his flesh so long as the larder is kept well filled. (When the bullheads and sunfish began to run low, I opined, I could pour in a brood stock of bait-minnows.) And the large-mouth spawns with gusto, and prodigally, on mud, sunken logs, and water-lily stems alike. He isn't a finicky fellow!

This all sounded good in the fateful days five years ago when I heard it. So, since I like to dabble with live things, the next time I indulged in a few hours' fishing in Bass Lake not far away, I brought my catch home in a pailful of water instead of a creel. Four able-bodied large-mouths slithered off through the home pond that evening. In the weeks that passed—as weeks do— I added some more paunchy fish to my herd. By the time October's frosts came crackling through the air, there were eighteen wild breeding-size large-mouths waxing fat off frogs and the teeming schools of sunnies in the pond. Never a bass has been put in there since.

Raymond S. Deck

But I'm rambling along . . . and you're in a hurry to be about your packing for Bimini. Still, before you drive back to the city I'd be honored to have you spend just a half hour with me about the pond, to sample the gentle sport of after-dinner fishing. You won't need your khaki or waders, a net or a creel. We'll just stroll back and forth on the grassy dam in our street clothes, catching fish for fun . . . catching bass on flies, and tossing them back. Or we might row around in the boat (which isn't really needed here except that a bit of the shore is too brushy for pleasant casting).

Here's a rod which is always kept rigged; not a fine one of course, like your trim little Leonard, but true enough for the rowdy old bass. Take your pick of the dry flies. When they're rising just right, as they usually are at this season, the mossbacks aren't fussy about patterns. A Queen of the Waters takes fish almost any day, and so does the Yellow May. (I'll use a brown streamer this evening, on a hunch.) Drop your fly over there by the lilypads. There, to a dot! One cast; two; then a swirl as the fleck of feathers drops, light as a moth, on the water. The fly disappears. Wait a moment . . . he's just sunk it with a wash of his fins. Now strike! (*Continued on page 78*)

"Wilshaw Ranch"

(*Continued from page 39*)

the well-known old saying, "Grab a cow by the tail."

Yes, there is a lot for the dude rancher to learn. The miracle is that the tenderfoot is not more often killed. Mr. Cowlishaw has had more than one close call. Perhaps the nearest he has come to a real casualty was on a horse he bought for Mrs. Cowlishaw. The horse had been sold to him as gentle and perfectly safe for a woman to ride. There had been no reason to doubt the statement. Mrs. Cowlishaw had ridden him for months and he had behaved beautifully. One early morning just as "the poor man's blanket," as Joe Kane calls the sun, spread down from the highest mountain peaks over the valley, Mr. Cowlishaw swung aboard the first horse at hand, which happened to be Mrs. Cowlishaw's beauty. The next minute he was embracing Mother Earth. Undaunted, he picked himself up and got on again. The words of Joe Kane rang in his ears, "Hold a tight rein on a pitchin' fool. A horse can't pitch if his head's up." But what Joe had forgotten to add was, if the horse, defeated in pitching, starts rearing, you must loosen rein as he raises himself back on his haunches and you will pull him over backward on you. That's exactly what happened next, and yet, Mr. Cowlishaw is alive to tell the tale and many more like it. The obstreperous turn, in an otherwise gentle horse, was explained by Joe in this way—it was green grass time and with a stomach full of green grass many a fine horse becomes a "pitchin' fool."

All of the experiences, exciting or terrifying as they may have been at the minute, have been incidents, not serious accidents—which still leaves Western ranching, as Mr. and Mrs. Cowlishaw have worked it out, *the* life. It is a fantastic idea. We admit it. You aren't going West to buy a ranch and raise horses and cattle, but who wouldn't like to? As Mr. Cowlishaw says, "It's hard to figure riding a good horse all day in a beautiful country as work" . . . Work? Yes, nice work, if you can get it!

Otter hunting in England

(*Continued from page 60*)

put it, we might just as well go home and drink the real thing as paddle about in the imitation.

The usual hour for meeting is ten in the morning. Invariably a farmer or a disgruntled fisherman or so cast up to tell of recent depredations and the sureness of a find in that particular stream, for otters are death to game fish and they are said to destroy a good many cygnets and ducklings. Hounds arrive in a van because otterhounds and their intrepid followers cover practically the length and breadth of England, and our old friends the E.C.O.H. go even to the Isle of Arran, away off in the raging seas off the west coast of Scotland. The M.O.H. who usually hunts hounds himself, crawls down with the local Nimrods for a look at the water. If the river is too high from a storm, the current may be too swift for proper drawing, or it may be too roiled and discolored from flooded plough. In such a case the savants of the chase suggest a smaller stream further up.

Once starting to draw, the huntsman waves his hounds into the river, and followed by the whippers-in, all start working upstream, the otterhounds swimming from side to side or sniffing along the banks and the hunt staff prodding at tree roots with their staves. Our field seems to ebb and flow; old codgers, skilled at the game, being quick to cut across on good going from bend to bend, and so avoid the bad spots. In Essex, for instance, we found the ground firmest which looked the boggiest. The younger fry, not so particular, wade up the stream or trudge beside it close to hounds; everyone is held up every once in a while by banks, sheer stone walls, blackthorn hedges or wire fences. However, along the Nidd in Yorkshire the rivers are ideal, each fence and wall having a narrow gate or a stile or some way to pass. These rivers we speak of in the otter-hunting term. Like many English rivers they are sometimes just really streams. Therefore, when the huntsman jumps in, it isn't any Steve Brodie off the Brooklyn Bridge affair, he usually does not go up above his knees, but there are times when he's up to his armpits and the water usually isn't very warm. In fact, huntsmen of otterhounds are sometimes pretty well crippled up in after years from their days of exposure in chilly waters.

It is great to hear hound music at a time when foxhounds are not hunting. Glorious deep roars of the shaggy detectives whose blood-curdling music gives the impression that they are about to run any second from scent to view, and yet whose optimism has merely caused them to speak where an otter may not have been since the night before, or for that matter, several days before. . . .

Lunch time comes, and lunch time is as sacred as tea time in England, so operations cease with the celerity of a union man in the U. S. at the noon hour whistle. Miraculously a line of cars appears on a bridge ahead. Wicker baskets come down bulging with lunch, and all hospitality is shown the strangers from the States. A pork pie, homemade and to spare. Better try it. And here is some fruitcake, twenty years old and vintage soaked. Or a bottle of ale with something stronger to top it. And we hear many stories of famous hunts of the past.

Once in the stream again, the game rests with the pack; all the huntsmen and staff can do is cheer them on and use their staves to

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fence the otter off where the shallows make it possible. In fact, at these crucial junctures most of the field are often pressed into service, desperately whisking back and forth in the water. Even now, odds are mostly in the otter's favor, for he dives when hounds can't. He can stay below an incredible time or just raise his muzzle to breathe. In the water he seems more elusive than a trout, and if the stream is at all discolored his chances are doubled, for he can then swim upstream or down until he reaches a friendly holt.

Perhaps this diary of the Wye Valley Otterhounds in the Cotswolds last year will give these details: "They slipped through a hedge and were marking at a holt on the river bank. The water here was just in right order, with a strong current running. Our otter must have moved at once, for she was viewed some distance downstream. Hounds were soon down to the halloa, and swam their quarry a fair way before turning. Getting the wash full in their noses, they raced upstream after their quarry. Not relishing this pursuit, the otter once more turned downstream and tucked herself under the bank. Hounds were soon marking her and away upstream they went. Leaving the river our otter then ran round the back of the crown, and just managed to get to safety before Brocer, a new hound, was able to do anything with her. I had a nice view as the otter swam upstream in clear water. She soon turned back, however, and commenced the last, long swim down stream; down and down she went, right to the main road, and was soon under the bridge. Hounds followed, and we heard them crashing through the withy-bed on the left bank. Crossing the river the otter landed, and was into the Stow Coppice, making for a big holt. Hounds soon left the river and pulled her down after 63 minutes, —a big bitch otter."

And here is another view of these otterhounds in the Cotswolds by that famous hound painter, Ivester Lloyd, who combines in "Fox-Hunting" that delightful English landscape which is so much a part of otter hunting. "A mist was lifting from the valley and the sun turning the cornfields to gold and the dew-covered grasslands to liquid silver. From somewhere beyond a wood came the drone of a reaper at work while a pigeon cooed from a tree. A warm-pleasant countryside with its harvest ready for the gathering. I love that variety of wheat which ripens to a rich red-gold. These were the Cotswolds as I had not seen them before, and I drove on to Stow-on-the-Wold and dropped to Bourton, crossing winding streams and coming at last into this little town where the shallow Windrush is only divided from the main street by unenclosed lawns. I admired the town, the stream with its little stone bridges, the milkmaid, her shorts, and the golden-haired lady who gave me useful information from a window. I approved of Bourton, either in or out of the water, and sat on the grass prepared to admire anymore of it which might happen along. The locals knew all about otters, their trout streams being important assets. 'Us see'd old otter a-gooin' up the Dikler. Gurt big 'un 'e were, an' 'e left the fish laid out on the banks. 'Ounds be comin' up from Ross this mornin'. They'll tickle 'im up, make no doubt.' . . . and later that day after the growling, worrying note in hounds and the 'Whoo-oop,' I asked 'Who's the jolly young farmer who has the mask?' And they told me 'Lord Ashton of Hyde, Master of the Heythrop.' And I walked back to Bourton with Mr. Butcher, M.H., and we talked beagles all the way. We stood in the middle of the town, still talking beagles and agreed to continue on the following day, having only touched on the fringes of the subject."

And there was another meet with our dear old friends again, the E. C. O. H., at Easneye Bridge just off "the Enfield Highway which stretches from Edmonton to Ware, and was the scene of John Gilpin's point-to-point effort." . . . "At one spot, Drifter plunged and swam across to speak on the other bank, in its jungle of nettles and willow-herb. Drifter was undoubtedly right but being an otterhound, the line may have been many days old. . . . After some hesitation I decided to follow hounds. The worst part of the crossing was when the water came above my waist at the same time I struck a submerged strand of barbed wire. While I was spending a few exciting moments crawling about the bed of the stream, a couple of terriers made up their minds that I really was an otter. When I eventually broke surface and had shaken them off, somebody remarked that it was a pity to spoil their fun! There were other sportsmen on the banks of the New River. These were fishing and they steadily watched their floats while Sapphire and another hound steadily ate their bait, finishing off with their sandwiches for dessert."

So for the spring and summer months instead of stagnating posteriors at bridge tables or motoring in an endless jam of cars and exhaust fumes we unhesitatingly recommend shanks' mare and a pack of otterhounds.

The sportswoman

(*Continued from page 55*)

silks, and linens of sunny weather wear but the people in them would look a lot better than they do in the haphazard, inconvenient costumes they now rig themselves out in for rain, blue with the cold from the insufficient protection of their wet clothes, sloshing and wading through the mud in their impractical footgear and struggling to hold umbrellas over their drowned furs. The more I think about it, the more I realize how much of the discomfort of rain is due to lack of foresight in the individual and personally I intend to reform my wardrobe; be prepared for stormy weather and then let it do its worst —while I enjoy myself regardless.

The real champion of the turf

(*Continued from page 66*)

foaled was purchased for the price of a present-day plater! In the Post Stakes, which was run on the following April 1st, four states entered horses: Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama. A board of three gentlemen from each state was to decide on race day what horse was to represent their commonweath — and the presiding steward for the occasion was none other than ex-President Millard Fillmore! Kentucky's chosen representative was Lexington; Louisiana's, Arrow; Alabama's, Highlander; and Mississippi's, Lecomte. The race was a procession in both heats, Lexington winning easily from Lecomte, with Arrow distanced in the first heat and Highlander in the second. Twenty thousand people witnessed that race at old Metairie Course, a race which had been a year in the making, with the sponsors of each horse putting up $5,000 to make up the $20,000 purse. The association simply furnished the course and the facilities. But those were the days when racing was a sport pure and simple, and commercialism had not as yet touched it. One week later the Jockey Club offered a $2,000 purse at four mile heats. Lexington's owners had retired him for the season, but listened to public clamor and entered him against Lecomte and Reube for the race. This was the only race which Lexington lost during his career, as Lecomte had been kept galloping steadily while Lexington had had his shoes pulled off and had only been walked for exercise. Also it was claimed that in the race, at the end of the third mile, Reube's jockey told Lexington's inexperienced rider that it was the finish, and by the time the latter had realized his mistake and gone on after the flying Lecomte, it was too late. Mr. Ten Broeck was so dissatisfied with the result, although there was no money of his own at stake, that he challenged Col. Wells, owner of Lecomte, to a match to decide definitely which was the better horse—and offered to wager $25,000 to $20,000 that Lexington would win. All this happened in 1853 when both were three-year-olds, and as the two great colts raced in different parts of the country afterwards it was not until the spring of 1855 that they met as five-year-olds—and it was the insistence of the sporting public that finally brought them together. They were listed as four years of age, horses in those days not attaining their next year until May instead of January, as is now the case.

And for the greatest match in history to that date the Jockey Club had only to hang up a purse

of $1,000, with the two owners posting $2,500 each, the entire stakes to the winner! This time, Lexington all but distanced his rival in the first heat, and Lecomte was so distressed afterward that his owner drew him from the second heat. They were the War Admiral and the Seabiscuit of their day, the purse being one, instead of one-hundred thousand, and the owners staking two and one half times as much as the Jockey Club —instead of nothing at all on the outcome.

No sharper contrast could well be drawn of the sportsmanship of before the war days and the frenzied commercialism of this day. And that race proved conclusively who was champion—it was not merely a race between two good horses, with the matter of the real champion of all classes at weight for age, still up in the air.

IT HAS been, through the centuries since Thoroughbred racing was firmly entrenched as the King of Sports, the desire on the part of both the sporting public and sportsmanlike owners, to establish definitely the champion of each period. There is something in the prospect of the best of their divisions meeting to decide the issue, that quickens the pulse of the sports lover and, thrilling the red corpuscles to life, sends them snapping through his veins. All the world loves a do-or-die contest for glory, but a synthetically constructed "battle of the century" which is not really just that, cannot have its commercial tawdriness disguised by all the scintillating mirage the most agile-minded press agent can throw around it.

It is lamentable, but a fact, that the sportsmanship which fathered the racing of horses many years ago has given way almost entirely to the commercial angle. Once upon a time wealthy sportsmen raced for their own stakes altogether. Every race was a sweepstakes with the fortunate owner of the best horse getting it all. Nowadays, since the public has shown such willingness to patronize high-class sport, racing is almost in the class of championship boxing with strenuous efforts being made to smoke up the public interest to fever heat by frenzied press-agenting. If the trend is to be toward match races for swollen purses, then let's make them really mean what they pretend to mean. Let's have a battle engaging *all* the champions of each year. Surely the lessons taught us by Voltigeur and Reigh Count and Sarazen and Man o' War and Granville, when as three-year-olds they defeated the best of the older horses, are not lost on us.

No racehorse of four or over is the rightful champion until he has proved it by beating the best three-year old at weight for age, and all the presumptions and beliefs and comparative diagnosis on earth will not change the fact one whit. So let's hope that some enterprising racecourse management will arrange the conditions of some noted fixed event so as to bring together the division champions and then go out with the sporting public solidly behind him to bring the owners of the horses into line by the force of public demand. It can be done. And towards this end the writer suggests the following conditions:

The Champion Stakes: Of $5,000 each, half forfeit. For three-year-olds and over, recognized champions in each division. The Association to add $10,000 for each starter. The champion three-year-old colt or gelding; three-year-old filly; four-year-old or over, horse or gelding; and four-year-old or over mare. To be selected and named a month before the date of the race by a board consisting of Wm. S. Vosburgh, Frank J. Bryan, and John B. Campbell. No valid exemption from payment of forfeit, other than the death of the horse between the date of entry and the date of the race. All stakes and added money to go to the winner, up to and including $50,000; all excess over that amount to the second horse. Weight for age with the fixed sex allowance. One mile and a quarter.

Polo from the near-side

(*Continued from page 44*)

Harry O. Owen, Jr., and Charles Aaberg. Mandalay: Joseph E. Bell, Stevens N. Hammond, Leon Mandel, Jack Armstrong and Lt. Col. Claude K. Rinehart. 124th Field Artillery: Maj. Leslie R. Ireland, Capt. Romeo E. Mura, Capt. William S. Everett, Lieut. William D. Fergus and Lieut. Don. J. Rice.

From Chicago we meandered through those great polo centers of Toledo, Ohio, where Jay Secor, the Yale player of a few years ago, was expected back to play all summer following his current appearance in the Meadow Brook 20-goal tournaments; nearby Cleveland (where W. Holden "Mike" White, was playing also on Long Island this year in the Meadow Brook event), was just getting into full sway at Hunting Valley; and at Detroit, where they have three beautiful fields at Grosse Point, Harold R. Boyer, the well-known indoor player, was busy with the great Detroit Horse Show but expected to join eighteen other players on the field of action any day.

Finally reaching Long Island, we found the "draw" for the Meadow Brook Cup, the annual tournament for 20-goal teams to be played, as last year on a round-robin league basis with two leagues, The Meadow and The Brook, had not at that time been made. However, eleven teams were entered in the big event scheduled to get under way on June 18th, as follows: Templeton: C. M. Bernuth, G. S. Smith, R. R. Guest, Winston Guest. East Williston: Louis E. Stoddard, Jr., Jay Secor,

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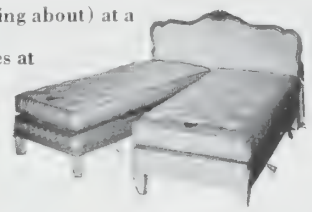

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Finning out

(*Continued from page 50*)

throws off his brake and lets a great deal of line run off his reel—usually about 200 feet—before throwing on the drag and striking.

If he is successful in hooking the fish, the angler is in for a fight with a gladiator that rarely jumps and doesn't make exhausting rushes, as do marlin or tuna. What is more, he has the softest mouth of any fish that swims, so the fisherman must play him with extreme care and use all the skill and technique at his command. The fish should never be allowed to get too far away from the boat, for the belly of the line in the water may even tear the hook out.

Of all the broadbill caught to date, seventy-five per cent have been foul-hooked; that is, hooked in the side, back or fin, or any place other than in the mouth. This term, however, is very misleading, since the angler, rather than the fish, is handicapped, the latter having much more freedom and being able to swim about more easily than if the hook were in its mouth. The fisherman, of course, cannot determine whether the broadbill is foul-hooked or not, so must conduct the fight on the assumption that the hook is in the soft mouth, until he or his guide can see that it is not—an opportunity that rarely presents itself. Marlin will often hit bait just out of curiosity or the desire to kill, but a broadbill seldom does. Besides, it has a very thin skin and therefore, if foul-hooked, can easily be lost. This is another reason why they are so easy to harpoon, as, afraid of neither boats nor fish—with a single exception—they lie on the surface or swim slowly along.

The one fish that the broadbill does fear is the mako shark. These sharks have been known to catch them from behind and bite their tails off, rendering them powerless. I know of three or four that have been picked up off Montauk in this condition. One battle between a mako and a broadbill was actually witnessed by Captain Bill Fagan, who was able to harpoon them both and bring the shark, as well as what was left of the broadbill, ashore. Mako die very slowly and this one, which weighed around 500 pounds, had been lying on the dock of the Montauk Yacht Club for five or ten minutes when it went into a flurry, knocking two or three dead swordfish into the water and endangering some of the crowd of spectators that gather there every evening to watch the fish brought in. This happened an hour and a half after the mako was taken from the water.

Since the first broadbill was caught, in 1927, only seventy-nine have been taken on the entire Atlantic coast by rod-and-reel fishermen, and less than 400 in all the waters of the world. On the other hand, it is nothing for a commercial fleet to harpoon three hundred fish in a single day off the Cape Breton coast when the run is on. These figures show plainly why they are the most coveted fish an angler can go after.

At Glace Bay, Nova Scotia, I saw a broadbill brought in that weighed 965 pounds. Dressed for the market, minus its head, sword, fins, tail, and all its insides, it weighed 705. I have seen many that dressed out over 500 pounds. There are more fish here and off the west coast of Chile—where the world's record catch of an 842-pounder was made by George W. Gary—than any place else. During the course of a month's fishing trip to the first-mentioned spot in 1936, Michael Lerner took a 462-pound broadbill on one day, and on another, succeeded in taking two of these fish—the third time this has been accomplished in any waters of the world, and the first time on the Atlantic Coast. Two records were set by this catch: a 515-pound Atlantic and a 601-pound North American.

Even with that much success, however, Mr. Lerner was to experience disappointment, when, on a fine day following (one of only five such days he had during the entire trip) he hooked a fish that was conservatively estimated by his guides, Captain Tom Gifford and Larry Bagby, to weigh at least 800 pounds. Lerner was fishing out of an 18-foot Nova Scotia dory that was equipped with an outboard motor and launched from the deck of an ex-rum-runner which he used as a mother-ship and from which the fish were sighted. This great broadbill took the bait the third time it was presented, and Mr. Lerner had a good look at him. The fish then put up a good battle for more than two hours, although it was not as hard a fight as that with the 601-pounder a few days before. Soon he came to the boat at a depth of 25 feet; the leader being that long, was just out of water. Then he began to circle. As nobody can touch any part of the line until the leader is within reach, Captain Gifford could not assist the angler, but he surmised that the fish was foul-hooked and nowhere near ready to throw in the sponge.

The broadbill's next move was to begin circling the dory, sometimes fast and then slow. In the stern, Captain Bagby had to keep spinning the craft with his oar, but this also seemed to aid the fish, who could circle a good deal faster than the boat.

Mr. Lerner tightened up his drag as much as the line would stand, but to no avail; he could not budge the fish from that level. This maneuver continued for a half hour, during which Gifford, who has a good sense of humor, nicknamed the fish "Rover." At that point, Rover sounded about ten feet and stationed himself directly under the dory. Bagby and Gifford rowed as hard as they could and even started the outboard motor, but Rover checkmated every move they made and kept his position beneath them. Mr. Lerner and the two guides expected, of course, that the fish would come up at any moment and charge the boat, as so many broadbill do—four dories having been struck in 1937 alone when manned by commercial men. It is not, I can assure you, a nice feeling, and I have had enough experience to know what a four-foot sword of hard fibre can accomplish when backed up by 600 pounds of fighting fish, propelled by a mighty tail that can send him at terrific speed anywhere he desires to go.

The game of hide-and-seek continued for another half hour, at the end of which it looked as if the fish were beginning to tire, and Mr. Lerner got the end of the leader out of water again. Then "Snap! Snap! Snap!" the line barked, as they all do when they are near the breaking point and the water flies off the reel spool and into your face. When you hear that noise, it is the reel alarm. Mr. Lerner, however, wasted no time in heeding it and eased up on his drag—to the apparent relief of the fish, which was now able to make another rush of over 500 feet. He made a nice jump and took another 500 feet.

Settling back to the fight again, the angler succeeded, after some two and a half hours from the time the fish was hooked, in bringing it within 100 feet of the boat. Then Rover made another dash for freedom, the hook pulled out, and away went the world's record.

I have no doubt that Lerner and Gifford, who have caught, fought, and seen many huge fish, will never forget Rover, and they are always ready to tell you about him. He definitely "had their number."

Gouveneur M. Phelps, Jr., of New York, had a similar experience off Montauk when fighting a big broadbill from a rowboat. As he described it, every time they moved the boat, the fish would swing around from a distance of about twenty feet, square off, and face them like a boxer waiting for the bell. This kept on for more than an hour, and all the time he never stopped finning out. Mr. Phelps told me he was scared to death. Finally, the hook pulled out and away went the broadbill.

Numbers of other anglers besides the two already mentioned have experienced bitter disappointment in the many years that they have spent in fishing for broadbill. In 1932, for instance, while Francis Low was fighting a big one off Montauk, the fish got under the boat and the line fouled in the propellers. Low promptly dived overboard and cleared the line, and after fighting the fish for more than an hour longer, the hook pulled out.

The following year, when the run of broadbill off Montauk was the largest the rod-and-reel fishermen have ever seen, Landon Thorne was fishing there with Captain Owen Duffy, and succeeded in boating a fish in the morning. In the afternoon he hooked another, and it looked as if he would be the first man to take two of these in the Atlantic in one day—a feat which we all wanted to accomplish. When the fish was almost licked, the agate guide fell out of the rod tip and the line, of course, was promptly cut. The fish being almost all in and on the surface, with the line dragging behind him, Captain Duffy quickly reversed his motors and backed down on it, recovered the line and attached it to another rod and reel. This is the only time, to my knowledge, that this trick has been successfully accomplished on the Atlantic Coast, although it has been tried several times at Bimini, when marlin that had broken loose were bleeding to death on the surface. The feat is one of the highlights of big-game fishing, and Captain Duffy is certainly entitled to credit for his quick thinking and fast action.

Mr. Thorne then had to fight the fish for a few minutes more, but when he got it alongside the boat, the hook pulled out and the fish was free for good. One more tragedy in a game of tragedies.

Some years ago, in Catalina, Zane Gray had been fighting a broadbill for more than eleven hours when, believe it or not, the fish began feeding in the darkness on a school of flying fish he had swam into.

These are just a very few of the tragedies that have occurred to men who have spent many years fishing for broadbill before success came to them. I know of anglers who have been after the fish for eight years and have not yet been successful. It took me six years to catch mine off Montauk, and it was the twenty-ninth fish I had presented a bait to and the first I ever hooked that I caught. Prior to that time, I had had three strikes. The next trip out, I hooked another but lost him when the hook pulled out. At the present time my score reads: Baits presented to thirty-three fish; six strikes; two hooked and one caught—all off Montauk.

I believe you could catch a dozen broadbill and still know very little more about them and the

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way they are going to act after being hooked, and particularly when approaching the bait, than you did after catching one. They are certainly the fish of the world to catch, and if the angler is once successful, he can call his fishing career one of perfection, even though he never sails on salt water again. Personally, I would rather catch one of them than twenty tuna, of any size.

Guns and game

(*Continued from page 21*)

knows as I do that Miss Squire is contributing much to the permanent artistic treasure of the nation.

"Evening on the Marshes" is the title of a photograph presented to me by the artist herself to remind me perhaps of those evenings when I sat in a ducking skiff in the rushes at the edge of the Slough and watched the mallards dropping down out of the gathering twilight to my decoys; evenings when of all places on earth I could think of none where I would rather be. Two patches of rushes in the foreground shadow the dark water and above them against a fading sky a single bird settles with cupped wings. If it is unmanly to feel a deep emotion at the sight of a duck coming in to a marsh in the evening, I can only say that I've seen it get the better of tougher nuts than I.

I have always thought that the etcher and the painter had the photographer at a disadvantage when dealing with such scenes which appeal mostly to the imagination, for imagination is the stuff they work with, while the photographer is strictly limited. Miss Squire's photography proves me wrong again by showing that in the hands of an artist who is willing to wait for precise effects the camera can also be an instrument of the imagination no less potent than the brush.

"Evening Over the Marsh" makes me wish that I was in a cranberry bog right this minute with the seat of my pants wet and a black duck just fixing to come in. When a young female person can put such notions into a man's head it is evident that it will never bother her much if she should happen to lose her lipstick down a muskrat hole some day.

SKEET COSTUME. Nash Buckingham has been perplexed with others of us concerning the skeet shooter's jacket and costume. When we observe squads of shooters turning up at the club dressed like Palmer Cox's Brownies and covered with more insignia than that dear man Mr. Goebbels wears to celebrate the closing of another second-hand clothing shop on the Wilhelmstrasse, it sort of makes me wonder if Captain Bob Bartlett's expressed apprehensions haven't some justification.

Captain Bob was showing his movies one evening some years ago and addressing what had been a strictly stag audience just before the lights were turned off for the picture. Ever a man of vigorous opinion and vocabulary, Cap'n Bob wound up his lecture by expressing the conviction that American manhood was in a manner of speaking becoming soft from lolling in the lap of luxury. Then in full, round tones and explicit language he told them exactly what they might expect to become if they didn't give over such idle dalliance and seek out hardship and adventure. Following that declamation the lights went up and to his horror the speaker perceived that in the darkness the balconies had quietly been occupied by one or two hundred women.

Nash had a suggestion about the skeet jackets that appeals to me. Let, he urges, the jacket come from the tailor's completely bedecked and bedizened with 25 straight, 50 straight chevrons, and other bright testimonials of superiority, and thereafter, whenever the owner fails to make the score, remove the appropriate chevron. It would certainly spoil the gladiolus effect at Lordship.

Nash tells of being one of a recession gathering watching a professional trick shot demonstrating a certain brand of arms and ammunition. The shooter tossed into the air and shot at cans of tomatoes, cans of soup, oranges, potatoes, and wound up by busting eight heads of cabbages. Whereupon a wistful looking man near by said bitterly:

"That so and so's throwed away more grub than we've had in the house all winter. If he starts shootin' at a quarter of beef now the boys'll mob him sure as Hell!"

Dog stars

(*Continued from page 14*)

bitches went to M. J. Nicholas' Pocono Prince and to Mr. Austin's Ch. Krawen Cocktail and in wires to Mrs. R. C. Bondy's Cynosure of Certosa and Messers. Lee Turnbull's and L. G. Broesmer's Rosebud of Research. In Scottish Terriers John H. Goudie's Cedar Pond Charmer was best of breed and Dr. C. V. Jetter's Gallant Black Duke and Charles G. Statler's Barberry Knowe Kiltie, winners dogs and bitches. Pocono Prince and Cynoure of Certosa completed their championships.

ENGLISH VISITOR. One of the most keenly interested spectators present was Miss Phyllis Robson editor of "Dog World," leading English kennel magazine, who for many years past has made an annual pilgrimage for the sole purpose of attending the Morris and Essex show. Miss Robson recently recovered from a severe and prolonged attack of pneumonia but appeared the picture of health. In discussing the Morris and Essex show Miss Robson informed this writer that there was no kennel fixture in the British Isles to compare with it. "Richmond and Cheltenham come closest to it but you could tuck either off in one corner."

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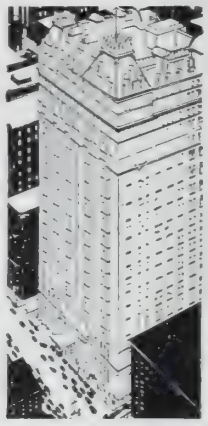

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Horse notes and comment

(*Continued from page 9*)

ants, "We see, but how—" "Bother us no further. Can't you see we're busy enjoying ourselves? We've given you the general idea—now work out the details for yourselves."

HORSE SHOW SCENES. The big building at Atlantic City has never looked more lovely. Walking into it from the blare and glare of the boardwalk was like coming from a crowded post road into the peace and quiet of some perfectly beautiful private estate. Well-kept lawns, bordered by beds of growing plants, lined the "drive" and groups of trees, just putting out their first fresh leaves, shaded timber-fenced paddocks. People were there, of course, but, separated from the ring by strong hedges and beyond the promenade by long boxes of blue hydrangeas, they seemed remote from the general scene. The horseshow was completely appropriate to this setting. It was as if the host and his friends were holding a horse party. But much as I admire the Hannaford family of bareback riders—I used to go to the circus several times each year just to see "Poodles" step off his horse—they looked rather lonely without the elephants and acrobats in this case. On the boardwalk they would have been wonderful but it almost seemed as if they had strayed into the arena by mistake.

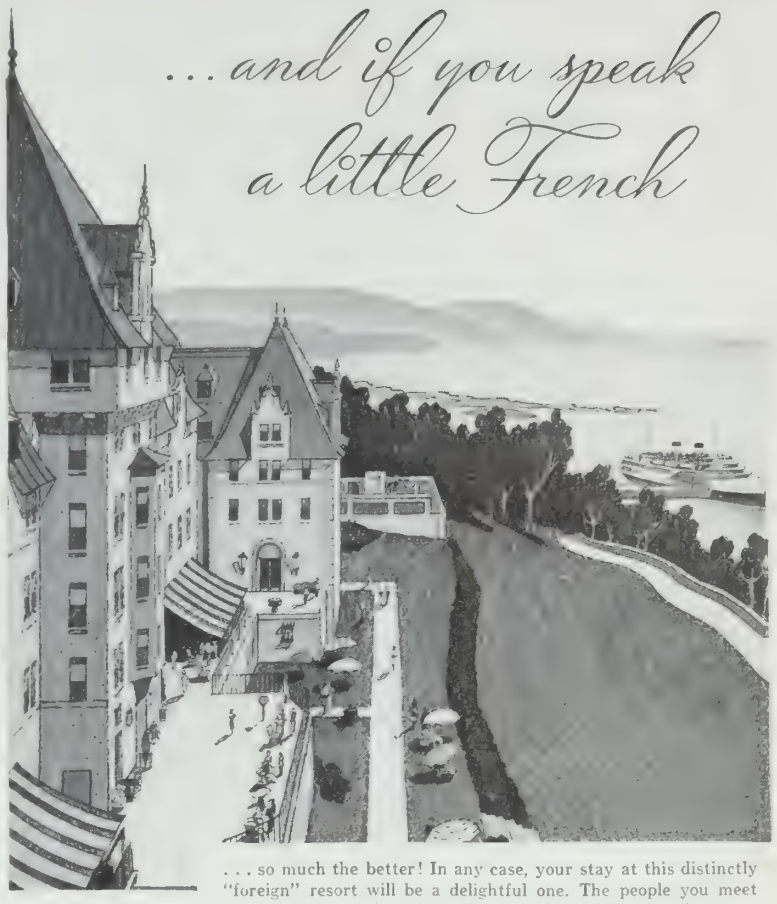
The alteration in the outside course was a great improvement. Everyone, horses and riders both, liked it better. Everyone, that is, except Freddy Wettach who, once he got going, rode over the whole business on the figure eight line that the old course used to take.

Wilmington, as always, was wonderful. It gets more and more difficult to win a ribbon there and the harder it gets the more people want to do it. Imagine a model class in which were entered twenty-eight of the very best horses in the country. This model class has become the very most important objective of every stable that owns a good "strip" horse. And classes run as large as forty to fifty entries over the excellent outside course! There are very few age and weight divisions in the Wilmington classes and although I believed at one time that there should be more of them I have changed my mind now. Any show that can collect such superior entries, and make it so difficult for them to win year after year had better cling to a system that has proved so perfect because the way it is now a ribbon won at Wilmington is most certainly worth any number of championships gathered elsewhere.

But although the ring and outside course are made to be a tough spot for the exhibitors and their horses, every single other consideration that can promote their pleasure is thought of. The show is run entirely for them in every way and no detail is ever overlooked that will make the terribly difficult competition that they encounter there more attractive to them. If I were asked to suggest a practical schooling ground for a class of suitable-to-become horse-show managers, which of course I haven't been, I would tell them to go to Wilmington and take a few lessons from Miss Deborah Rood.

Devon is quite a different proposition from Wilmington. Hunters and jumpers there are just part of the tremendous whole, nor would it be possible to run this huge undertaking with the intimate touch that makes Wilmington so successful. That Devon has survived many years of stress and storm and that it has prospered and improved through both bad years and good, that it has held its position now for many years as the best and biggest outdoor show in the country is plenty of proof that the Devon management is good. The parking space arrangement this year was a boon to those who purchased places to see the show from their cars. The trench around that part of the ring was, if anything, more comfortable for those watching on foot and though the new drainage in the ring itself was well tested for the first few days it seemed to stand the racket as well as could possibly have been expected. The one puddle that collected was neither in the center nor on the "track" and, if anything, was an addition especially in the harness class when Charlie Barrie and Paddy O'Connell provided a lot of amusement for the crowd by trying to drive each other into it.

OUTSTANDING HORSES. I have left the horses at all these shows until last because it is such a superhuman task to discuss them without having a volume the size of a dictionary in which to do it that I feel a little like shirking the job altogether. Best to take them, I think, not by what they won, everyone especially interested knows that already, but by the ones that left some special impression. Dicksfield Farm's sweet harness pony Highland Cora, as always, and for a new sensation in this division, Glenholme Farm's Stonehedge Temptation. Only 12.2 and four years old but as fine and exquisitely perfect a miniature horse as anyone can hope to see. Miss Frances Dodge's Glorious Star in the five-gaited stake and her ink-black Hindoo in the fine harness horse classes. Mrs. A. E. Reuben's much discussed hunter prospect, Retriever, a very compact bay four-year-old which, I believe, is still to be beaten in a model class this year. Good old King Vulture carrying his new owner, Miss Patricia duPont, as carefully as if she were made of glass, and Miss Patricia Bolling riding Mr. Alvin Untermyer's Hexameter in class after class with an astonishingly consistent number of perfect hunter performances. Mr. Morris Clark's Whoopee and



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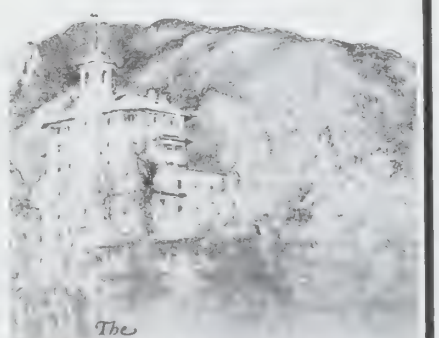

The BROADMOOR
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Mr. Joseph Clark's Brookwin carrying their competition in the jumper division from Wilmington to Devon and finishing in the order named at both shows. I could go on like this indefinitely but I must stop some time and it might as well be now. But—as is the way with we women—one more word. If some show is looking for an "extra added attraction" let them stage a special jumping tournament between little Danny Shea on the gray 13.2 hand Little Squire and young Ellie Wood Page Keith on the 14.2 piebald Colonel Harbison. It would draw *almost* as much attention as the special race between War Admiral and Seabiscuit and stand a much better chance of being eventually run off.

After dinner fishing

(*Continued from page 70*)

And you've hooked him. High out of the water he shoots in a shower of spray. He's away with a rush. See his green-bronze back and gleaming yellow sides as he flares at the surface. Back, forth and around I watch you play your bass. You play him well! None but a taut line would bring him leaping so high in the air; no rod but a high one would shorten his lunges like that. Now you have him worn down. Gently, artfully, you work the doughty warrior close to the boat. He floats in on his side, flapping, unyielding. Will you take him along? His white flesh would be a tasty morsel fried crisp in piping hot butter. No? Then I'll loose him for you. With a flirt of his tired tail your three-pounder goes free.

Now you're changing to wet flies? Brown Hackle perhaps, with a Grizzly King for a dropper. Close to the rock-spit you flip them. Even as they light on the water a two-pound bass boils at the surface; hooks himself. (They're rising this evening, all right!) Up he comes in the air with a shake of his bulldog head. Your line jerks crazily off. Look! By the ghost of Ike Walton, not one alone, but a *pair* of madcap bass swerve at the surface, one fast to each fly. Play them gently. You're excited, remember. But still threshing wildly about, whipping the quiet water into froth, you lead them close. Then suddenly a fish shoots aloft in a frenzy of rage. Comes a lusty splash. (Did I hear you groan?) A Grizzly King floats idly on the surface. Big ripples surge shoreward . . . and you've missed your big chance. But no matter; there are plenty more bass in the pond . . . and it isn't quite dark yet.

I hook a scrappy fish near the sunken log, a twelve-inch stripling who does his fighting in the air. You have your way with a larger bass beguiled by a berserk thing of pumpkin-seed and deer hair, with a garnish of huge glass eyes. And you toss out a plug which one of my sport-minded youngsters brings boatward, from a stout bait-rod. *Ploomp!* That's always the signal for fishly bedlam to break loose. Splash! Splash! *Ploomp!* That's the big one himself. Old Lunker leaps high in the air. Old Lunker! There's an old settler for you! I'd never have christened him that if he hadn't been the patriarch of all bass in my brown-water pond. Thirteen inches Old Lunker measured in length when I carried him here in a pail from Bass Lake, five momentous years back. But now? He'd go close to two feet, I should say, seven pounds or better in weight. Old Lunker. KA-*ploomp!* . . . and you've lost him.

So you have to be off now for your fishing at the ends of the earth. I wish you blue skies, gentle breezes, and calm seas. And when you come back—if you've time to spare—remember that you're welcome at Brown Pond. The bass will still be here, you know, and it's a leisurely, friendly sport, this thing of after-dinner fishing. As often as not, while you're away, I'll take my ten-year-old daughter along as I wander among the wild shadbush, the mountain laurel and fruiting blueberry bushes. Sometimes it will be a matter of sitting quietly in the rowboat to angle with minnows or crayfish. Sometimes it'll be red-and-white plugs; and often a wispy trout fly tied tight to a 2X leader. There's something about it that sort of gets hold of you once you've tried it, whatever the formula. It's restful and quiet out there on the pond with wild ducks winnowing over, crying *quanck;* with a family of mink, maybe, playing unafraid along the shore; kingfishers rattling, and flying-squirrels darting about among the tree-tops as night comes on. And then there's always the chance that I might hook the ghost of my brown-water pond, Old Lunker. A lucky flip of a Yellow May by the clump of lily-pads; the splash of a plug by the boulder, or maybe just the curl of an earthworm . . . *Ploomp!* And I'll know that I've tricked him: not one of his thousands of offspring which swim about in the pond, but Old Lunker himself.

William H. Taylor on Yachting

(*Continued from page 22*)

whole yachting game for over half a century. Some of them remember that his early building ventures were largely fast steam launches and torpedo boats, and that as long as steam had a prominent place in the yachting fleet Herreshoff was a leading force in developing that type of propulsion. Nearly all yachtsmen have heard, at least, of the Herreshoff experiments with cataramans, fin keels, scows, and other fast, extreme types of boats, though perhaps fewer realize that when the time came to legislate against these freaks Nat Herreshoff had a deal to do with framing the Universal Rule.

Herreshoff's 46-footer *Gloriana*, in 1891, with the first overhanging bow ever seen in an American yacht and many other less con-

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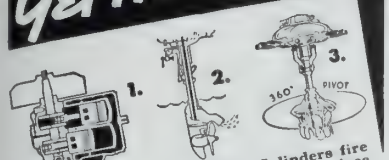

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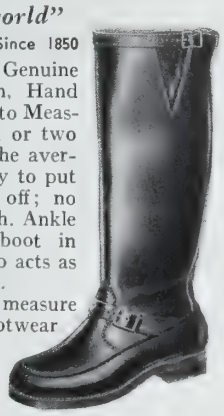

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spicuous, though no less important features, marked the end of the old-type plumb-stemmed cutters and sloops and started a new trend that swayed the design of both racing and cruising yachts until after the war—in a sense through the present time.

"Once a Herreshoff owner, always a Herreshoff owner" became a byword, and many yachtsmen during the period from the early '90's until he retired from active work some fifteen years ago, never even thought of going to any other designer or builder for a boat of any kind, from a dinghy to a steam yacht. Herreshoff had the rare faculty of turning out boats that were fast, yet that made able and comfortable cruising yachts as well as successful racers. While most of his largest and, in their day, most famous yachts are gone, many of the smaller ones remain. A few of the Thirties, built in 1904, are still racing and many more are in use as cruising boats. Several of the Forties have been converted into outstandingly successful ocean racers and cruisers, and a few of the old Fifties, under modern rigs, can hold their own at times against the modern class M sloops. Individual boats like *Butterfly, Flying Cloud, Duchess, Bambino,* and others, dating back thirty years, more or less, are as good as ever, seemingly, and the men who own them wouldn't part with them for the finest modern yachts of their size afloat.

The fact that so many of the old Herreshoff yachts are still going strong, with most of their contemporaries long since disappeared, is evidence not only of the material and workmanship that went into them but of the ability of their designer to devise light yet strong and durable construction.

Nat Herreshoff retired a few years after the war, and has taken little active part in the sport since except for sailing his own small boats and turning out an occasional design for an old friend, but despite failing health and his ninety years he remained an important if almost legendary figure to the end.

NEW RULING. The Off Soundings Club has started something that I can't decide whether to view with extreme alarm, as indicating the decay of rugged indomitability, or to hail as the most sensible innovation in modern yacht racing. Certainly a strong stand ought to be taken about it, but you'll have to pick your own stand. In instructions for its spring cruise the club stated that in case of very light weather boats might turn on their motors and finish under power, and boats so doing would be awarded three less points for the race than the last boat to finish under sail. The points counted on a two-days-runs series, for prizes. The point was that the cruise was more for fun than blood, and racing was secondary to all hands making port in time for a little sociability before turning in. Such a policy may mark the beginning of the decline and fall of something or other, but the cruise brought out a fleet of close to sixty boats, indicating that a lot of skippers thought it was a good idea. And in spite of the casualness of the competitive element they had some darned good racing—the first day in drifting airs and the second in half a gale—and the prizes went to Paul Sperry's sloop *Sirocco,* in class A, and Rip Converse's motor sailer (of all things) in class B.

FISHERMEN'S RACE. Far be it from us to take credit for it—especially since this magazine's circulation among the fishermen of Lunenburg and Gloucester is probably not very large—but the plan of emasculating the Fishermen's race by holding it in August, like a yachting event, has been abandoned in favor of an October date, and the *Bluenose* and *Thebaud* are scheduled for their first meeting since 1931 on October 9, off Boston. The backers of the race, it seems, saw the public preference for seeing the old tradition of " fisherman's weather" (whatever that is) upheld. We only hope, now, that October 9 doesn't usher in a fortnight of calms and light airs, which it might easily do just to confound us.

STAR CLASS. Early-season Star class races have strengthened the belief that failure to adopt the German-type rig with flexible spars and triple-roached mainsails doesn't necessarily relegate the Star skipper to a back row in the parade. If anything, the old-rigged boats have done better on the average than the new-rigged boats. It may be simply because the proud owners of the new rubber spars haven't yet been able to figure out what to do with them. Most of them so far have concentrated on doing the wrong things, judging by the results and the way their sails set, but maybe by a process of elimination they'll get somewhere with it as the season goes on.

Fox hunting

(*Continued from page 15*)

plates. If any of our readers haven't been presented with these, they should at once give themselves a set as a Father's Day, Founder's Day, or Fourth of July present because they are really quite something.

The first day we hunted in Caroline county and hounds ran a fox for eight hours; the second day in Queen Anne we had somewhat of a foxhound convention with every Nimrod within miles bringing "the best derned fox dog in the state." Nobody could count whether we had a hundred hounds or a hundred couples, with Walter Hill, the Eagle Farms' huntsman, figuratively carrying the horn, but the old Eastern Shore fox didn't seem to care how many hound dawgs were on his line. He ran in great

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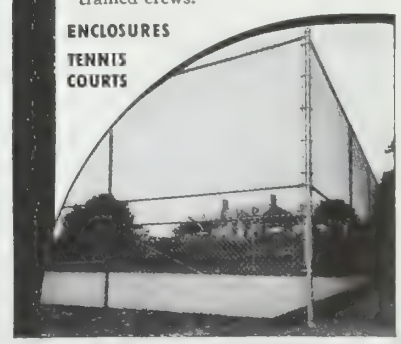

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circles through boggy woods which made hounds emerge in black face, then through huge sheep fields, with the native hounds shooting through the wire fences like Olympic fancy divers.

PHILADELPHIA HORSE SHOW. I felt it a great honor to judge the Philadelphia Horse Show for Juniors a fortnight ago, with Mrs. Edward Whitman of Garrison, Maryland; Mrs. Robert Ilsley of Morristown, New Jersey; Mrs. Henry Coxe of Penllyn, Penna.; and Tommy Nelson of Devon. It was just as well that there were plenty of judges for each class because the youthful followers of your correspondent's hounds came out with a great number of blues, viz.: Teddy Alleman on Seaham Terry in Saddle Ponies; Joan Fernley on Julius Jack in the Fault and Out; Patsy Levis in a topper and veil worthy of a Munning's painting, on Robin Hood in the Working Hunter; and in the Child's Corinthian with Jean Simonin and Peter Barratt. We can only claim Nancy Shaw jointly with Pickering and the Eagle, but her Kilkenny, a young gray Irish horse, would be a credit to any field and was the champion of the show. The hard-working committee of young ladies deserves a lot of credit. They made a handsome donation to the Chestnut Hill Hospital from their proceeds, while their quietly efficient chairman, Ann Dickinson, was a playing manager as she won several blues herself in the ring.

CHESHIRE PUPPY SHOW. In an eerie setting of thunder and lightning Plunket Stewart held his annual June puppy show with the best quality seen in years. Best dog hound went to Dalesman; in the bitches two of the famous Goldsmith's daughters, Gaiety and Gaylass, won first and second. The latter shows her Welsh Curre blood through Goldsmith in her white with just a bit of lemon pie.

On the country estate

(Continued from page 18)

Pearl Ormsby Burke purchased from her breeder A. J. Lashbrook by Wimbledon Farms for $1,110. Lauxmont Farms had the top bull, Lauxmont Rag Apple Liberator, purchased by L. W. High of Laurel, Md., for $850. Out of the 88 head sold 32 brought $400 or better and only about a dozen individuals failed to reach the $200 mark. The analysis of the sale prices shows that 37 females in milk averaged $383.92 or only slightly over the average for the entire sale. Two-year-old heifers not yet in milk averaged $388.88 for 18 head, this being the highest averaging group in the sale. The twelve bred yearling heifers averaged $332.73. Five unbred yearlings averaged $268, and the one heifer calf offered brought $305. There were sixteen bulls with an average of $376.45.

Month in the field

(Continued from page 12)

Messrs. Glenn S. Dansmore and Bernard Gentry, started the puppies off with double birds just as if they had been All-Age dogs and the youngsters responded beautifully. The highlight of the affair was F. T. Ch. Nigger of Barrington the winner of the All-Age. Nigger was inspired that day and there wasn't another dog that could approach his speed marking ability and control. It was announced after the event that it was his farewell appearance in field trials—he certainly went out in a blaze of glory, leaving behind him an unusually brilliant record that in the future will be equaled only by very outstanding dogs taking part in this popular sport.

An item that has been at least partially cleared up for us is the reason why the trials are held so late in the spring out in the West. We couldn't for the life of us understand why they waited until the grass and foliage were green and the weather apt to be hot to hold their trials. The only satisfactory explanation seems to be that spring comes with such a rush in that locality that by the time a date can be set with any certainty that the countryside won't be deep in ice and snow, summer is upon them. However, these spring affairs are of the greatest importance to trainers with young dogs. It gives them an opportunity to check up on the progress their young hopefuls are making, and see how they behave under the stress of competition. Then they have all summer to work on them for the important fall trials. So for this reason, if no other, we say better late than never.

Another important Western trial which we haven't room to go into more fully at this time was the Mississippi Valley Kennel Club's highly successful first spring retriever trial held on the grounds of the Dardenne Shooting Club, Peruque, Mo., on April 30 and May 1.

The nominations for the Fifth American Field Pheasant Dog Futurity have just been announced, there being 226 completed nominations consisting of 141 Pointers, eighty-four English Setters, and one Irish Setter. It will, according to present plans, begin Friday, October 7th, on the Buffalo Trap and Field Club's grounds. The purse offered for this year's renewal amounts to $750. Breeders of placed dogs will receive $350—$175 to the breeder of the winner; $100 to the breeder of the dog awarded second; and $75 to the breeder of the third place winner. Owners of placed dogs will share $400—$200 to the owner of the victor; $125 to the owner of second place dog; and $75 to the owner of third dog. In addition an Osthaus Memorial F.D.S.B. Certified Pedigree will be given to the owner of each winning dog. We will discuss this more fully in a later issue.

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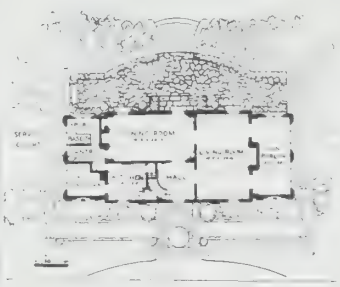

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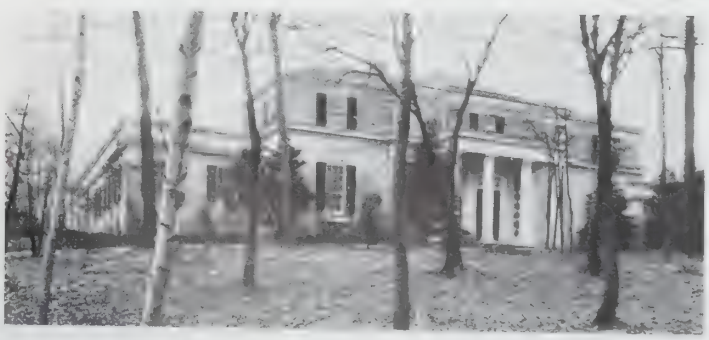

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Dog Stars

Edited by VINTON P. BREESE

NEW breeds of dogs are frequently being introduced into the United States and if seemingly worthy and meeting with the requirements of the American Kennel Club are granted recognition by the governing body. However, some such breeds owe their arrival here merely to a passing fancy on the part of their sponsors and after a few appearances at the shows fail to find public favor and soon sink into oblivion. Others go a bit farther and gain a fair following; in some cases to the extent of influencing their followers to form a foster or specialty club to promote popularity. Yet even with such backing, they may fail to create more than a moderate impression on the general fancy. Of course there are the older breeds which always have and probably always will command staunch and strong support, especially the better known varieties of bird dogs, hounds, and terriers. Yet there are some of these ancients, such as the Mastiff and Scottish Deerhound, which are in dire need of rehabilitation and at the present outlook their cause seems all but lost. But it is with a comparatively newer breed that this article would deal, a breed which since its very inception in this country has scarcely ever taken a backward step, but on the other hand rocketed to a then unprecedented peak of popularity and ever since has held a firm and far-flung hold on public favor. This breed is the German Shepherd Dog.

Of course, the great majority of present-day fanciers consider the German Shepherd Dog very much of an establishment and to be sure this is quite correct. Yet, in comparison with many other breeds, its introduction into this country may be considered rather recent, for certainly there is nothing very remote about twenty-five years ago. It was at that time, 1912 to be exact, that classification was first allowed the breed at the Westminster Kennel Club Show and there were just seven dogs entered and judged by the late G. Muss-Arnolt. The previous year, 1911, there was only a single specimen entered in the miscellaneous class and the breed was then termed German Sheepdogs. Late in 1912 the German Shepherd Dog Club of America was formed and immediately started a progressive campaign to promote the breed to popularity. One of its first acts was to hold a specialty show and the event took place the following year in the restaurant of the late Harry Stevens in old Madison Square Garden. Owing to the very recent introduction of the breed, there had not been sufficient time for any American-bred dogs to have reached maturity, or the age of one year, hence there were only three classes, puppy, limit, and open in dogs and bitches with of course winners in each.

FIRST SHOW. Recalling that show the writer retains a rather vivid memory although the marked catalog has since become mislaid. The puppy classes were small but the remaining classes of mature dogs, all importations, were large and the ring crowded. The assemblage of dogs was in decided contrast with what we are wont to witness today in size, type, and disposition; ranging from twenty to thirty inches in height, from small, weedy nondescripts to big, coarse animals and from shy, retiring natures to vicious proclivities.

THE GERMAN SHEPHERD

Concerning the latter a rather amusing incident occurred. The judge beckoned to the center of the ring for close inspection a medium-sized, alert appearing, extremely active, but rather loose-shouldered dog, which had been doing considerable winning at recent shows. Before examining the dog's teeth he asked the German handler, "Is he good?" The latter replied, "Yes, he is the best, he wins always the blue ribbons and beats everything." Whereupon the judge remarked that he would attend to estimating the dog's merit and the distribution of ribbons but wanted to know if the dog was a "maneater." "No," was the reply, "he is gentle as a lamb." The judge, thus assured, proceeded with his inspection. Suddenly the dog made a fierce lunge, grabbing him by the coat cuff while he quickly leaped backward, but unfortunately landed his nether region spang into the face of another dog which did not take kindly to the affront. The result was large and drafty lacerations of trousers and underwear which defied the pin repairs of George in the washroom. In answer to an S. O. S. a feminine Samaritan sent in needle and thread with which the aforesaid George closed the exposure but he could never make his fortune as a seamstress. I should know as I was that judge.

POLICING ABILITY. That then very embarrassing but now quite amusing contretemps may help to illustrate how far our German Shepherd Dogs have improved, especially in disposition, from the time of their inception in this country to the present day. Although I have judged the breed on innumerable occasions throughout the country it is very seldom during the past decade that I have encountered a vicious individual and invariably at such times have been warned by the owner that the dog was a shade sharp, whereupon proper precautions have been taken. Of course there are some German Shepherd Dogs, especially those trained for policing purposes, which are inclined to be sharp with others than their owners, but the percentage is no greater than in a number of other breeds. It should always be remembered that the Shepherd is primarily a herd and guard dog and that all of the early training of the breed has been directed toward these vocations until it has become inherently averse to strangers and prowlers. No doubt largely due to this early and intensive training and the highly developed degree of scenting powers is the ideal adaptability of the breed for policing purposes. Performances of the breed in these respects at trials have been nothing less than phenomenal and I doubt if there is any breed, save the Bloodhound, so keen and unerring on human scent. However, with the exception of trailing, the Shepherd is better adapted for police purposes than the harmless, lumbering Bloodhound as it is swifter and will attack and hold a miscreant until officers of the law arrive.

ORIGIN. During the world war the German Shepherd Dog, more than any other breed, was utilized as a messenger, for hunting out the dead, bringing succor to the wounded, as an adjunct to Red Cross units, and in many other missions of military importance and mercy. The truly wonderful work of the breed in that connection was doubtless the impulse needed to bring it to more widespread attention. Although the breed had been generally known throughout continental Europe as the German Shepherd Dog, racial antagonisms aroused by the war caused the breed name to be changed in England and France to the Alsatian Sheepdog, but America, more logically perhaps, retained the original name. This occurred about 1916 when British and French authorities considered that there was sufficient evidence to identify the original dog with Alsace. One (*Continued on page 11*)

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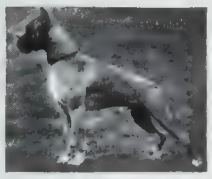

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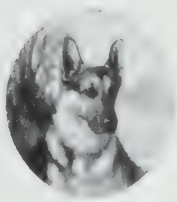

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Setters . . . Cocker Spaniels
American Water Spaniels

It's pretty hard to believe as we write this that those crisp autumn mornings and the still days with the blue mist of Indian summer hanging over the woodlands can ever materialize out of the sweltering heat that surrounds us. But it really won't be long now, for in August the tide will have started to turn. By the end of the month young game birds, pheasants, quail, and grouse will be pretty well feathered out and able to scale off to the shelter of a thicket with the old birds. Where the law allows it bird dogs can be worked afield for a while in the cool of the early morning and in the evening without harming nesting birds or chicks unable to fly. Of course, up on the Canadian prairies the Pointer and Setter trainers will have been at work for some time. They will have had their dogs on "chickens" and "huns" while the dogs further south were still panting in the coolest corner of their kennels and by the end of the month will actually open the field trial season with the Saskatchewan trial on the 29th and the Manitoba Club's event on the 5th of September. So some of the hopes and fears that have been with owners and handlers all summer will soon be realized.

One of our favorite subjects for between-season thought and conversation is the possibility of someone breeding and training a really great Setter that will turn the tide against the Pointers and bring back the glory of the past for the former breed. Most of the handlers, we think, have the idea in the back of their minds, for the man who can bring forth a really sensational Setter—we are speaking of English Setters of course—has wide fame waiting for him. However, nothing much is done about the idea due largely to the fact that most of the professional trainers much prefer Pointers for the simple reason that they are much safer for their reputations. Pointers can be broken with a minimum of effort and once under control tend to stay that way, whereas most Setters are temperamental and frequently don't reach their peak until their fourth or fifth year and though they may improve each year after that a good Pointer will have reached top form at a much earlier age and made a name for himself before the Setter gets started.

Frankly we have a weakness for Setters, and though they may be temperamental and troublesome at times a good one is certainly worth it. For this reason we hope that some one with patience and the money will devote his time or that of an expert professional toward developing a Setter, or better still a strain, that will really go places in field trials. Of course Setter men will say that there are good ones today and they will name such dogs as Sports Peerless, Florindale Lou's Beau, and a few others with records that are siring winners. Of course it is perfectly true that there are good Setters but they are all too few, and we still say that the breed is capable of a far better record than it has had these many years. Some day someone with the interest of the breed at heart, with, as we said above, the patience and money, plus sound breeding ideas will put them back on an equal footing with the short hairs.

The professionals are undoubtedly partly to blame for the decline of the Setter but not wholly so. Perhaps it has all been a vicious circle. But one thing is sure, if professional handlers feel that they can get as far or further with young Setters as they can with young Pointers, they will give them plenty of time and work. After all the handlers are interested in the individual dog that can help their reputations and win purses. It's up to the breeders of Setters to see that the dogs that make handlers' reputations are Setters. Apparently it goes in cycles. In the first days of field trials Pointers were completely outclassed. Now they are having their day. Pretty soon now the Setters should come into their own once more.

AMERICAN COCKERS. This is quite literally our month for sticking up for the underdog, and after solving the problems of the English Setter we now crusade for the Cocker Spaniel a breed of able bird dogs that is in grave danger of going sissy. Unfortunately they have lovable dispositions, beautiful silky coats, and are small enough to be practical house dogs even for city dwellers. Consequently a fate hangs over them that in our mind is the worst that can befall any breed of dog and one that has come to far too many these days—that of becoming beautiful but perfectly useless house pets. There isn't any reason in the world why they shouldn't be companions and pets but their function as field dogs shouldn't be lost sight of. They should be hard, merry workers, making up in courage and vitality what they lack in size and with a mouth big enough to carry the biggest pheasant or duck. If you wander by the Cocker benches at any dog show you will see all too few that look as if they could put in a hard day in the field or for that matter have the desire or ability to lift a pheasant clear of the ground on a lawn, much less drag it through heavy cover—they haven't the bone and their mouths and heads are too small.

To give you an idea of the state of affairs at present, there were 15,110 Cockers registered by the American Kennel Club in 1937. Out of that number a paltry 165 were entered in A.K.C. licensed or member club field trials with an additional six so far in 1938. This doesn't include informal sanction matches, those trials outside the jurisdiction of the A.K.C. or the number used solely as gun dogs, but in any case the total would be pretty small. Springers are admittedly superior for pheasants and other large birds in heavy cover but their smaller cousins can be used for many other purposes. For instance, in conjunction with pointing dogs for quail—a Cocker can get under the heavy cover of Southern "branches" and rout out singles where larger dogs would be helpless, and they are at home in woodcock swales and many other places too. Also the fact remains they can and will bring a pheasant out of cattails or briars even if they have to turn around and drag the bird after them. At least the Cockers bred for field work can do these things, but the trouble is, working Cockers with big—and by this we don't mean coarse—heads and bodies built for work and not solely for parading up the avenue in a fancy blanket are getting few and far between.

GUN DOGS. Well, now that we have viewed the Cocker situation with alarm what can be done about it? A lot of people are going to say what about the English Cockers? Don't they answer the description of what a working Cocker should be? The answer is that they do but they just aren't the bird dogs that they should be as a general rule—in England. At least they don't compare with the American Cockers which are bred for work in the field. What we want to see is a change in the American type so that it can not only be a pet for the children but still go out with the boss and do a day's work before the gun. A few people, notably Mrs. A. R. Moffit of the well-known Rowcliffe Kennels, have kept the strain of gun dog Cockers going. We hope to see a lot of others join their ranks.

One happy item that is a sign of awakened interest in Cockers is the Futurity open to all, which will be run for the first time in 1939. The nominations for dams closed last March and hereafter will be made between July first and January first. Puppies to be nominated by January 10th of the year in which they are to run. This idea should have a markedly favorable effect on the breed.

AMERICAN WATER SPANIELS. A new breed of sporting dog has recently been given official recognition by the Field Dog Stud Book. They are those medium-sized dogs with dark brown curly coats that you have seen around—the ones that strongly resemble Irish Water Spaniels except that they are smaller and lack the rat tail and topknot. At any rate they are now known as the American Water Spaniel instead of being referred to vaguely as "water spaniels" as they have in the past. They are a fairly common breed, as a matter of fact, though they are not seen as frequently as they were thirty or more years ago, and they have good reputations as bird dogs. They work the upland as a Springer or Cocker would and are also proficient in the water. Actually they're a very old breed. Some authorities state that they are older and just as American as the Chesapeakes. There is even a legend that they were first brought to this country by Columbus. The following is a description of the standards for the breed as adopted by the American Water Spaniel Club and approved by the Field Dog Stud Book:

General Appear- (*Continued on page 16*)

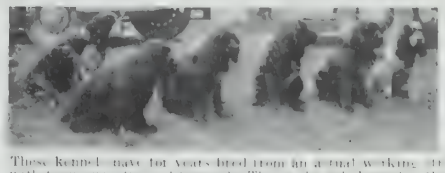
Dog stars

(*Continued from page 8*)

French writer made the momentous discovery that, after all, the credit belonged to Scotland! He suggested that about 1140 A. D. Scottish monks, who founded a monastery in the valley of Munster, took with them sheep-dogs, which later they crossed with native races of lupine type. However, this is of little importance as the Scottish blood would soon have become entirely submerged by the constant use of local blood. There can be little doubt that the breed originated from the union of several varieties of German sheep-dogs, principally a combination of the north and south; the smaller smooth-coated dog used chiefly for herding and the larger, stronger framed, rough-coated dog used as a guard for livestock and the home.

CHARACTERISTICS. As previously implied, German Shepherd Dogs of twenty-five years ago were an uneven lot with little of that quality and uniformity of type which comes from careful selective breeding. Furthermore, the breed had made little or no progress beyond its homeland for, as stated, the first specimen appeared in America in 1911 and the first traces of the breed in England occurred in 1909 when four were entered at the Kennel Club Show. However, only a comparatively few years had elapsed before the breed was advancing tremendously in popularity here, in fact creating a record in this respect up to that time and an almost proportionate improvement in uniformity of size and type was becoming apparent. Much of this was due to the energetic efforts of the foster club in holding annual specialty shows, field trials, and other activities to promote the breed to public favor. But, the main impellent was the German Shepherd Dog himself—his very natural appearance and physical character unlike that of any other dog: the erect ears, keen expression, alert attitude; lithe, strong body; easy, effortless action; keenness of scent; and remarkable sagacity and capacity to learn in varied arenas of action. A dog both tractable and fierce with the intelligence to distinguish which the occasion required. He could be depended upon to attack and mean it when he did, to protect his owner, and yet with this ferocity was loyal and good-natured to his master or mistress and the family and friends.

SEEING EYE. The latest field of endeavor for the German Shepherd Dog which has been created within the past decade, in which the breed has proved adaptable above all other breeds and which has probably endeared it to the public more than any other of its many activities, is the Seeing Eye with headquarters at Morristown, N. J. This institution had its in-



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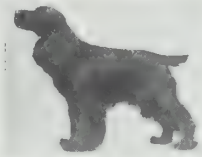

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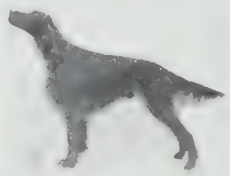

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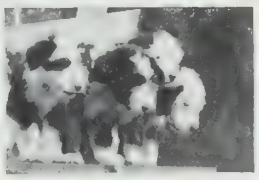

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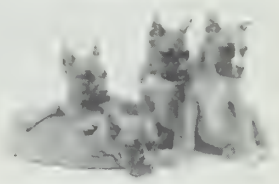

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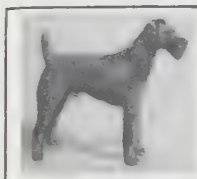

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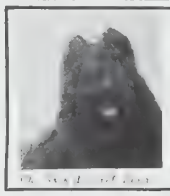

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ception in 1928 when a blind young Southerner, Morris S. Frank, went to Switzerland to procure Buddy, the first scientifically educated dog to guide a blind person in the United States. He went at the invitation of Mrs. Harrison Eustis, who at that time, with Elliott S. Humphrey the geneticist, was investigating at her breeding and experimental station, Fortunate Fields, the intelligence of dogs in relation to their service to mankind. Dogs had been produced there to patrol the Swiss national borders for the customs service, for the Swiss State Police, for the Italian Metropolitan Police, for liaison service in the Swiss Army, for trailing and finding missing persons. Mr. Frank was to initiate the service of dog guides for the blind.

After his period of instruction with Buddy, Mr. Frank returned to prove the dog's ability to a skeptical America. Although 4,000 dogs had been trained by the German Government to guide blinded war veterans, American conditions might present real problems. They didn't. Mr. Frank and Buddy traveled thousands of miles in the eastern part of the country, deliberately seeking bad intersections, narrow, curbless streets, fast and congested traffic. Everywhere he and Buddy went together unaided and never once did the principles mastered abroad fail when applied. Gradually the skeptics became enthusiasts. It became a proved success. Mr. Frank cabled Mrs. Eustis and suggested a philanthropic service to the blind people of America. She agreed to rearrange her work abroad and to help. Thus was started the Seeing Eye. (*Editor's Note*) Buddy's death after ten years of unfailing service was announced just a few months ago.

NEW ARRIVAL. The latest German Shepherd Dog arrival in this country to arouse admiration and surprise among the cult by his superlative type and the rapidity of his recognition is the 1937 German reserve sieger, Odin von Busecker Schloss, imported by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney S. F. Heckert Jr., Villa Marina Kennels, Santa Barbara, Cal. Arriving on the *Europa* on June 3rd he was taken off the boat at ten o'clock A.M., rushed to the specialty show of the Shepherd Dog Club of New England at Port Chester, N. Y., where at one o'clock P. M. he was awarded winners dogs including five championship points and carried on through best of winners to best of breed over seven champions including Ch. Pfeffer von Bern, double German sieger, American champion, and best of breed at the German Shepherd Dog Club of America Specialty Show and Morris and Essex Show the previous week. This it is thought is record time for any dog of any breed to score such a signal success. The following day he left with his owners for his new home where he will be conditioned and probably not shown again until Westminster 1939. Odin was purchased chiefly as a house dog to take the place of the recently deceased and celebrated Ch. Katja von Blaisenberg Z pr., H. G. H., C. D., German Siegerin 1928 and 1929, Austrian Siegerin 1928, Holland Siegerin 1930, American champion 1930, and Canadian champion 1931, probably the most extensive international title holder of any representative of any breed. (*Editor's Note*) It has just been learned that Odin went best in show under Alva Rosenberg at the recent Harbor Cities Kennel Club event at Long Beach, Calif.

OBEDIENCE. One of the most remarkable demonstrations of control and obedience of German Shepherd Dogs occurred at the aforementioned specialty show where Miss Mary J. Leary, owner of the Cosalta Kennels, had an entry of thirty-two dogs. During an exercise period Miss Leary released all of these dogs from their bench chains, led them leashless between benches to an adjoining field where at command they cavorted about for a time and upon another command and still leashless, immediately followed their owner and jumped back on their benches, the entire time paying not the slightest attention to other dogs or persons.

Other examples of absolute obedience and perfect ring manners are frequently furnished by the German Shepherd Dogs owned by Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge and trained by John Simpson. Invariably all of these dogs, when shown in the ring, implicitly and unerringly obey their trainer's every wish which they seem to sense without any noticeable commands or motions on the latter's part. The star turn is usually performed by the famous group and best in show winner, Ch. Dewet von Starrenberg, which after scoring some such success, notably at Westminster, and having the rosette transferred to his mouth by his trainer, will swing round toward the ringside and rapidly, through the sense of scent, distinguish Mrs. Dodge sitting there and deliver the ribbon into her hands, then dash to the gate where his trainer awaits him for return to the bench. This always delights the spectators.

Before closing this narrative the writer would like to direct attention to the persistent penchant of the lay public to term the German Shepherd a "police dog" as if that were the breed name. This is definitely a misnomer and describes only one of the many fields of endeavor in which the breed has distinguished itself for proficiency. Although there can be little doubt that a greater number of German Shepherd Dogs are used for policing purposes than any other breed the term, "police dog," is by no means distinctive of this breed as many other breeds are utilized for the same purpose. These include principally the Doberman Pinscher, Bloodhound, Airedale Terrier, and Labrador Retriever. The last named breed, through recent exhaustive tests, has gained high favor in England. So, let the German Shepherd Dog be known by its rightful name.

This looks as if it were Dick Donnelly jumping Heatherbloom to a new record but it is really Arthur McCashin on Philip Bliss's Modernistic at the Fairfield show

Carl Klein

HORSE NOTES and COMMENT

ELIZABETH GRINNELL

Scratches . . . . . Saddle Horses

Names for "Baby"

DURING the time it took to get from Haymarket Square to the Sumner Tunnel I made up my mind that a more inconvenient place than Suffolk Downs could scarcely have been picked for the current month's "Race of the Century," but this opinion was completely reversed when the track was reached. A more orderly management could not well be imagined. Cars were parked with a minimum of delay. Lunch was served in the clubhouse with cheerful dispatch to relays of hungry people. There was almost no crowding at the mutual windows, even before the big race. The broadcasting—an innovation which is apt to irritate me terribly—was intelligent and controlled, and all this efficiency had such a favorable effect on the audience that they seemed more amused than angry when Seabiscuit was scratched and War Admiral badly beaten. In Menow's victory they saw a game little horse run a splendid race and they enjoyed it, as a whole, no matter what sort of a ticket they held.

Personally and selfishly and from a purely feminine point of view I will be glad when (and if) the mutuals are adopted in New York State. Lacking an escort to fight the battle of the bargain basements at Belmont, Aqueduct, Empire, Jamaica, and Saratoga, we women have to take our chances with the odds chiselers in the grandstand aisles and accept prices that are often a point or two lower than those in the betting ring. It is bound to be distinctly annoying for a thrifty housewife to read in the papers the following day that six to one might have been had on a horse that paid her only four. Not that this would have made any material difference to me at Suffolk Downs. I didn't win a race all afternoon—but I should have. In one heat I picked a son of Chance Play, Chance King, principally because of his mudrunning breeding, and was just about to experience that wholly unjustified feeling of superiority that comes when you win with a long shot, when the only horse that he had left to pass in the stretch came at an angle half way across the track to crash into him. Well I suppose it's unduly optimistic to ask for everything. After all, the horses in New York often start in pretty ragged formation but at least they run straight in the stretch because if they don't their numbers won't go up first and their jockeys aren't allowed to ride any more races for awhile.

SCRATCHES. As I write this, racing is sadly in need of a few new publicity horses. War Admiral, Seabiscuit, and the Chief have all been beaten; Pompoon, Lawrin, and Dauber are on the casualty list and Snark is said to be out of competition for all time. Naturally I am sorry for the horses that have been prevented by accident from proving their worth by consistent racing but I can't help thinking that the general shuffling of the cards is an excellent thing for the American turf as a whole. There is not, at the moment, one single horse that can lay an unqualified claim to top honors in any one division. They will all have to prove themselves to the public, the tracks, and their owners and trainers in actual racing and this, I hope, will occur as the season wears on. No one person or one thing has been to blame for the situation that developed during the first half of the year. The public demanded news and more news of their favorites. They practically insisted that certain horses be built up beyond their capacity and it is a reporter's duty to give his public what they want to read. If he doesn't, another fellow on another paper will. Gradually a situation developed in which such an unnatural amount of responsibility was forced on the owners and trainers of at least two horses that, on the occasion when they were forced to make momentous decisions, they were placed in the unenviable position of being wrong no matter what they did. If they scratched their horses they were "unsporting" but if they let them run under unfavorable conditions they "defrauded the public" by allowing them to bet on a horse that wasn't a positive winner. No one thinks much about it when the favorite in a claiming race is scratched or beaten but what a howl goes up if the horse is a Seabiscuit or a War Admiral! Yet horses are horses and the good ones are just as brittle as the cheap ones and, sometimes it seems, almost as inconsistent as well.

NAMES FOR BABY. A large number of names have already come in for the foal in Mr. Price's picture. Most of them, naturally, refer to the National situation but they show an amusing variety of opinions concerning it. "Stony Broke" and "Taxation" arrived in the same mail with "Land O' Plenty" and "Celebration." " 'National Budget' is my name for the unbalanced baby," writes one contestant, and "Name him 'Three Billion' for the latest spending program," suggests another. "It makes 'Twenty Grand' sound like a piker." If our readers continue to be so clever I think the judges will have to draw the winning name out of a hat because it will, very likely, be impossible to come to a decision in any other way.

SADDLE HORSES. Some twenty-five years ago almost every show, the little ones as well as the big ones, had classes for harness horses, saddle horses, hunt- (*Continued on page 16*)

"Top Men." Mr. Rigan McKinney, America's leading rider of steeplechases, who wins many races with Mr. Thomas Hitchcock's horses, and Mr. Bruce Hobbs, who won this year's Grand National on Battleship and is one of the best of the riders in England

Cook & Gormley

Merle Lou, voted one of the All-American Ten Best Percheron Mares, is seen with her foal by Hesitation's Model; owner is Pine Tree Farm, McHenry, Ill.

ON THE COUNTRY ESTATE

Percherons . . . Aberdeen Angus

Edited by
GEORGE TURRELL

IN JUNE we mentioned the fact that the National Percheron Show would be held out on the Coast at the Los Angeles County Fair, Pomona, California, from Sept. 16-Oct. 2, and that it promised to be the most impressive show the Percheron Organization has ever had. Now, if present plans go through, it looks as if we were guilty of understatement, for they are leaving no stone unturned to make it one of the outstanding livestock events of the year and developments are being watched with the greatest of interest by not only the Percheron breeders themselves but by everyone, from coast to coast, interested in draft horses.

The West is the ideal site for this year's show anyway because of the growing interest in the breed, and for that matter, in all draft breeds out there. Horses are in great demand for use on irrigated land and in the fruit orchards of the Coast. It is interesting to note that of the 4,541 requests for National Show premium lists last year, 1,668 or 36.74 per cent of the total came from states west of the Mississippi, showing how much interest was evidenced even though the show was held at Columbus, Ohio. Also, in 1937, 50.7 per cent of the colt registrations were sent in by breeders west of the Mississippi and 43.6 per cent of the animals sold went into the western half of the United States. This year, advance news of the show has already helped to boost Percheron sales in California. Three different buyers have requested thirty head to make up show strings to take to Pomona in September, and a buyer from Oregon has been looking for twenty-five stallions ready to go into service upon arrival on the Coast.

DRAFT HORSE PROPORTIONS. One of the features of the show will be Ross Butler, the well-known sculptor and painter of Woodstock, Ontario, Canada. Using two model Percherons designed for the purpose—a dark gray mare and a black stallion with a white star—Mr. Butler will give a talk on the proportions of livestock. He will demonstrate that there is a definite relationship between the various measurements of Percherons and will answer such questions as what the perfect proportions of a draft horse should be—for instance, if his head is long, will his back be short or will there be any difference in length of tail? He will show that draft horse comeliness can be worked out in proportion to length of head, and at the Percheron Horse Assn. dinner for the "Achievement Breeder" of the year he will unveil paintings of the ideal of both sexes.

Mr. Butler has received international recognition for his efforts in livestock progress. At the present time he has a contract from the Canadian government to paint twenty different breeds of livestock, a commission that will take him to Holland, Germany, and Switzerland and which it is hoped will be brought to the attention of King George VI. His work must be endorsed by the respective breed associations before his commission is completed and will then be presented to the countries which are the cradles of the various breeds for their endorsement and use. The Canadian government has arranged for every school in the Dominion to have prints when the series is completed, and the United States government has offered coöperation through the Department of Publications.

The dairy cattle series has already been published but the Percherons are the first of the draft breeds to be undertaken by Mr. Butler. This comes as a fitting sequence to the special breed type classes featured at the National Percheron Show last year, at which prize-winning horses were figuratively taken apart to see what made them win. During these events Mr. Butler took as many as 150 different measurements of horses; and now bones, tendons, muscles, and flesh have all been reassembled into a complete coördination of correct type.

The paintings and miniatures which Mr. Butler makes serve as models from which reproductions are made at low cost to make wide distribution possible. That there will be an almost unlimited demand for this material is indicated by the inquiries from agricultural schools, extension agents, breeders, and 4H Club Members.

ABERDEEN ANGUS. Thousands of people, including cattlemen from all over the United States and Canada, gathered at Maquoketa, Iowa, on the 20th and 21st of June to see the sale of what was probably the greatest aggregation of prize-winning cattle ever to go under the hammer at one time. This, as everyone interested in livestock knows already, was the Congdon and Battles Dispersal Sale, one of the most important events in Aberdeen Angus history. This justly famous herd had for twenty-two years led the breed and under the expert guidance of Mr. Otto V. Battles has supplied the foundation stock for new herds, sent the highest quality beef to the markets, and won more ribbons on the show circuit than any other herd of any breed of cattle in the world. The fact that the Angus breeders appreciated what Mr. Battles has accomplished for the breed; his honest presentation of the cattle to the public, and the unprecedented opportunity to acquire top breeding stock is shown by the records of the sale which live up to the expectations of the most optimistic. The records also show that, although the cattle have gone to buyers in seventeen states and several Canadian provinces, there were many buyers present for the purpose of keeping certain groups and certain numbers of the cattle together. A study of the show list tells how well they succeeded.

TOP PRICE. Distinction of paying top price at the sale went to Mr. and Mrs. E. Hamilton Hackney who bought Epponia C. B. 2nd with her baby bull calf by Eileenmere 61st for their Cold Saturday Farms at Finksburg, Maryland. The price $3500. Incidentally the calf is a full brother to the International Grand Champion Epponian 8th of Rosemere, at present the head of Alexander B. Hagner's Broadview herd at Warrenton, Va. Mr. and Mrs. Hackney bought a total of twenty-eight head at the sale, all of them carefully selected beforehand. (*Continued on page 16*)

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Alexander B. Hagner, owner of the Broadview herd, was also present and bidding at the sale, and included among others in the fine group that he bought Blackcap of Rosemere 112th for which he paid $2500. Shortly after he bought the cow Mr. Hagner turned down an offer which would have given him a hundred per cent profit on the purchase price.

Incidentally Blackcap of Rosemere 112th was the second top cow at the sale, being second only to Epponia C.B. 2nd. She was sired by Eileenmere 61st. The third highest cow was Queen of Rosemere 246th, sired by Prizemere 32nd and sold to C. L. Hardwick Cleveland, Tenn., for $1725.

The top bull at the sale was Prizemere 387th 486606 sired by Prizemere 32nd 369132 and sold to Dr. George Laughlin, of Kirksville, Mo., for $2000. All in all 190 head were sold for $91,080.00 with an average of $479.37, a new high for sales of this size. The thirty-five bulls went for $14,685.00 averaging $416.71. 155 cows sold for $76,395 with an average of $492.94 and the top five head went for $11,225.00 averaging $2245.

Horse notes and comment

(*Continued from page 13*)

ers, and jumpers. And then the harness horses started dropping out of the smaller shows. Their classes became harder and harder to fill as the roads became more and more impossible for their use. Now harness horse classes are only included in a few shows in certain localities and there is beginning to be a question in my mind as to whether or not the saddle horse will meet the same fate. In a way it seems a shame that they should. There is, probably, as much, if not more, interest in hacking now as there ever was but the trouble with the showring saddle horse is that it doesn't represent the ideal hack in any way.

The falling off of the harness classes has occurred from perfectly natural causes. Certainly a harness horse is anything but a useful animal. They are trained, purchased and owned almost entirely for show purposes, but even if this is so and even if the harness horse world has become a pretty small one, it is definitely alive and flourishing and is showing a gain, rather than a loss, since it finally has found its level. Owners of show stables drive their own horses, join in the training and preparing of them for the shows, and the competition is so friendly and interesting that new and better entries, especially in the pony division, are constantly being brought out at the different shows.

Riding and showing five-gaited horses is an extremely scientific pastime. It is natural that they should be more or less wrapped in cotton wool, but it does seem a shame to me that the three-gaited horse has become an almost more artificial animal than the harness horse. What is to be the final outcome of this situation I am not prepared to say, but so many shows are dropping saddle classes from their prize lists and there has been such a general falling off of entries at those that still include them, that one begins to wonder if the saddle classes won't be, at not such a distant future, as rare and as localized as harness classes are now.

Month in the field

(*Continued from page 10*)

ance—Medium in size, rather short in the legs, sturdy, typical Spaniel character, curly coat, an active, muscular dog with emphasis placed on proper size and conformation, correct head properties, texture of coat, and color. Of amiable disposition, demeanor indicates intelligence, strength, and endurance.

Head—Moderate in length, cranium broad and full, stop moderately defined, but not too pronounced. Forehead covered with short smooth hair, no tuft or "topknot." Muzzle medium square, no inclination to snippiness, lower jaw appearing to angle back from the front of the upper jaw. Jaws strong, teeth straight and well shaped. Nose short, square and with well developed nostrils.

Faults—Very flat skull, narrow

(*Continued on page 78*)

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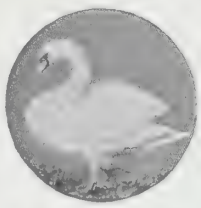

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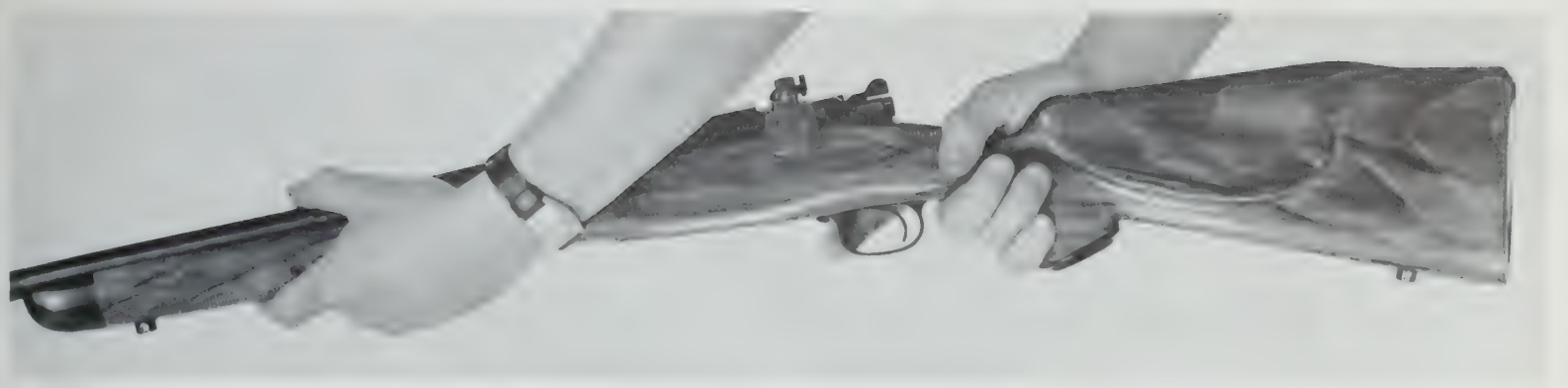

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GUNS & GAME

The Nocturnal Gunsmith . . . "Sir Cat the Knowing" . . . Follow Through . . . A New Savage Utility

COL. H. P. SHELDON

MR. T. B. GRESHAM, of University, Va., is known as the Nocturnal Gunsmith because of his trade and for his execrable habit of getting good folk out of their beds at all hours of night to show them the latest consignment of firearms he has brought over from Europe, or some smart little piece of his own contriving. In keeping with his night-faring habit, Mr. Gresham came a-hooting up my driveway on the rise of the full moon bringing a carful of firearms and Mrs. Gresham. I greatly enjoy looking at Mrs. Gresham and I greatly enjoy talking to Mrs. Gresham, but her escort persistently interrupted these agreeable occupations by making me look at guns and talk about guns. He had one, a Model 70 Winchester that he had restocked with a modified Monte Carlo design, that appealed to me as being graceful and useful. The workmanship was excellent as is shown by the accompanying illustration. Please note that the hands of the watch stand at 1:45 o'clock. That's A. M. not P. M. Examination of the work brought the conclusion that Thomas does it for genuine love of the craft rather than just to gain corruptible earthly riches.

Mr. Gresham lists a fine collection of weapons, both modern and obsolete, and is a good person to know if you require anything for your gun room and can get along without much sleep. I do wish sometimes that he'd take his damned old Nock dueling pistol and go away and sit down by himself and let me finish my conversation with the charming person who has contributed nothing to his misfortunes but has to share 'em just the same.

SIR CAT. "First to the right and then to the left walketh Sir Cat the Knowing."

I have had occasion lately to philosophize a bit on the subject of energy, its conversion and transmission. Four easy strokes of the lever of a Crosman air rifle compresses about a quart of the June breeze that touches my bronzed cheek and brings the fragrance of roses to the summer terrace where I sit. A slight pressure on the trigger converts this potential energy into kinetic energy which is then imparted to the tiny pellet and by that transmitted to the keel of a battle-scarred tomcat sneaking for birds in the hedge, and, lo, what a great thing is wrought from little!

At this season of the year when young birds of all kinds are on the ground learning to feed and to fly, Sir Cat slays his millions of the helpless creatures. No reasonable person can blame the cat for doing the thing that instinct directs it to do, but the fact remains that the animal is responsible for the destruction of a tremendous amount of wildlife that is of infinitely greater value to humanity than all the cats that have loved and squalled and fought since Pharaoh's time. It is a subject to be approached with much trepidation for on every previous occasion my remarks have brought me a great deal of very bitter correspondence from people who like cats and would cherish them. Yet the problem must sometime be solved by rational treatment and a means found to require the owners of cats to register their pets and assume responsibility for any damage they may do, as is required of those who own dogs. Attempts to secure proper legislation have generally been unsuccessful because of the active antagonism of people who like cats but who do not perceive that such laws will afford protection to the felines that they do not now enjoy. The complaint is not against the owner who feeds his cats and keeps them under sufficient restraint to prevent them from doing damage, but it does lie heavily against the careless owner and the kindhearted person who rather than dispose of the surplus kittens by destroying them or allowing them to be destroyed humanely by the S. P. C. A., turns them tenderly loose either to starve or to learn to kill birds and small animals. Few of these abandoned cats starve. No one ever comes across a housecat in the woods and fields that isn't in good condition and kept so by a diet of robins, wrens, thrushes, grouse, quail, and similar provender, with an occasional mouse included for the sake of the record. Drive along a road at night and count the times when pairs of green and feral eyes glare at you from the roadside. We would be properly shocked at the moral standards of a community that let all its youngsters loose with air rifles and 22's and allowed them to shoot birds, yet that domestic tabby dozing contentedly there in the sun destroys more innocent life than the worst little brute of a boy could manage. You can whale considerable humanity into a boy, but none into a cat. These are a few of the things concerning Sir Cat that Pushkin didn't describe. There's a saying that "all sins were pretty babies." All cats were cute kittens and no doubt that is why people hate to plow under the feline surplus as they should.

A friend who had been doing very well in a financial way was completely wrecked by the recession. He lost all his money, his houses and lands, his books, furniture, and wife. After that his trout tackle went; then his Greener bird gun and even his old shooting coat. Last and hardest of all he had to part with his setter dog. I visited him in his poverty and found him in a barely furnished room with a bottle of Government House rum, reading "The Rise and Fall" and trying to teach one of these darned Siamese cats, of all things, how to use a box of sawdust.

"The day I sold my dog someone gave me this animal," he told me pathetically. Then he brightened up perceptibly. "It really ain't a cat at all, you know. It can hang by its tail. It growls more like a dog than a cat and that's a great satisfaction to me. But," he added, "it does give me a turn sometimes to find the darned thing hanging head down from a curtain rod and peeking out through the folds like a jolly little pixie or something."

Cats in general are like blond gold diggers. They are beautiful, cold, vain, humorless, cruel, offering you a calculating fictitious affection when times are good and leaving you like a shot when you get down to your last can of salmon.

FOLLOW-THROUGH. Stopping the gun is one of the most exasperating faults with which the wing shot may have to struggle. In a majority of cases I believe it is due to lack of regular practice, but over-eagerness, nervousness, and stage fright often are responsible. Stopping the gun means that the gunner has failed to continue the swing while the gun is being fired. The follow-through is as essential to good shotgun work as to golf and I do not think that there is any really good performer who fails to use it even in snap shooting, though he may not realize that he is doing so. Undoubtedly the best and most effective shooting form requires little or no movement of the hands and arms once the gun has been put up to the shoulder and the comb is against the cheek. From that point on the direction of the muzzles is changed by moving the entire upper part of the shooter's body, the gun remaining in the same relative position with respect to the cheek and shoulder. The method affords a highly desirable stability in bringing the gun on and past the target that is not possible when only the hands and arms are used to swing the weapon.

Any one who finds his birds still going after what seemed to be a perfectly delivered shot, or who begins to shoot behind quarterers and beneath the straightaways, may well begin to suspect his stance as it affects his follow-through. The brain will seldom retain any picture of what really happened. The dear old wad of gray matter doesn't like to admit an error. It says in effect: "Don't blame *me* for *that* one! I did just what you've trained me to do and the darned gun was just right when we shot. Probably a bum cartridge."

One way to get at the truth is to note carefully after the shot has been fired and while the gun is still at the shoulder whether the comb of the stock is still pressing firmly against the cheek. If it isn't, the follow-through has been interrupted and the arms have been allowed to do too much of the swing. Another check is to observe how tightly the hands are gripping the gun. If there are signs that indicate a hard, tense grasp it means that the hands have been trying to take on more responsibility than they are capable of (*Continued on page* 77)

Fall follows fast on August through the hunting man's binoculars

Fox Hunting

A Department by W. NEWBOLD ELY, Jr.,

M. F. H.

MANY seasons ago a bewildered Polish gentleman of our hunting country, believing that some strange red-coated Cossacks were about to gallop his crops into perdition, proceeded to build a barrier resembling a cross between a du Pont fence and the famed Wall of Troy. Around, under, through, and on top of the original barway leading into his fertile fields, this bristling Warsawian piled cedar trees on cedar trees until the whole affair gave the effect of looking at a woods when you've fallen on the ground. However, time cures many things, and gradually the ire and terror of the Polish gentleman subsided, as he gradually felt that these fox chasers weren't entirely half-crazed charging despots or crackpots. His wife became an enthusiastic member of Mrs. Ely's Knitting Class and Social, permission to cross his land was duly granted, and the elements gradually took their toll of the "Trojan Wall-du Pont Fence." And this was the condition of affairs one brisk fall day when hounds were running hard. Up came one of my redoubtable honorary secretaries riding like the bullfinch topping John White of Leicestershire. His hunter bravely "lepped" at, or rather into, the aforementioned great cedar barrier, in fact so bravely did the "lepper" leap that he was securely inserted between the tiers of cedar trees, at say the four-foot level, like an oversized Christmas tree decoration. The rest of the field were held up, doubtless to their intense relief, while the Trojan Wall, the joint honorary secretary, and his horse were all laboriously taken apart,—none of them the worse for the implantation except the fence,—which as has before been stated, was already merely a relic of an obsolete Hindenburg line. But history merely repeats as is shown by the files of the Sporting Magazine where in July 1825 is related the exploit of that gallant huntsman, Mr. Tom Smith, and his equally hell-for-leather contemporary, one Mr. John White. "During the last year that Mr. Smith hunted Leicestershire he had a run of nineteen miles, point blank, which is well known by the name of the Belvoir day. It so happened that the pace was so good and the country so severe, that no one was with the hounds towards the last, except Mr. Smith, and that well-known performer over a country or over a course, Mr. John White. It also so happened that they came to a fence so high and so strong that there was only one place that appeared at all practicable, and this was in the line Mr. White was taking. The consequence was, Mr. Smith was obliged to turn to this place, expecting to find Mr. White well over; but instead of this, he found him what is called 'well bullfinched'—his horse and himself sticking fast in the hedge. 'Get on,' says Mr. Smith. 'I cannot,' said Mr. White, 'I am fast.' 'Ram the spurs into him,' exclaimed Mr. Smith, 'and pray get out of the way.' 'D—n it,' said Mr. White, 'if you are in such a hurry why don't you ride at me, and charge me?' Mr. Smith did charge him, and sent him and his horse into the next field, when away they went again as if nothing had happened!" Perhaps one of our own stymied field should have emulated Mr. Smith on that brisk autumn day in the "Polish Corridor" and rammed the honorary secretary and horse out into the clear beyond.

CANCER. Dr. Lentz of the Veterinary Hospital at the University of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Strong and Mr. Whitney at Orange, Connecticut, are conducting experiments with canine cancers and tumors. Anyone having, or knowing of a dog with a cancerous-looking lump anywhere on its body, should get in touch with one of the above gentlemen. The dog will be treated entirely without cost, and the possible benefit in the future to mankind from such experiments may be tremendous.

JALOPY IN-AND-OUTS. An unaccustomed activity in horse show circles this spring brought to mind the most astounding simulation of hunting conditions in hunter classes. One of the most incongruous were the single panel effects struck up in the middle of a field. Now if these panels had string running out from them to simulate wire as in the Melbrook Bowl course at Bryn Mawr it would be much to the point, but when there is a single panel sticking up, with nothing else in sight, the experienced hunter would think his rider a little off if he put him at it; and if, as some had, there were two of them, as a double-in-and-out effect, the aforesaid sensible hunter would probably think his rider ready for the booby hatch, and properly run out and home to the barn for a psychiatrist. Now if blind obedience is the object—well and good. Some of the foreign governments are all for that—both in the show ring and on the rialto. Then you can put out old jalopies for the entries to jump over, or some of these circus flaming hoops to soar through—all probably quite thrilling to the gallery to say nothing of the praying riders; but don't talk about classes for hunters. After all remember the old adage to leave your horse alone when going into a fence because he knows more than you and all that, which is doubtless true although sometimes not much of a compliment to the horse.

STUD BOOKS. One of the most interesting items of The English M.F.H. Association's report to my mind was the profit of £169 3s. 3d. on their Stud Book. This reflects a healthy interest in hounds and we can only hope that some of this interest will be reflected across to our side of the water, that we may not on our next stud book have the replies come in as I saw before e.g., that such and such a hunt could not enter any hounds in the stud book because they did not have any, but merely borrowed some for their two month's season, and the report of another organization that there had been no hound breeding records available for several years as the M.F.H. was still in an insane asylum.

E. & O. E. According to "Science" a new drug to prevent and cure distemper in dogs and cats has been discovered by Professor Alphonse R. Dochez and Dr. C. A. Slanetz of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. It is composed of five atoms of oxygen, three of hydrogen, two of nitrogen, two of sulphur, and one of sodium.

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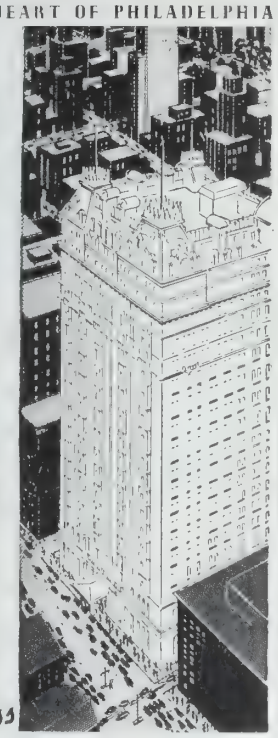

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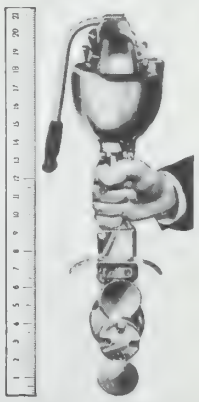
Published monthly at Erie Avenue, F to G Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., by the Country Life-American Home Corporation. W. H. Eaton, President-Treasurer. Henry L. Jones, Vice-President. Jean Austin, Secretary. Executive, Editorial and Advertising headquarters, 444 Madison Avenue, New York. Subscription Department, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York. Branches for advertising only: 248 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; Archer A. King, Inc., 410 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; A. D. McKinney, 915 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.; W. F. Coleman, Henry Building, Seattle, Wash.; W. F. Coleman, 485 California St., San Francisco, Calif.; W. F. Coleman, 530 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Copyright, 1938, by the Country Life-American Home Corporation. All rights reserved. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

The CLARKE TROLLER



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BOTTLED IN BOND

A PRODUCT OF GLENMORE

William H. Taylor on Yachting

Scott Seegar

The crew of the victorious Bermuda racer "Baruna" line up along the rail while still ten miles at sea. "Baruna," owned by Henry C. Taylor, took three trophies—first to finish, winner on corrected time, and winner of class A honors

THE BERMUDA RACE

THE fastest fleet of ocean racing yachts ever gathered together beat—literally beat—down to Bermuda this year and the winning boat finished nine hours ahead of the second boat in, which would seem to make Henry C. Taylor's big yawl *Baruna* quite a ship. And she is. She can look up very close to the wind and still go very fast, and she can carry her sail in a breeze, and those were the qualities that were needed in this race. Also she had something else you need—a driving crew. Among them besides Taylor and his two sons, both good helmsmen, were such seagoing characters as Olin Stephens, C. F. Havemeyer, Ducky Endt, Porter Buck, and Arthur Weekes. Other boats had as good crews, but I feel sure that few if any could boast of any better.

Baruna took about all the prizes she was eligible for—Bermuda Trophy, first to finish, first in class A, and the sloop-and-yawl prize. First place in class B went to Dick Reynolds' sloop *Blitzen,* which is about as out-and-out a racing machine as the Bermuda race has seen yet, and also with a crack crew headed by Rod Stephens and including, besides Reynolds, Bob Garland, Rufe Smith, Joe Blagden and several other topnotchers. Finishing Saturday night, more than ten hours after *Baruna,* she took second place in the whole fleet as it was.

The weather was made to order for boats like *Baruna.* For the first twenty hours it was light and smooth, first out of the south by west, then dead ahead from the southeast. Up to noon Wednesday the small, close-winded boats were probably saving their time nicely. Then it hauled back south and from then on varied between south and south southwest and breezed up. In the Stream it was blowing thirty and kicking up a confused sea. Later it moderated somewhat, and about the time *Baruna* got to Kitchen Shoals buoy it became very light and fluky and stayed that way for three days. At no time, from start to finish, could the yachts steer the course for the island with eased sheets. It was windward work all the way. If sheets were started at all it was for a squall or to get headway through the sea, and every quarter-point they steered off the wind made the distance just that much longer. Most of the boats, except for a few hours on the port tack Wednesday, held the starboard tack until they were down dead to leeward of the island, fifty miles or more away, and then had to beat in against the light, fluky head airs.

Under such conditions just what was to be expected happened. The schooners and other boats that couldn't make time hard on the wind got away off to leeward—*Teragram* logged 800 miles to make good the distance of 635 on the straight course and some of them went a lot farther than that. The smaller boats were killed off in the rough going. The close-winded boats that could keep going in a seaway got out ahead and some of them were probably within striking distance of *Baruna,* considering their time allowances, up to Saturday morning. The crew of *Actaea,* for instance, say they saw *Baruna* ahead of them at daylight and were sure they were well in their allowance on her. Then they tacked one way and she the other and she got in about ten that morning just as the breeze flopped and the rest of them drifted around all day. *Edlu* finished second, about 6:20 that night, but later arrivals, *Blitzen* and Walter Rothschild's *Avanti,* saved their time on her.

Things got no better right along for the smaller and slower boats. The plane that arrived Sunday reported sighting boats a hundred miles out, and the last racer to reach Bermuda didn't show up at Hamilton until Wednesday morning, more than a full week after the start.

It was soon obvious that *Baruna* had taken all the prizes for which she was eligible. *Avanti* and *Edlu* placed behind her in class A. In B, *Blitzen's* winning margin was even more stunning than *Baruna's* in A—some eight hours corrected time. Hank Rubinkam and his hard-driving freshwater crew did a fine job to get the little *Rubaiyat* down there late Sunday morning and save second place in class B by seven minutes from Harvey Conover's *Revonoc,* which also had some very capable handling.

The giving of a schooner prize and a prize for boats built prior to 1932, when the Cruising Club Rule was adopted, turned out to be a very good idea on the basis of encouraging the trailers. As explained above it was no race for schooners, which can't hope to beat the sloops and yawls when the race is to windward all the way. W. L. Stewart Jr.'s boat *Santana,* from San Francisco, which captured the schooner prize, finished around tenth in class A and at that she was a long way ahead of the other schooners, some of which were very good boats and as well manned as any in the fleet. And Dudley Wolfe's sloop *Highland Light,* from Boston, finished just a place ahead of *Santana* and took the Finley Trophy for the older boats. Incidentally the *Light* still holds the course record, half an hour under three days from Montauk to St. David's made in the fast close-reaching race of 1932.

ONLY five boats dropped out, making the number of finishers the largest on record, as in 1936, with the same number of starters, 43, eight failed to get there. *Latifa,* the big British yawl which was up with *Baruna* and the other leaders the first day, had to drop out to save her spars when a flawed bronze stem fitting broke. It was a tough break, after Mike Mason had sailed her all the way from England for the race, and Americans were somewhat relieved when he reported that the casting that went sour was one that had been on her for two years and was not part of the new rigging she shipped here. Henry Devereux's *Nedumo* lost her mizzen when her chainplates failed—a case of too-light rigging apparently. What turned back *Meridian, Capella,* and the (*Continued on page 78*)

Country Life Sports Calendar August, 1938

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1 Narragansett Park Horse Race Meeting, Pawtucket, R. I. (until Sept. 10th). Washington Park, Ill., Horse Race Meeting (until Sept. 3rd). Meadow Club Invitation Tennis Tournament, Southampton, L. I. (until 7th). Invitation Tennis Tournament (women), Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L. I. (until 6th). Invitation Tennis Tournament, Kennebunkport, Me. Annual Regatta Southern California Y. A., Los Angeles (until 6th). Start of Great South Bay Race Week, Bayshore, L. I. (until 6th).	**2** Dublin Horse Show, Ballsbridge, Ireland. (until 6th). Commodore Corry Star Class Series, Great South Bay, L. I. (until 6th). Sea Island Y. C. Regatta, Rockville, S. C. (until 4th). Country Club of Norfolk, Conn. Invitation Tennis Tournament.	**3** Women's High - Goal Polo Championship, Pogonip Polo Club, Santa Cruz, Calif. (until 7th). Open Amateur Golf Championship, Blackpool, England. Sailing Regatta, Rockport, Maine.	**4** Annual Cruise to New London, American Y. C. Miles River Y. C. Regatta, St. Michaels, Md. (until 6th). End of Sea Island Regatta, Rockville, S. C. Hendersonville, N. C. Horse Show.	**5** Vineyard Sound Interclub Regatta, Nantucket, Mass. John Charles Thomas Trophy (Stars), Miles River Yacht Club, St. Michaels, Md. (until 6th). Capitol City Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Indianapolis, Ind. (Indiana State Ch.) (until 7th). Montpelier, Vt., Horse Show. Blowing Rock, N. C., Horse Show. Sagamore Horse Show, Bolton Landing, N. Y. (until 7th).	**6** Eastern States Skeet Championship, Ludlow Fish & Game Assn., Mass. (until 7th). Towson Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Md. Annual Invitation Regatta, Nantucket Y. C., Mass. Cowes-Dinard Race, Royal Ocean Racing Club, England. End of Miles River Y. C. Regatta, St. Michaels, Md. End of Southern Calif. Y. A. Regatta, Los Angeles. End of John Charles Thomas Trophy Star Races, Miles River Y. C., Md. Central New England Power Boat Regatta, Boston, Mass. Lackawanna Kennel Club Dog Show, Skytop, Pa. Ventura County Dog Fanciers Assn. Dog Show, Ventura, Calif. San Mateo Horse Show, Menlo Park, Calif. (until 13th). Southampton, L. I. Horse Show. Dade Park Horse Race Meeting, Henderson Park, Ky. (until Sept. 5th).
7 Race Week, Marblehead, Mass. (until 15th). Lightship Race, Boston Y. C., Boston, Mass. St. Michaels-Baltimore Race, Maryland Y. C. Hi-Gun Skeet Club Tournament, Detroit, Mich. Peoria Skeet & Gun Club Tour, Ill. Izaak Walton League Skeet Club Tournament, Omaha, Neb. End of Eastern States Skeet Championship, Ludlow, Mass. End of Indiana State Skeet Championship, Indianapolis. Eastern Mass. Beagle Club Show, Caryville, Mass. End of Sagamore Horse Show, Bolton Landing, N. Y. End of Meadow Club Tennis Tournament, Southampton, L. I. End of Women's High Goal Polo Tournament, Pogonip Club, Santa Cruz.	**8** Goshen, N. Y., Grand Circuit Trotting Meet, Good Time Park (until 13th). Inter-Lake Y. A. Regatta, Put-In-Bay, Ohio (until 11th). Biltmore Forest Country Club Invitational Golf Tournament, Asheville, N. C. Women's Golf Assn. of Western Pa. Championships, Foxchapel Golf Club, Pittsburgh, Pa. (until 12th).	**9** New York Yacht Club Cruise (until 17th).	**10** Hambletonian Day, Goshen, N. Y. Southern Mass. Junior Sailing Championship, Edgartown, Mass. Boston Y. C. Day, Marblehead Race Week.	**11** Bath County Horse Show, Hot Springs, Va. (until 12th). Cohasset Mass. Horse Show (until 13th). Bretton Woods Tennis Club Invitation Tennis Tournament, Bretton Woods, N. H. (until 13th). Astor Cup Race, New York Y. C., Newport, R. I. End of Inter-Lake Y. A. Regatta, Put-In-Bay, Ohio.	**12** Chesapeake Bay Y. C. Regatta, Tred Avon Y. C. Regatta, Oxford, Md. (until 14th). Pan-American Skeet Championships, Dallas Skeet & Gun Club, Tex. Lake Placid, N. Y., Horse Show (until 14th). End of Bath County Horse Show, Hot Springs, Va. End of Western Penn. Women's Golf Championship, Foxchapel Country Club, Pittsburgh.	**13** National Power Boat & Sweepstakes, Red Bank, N. J. Rhode Island Kennel Club Dog Show, Portsmouth, R. I. White Fence Farm Kennel Club Dog Show, Lemont, Ill. Windsor, Vt., Horse Show. Litchfield, Conn., Horse Show. Riding Club of East Hampton, L. I., Horse Show. End of Cohasset Horse Show. End of San Mateo Horse Show, Menlo Park, Calif. Michigan State Skeet Championship, Flint, Mich. Nassau Trapshooting Club Skeet Tournament, Mineola, New York. End of Goshen Grand Circuit Trotting Meet (Good Time Park). End of Bretton Woods Invitational Tennis Tournament, N. H.
14 Connecticut All-Gauge Skeet Championship, Hartford Gun Club, Farmington, Conn. Twin Pike Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Ambler, Pa. Louisville Skeet Club Tournament, Louisville, Ky. End of Sailing Regatta, Chesapeake Y. C., Oxford, Md. End of Lake Placid Horse Show.	**15** King's Cup Race and Annual Regatta, New York Y. C., Marblehead, Mass. Inland Lake Y. A. Regatta, Neenah, Wis. (until 19th) End of Race Week, Marblehead, Mass. Springfield, Ill., Grand Circuit Trotting Meet (until 20th). Old White Golf Tournament, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. (until 20th). Invitational Golf Tournament, Asheville, N. C. Newport Casino Invitation Tennis Tournament, Newport, R. I. Essex County Club Invitation Tennis Tournament, Manchester, Mass.	**16** Race Week, New Bedford Y. C., Padanaram, Mass. (until 18th).	**17** End of New York Y. C. Cruise.	**18** North Shore Horse Show, Stony Brook, L. I., N. Y. until 21st). Pocono Mountains Horse Show, Mt. Pocono, Pa. (until 20th). Clarke County Horse and Colt Show, Berryville, Va. (until 19th).	**19** End of Inland Lake Y. A. Regatta, Neenah, Wis. End of Clarke County Horse and Colt Show, Berryville, Va.	**20** Special 30 Sq. Metre International Challenge Sailing Series. Beverly Y. C., Marion, Mass. Hearst Gold Cup Power Boat Races, Chicago, Ill. Horse Racing New England Oaks Stakes, Narragansett Park, R. I. End of Springfield, Ill., Grand Circuit Trotting Meet. End of Pocono Mountains Horse Show, Skytop, Pa. Mohawk Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, Lake George, N. Y. Illinois State Fair Kennel Club Dog Show, Springfield. Wilbraham, Mass., Fish and Game Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters). End of Old White Golf Tournament White Sulphur Springs, W. Va.
21 Maine State All Gauge Skeet Championship, Portland Skeet Club, Portland, Me. Massachusetts Two-Man Team Skeet Championships, Minute Man's Sportsmans Club, Lexington, Mass. Babylon, L. I., Skeet Club Tournament. Northwest Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Chicago, Ill. Wildwood Kennel Club Dog Show, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. End of North Shore Horse Show, Stony Brook, L. I. Lightship Yacht Race San Francisco, Cal.	**22** Atlantic Coast Star Championships, Western Long Island Sound (until 27th). Missouri State Fair Horse Show, Sedalia, Mo. (until 26th). California State Amateur Golf Championships, Pebble Beach, Calif. Tronton Country Club Invitation Tennis Tournament, Trenton, N. J. (until 27th). Tennis (National Doubles Championship etc.), Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. (until 27th).	**23** Newport Harbor Y. C. Race Week, California (until 28th). Cortland County Horse Show, Cortland, N. Y. (until 27th)	**24** R Boat Sailing Races for Richardson Trophy, Cleveland Y. C., Rocky River, Ohio. (until 26th). Allegheny County Agricultural Society Dog Show, Angelicia, N. Y.	**25** Elimination Sailing Races Women's Championship, Southern Mass. Y. R. A. Vineyard Haven, Mass., (until 26th). Mount Desert Kennel Club Dog Show, Bar Harbor, Maine.	**26** Genesee Valley Breeders' Assn. Horse Show, Avon, N. Y. (until 27th). Sedgefield Horse Show, High Point, N. C. International Tennis Tournament, Seigniory Club, P. Q. (tentative). End of R Boat Regatta, Cleveland, Ohio. End of Women's Sailing Championship Elimination Races, Vineyard Haven, Mass. End of Missouri State Fair Horse Show, Sedalia, Mo.	**27** Cornfield and Stratford Shoal Races, City Island Y. C., N. Y. Scandinavian Gold Cup Six-Metre Races, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., Oyster Bay, L. I. Monhegan Island Race, Portland Y. C., Maine. Stone Harbor Y. C. Sailing Regatta , Cape May, N. J. (until 28th). End of Atlantic Coast Star Championships, Western L. I. Sound. Smithtown, L. I., Horse Show. Lakeville, Conn., Horse Show. End of Cortland County, N. Y., Horse Show. Detroit, Mich., Horse Race Meeting (until Sept. 24th). James C. Thornton Memorial Handicap, Narragansett Park, R. I. End of Saratoga Horse Race Meeting (from July 25th). Northern New England Skeet Championship, Burlington Trapshooters Club, Vt. North Shore Kennel Club Dog Show, Hamilton, Mass. State Fair Kennel Club Dog Show, Milwaukee, Wis. San Joaquin Kennel Club Dog Show, Stockton, Calif. Southbridge, Mass., Tennis Club Invitation Tournament.
28 Suffolk County Kennel Club Dog Show, Timber Point Club, Great River, L. I. N. Y. Wisconsin Kennel Club Dog Show, Milwaukee, Wis. Eldred, Pa., Field Trial, Pointers and Setters. End of Lakeville, Conn., Horse Show. End of Stone Harbor Y. C. Regatta, Cape May, N. J. End of Race Week, Newport Harbor Yacht Club, Calif.	**29** Sears Bowl Sailing Races Pequot Y. C., Southport, Conn. Syracuse N. Y. Grand Circuit Trotting Meet (until Sept. 3rd). Mason and Dixon Women's Golf Championship, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va. Ohio State Fair Horse Show, Columbus, Ohio (until Sept. 2nd). Aqueduct, L. I., Horse Meeting (until Sept. 14th). Saskatchewan F. T. Assn. Field Trial, Pointers and Setters, Moose Jaw, Sask.	**30** National Skeet Championships, Southern Hills Country Club, Tulsa, Okla. (until Sept. 2nd). Rhinebeck-Dutchess County, N. Y., Horse Show.	**31** Long Island Father and Son Golf Championship, Cherry Valley Golf Club, Garden City, L. I.			

Swim House on a Rock

A Sportsman's Retreat on the Coast of Nova Scotia

Designed by
JAMES REYNOLDS

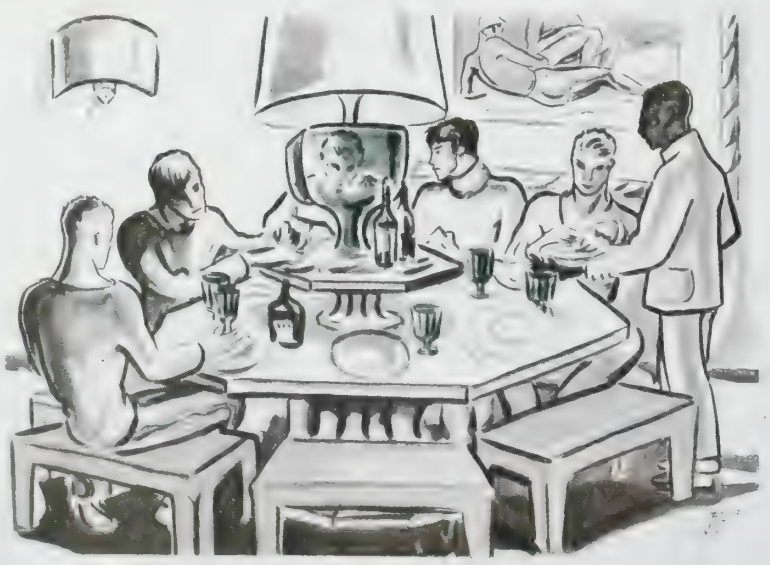
One day this spring a friend of mine, who is by way of being a champion swimmer as well as stroke of a varsity crew, was telling me with the most contagious enthusiasm of the splendid weeks spent roughing it in a tent on the dramatic rocky coast of Nova Scotia, swimming in the sea among deep pools and little turbulent bays that jag the coas'line for miles, from Yarmouth to Bedeck. This clear, cold salt water is apparently the ultimate answer to an expert swimmer's most ardent prayer.

As the story proceeded, I learned that the only drawback to complete happiness for a long stay in this remote part of North America is the lack of comfortable housing, for even in the middle of July and August night may come down very suddenly in a blanket of icy drizzle and fog, which lasts for three or four days of unrelenting gloom, during which life in a tent can become a very irksome burden. The challenge then, tossed like a gauntlet into what by this time had become a symposium on the joys of swimming, was this—an idea for the best sort of Swim House to be built on a grim acre of rock, one that would embrace comfort, convenience, style; one that must as well stand up to the most racking bout of the elements and emerge smiling and unscathed.

I accepted the challenge in this article with its accompanying water-color details. I present a Swim House that could, with modifications, be built along any seaboard that might attract you. The actual structure is a long, low building of stucco-covered stone, given two coats of whitewash into which has been stirred a touch of sepia, bringing the color at once into line with the natural hemp rope, scrubbed deal, and sailcloth used throughout in decoration. As the frontage in this particular instance has a shallow indentation between two sentinel rocks, the house is built as a half hexagon with straight wings at right angles on either side. An eighteen-foot retaining wall acts as a foundation and in the center panel of the hexagon a large porthole furnishes a waste outlet for the always restless sea. The tiles, the color of the dark green shadows cast onto the sea by the surrounding rocks, are set in herringbone pattern.

Architecturally this Swim House is disarmingly simple, relying on spacious proportions and carefully planned grouping of furniture to give it distinction. Everywhere one looks is a spreading view of sea and sky; in effect one might be on the deck of a ship. The fireplace is wide enough to take four-feet logs with ease, the chimneybreast is an arrangement of four setbacks, forming an eighteen-inch moulding, and is of whitewashed brick as are the walls throughout.

On either side of the fireplace are six oars, all of which have made crew history in some great race, duly signed and dated. By using three on either side an effect of slender columns is achieved, adding a sense of lift and height to the room, as well as giving a pleasant nostalgia for past victories to the owners of the Swim House. Three large sepia pictures painted in oil on wood panels, depicting crew and swimming subjects, are framed in wide mats of sailcloth and three-inch hemp rope. One hangs over the fireplace, two flank it on the turn of the walls. The pair of andirons are unusual octagonal columns of soapstone, featuring acorn-shaped tops. They are of Gaspé origin and from this motif I designed finials for the consoles and the supporting deal beams under the terrace roof. The beams besides being architecturally decorative conceal steel girders of sturdy construction that support the overhang.



The octagonal table serves a double purpose, for between meals a rack for magazines and books occupies the space around the lamp

From the first it has been my idea to keep the decorations of this house unpretentious, interesting in line and mass, keyed low in color, with the vibrant, luminous quality that comes from sunlight on off-white surfaces. Even in the moonlight this house has a gleaming look almost as if touched with phosphorus. It has as well the trim "swept for action" aspect of a sea-going yacht, infinitely desirable in a house of this kind. Throughout not a yard of material is used that cannot withstand a deluge of salt water and the batterings of a howling gale at one and the same time and if need be present a smart appearance when the morning sun rises above the horizon.

Slip-covers on the roomy chairs (whose cushions are made of rubber sponging), rugs, even the mats on the sepia wall panels are of heavy Brittany sailcloth, palest beige in color. The oblong stools used at the dining table at mealtime, or in turn as coffee tables scattered around the living room, are of solid cork reinforced with metal tubing which cannot be seen. The wood used for the generous octagonal table, consoles, and supporting beams are of deal, holystoned to a smooth whiteness comparable to that of the fine old deal tables so very highly prized in New England kitchens.

During the day, between meals, a rack for books and magazines occupies the space

(*Continued on page 71*)

HOW MUCH DOES IT COST?

Photographs taken at Goshen especially for "Country Life and The Sportsman"
by LOUIS FANCHER

You can spend a small fortune or almost nothing and still have fun out of owning your own trotting horse or pacer as long as you love horses and know how to handle them. A well-trained, quiet horse suitable for a beginner can be picked up for $300 or thereabouts, and the horse plus all the tack and equipment which are really necessary for informal sport can be purchased for $400

TROTTING for the novice

The trotting horse game is a lot of fun and you don't have to be wealthy to enjoy it either—facts that were never impressed on us as strongly as they were that morning last spring when we arrived at the Good Time Track at Goshen just as the sun was rising over the hills in the east, and the new green grass was still sparkling with dew. It was one of those shining mornings with a crispness in the air making the sun's first warmth very welcome indeed and filling horses and men alike with the joy of living. Though it was still early there was a bustle of activity at the track that had in all probability been going on since the crack of dawn—rows of shining sulkies, stable boys cooling out blanket-wrapped horses whose exercise stint was finished, and out on the track sleek, spirited trotters and pacers being jogged and sprinted, the first dust of the year spurting up from their pounding hoofs. This was far more than the informal jogging we had seen at Aiken, Pinehurst, and other centers during the winter. The pace was fast now and eyes were glued to stop watches. The Hambletonian and other Grand Circuit meetings of the summer were even then looming large on the horizon.

We went up there with the idea of learning more about the intricacies of the sport than our previous brief encounters with it had permitted. We'd seen Standardbreds raced, seen them in training and in their stalls, and even written about them but only from the grandstand point of view. We wanted to get behind the scenes and learn what made things tick; study the tack and methods of harnessing from close range, delve into the mysteries of toe weights, training carts, bike sulkies, and all the rest of the things that make trotting horses and racing so much a thing apart from other horses and the sports connected with them. Well, we learned a smattering of all this and other things too.

Most of the people up behind the horses out on the track were amateurs, members of the group that has done so much to popularize the sport that had for so long been the closely guarded secret of a few old-timers. Dunbar Bostwick, Elbridge Gerry, and the Roland Harriman family—no trotting horse scene would be complete without them—were working on their horses, several of them Hambletonian prospects, under the supervision of their trainers who were either working other horses or sitting on the rail watching the work with eagle eyes. So many miles of jogging the wrong way of the track for a warm-up then turn around to tick off quarters, halfs, and miles at real speed.

The comparison between this early morning scene and a similar one where flat racers or jumpers are trained is interesting. With the trotters the owners were actually in the midst of things. If their horses came along well it was, partly as least, due to their own efforts

Right: Elbridge T. Gerry, one of the amateurs who have recently become so enthusiastic over the trotting game

and they were right there in the sulky to feel the increasing co-ordination and gathering speed, the stop watches in their hands giving new hopes as the weeks went by. Or it might be the discouragement of having a likely looking colt for which they had high hopes prove to be nothing but a dud. At any rate it was a first-hand experience. The other side of the picture is the flat racing or jumping scene where the owner, if present at all, can only sit on the rail and watch the exercise boys and jocks and get his thrills vicariously.

This of course is the reason why so many of these young sportsmen have taken up trotting horses—the personal participation angle. Weight makes little or no difference with trotters, and this of course is the key to the whole situation. All of this group are expert horsemen for they have had a lifelong association with them. They have the means to get top horses, the best of trainers and assistants, and have the time to perfect their skill. But though slightly awed by the shining sulkies, the horses in the perfection of soundness and bloom of coat, the grooms and stable boys ready to take over when the day's workout was finished, we had become so enthusiastic that we began to wonder if a person of limited means could get into the sport and have any fun. Was this like flat racing—the sport of kings and kings only—or was it something that nearly everybody who liked horses could enjoy? So, imbued with the spirit of it, we began asking questions, the gist of which was to find out whether this said person with a limited pocketbook could get out on a track with his own horses as these people were doing and, though perhaps without much chance of going places on the Grand Circuit, do some matineeing in fast company without being too hopelessly outclassed by the drivers with more time and money to put into it.

Toe weights must be adjusted by experienced trainers

Standardbreds are considered to be more rugged than Thoroughbreds

Below: Mr. E. Roland Harriman, one of the most experienced of the amateurs, shows how to hold the reins when driving a trotter or pacer. Lower right: Another view of the proper way to drive; the loops are buckled into the reins to help the driver keep a firm, steady grip. Middle right: After the day's workout is finished the horses must be rubbed down, bathed, and cooled out. Top right: the roll across the horse's nose keeps him from jumping his own shadow, a fault which has caused many a bad spill or lost an important heat

It didn't take us long to find out this can be done, and done a lot more easily and inexpensively than we ever would have imagined, too. Sooner or later our queries were sure to lead us to Will Gahagan who is one of the final authorities on trotting horse matters. Fortunately, as far as our thirst for knowledge was concerned, he was on hand that day and willing to discuss what to him must have been an insane lot of questions. However we based them on the premise that there must be plenty of people these days with a newly aroused interest in trotting and yet with a pretty sketchy knowledge of the mechanics of it. Perhaps they will be as interested as we were in the answers.

The first question we asked him, one which we think would be the first to come to the mind of anyone interested in getting into the game, was how much does a trotting horse cost—a fairish sort of animal with which a novice could get experience and fun. We almost dropped dead when the amount proved to be three hundred dollars—or less! This horse could be picked up at one of the sales, and would of course have to be chosen with the aid of someone who really knew—there are tricks to all trades. A beginner wouldn't want a really fast horse anyway. In the first place a really fast and therefore spirited and temperamental horse would be a poor teacher, for a novice can learn a great deal from a steady, well-trained horse and would probably ruin a really top one. The whole outfit would like as not end up in a ditch or with sulky and driver shattered against a stable door as the runaway cut the corner too sharply on the way to his stall. It takes a lot of skill to hold some of them. So the thing to do is to get a good sound horse that may not be able to turn out record miles but will still furnish a fair share of thrills and a maximum of education.

Well, now that you have acquired this jewel of a horse for a mere pittance it's obvious that your troubles have just started. Where will you keep him, how about training carts, harness, a racing sulky, and all the rest? What do you need? Where and how do you get it, and above all how much? Of course you (*Continued on page 72*)

Spit on the Fly for Luck

3,000 square miles of forests and rivers—a sportsman's paradise on the Island of Anticosti in the Gulf of St. Lawrence

EVERY adventure has its zero hour. When, rounding a promontory, we saw the ebbing bay and, beside it, what appeared to be a hollow row of dilapidated houses, windows a hundred flashing eyes in the sun, we suddenly wondered why we had ever decided to come to Port Menier.

For weeks we had talked over our Canadian trip for late summer. Over luncheons in endless, sultry August. After dinners in a Manhattan garden, secluded from everything except the stifling heat. Days and evenings when only the memory of sleep under blankets gave us sufficient energy for further investigation.

We were experienced sportsmen, two of us unencumbered. The third had brought along his wife. She was faintly bewildered, somewhat reluctant, but game. Knowing the Canadian woods from previous years, we had a background against which to visualize the possibilities of places under discussion. Our object was to pack into two weeks as much fishing, shooting, health, and amusement as our moderate incomes permitted. There were invitations from friends to several clubs; there were rivers and streams along which the white man passes but once in several years; there were Indian camps far into the land of trapping; all possibilities for grand sport and complete diversion. We finally decided on the Island of Anticosti the location of which, even on the map, few of our friends knew.

Anticosti lies in the Gulf of St. Lawrence some forty-five miles beyond the tip of Gaspé Peninsula, on a line with the northern part of Newfoundland and a few hundred miles south of Labrador. Its three thousand square miles of forests and rivers promised more diversified sport than any of our other possible locations. Having made the decision, our remaining free hours in New York went into finding the best way to reach the Island and overhauling our needed equipment.

At the straggling, coastal town of Rimouski, twenty-four hours by train from New York, we joined the little combination freight and tourist packet, *Fleurus,* meandering eighteen hours behind schedule, for transport to Anticosti's only town, Port Menier. For a night and a day we cruised the broadening St. Lawrence with a casual dozen passengers and an even more casual crew. To our left a far away curve of blue, where river and woolly clouds joined, was the north shore. We had passed the point on that coast where man-made roads reach into the timber, and from memory of other years knew that we gazed into untouched forests of serene mystery. Behind us, three hundred miles, the Saguenay's cold, black currents poured silently through towering cliffs into the St. Lawrence, white whales sporting at its mouth. To the right, Gaspé was disappearing. As a stiff breeze pushed us forward with the deep green, we felt that we were approaching the fingertip of civilization.

A squatting group of reddish houses, a wireless tower, two larger slate-covered buildings, and a nondescript wharf completed the settlement. Behind this huddled group of forlorn buildings, pine forests went upward and away in three directions; the fourth, the sea from which we came, was radiant in contrast!

Stewards rushed up and down a tiny gangway with our guns, rods, and duffle bags. We disembarked and found ourselves loaded into a diminutive, wooden-benched railway car of antiquated design behind which an odd combination of boiler and stack squirted smoke. We waved farewell to our fellow passengers, the snorting steam animal gave a familiar French toot and rattled along a roller-coaster track away from the wharf. In a few minutes we were driving, in a new Ford station wagon, along an unexpected road. It led through a grove and ended in a circle before a mansion overlooking the bay. A maid, in immaculate white, opened swinging porch doors and, completely amazed, we entered the incredible Villa Menier.

FIELDING ROBINSON

Left to right: The ancient rattler, the gasoline speeder under way, the speeder at a standstill

Forty years ago, after the last abortive attempt at settling the Island ended in disaster and destitution for the inhabitants, a King of Chocolate from sunny France, Papa Menier, acquired Anticosti for a sports playground. He imported deer, moose, elk, reindeer, and other game. Roads were built to several points, rivers charted for fishing, sanitary conditions established and, doing very nicely for himself, he built a Villa rivaling the ornate ones of his own land of luxury. To all this he came with friends each year in his yacht, as numerous pictures of bearded Frenchmen in weird, sporting garb will testify.

The interior dimensions of the Villa are generous. A lengthy living room has an arched ceiling thirty feet above. From paneled walls the mounted heads of eighteen six-point bucks look down complacently. Large tapestries, descriptive of feudal France, hang on four sides of the room. Windows of stained glass, and deep rugs complete the note of lavishness. The fireplace, typically French, will hardly accommodate a two-foot log. The bedrooms are equally abundant, with double windows opening on the Bay, deep mattressed

Interior of fabulous villa of Papa Menier, the French Chocolate King

beds and adjoining baths with mammoth tubs. The kitchen would suffice for a large hotel and, at present, is commanded by a French chef having few equals in any epicurean country.

We dined, that first night, in a fashion to which we were completely unaccustomed, on lake trout, venison chops washed down with excellent wine, and crêpes suzette. With us at dinner were several men returning from the river camps, homeward bound. Over coffee and brandy, conversation became lively and they amused us with stories of their adventures on the Island. In their rough woods clothes and checkered shirts, it was difficult to picture each one as he would be in a few days, behind a desk or perhaps bending over an operating table.

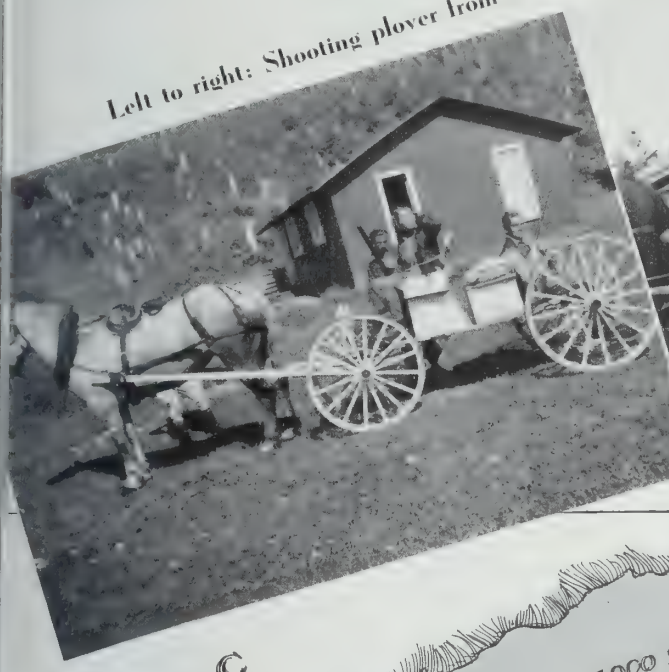
The next morning, aboard the forty-foot motor schooner *Copaco,* we rolled through heavy seas, twenty miles down the coast to our camp at the mouth of the River St. Marie. The *Copaco* anchored in the long swell a half mile from shore and our guide-to-be came to fetch us in a tiny launch. It was sunny and low tide. As we approached the Island the surf made a sparkling frame pounding the reefs as far as we could see. Away went the *Copaco.* Through an opening into still water we went popping. Soon we found ourselves facing the low wooden shack which was to be our temporary home.

Our camp, a quarter of a mile from the river, had four rooms with iron beds, a central room for meals and guns, and a crackling fire. Wooden benches flanked a long board table. In quarters to the rear lived the guide. Outside were cabins for wood, a horse, ice storage, and an enclosure for trapped foxes. Things were very simple but complete and comfortable.

We were soon in waders starting up the river in search of trout. Near its mouth the waters were low, but moving upward we found the first pool at a half mile. It was thrilling to feel again the bending rod, hear the curl and whip of extending line, spit on the fly for luck and see it drop silently with a tiny ripple far across beside a log near the other bank. Finding only moderate luck we stretched our legs another mile through shallow rapids, casting in likely places. The press of rushing water around our boots, calls of wood birds, swishing of branches against an afternoon breeze—old, beloved sounds—sent our spirits rushing upward.

When shadows lengthened we came out on a trail leading homeward beside the sea. The wind had dropped and a half moon arrived with (*Continued on page 75*)

Left to right: Shooting plover from a buckboard, a morning's bag, on the steps of the villa with black duck dinners for days to come



Rainy Boating Weather

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER

THE older I get the more difficult I find it is to be sporting. As a matter of truth, I have always found it difficult. What I should say is that with increasing maturity I am beginning to realize that to assume an attitude of splendid animal enjoyment in situations of acute discomfort, not to say of peril, is childish and unnecessary. It is all very well for the very young or for the female who, by exhibiting her fine outdoor nature, hopes to land her man. But for the woman past thirty, who no longer goes in for such complicated forms of angling, it is so much easier to come clean and admit she prefers to remain on the chaise longue in the comfortable shelter of the cabana.

Take sailing for example. There is no more enthusiastic salt than I, provided the skies are fair and the boat that carries me is equipped with something a degree more comfortable to sit on than a cleat. But when the weather turns Cape Horny and the conveyance changes from a pleasure craft into a submarine and there is nothing to hold on to but a scupper and the arm of the helmsman (a form of feminine approach that is not appreciated at the time) I for one prefer the steadfast seaworthiness of the *Queen Mary*.

Perhaps it's not so much my nature as my anatomy that isn't adapted to the more primitive methods of navigation. I am not one who can sit for hours on a flat surface with my feet straight out before me. In fact, I can't sit that way for even a few seconds. I guess I'm lacking a joint because I don't bend. On the other hand (or rather on the other limb) to sit tailor-fashion on a heaving deck is not only precarious but extremely painful and my anklebones can't take it for long. If space permits you can lie stretched out on the hatch but again the danger of being hurled overboard obviates any degree of relaxation. Then there is the violent alternative of sitting astride the bowsprit which is just a picturesque version of the ducking stool. Of course, you can go back and repose on one of those nice hard seats in the cockpit. Some well-equipped sailboats have cushions, I am told, but the people who take me sailing either have lost their last one overboard or they're above such decadent luxury. Often as not I find myself sitting on the deck with feet dangling into the cockpit. This position of comparative comfort is ruined by the presence of a viciously sharp little rim that surrounds the edge for no apparent reason other than to give whoever sits on it for long a permanent wave in the wrong place. Then there's the question of agility. Not only must one be able to spring, crawl, or fall flat at a moment's notice, there are any number of hazards in the way of ropes that trip, hatches that become oubliettes, and surfaces that grow slippery as skating rinks. Those sudden crises, that arise when somebody just to be capricious decides to bring the boat about and you have to bend double or lean out over the brink of eternity to avoid being decapitated by the on-rushing boom, require a talent for contortionism with which I am not endowed. I have yet to get comfortably settled in a sailboat when someone hasn't yelled, "Watch your head!" (as if watching it would do any good) and a menacing flail of wood, canvas, and rigging hasn't rushed past, missing me by inches and tilting me into a position of complete unbalance. In regard to that tipping, too, I guess I'm no true "yo-heave-hoer" because when a boat leans at an angle of forty degrees and one side is well under water I have never been able to figure out what in hell keeps the whole works from going all the way under. This feeling gives rise to a good deal of straining on my part to pull the balance in the other direction which is exhausting to the nerves to say nothing at all of the poor overworked abdominal muscles.

From a feminine point of view sailing is about as unbecoming an activity as woman can pursue. The idea of the wind-blown sweetheart of the crew is all very romantic and looks fine in the travel advertisements, but in reality an hour or more of breeze and spray can turn an attractive, well-groomed creature into something pretty alarming if not repellent. Hair, unless bound down with uncompromising severity, soon gets looking like a bunch of old kelp and what the salt air does to make-up is nobody's business, unless possibly Neptune's. Powder streaks and cakes in patches and under it one's nose acquires the hearty color of a port light while the rest of the face approaches a more starboard shade. One more injustice of a man-made world is that the wetter a man gets the more it adds to his charms, while a wet woman assumes the forlorn aspect of a wet cat.

Another disadvantage for the sea-faring female is that while she is never permitted to take any part in the navigating, when it comes time for food she is expected to do her bit in a galley that would have turned the stomach of Henry Morgan. I suppose it's traditional to have everything connected with food on a sailing boat as repulsive as possible, but I do wish it weren't considered so darned sporting to keep utensils in a state of grease, rust spots, and the dried remains of baked beans. And there's a quaint misconception that a slight flavor of kerosene and wet bathing suits is conducive to appetite. I prefer my butter free from flecks of pipe tobacco and I'm not nuts for bread that has been wrapped in oilskins for a number of days. Under these distressing circumstances the gallant little woman is expected to let loose her domestic nature, concoct something in the way of a meal for the great bullies in the fresh air above and come through the ordeal pink and cheerful and not at all in an advanced state of jaundice. I am an annoyingly good sailor. The channel in winter, a Chriscraft in a squall, the *Ile de France* in any weather fails to down me. But even on land I've never liked the combination of food and sneakers.

There are compensations for growing older. One is the realization that to be sporting isn't at all necessary. It is a great relief to reach this stage of wisdom. Hereafter I go boating only in fair weather when I can loll on soft cushions, sip cooling drinks, and keep up my appearance. All else I leave to the Joan Lowells. Not that anyone will be particularly interested in this announcement. It merely gives me, for one reason or another, great satisfaction to make it.

Young & Ph

Gerald Young

DOWN ON THE *farm*

FIVE CAMERA STUDIES

Gerald Young

Wilder

The Cork Harbor Water Club

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR

YACHTING, as any experienced yachtsman knows, would be a simple and enjoyable sport if it weren't for yacht clubs and the complications they inject into the picture. Perhaps a lot of these complications could be eliminated if our clubs would go back to the mores and precepts of the first recorded yacht club, which was the Cork Harbor Water Club, established some time prior to 1720 and boasting in that year a considerable fleet of sloop-rigged yachts.

Thinking that it may help solve some of the modern yacht clubs' problems, I propose to set forth below some of the Cork Harbor Water Club's rules and institutions, which I found in Arthur H. Clark's "The History of Yachting, 1600-1815."

One indication of the wisdom of these early Irish yachtsmen was that they made no provision for races, regattas, or other events such as cause our modern clubs so much grief. Instead, the club's chief activity afloat consisted of a joint cruise or marine parade "a few leagues out to sea" under command of their admiral (no mere commodores here) and vice-admiral on the occasion of each spring tide beginning in April and continuing through September. A very complete set of sailing instructions was issued for these parades. The admiral took the head of the line, the senior captain's yacht took station on his starboard quarter, second senior captain on his port quarter, and so on down a double line to the vice-admiral, who brought up the rear. The office of rear admiral as separate from that of vice apparently is an altogether new idea.

There was a complete code of signals whereby the admiral could communicate with the rest of the fleet collectively or individually and make his will known by various combinations of gunfire and the hoisting of flags, pennants, and whefts. Captains could also signal the admiral back, petitioning various favors, such as to be allowed to take a seasick passenger back to the clubhouse on Haulbowline Island. If the admiral saw fit to grant permission he hoisted a white flag. If he didn't he hoisted a red flag, which meant "Go to Hades" and was quite undoubtedly the forerunner of the modern protest flag.

"Every boat is to carry the same sail as the admiral, if she can, and may carry more, so as to enable her to keep company, but by no means to go ahead." If a skipper was so presumptuous as to get ahead of the admiral, or if he failed to show up at the rendezvous, he was "to forfeit a British halfcrown for gunpowder for the fleet." (There seems to have been a devilish lot of cannon-firing connected with these affairs.)

In view of this arrangement, it seems likely that the man with the slowest boat had the best chance of being elected admiral. You can hardly conceive of the owner of a slow boat letting himself in for trouble by voting for an admiral whose yacht he couldn't keep up with in the parade. The admiral not only had a lot of authority, he was specifically saved by the rules from one of the modern commodore's bêtes noires, the bar and restaurant bills he runs up entertaining members. For instance:

"Ordered: that no Admiral do bring more than two dishes of meat for the entertainment of the club.

"Resolved, that no Admiral presume to bring more than two dozen of wine to his treat; for it has always been deemed a breach of the ancient rules and constitutions of the Club, except when my lords the judges are invited."

If the admiral got away with an uncommon lot of authority and protection, the 1720 counterpart of chairman of the house committee fared little better than that harried dignitary does now. He was "accountable for all goods and materials belonging to the Club-room." He was also ordered to "suffer no person or persons whatsoever to go into the Club-room, unless brought by a member, or by an order of five members at least, under their hands, on pain of being cashiered." But at least they gave him a lovely title to go with his duties. He was designated as "The Knight of the Island."

The problem of members bringing undesirable friends around to the club to save taking them home—out of town customers, for instance—was neatly handled. "No captain to bring any stranger to the Club, unless they should lie at the (*Continued on page 75*)

THE SPORTSWOMAN

Left: Miss Peggy Hamilton on Grey Knight winning the class for junior jumpers at the Allegheny Country Club Horse Show. They are from the Dunnotar Pony Farm in Warrenton, Va., which specializes in children's mounts

Right: The champion harness pony with her owner and the cup they won at Sewickley. La La Success and Miss Judy King holding the Lewis A. Park trophy

I HOPE that all the things that are going to happen in August will establish and maintain a nice, conservative, considerate, dignified, leisurely pace. This desire isn't prompted by the irritation of personal exhaustion either, because I haven't been breaking any records for speed myself, but the rate at which the late spring's and early summer's activities have whirled by has left me, at the moment, a trifle breathless. Take the late encounter for the world's heavyweight boxing championship, for instance. Thor with one of his thunderbolts could not have dispatched Schmeling much more quickly than did Louis with his own padded fist. Coming home hurriedly that night I turned on the radio just in time to hear the fighters announced and by the time I had taken off my hat the brawl was over. And it doesn't take me long to take my hat off either—not nearly as long as it does to put it on. I could hardly believe what I heard and how could those who were there believe what they saw. There is the story of one poor girl, since we are timing this round in terms of removal of feminine headgear, who was actually among those present and had hers knocked from her head in the excitement of the first blow. Not wishing it to get trampled under foot, she stooped to recover it and when she looked at the ring again—yes, you've guessed it—the fight was all over. That was sad but sadder still is the story of two young men who moved

MRS. JORROCKS

Below: Miss Eleonora Sears of Boston who for years has been famous in almost every sort of sport, with Alfred Borden at the Intercollegiate Polo Championship

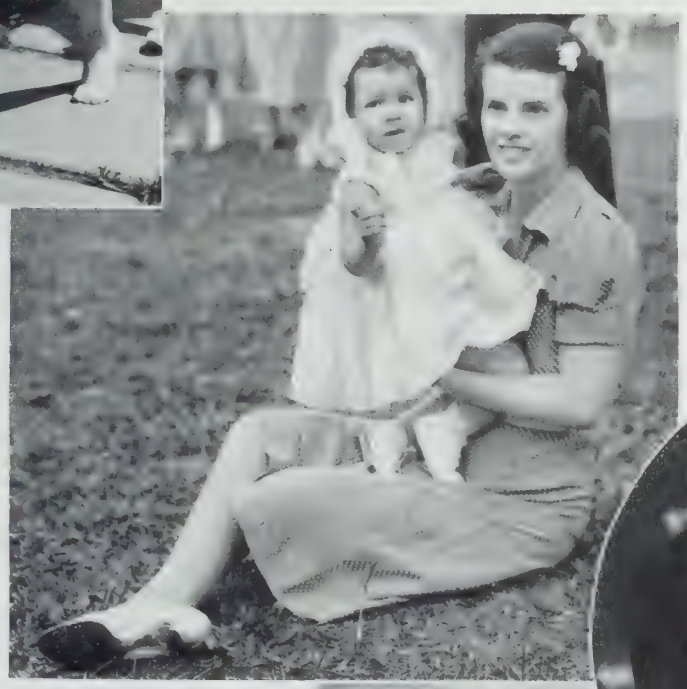
Youthful exhibitors at Sands Point were Heather Roulston, daughter of Mrs. H. Davies Roulston, and Jimmy and Sammy Van Alen, sons of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Van Alen of Roslyn, Long Island

Below: Identified with equitation competition are the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Murray of Southampton. Joan, Rosamond, and Therese at the Beach Club

Left: The owner of Pasteurized, winner of the Belmont, Mrs. W. P. Stewart with Mr. Walter Jeffords

Below: Mr. and Mrs. John M. Schiff whose Northwood stables are consistent winners at the hunt race meetings

Left: Equipped for tennis, sunning, or swimming, Miss Margaret Beadleston visits the Atlantic Beach Club



Above: Little Polly Potter Baldwin and Mrs. Peter Baldwin, her mother, who is a capable rider of hunters in the showring

Above: Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr. recently Miss Joanne Bass, is pictured cutting the first slice from her wedding cake, ably assisted in the labor by Mr. Field

Right: On a springboard at Longshore Country Club, Westport, Connecticut, Miss Anne La Motte

heaven and earth to get tickets. Finding at the last minute that it was going to be possible for them to attend in person, they arrived in New York and after endless trouble at last managed to get seats at $100 apiece. Arriving at the battlefield hot, tired, and exhausted they felt that they would rather have a drink than see the preliminaries so they went to the bar and when they came back—the—fight—was—over! I'm not quite sure what the moral of this last story is, nor did I hear what happened next. Possibly they went right back to the bar, as well they might, and are there still or, on the other hand, they could quite as easily have forsworn liquor for life.

HAMBLETONIAN. One August day that I have especially marked on my calendar is that on which the Hambletonian is run at Goshen's picturesque track. Does one say run when speaking of a trotting race? I'm not quite sure about that, but hope that I make myself clear in any case. But looking at the red circle around August 10th I am already beginning to wonder superstitiously what it is that will happen to prevent me from seeing the race. Year after year it has been my Waterloo; something wholly outside my control has intervened. Last year I really thought I was going to make it. Starting out in brilliant sunshine, hours ahead of the time it would take me to get there—just in case of blowouts or breakdowns—I ran into a dandy thunderstorm that bounced the top off my car as I was going over the Bear Mountain Bridge. I almost died of fright but, surviving that obstacle, I finally arrived at the Goshen track. Wonderful place and its dampness didn't dim its charm one bit. I had always been told that trotting tracks were not like the places where running horses are raced. "You can wander around the stables to your heart's content" they said "and no one seems to mind; glad to see you as a matter of fact." Grabbing a hot dog to serve as luncheon, I found this to be true. Big, elongated looking horses poking friendly heads over box doors, grooms, owners, and drivers and all as comfortably hospitable as possible. Horses and men alike seemed to enjoy the attention they received from wandering idiots like me and even though he was busy at his lunch I was encouraged to look at the world-famous Greyhound. To one accustomed to Thoroughbreds, Standardbreds seem to be built on straight sort of "modernistic" lines but the thing that impressed me most was their placid quiet gentleness as compared to the quick, nervous irritability of the average Thoroughbred in training.

I couldn't make out the system of betting. I didn't try very hard because I wasn't especially interested, but all through the stables, around the books, and in the grandstand and boxes the people, like the horses, seemed good-natured and peaceful compared to those one sees at a running track. I don't think they bet much. I don't think they care to. They are there primarily to see the horses and their enthusiasm for the racing is inspired by an interest in one animal or another and not by the possible advantage to their own personal financial stations.

All through these mental and physical meanderings the rain had been falling intermittently and when I reached the place I was to sit in, the temporary seats built in the open in front of the grandstand, it started to come down in earnest, drenching everyone except those in the shelter of the grandstand and adding more puddles to those on the already muddy track. Rumors started circulating that the big race would be called off but before they got well under way the sun came out again and one or two horses for the first race came out on the track. It was only a short respite, however, because before the first event could be called the rain came down again and this time it was definitely there to stay. Here, it seems, is another difference between Thoroughbreds and Standardbreds. Eight out of ten Thoroughbreds will race regardless of weather. Ten out of ten Standardbreds stay in the stable when their track is muddy and that is the way it was that afternoon. The race had to be postponed. Well, maybe the experience of that disappointing day will keep me constant to the Thoroughbred horse but now it's going to be August again and I *still* want to see a Hambletonian.

(*Continued on page 80*)

Photographs by Morgan, Rutofotos, Jones, T. N. Darling, and Chester T. Holbrook

A Model Farm—example of education

It would be difficult to find more complete and efficient quarters for high-grade dairy cattle than the new cow barns in the Julia Dyckman Andrus Memorial Farm at Yonkers, New York. Here is housed the Bourndale Guernsey herd owned by Mr. Hamlin F. Andrus and managed by Miss Muriel K. Hill who, after years of experience in England, came to this country about ten years ago to take charge of the Bourndale herd then kept at Mr. Andrus's farm at Millerton, New York, and since that time moved to Yonkers. Since she has been in charge she has bred many individual Guernseys that have made breed history, the greatest achievement being the award of grand champion cow at Columbus, Ohio, in 1937. The development of the herd was started fifteen years ago and the present high standing has been reached by weeding out undesirable individuals and by judicious breeding. At the present time the herd consists of thirty-one milking cows with the usual proportion of dry cows and calves and three bulls.

The cows are kept in free standing stalls—no stanchions are used. The concrete floors, covered with reinforced cork, are built about three feet off the ground so that the cows have no contact with it, and also to allow access to the plumbing under the floors. A typical pen for a milking cow is ten by twelve feet. The walls of the barns are made of eight-inch hollow cinder blocks veneered on the outside with four inches of common brick painted white. They are lined on the inside with two-inch glazed terra cotta blocks from floor to ceiling presenting a smooth surface that can be easily washed down or cleaned with rags. Ceilings have rafters of heavy wood sheathed with felt and slate and the attic portion of the buildings is shut off by sheet metal and surfaced by hard-finish plaster enamel. The buildings are equipped with steel sash throughout and have adjustable screened openings. An interesting feature are the roofed runways connecting the barns under which all milk and supplies can be transported without exposure to the weather. Trolleys run through the eaves of the runways facilitating the carrying of heavy loads of either feed or manure.

Besides being an outstanding herd quartered in model buildings this dairy layout has an important function. That of providing training and encouragement for the boys—orphans and others—who are cared for at the farm, and it was for this reason that the herd was moved to Yonkers from the Millerton Farm. The older boys do most of the work in connection with caring for the cattle and buildings and in return receive a thorough education in animal husbandry and in the management of an up-to-date dairy plant.

Here Miss M. K. Hill is shown with one of the prize Guernseys

A small part of the Bourndale Guernsey herd going into one of the barns from the paddock

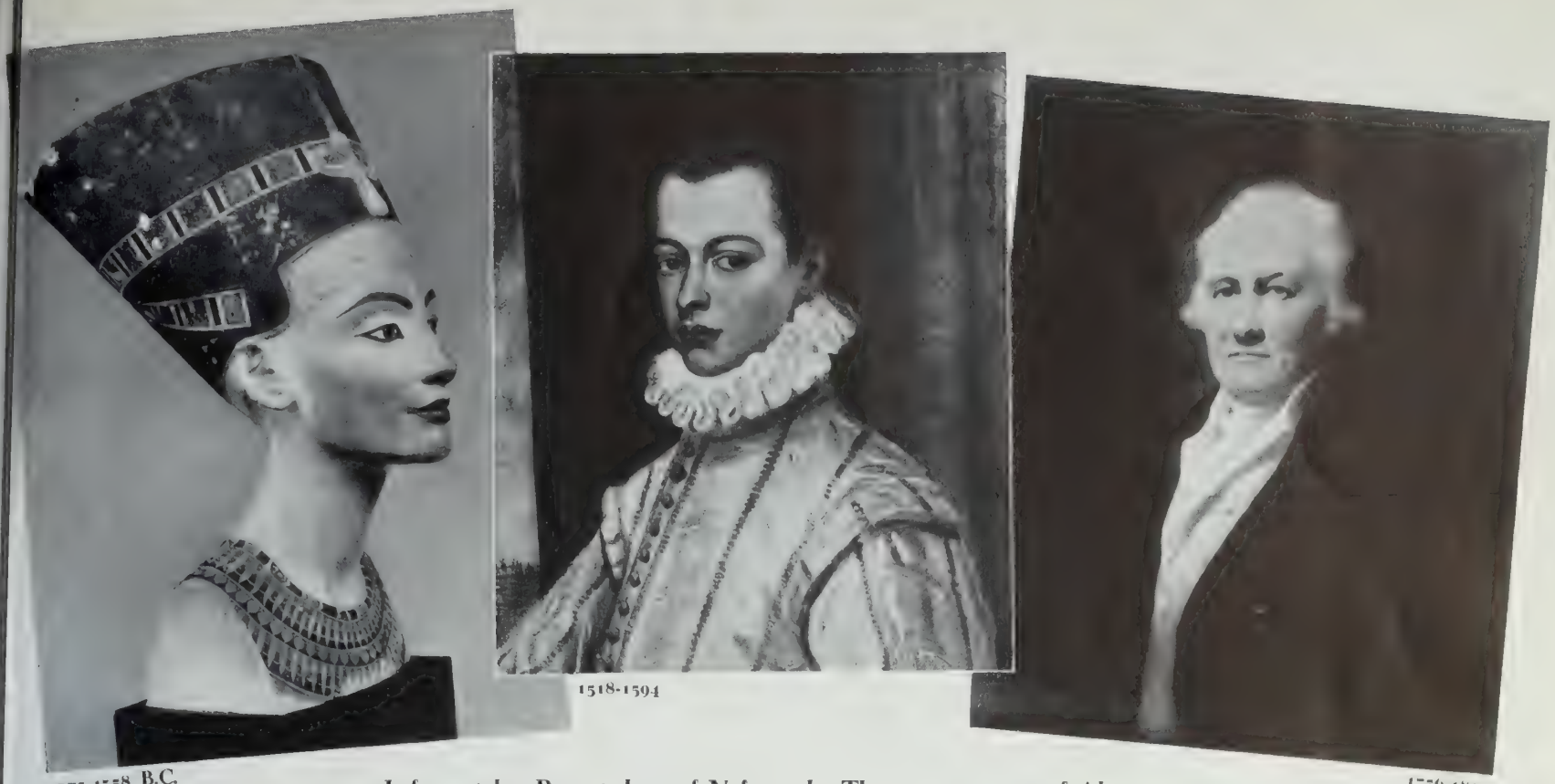
MILTON H. McGUIRE
Architect

Photographs by
SAMUEL H. GOTTSCHO

Above: The interior of one of the barns showing the individual stalls in which the cattle are kept. Left: One of the cow barns with detail of the outside is seen here

Wings Over Holland

Here not the darkling wings of war birds, but the latticed sails of windmills reflected in the placid waters of a Dutch canal



1375-1358 B.C.

1518-1594

1730-1825

Left to right: Portrait bust of Nefertiti by Thutmose, portrait of Alessandro Farnese by Tintoretto, and portrait of Robert Hay by Raeburn

Your Portrait through the Ages

ANTOINETTE PERRETT

THE importance of your portrait cannot be overrated. It is a subject that you learn to consider from an amazing number of angles as you go back through the ages. Portraiture is not a primitive art, for in primitive times representation avoided everything individual. It is not an art that thrives during formative religious periods or during great aspirational architectural periods.

In the classic religious and architectural periods of Greek civilization in the Greek homelands, for instance, there was no individualized portraiture in the real sense of the word but only what is called a generalized portrait, in which the individual is subordinated to a scheme of composition or to an ideal abstraction. In the same way, during the Medieval Age there were only vague renderings of the kings and popes with doubtful attributions and without authentic likenesses. In other words, it is only in worldly periods, during the flowering of a people's cultural and social life, when there is a profound belief in the worth of individual achievement, a keen interest in physical and intellectual fitness, and a full appreciation of the variousness of personalities that portraiture comes into its own.

When I saw for the first time in the Metropolitan Museum of Art a copy of the painted portrait bust of Nefertiti, which was found at Tell-el-Amarna and which is now in Berlin, I found her features startlingly like the New York girl of the moment. As Aldous Huxley puts it in his essay on "Beauty in 1920," the process by which one type of beauty becomes popular, imposes a tyranny for a period and then is displaced by a dissimilar type is a mysterious one, but an understanding of Nefertiti cannot help but clarify some of our present points of view. To begin with, as George Rawlinson explains in his "History of Ancient Egypt," the ancient Egyptians were tall, with long and supple limbs. Their heads were well placed on their shoulders. Their carriage was dignified. Their movements were graceful. Their frames were spare, and the women were as thin as the men. In fact, their forms were nearly similar. So Nefertiti was the epitome of her own race as well as a presager of present style, in slimness and smartness, in her assurance and poise, in her clean-cut features and the sharp outlines of her make-up, in the swift activity of her mind, and in her definite and uncompromising outlook upon life. As for technique, there is a broadness of handling, a strict attention to essentials, and a crisp avoidance of unnecessary detail. In this our art today is becoming more and more like that of Thutmose, the sculptor of Nefertiti.

It has been said that a portrait may have all the personal charm and allure of the memoir or autobiography. This is certainly true of the bust of Nefertiti. Her husband was Amenhotep IV, Pharaoh of Egypt, the Akhnaton who founded the new and beautiful religion

Charles I and His Family by Van Dyck and assistants (1632). Bottom: The Hope Family of Sydenham, Kent, by Benjamin West

1738-1820

The Infanta Maria-Theresa
by Velasquez (1599-1660)

that seems like a forerunner of early Christianity. Their home life was idyllic, according to the charming domestic scenes in painting and reliefs that have been recovered and that picture them with their six young daughters (there were seven eventually) playing round about and climbing on their father's knees. Such scenes in their informality and naturalism would have been unthinkable at any other period of Egyptian art. You have only to come upon the description of the four seventy-feet high formal statues of Rameses II in Emil Ludwig's fascinating book "The Nile" to realize the distinction in what was considered particularly fitting in the presentation of a Pharaoh.

We hardly appreciate how important it is in our understanding of portraits to have a knowledge of sculpture. There is the building up of the fundamental mass form, the planing of the general contours, the blocking of the main features, the stressing of essentials. On the other hand, we must train ourselves to become sensitive to detail. In Philip Hale's "Great Portraits of Women," he writes of the modulations in a pretty woman's face, illustrating how subtle our sensitiveness must become. There is the setting of the eye, the way the nose merges into the cheek and the eyesocket, the immensely difficult modulations around the lips and at the end of the nose. As for color sensitiveness, he notes the exquisitely subtle grayish-greenish tones about the lips. He notes the amazingly difficult and delicate reddish nuances about the nose, which always exist in the prettiest women, and the slightly bistre tones about the eyes.

Portraiture came into our modern western world at about the time when artists began to understand the management of oil paints. The lighting, as Harrington Mann explains in his "Technique of Portrait Painting" (which was published in London in 1934), was of the simplest. The planes of the face were more or less flat. The vision was almost two-dimensional. Early portraits had features drawn with great precision on a surface as smooth as Chinese lacquer. In early Flemish portraits, like Jan Van Eyck's, you will notice an absence of shadows and a delicate modeling that is just sufficient to create the illusion of round and curved surfaces.

The idea of expressing roundness and getting the illusion of a third dimension with light and shade was in its way a revolutionary discovery, which was only put into practice little by little. The portraits of Giovanni Bellini, which were painted twenty or thirty years after the introduction of oil painting, fill a place, in this respect, midway between the flat tones of the Primitives and the fully developed chiaroscuro of the Renaissance. In a portrait like that painted by Tintoretto which we are showing, there are sharply contrasted high lights and shadows. Light during this full development, which is said to have culminated in the paintings of Leonardo Da Vinci, actually shares the interest with the face it illumines, in contrast to the earlier paintings in which the light in itself was of no particular interest.

The Tintoretto came to Boston from Scotland, where it had been for more than a century in a private collection to which it had been brought by an ancestor of the family. It is the portrait of Alessandro Farnese, who was a general, diplomat, and statesman and who was appointed Regent of the Netherlands by his uncle, Philip II of Spain. The portrait is said to be unusual because Tintoretto seldom painted boys or girls but it is also unusual for the character and promise seen in the boy's face and bearing.

There are many splendid aristocratic types in the Renaissance and much magnificent portraiture. Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Raphael, and Da Vinci were all very great portrait painters, and there are many others who deserve to be better known.

Court paintings, like courts, are usually thought to have

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Izard by Copley (1737-1815)
Mrs. Edmund Morton Pleydell
by Gainsborough (1727-1788)

Photographs, courtesy of Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

Daughters of the Honorable Percy Wyndham,
a portrait by John Singer Sargent (1856-1925)

a deal of insincerity and superficiality, but there are court paintings which not only have a ceremonious effectiveness and much data in the way of costume and backgrounds but which are real portraits in their characterizations. This is true of the group portrait of Charles I and his family, which is considered one of the finest pictures Van Dyck painted with his assistants while he was court painter in England. Curiously this picture was evidently forgotten for many years after it had been discarded along with the famous Stuart collection after the revolution.

In Velasquez we have a court painter who was not only a master in the technique of painting but a superb realist. The portrait is of the Infanta Maria Theresa, a daughter of Philip IV, afterwards the wife of Louis XIV, when she was only fourteen years old. A contemporary has described her as a very pretty, blue-eyed blonde. She has very much the Hapsburg looks to us and yet she has a great appeal. There is something of the same quality of reserve in her portrait that in after years made her bear her humiliations as the wife of Louis XIV with such uncomplaining fortitude and apparent unawareness. While looking at the portrait, you hardly realize what an impression

Simon Elwes, contemporary artist of London, painted Mrs. William Wetmore of New York in a pose full of dignity and appeal

she is making on you. There is so much of which to take notice. Her hairdress with the broad lateral effect of the deeply-grooved marcel waves. Their caparisoning with dangling jewels, ribbon bows, and plumes. The fichu effect over the shoulders with its tiers of pearls caught into a jeweled bowknot in front. The broad rounded filling in above the fichu with narrow pointed slashes, all neatly arranged like two rows of facing flower sepals, altogether amazing in their elaborateness from a modiste's point-of-view. The lace on the cuffs of the sleeves. The roses on the bracelets, a very smart touch and focussing your attention on the lovely hands. The two cases suspended on long ribbons from the right side of the waist and the large muckender, as a handkerchief was called in Elizabeth's time, in her left hand. For the rest, a rapid descent down (*Continued on page 71*)

Eastern allure is evident in this portrait of the Princess Bishnu of Nepal by Simon Elwes

All photographs by Harry G. Healy

Against a background of rolling lawns and the naturalistic type of landscape that came to America via Dutchess County, hardy herbaceous borders bring all-season color to the Ferncliff vistas

Mansion on the

The Vincent Astor Estate

RHINEBECK, NEW YORK

Hudson

THERE are certain words which invariably carry with them in the minds of most people the association of a pictured image. Mansion is just such a picture word. It suggests broad lawns outside and hospitality within. It is, pictorially, a synonym for hospitality and generous, gracious living and also such a period word that in the mind's eye a certain stage setting is instantly created. Therefore, when Cornelia Otis Skinner, two seasons ago, introduced her "Mansion on the Hudson," her choice of the word "mansion" seemed particularly adroit, because it at once set the stage in the imagination of the audience.

Great houses along the Hudson are called "mansions." They have always been called "The Mansions" and are today referred to as

EMILY KIMBROUGH

Top: Looking across the garden from the slope towards the house. Directly above: Haying in one of the fields. Much of the land is farmed, but only for the support of the place

such as casually as one would say "house" in another locality. They are not mansions because they are larger than other houses. On the contrary they are on a simpler scale than most others of their acreage. But they are of a period and another world, and "mansion" is their proper designation.

"Ferncliff" is "The Astor Mansion," not "Mr. Vincent Astor's Estate," and it is apparent from the very entrance driveway that it is truly a place of another period, and one for generous hospitality. That is not a flashing deduction in the manner to astonish a Doctor Watson, but the immediate observation one makes on seeing the unpretentious entrance unmarked by imposing gates, but winding through fields and even across a road. This was the way lands looked when a man bought acres to cultivate, and bought more, perhaps across a highway, extending the driveway to encompass them, but making no other concession to "landscaping" his estate. Hospitality is in the generous width of this driveway where vehicles, carriages, or motors may pass with ease. It does not come as a particular surprise then to pass between fruit orchards, or to learn that they include 200 acres of the total 2,980. It seems quite in keeping to learn that their yield of Northern Spies, Rome Beauties, Rhode Island Greenings, and a few lesser varieties is an important and profitable annual industry.

Eventually the driveway curves into the lawns, which for all one's anticipation of them as part of the picture of the mansion are astonishing at first sight. They are not flat, but rolling, dipping down into a hollow to the left of the house itself as one approaches

it, to enclose Mrs. Astor's beautiful garden, and rising again to curve farther and farther away until they end dramatically in front of the Tennis House.

The Tennis House was done in 1904 and is justifiably accepted as among the best of Stanford White's work. His assignment was a ping-pong court, but the plan which he submitted included an indoor tennis court, two squash courts, swimming pool, great hall living room, library, five bedrooms, two dressing rooms, three baths, a kitchen, and servants' quarters. This plan was accepted at once. The house is built against a hillside overlooking the Hudson, and gives the impression of a one-story building closely moulded to the land. Actually the courts and pool are a story below the living quarters. Cement is the material used, with a colonnade of weathered marble pillars with concrete base and capitals across the entrance court. The court is the end of that long entrance driveway, which has passed through fields, orchards, and beyond the mansion itself to the wide door of this symbol of the mansion's gracious hospitality—the tennis guest house.

Immediately inside the door is the great hall. To the left of the hall, marble steps lead down into the swimming pool, which runs the width of the house. Its side wall away from the hall (and this is the end wall of the house) is composed of solid plate-glass windows, looking out over the hill and woods down to the river. It is a very dramatic conception, that wall of windows, down the flight of steps from the hall; aesthetically, to give more effectiveness, as a contrast in levels always gives; practically, to make possible the needed depth

Top: A view of the Hudson from the roof of the tennis house. Sometimes the "Nourmahal" lies off here. Directly above: The creamery, annex of the dairy, and houses for the dairymen

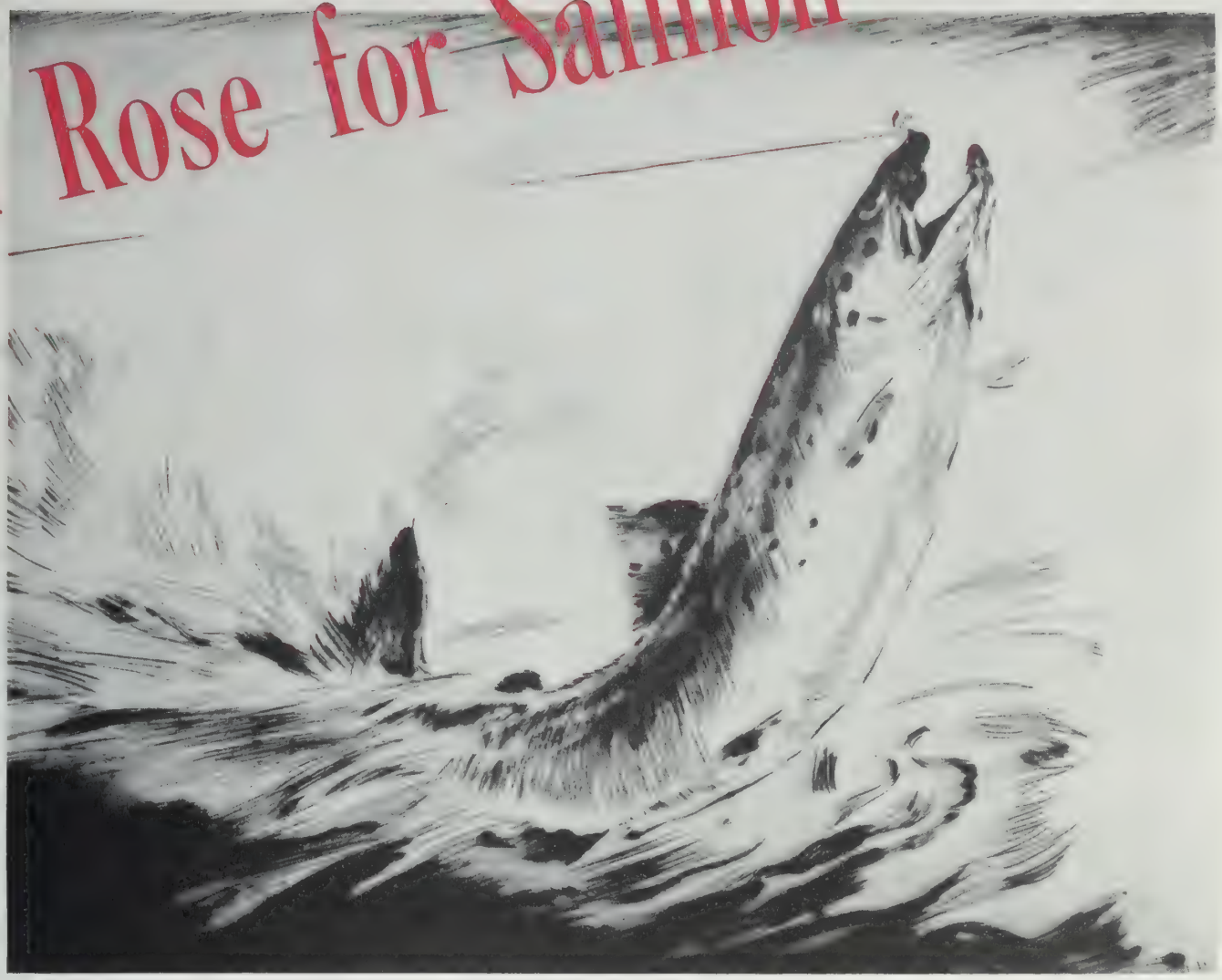
for the pool. The room, of which the pool is the major part, is in white tile, with marble pillars flecked in pale green. The men's dressing room is just off this, equipped, among other accouterments, with a marble slab for rub-downs after the strenuous exercise which this hospitality involves.

Behind the great hall are the two squash courts and large indoor tennis court, each of them a flight of stairs down from the level of the hall, and each of them provided with a wide, comfortably equipped spectators' gallery on the upper level. The walls of the tennis court are in terra-cotta tile in a zigzag pattern. To offset the effect of this on the game, however, a border of restful green beaverboard has been superimposed around the room to a height of ten feet. This court is adequately heated by two picturesque old Franklin stoves which have been placed in diagonal corners.

Balancing the swimming pool, the other end of the house includes the library and five guest rooms. They open on a long outdoor gallery, which looks down on an outdoor tennis court on the river side. All the rooms are simply done with warm, gay chintzes and comfortable furnishings. Everywhere the architectural detail is paramount and very beautiful. In the great hall large pillars at either end sustain the formal dignity of the elaborately carved dome ceiling and decorative skylight. The rugs and hangings here, also in keeping with its proportions and formality, are of deep wine red. The hangings are velvet, the rug woven in (*Continued on page 72*)

Far left: The outdoor tennis court and spectators' gallery. Left: The indoor tennis court. Above: The back of the tennis house on the river side. The outdoor court is on the left

Old Rose for Salmon



"Landlocked Salmon," a drypoint by Ralph L. Boyer. Courtesy of the Sporting Gallery and Bookshop

HAROLD DE POLO

It was while driving up to my place in northern Vermont for the first day of salmon fishing in 1936, I very distinctly remember, that I stopped off at a hardware store in a town we passed through to buy a small can of white enamel. I wanted it, when I got to camp, to paint some bass plugs for later in the season. But when, a few weeks later, I opened the can, I damned that clerk profusely and properly. He had given me old-rose enamel.

Yes, I should have looked at the label before the can had been wrapped up. I know that. Still, I hadn't. Any fisherman will easily understand that, for I was mighty anxious to get up to the lake and prepare for opening day. Briefly, I was in a big hurry. Anyway, I tossed the can on the top shelf of one of my tackle cabinets, forgot all about it, and went out and bought myself the needed supply of white for my big paint job.

Over one year later—in August of 1937, to be exact—I most solemnly and almost with tears of joy blessed that erring clerk in that forgotten town.

Although I unqualifiedly agree with my old friend Bob Davis that plug casting for small-mouth black bass on a dark night is the greatest fishing thrill known, I am not precisely averse to taking landlocked salmon. In fact, I've devoted what may be called quite a sufficiently respectable amount of time to it during the past thirty-odd years. In that period, I have spent all my summers on lakes, either in Maine or New Hampshire, Vermont or Canada, so that I do not think I shall appear immodest if I say that I know a little something about the pastime or art, as you prefer.

I shall state immediately—and automatically be cursed by various friends and numerous exponents of the fly—that my favorite method of salmon fishing is trolling with a threaded smelt, on a single hook, at the end of from a hundred to a hundred and fifty yards of light silk line, using a flexible bamboo rod about nine feet long. I know that's a lot of line—just as I know you miss a lot of strikes and consequently miss a lot of fish—but when you hook one solidly you get a sweet and a long battle. That's why I never liked any of the innumerable spoon attractors ahead of the smelt. They naturally demand heavier tackle. Just a single swivel on a six-foot leader, as far as I'm concerned.

Getting back to 1937, I took my share of salmon and lake trout in my Vermont lake up against the Canadian border, the limit having been cut down to two fish a day. I took them during May and June on my pet and unadorned smelt bait. Then, after about the first week in July, things began to quiet down. In a week I took just two salmon and one laker. Chap, my neighbor and pal, was having about the same sort of luck. Chap happens to be a fly man, primarily, and he was using mostly streamers. Nobody else on the lake, either, was taking any salmon or lakers, regardless of what type of lure they were using.

Finally, four consecutive days went by, when neither Chap nor I got even one miserable strike. Horrible days, agonizing days, as any fisherman will realize. Happy days, on the other hand, as any fisherman will also be aware, because all it did was make you want to go after them harder than you ever had. On the morning after our four blank days Chap walked into my camp and tossed onto the table what looked like about eight pounds or more of glittering hardware.

"They tell me that's the only thing they can get salmon and lakers with in Memphremagog," he said.

"Isn't there some law against blinding salmon?" I queried. "If you ever put that rig in the lake—"

"I know it," said Chap, "but they tell me it's the only thing that will take a fish in Memphremagog. They're taking plenty, too," he added. "Let's try it."

We do not need what we term in fiction "suspense," at this particular juncture, and I consequently will not endeavor to inject it. I will instantly and unhesitatingly record, indeed, that the Number 2 Davis spinner—with the assistance of my threaded smelt—netted us four salmon and one laker in two hours of fishing. The salmon ranged between three and four pounds, while the trout went about two. We put the last one back, a salmon, and kept to the legal limit. I vouch for that, so help me.

For the next week, Chap and I had adequate sport with the Davis. We were using copper lines and steel rods, I'll admit most freely, but we were killing salmon and lakers. For a week. After that? . . . Not a strike, the same as before the advent of the vaunted Davis. Nobody, once again, was getting any fish, and that meant regardless of what lures they were using. That meant, too, within a radius of twenty miles or more. I know. I very carefully checked up on this.

Then I collided with my old-rose enamel that a careless clerk had sold me (*Continued on page 74*)

Seen and Heard

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

IN THE last priceless issue of this Department, I confessed that I was temporarily giving up literature in order to investigate the black-bass situation in the State of Maine. For a month millions of my readers have been living in a condition of quivering uncertainty as to whether I would approve or disapprove the black bass situation in the State of Maine. I am happy to be able to report that the situation is okay. There were black bass in Maine and there are black bass in Maine, their numbers slightly but reasonably diminished by the forays of our expedition.

All of us worked hard for our sport, but it was good sport. It was there; it was 100 per cent American; and it may be there for our sons and grandchildren when almost every other form of fresh-water fishing has disappeared from the cloaca and sewage disposal plants which are our brooks and rivers.

Bass Fishing

Trout fishing, aside from artificially stocked waters, has disappeared in the Eastern states. Salmon fishing, except for landlocked fish in a few lakes, is one with Nineveh and Tyre. Our rivers which used to be sparkling waters, alive with goodly fish in their season, are sewers. The pollution of our streams is the major and prime shame of our American life and our betrayal of a new continent. Destroy the game? Yes, they were food and there would always be more. Annihilate the Indian? Yes, the only good Indian was a dead Indian. Wastefully and wickedly to destroy our forests? Not good, not good at all. A rape which benefited temporarily a handful of lumbermen and stockholders and denuded a continent. But worse than this the pollution of our water courses, an act of selfishness and folly which can never be repaired. Our people have many things which should trouble their conscience but I know of nothing showing a more reckless maladjustment to their habitat than the senseless story of the pollution of our rivers.

But the bass survive and, given any kind of break, they'll continue to survive in lakes and streams. They are hardy and tough. They grow rapidly and, being hard fighters, are quickly able to defend themselves. As a game fish they have, in my opinion, no superior. I have forgotten the name of the gentleman who described them as "Inch for inch and pound for pound, the gamest fish that swims," but with a certain allowance for poetic license, few bass fishermen would contradict him. They are tough and hard, lacking the almost feminine grace of trout. When they take your fly, they do it with anger and determination. You must strike hard and fight hard to bring them to net. You do not "play" them as you do with a trout. You fight them. Their capture is a battle.

Maine is, I think, the only Eastern state which permits fly fishing for bass during the spawning season, commencing the first of June. Possession of only three fish a day is allowed per person, and this limitation seems to be generally observed, except by the occasional and inevitable game hog. The wisdom of allowing any fish to be killed before spawning or during the spawning season may be questionable, yet the effect seems to be slight as far as the fish population is concerned. Good bass lakes in Maine stay good, year after year. And that fact is the basis of our hope for good fishing for our grandchildren.

There are one or two elements in bass fishing which cause twinges of pain up and down the spine of the trout specialist. A heavier and harder fighting fish, his capture demands a stiffer rod, a heavier leader, and a larger fly than is used in the delicate and beautiful art of fishing for trout. Moreover the period during which he will take a fly is comparatively short and after that period is over he must be sought with bait or other low devices. I have not any authorities at hand to back me up, but I doubt if a fly, natural or artificial, is regarded by the bass as great shakes in the way of food. There were fine hatches of large duns on Spednic Lake when we were there. The water was covered with them but I did not see a single rise. For feed the bass were taking helgramites, perch, chub, frogs, and similar critters. But when making their spawning beds, or spawning, or protecting their fry, any creature coming within their vision is attacked with fury. And that is the time for the wet fly. Certain colors and shapes of fly seem to irritate them more than others and to be more productive. But, in general, when they are taking, they will take anything. There is, therefore, less delicacy and finesse in bass than in trout fishing, but a much harder fight. I think that it is the virility and pugnacity of the bass which endears him to his admirers. The trout is timid and easily frightened, courageous in his death struggle, but his courage is the courage of despair. The bass is aggressive in his battle and yields only to *force majeure*. One could and one has and will debate indefinitely the relative virtues of the two fish and their habits and qualities. My own position is that both are good but that the trout is terribly handicapped in his struggle for existence in this country and that more attention should be given to the preservation of the bass.

Predator Control

When conservationists get together there is always one subject which makes the fur to fly and that subject is predator control. There are other subjects which make one conservationist yearn to give a fellow conservationist a good sock in the puss, but predator control can be counted on as an almost 100 per cent irritant. The partridge or pheasant lover would do away with foxes. The fox hunter would destroy steel traps on sight—and so on. Gradually, however, the idea seems to be seeping into the brains of our conservationists—and even into those of some government officials that predator control has been seriously overdone—at least in some regions and in certain categories. "Upsetting the balance of Nature" is becoming the cardinal sin in conservation circles.

A recent article by Walter J. Breckenridge in "The Minnesota Conservationist" called "A Review of Predator Control," sums up the question as accurately as anything I have read on the subject in years. The author quotes the admirable discussion of "vermin" from Dr. John C. Phillips and F. C. Lincoln's "American Waterflow":

". . . it seems well to attempt a definition of the word 'vermin,' which today comes so easily to the lips of the average sportsman and conservationist. After a careful consideration of the matter, we believe that as generally used 'vermin' includes all animals that kill other animals that man himself desires to kill. In other words, by some distortion of his mental processes, man has relegated to himself the right to kill and denies this to all other creatures (*Continued on page 72*)

"Hooked," an etching by W. J. Shaldach. Courtesy of Arthur H. Harlow & Co., N. Y.

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

CONNECTICUT

Miss Patricia J. Hoffman, winner of the Maclay Cup for horsemanship over fences, and the Good Hands Cup for equitation, on Silver Page at the Ox Ridge Hunt Club's very successful horse show, held in Darien

Miss Anne Simpkins, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willard S. Simpkins, was a competitor in the horsemanship classes at the Ox Ridge Club Show

liss Catharine A. Sturges at the airfield County Horse Show. She a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fredrick A. Sturges of "Far House"

At the Fairfield County Horse Show are Miss Harriet Millett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Millet of Green Farms, and Mrs. Paul Harper, of Fairfield

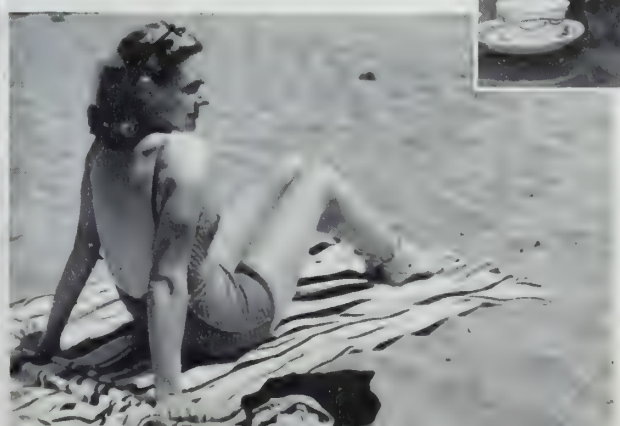
Summer brings the residents of Darien to the Ballast Reef Club. Above is Mrs. Morton Palmer

Left: Mrs. F. Ernest Gay, formerly Winifred Delafield, silhouetted against the sky at Ballast Reef

Below: Appropriately dressed in a Hawaiian bathing suit is Mrs. J. Henry Smoot of Tokeneke

Mrs. Briggs Cunningham of Greens Farms and Mrs. William Lawrence McLane of Silver Mine Road, New Canaan, at Fairfield's Hunt Show

Lunching on the terrace at Ballast Reef is Mrs. Lawrence Bevans. Mr. Bevans is an Honorary Whip at Ox Ridge



Left: In the sun at Ballast Reef Mrs. Victor J. M. Hugo-Vidal dries out after a swim in Long Island Sound

Photographs by F. Ernest Gay

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

CHICAGO AND DETROIT

Mrs. E. McIntosh of Detroit has her fortune told between classes at the Detroit Horse Show, which was held at Bloomfield Hills

Mrs. Lewis L. Bredin and Mr. J. W. Fleischl Directors of the Horse Show, at a Hunt Brea fast held at the Winningham estate, Detr

Miss Barbara Wilson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Wilson, receives a trophy in the harness class from an admiring young donor

Photographs by B. Thomas McGrath and Gerald Young

Miss Virginia McCullough, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. McCullough of Rochester, Michigan, poses with her trophies as winner of Good Hands Class, Detroit

Miss Susan Briggs, the daughter of Mr. W. C Briggs of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, pose with her prize hunter at the Detroit Hors Show, held at the Bloomfield Open Hunt Clu

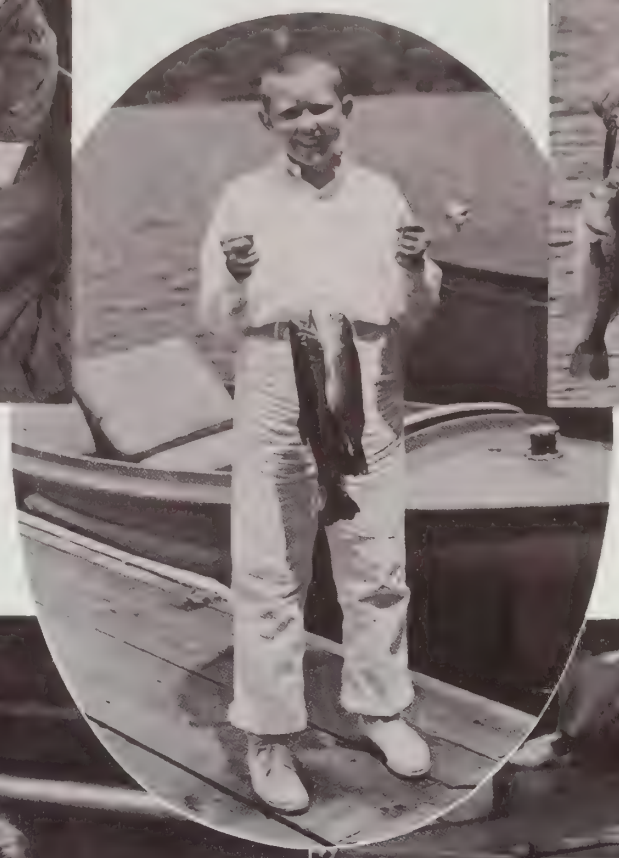
On the terrace at the Arlington Park Race Track are Mrs. John Gail and Mrs. Sanborn Hale of Winnetka, Illinois. In the circle inset, also lunching on the terrace at Arlington Park, are Mrs. C. A. McCulloch, and Mr. Warren Wright of Chicago and Miami

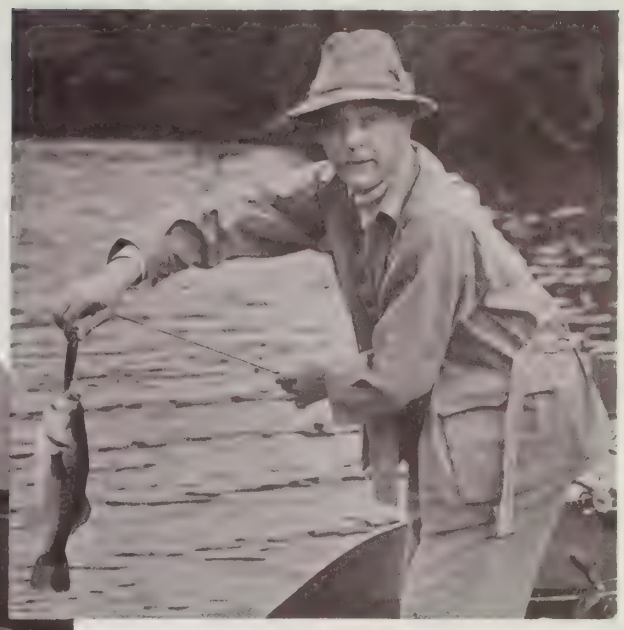
At the Officials' table are, in the usual order, Mrs. Warren Wright, Mr. Leonard Florsheim, Mrs. John Hertz, Mr. C. A. McCulloch, and Mrs. Edward P. Kelley. At the left, over from Lake Forest for the day, Mrs. T. Clifford Rodman and Mrs. Lester Armour

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

TUXEDO

At the Tuxedo Park Boat Club, Mr. and Mrs. Rodman B. Montgomery relax in the cockpit of their boat. Mrs. Montgomery was the former Miss Edith Wilmerding





Mr. H. Christian Sonne of "Sunny Rock," Tuxedo Park holds up one that didn't get away from him on the Tuxedo Park Lake

Right: By the Tuxedo Park swimming pool Miss Ruth Young of New York City holds Miss Cynthia Murray on her lap

Left: Mrs. Charles J. Coulter of New York and Tuxedo watching the tennis from the steps of the Tennis Club

In the oval above, Master Bruce Pratt, a young visitor to the Tuxedo Park Fishing Club, holds up his morning's catch

Left: Trying his luck at the Tuxedo Park Fishing Club is Mr. Nelson Alexander

Right: Miss Alice N. N. Rutgers, of New York and Rumson, heads for the pool

Photographs by Rotofotos

Miss Helen C. Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Adams of Rumson, N. J., at the Tuxedo Park Pool

Mrs. Casimir De Rham, the former Lucy T. Patterson, smiles from the cockpit of her sloop at the Tuxedo Club

Georgian Manor House

IN THE HILLS OF WESTCHESTER

The Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred A. Cook

Top of page: The west front and terrace. Below that, the dining room looking towards breaklast porch, and, directly above, the living room wall with antique scenic wall-paper. At the right: a corner of the breaklast porch

Photographs by SAMUEL H. GOTTSCHO

DOMINATING a beautifully wooded acreage interspersed with meadow land, the Cook residence faces a broad outlook to the west. Designed in the classic Georgian style, constructed of brick with a slate roof, the architects were faced with the problem of combining the westerly outlook with protection from the heat of the sun. This problem was successfully solved by the treatment of stair tower and gallery. The gallery, running the length of the western front, connects the dining room on the north with the living room in the south wing and furnishes not only protection from the setting sun, but also provides an avenue of cross ventilation. The stair tower, with a mechanically controlled dormer ventilator at the top, is a further aid in circulating cool air throughout the entire house, making every one of the rooms delightfully cool and comfortable during even the worst of the summer heat.

TAYLOR & LEVI, Architects

Above: The library, with old pine paneling and doors, is one of the most attractive rooms in the house. Below: The stair tower and gallery looking south towards the living room door

THE swimming pool and bathhouses adjoin the northwestern corner of the terrace. The dressing quarters, built of brick with a slate roof in keeping with main house, are placed near the service wing of the house to facilitate the serving of refreshments by the pool. The pool itself, designed by the architects, has a step below the edge serving as a gutter and making it possible to keep the level of the water almost flush with the surface of the lawn. The curved portico, joining the ladies' and men's dressing houses, is sheltered in a cool grove of trees, an ideal place to lounge and relax after a sunbath on the grass by the edge of the pool. Through the opening in the trees at the edge of the pool terrace a vista opens out to the northwest over the rolling woodland of upper Westchester County—a truly beautiful view at all seasons of the year.

Above: Stair tower detail from the west front. Right: Dining room corner of house looking across a corner of the pool

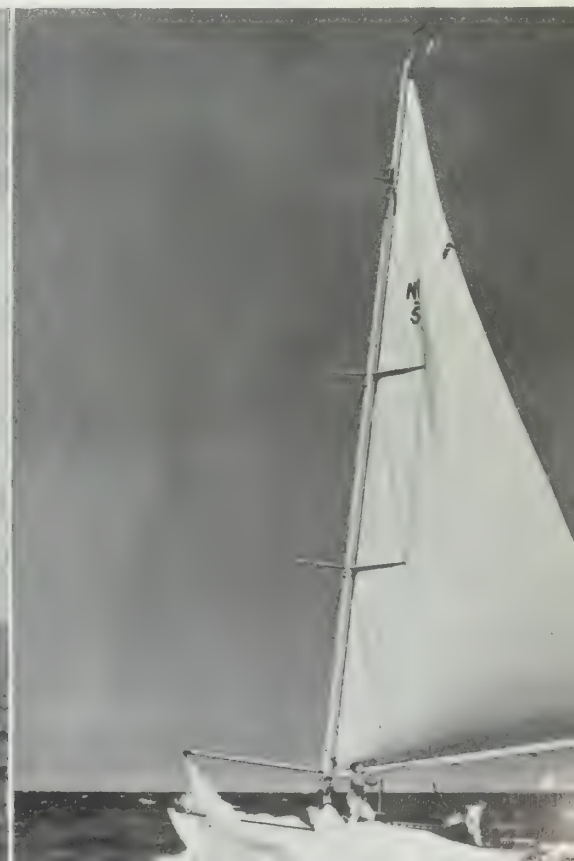
Hell Week for the Race Committee

BY A COMMITTEEMAN

WHAT more delightful time can there be in the summer season than Regatta Week at the yacht club? Hundreds of white-sailed yachts skimming o'er the blue water. Competition at its keenest. Sportsmanship at its finest. Lovely ladies and immaculately-flanneled yachtsmen. Launches dashing back and forth. Flags flying, including code flag B. Music coming across the water under the stars. Parties ashore. Parties afloat. Headaches. More headaches. Awful headaches. The climax of everything at the final Winners' Dinner. Then, for the race officials, peace and retirement to a sanitarium high in the hills somewhere—away from it all.

Regatta Week must be fun, or so many people wouldn't take part in it. And along the same line of reasoning it must be fun to be a member of the regatta committee, else nobody would take the job. Or maybe we're just nuts.

Regatta Week wouldn't be so tough if it weren't for the boats, though to make it perfect you'd have to eliminate quite a lot of the people, too. It might be argued that without the boats Regatta Week would lose something of its flavor, but at least this business



of boats doesn't really have to be carried to such awful lengths.

Once, somewhere, many years ago, there was a race committee chairman who boasted that his Regatta Week had brought together more boats than had ever raced in one regatta before. He neglected to mention that some of them were boats that might better have stayed on the beach. Immediately all other race committee chairmen took up the challenge. Since that time there has been a wild rush to make every club's Regatta Week every year bigger than any previous regatta week anywhere. This is probably the world's outstanding manifestation of overemphasis on sheer quantity at the expense of everything else, but the scramble still goes on. Club officials will go to any lengths to add a few boats to their starting list, and they get full coöperation from the owners, who swarm around with boats that nobody ever heard of before and clutter up the surrounding seascape to such an extent that nobody can get anywhere. The fact that they could enjoy much better racing in a smaller way at home has no influence whatever with owners once they become obsessed with the exciting idea of being a part of a Regatta Week.

Theoretically everything goes along like clockwork. The committee hoists a gun and fires a flag, or vice versa, every five minutes, and at every signal another class of boats goes gaily on its way. By-and-by they all come back again, one by one, and the committee records each finish with admirable accuracy and goes ashore pleased with itself for having done its work well. But it doesn't always work out that way. As for instance when somebody trips over a gun lanyard and fires the gun two minutes ahead of time, throwing the whole fleet into chaos. Or when the timekeeper slips up on his count or the signalman hoists the wrong signal. Or when, in the midst of the starts, the wind drops flat and the classes begin to pile up on the line and drift around with the tide, bang into each other, get mad about it, and then finally succumb to the situation, anchor, have a swim and begin to laugh and toss beer bottles to each other. Or, nicest of all, when fluky breezes pile up a hundred or so boats in a bunch, and sweep them all over the line at once while the timers jump up and down and go crazy trying to catch even a few finishers' numbers and times. Once there was a race chairman who considered himself infallible, and, when eighty boats crossed the line inside of a minute, had to be forcibly restrained from recording imaginary times (which he really believed were correct) for every single one of them.

The weather is a good deal of help in these affairs. There are usually a couple of days when the fleet gets becalmed and the committee sits around until sunset and then goes ashore, cheered by the thought that for once it is getting back to the club bar while the racing men are still out there floating around and getting thirstier and thirstier. It is inevitable that there should be at least one good thunder squall just at the finish, while the committee, with the rain sluicing down inside the collars of its slickers, tries to guess the identity of half-seen boats crossing the line and record same on cards which dissolve in the rain immediately.

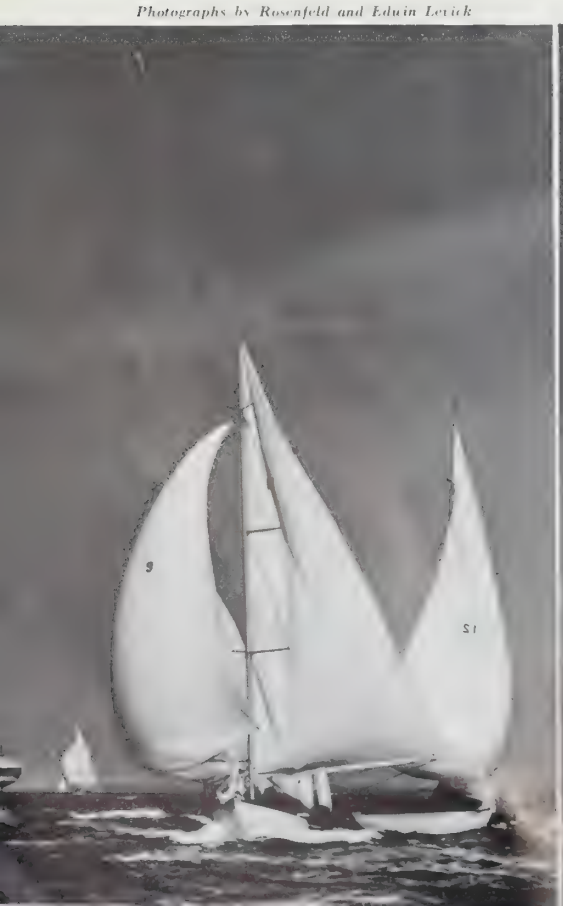
The biggest help, though, comes from the racing men themselves. There are, for instance, the Yacht Club Boys, usually sons of influential members of the home club, who think up such amusing pranks as shooting off cannon crackers alongside the committee boat a few seconds before the start and throwing a whole class into confusion. This is the same group that generally manages to kidnap the club cannon one night during the week and ferry it out to some distant yacht where it may not be found for days. Or nail the commodore's oversize trousers to the top of the flagpole—or something.

Then again there is the serious sailor who always has a helpful suggestion to offer just when the committee is trying to make up its mind about courses and such matters. I well remember the hurt expression on the face of one of these gentlemen when, just as he was sailing up alongside and had his mouth open to make his daily suggestion, a committeeman rushed to the side of the committee boat and roared at him "Whatever it is, No!"

It is axiomatic with all owners to consider their own classes the most important in the regatta, and expect special attention for their nine or ten boats regardless of the other three hundred in the race. The yachtsman's ego is also manifested in the fact that he expects the committee to recognize his boat no matter how little help he gives them. He races with no numbers at all, or with a borrowed sail bearing someone else's numbers, or with faded-out numbers that can't be read. He carries his numbers up in the head of the sail, where the curve of the canvas usually hides them from the committee, and does it ever occur to him, after finishing, to bear off and give the committee a clear view of his numbers? It does not. But he's dreadfully hurt when he finds that his finish wasn't recorded.

Code flag B is the special bane of race committees. This is a red swallowtail pennant which, set in the rigging, means either "Explosives aboard" or "Protest," or both. Every protest means a hearing, nearly every hearing means a disqualification, and every disqualification means a deadly enemy for the committee. Approximately eighty per cent of the protests are caused by sheer ignorance or stupidity, seventeen per cent by deliberate chicanery, and three per cent by honest differences of opinion as to the (*Continued on page 77*)

Photographs by Rosenfeld and Edwin Levick

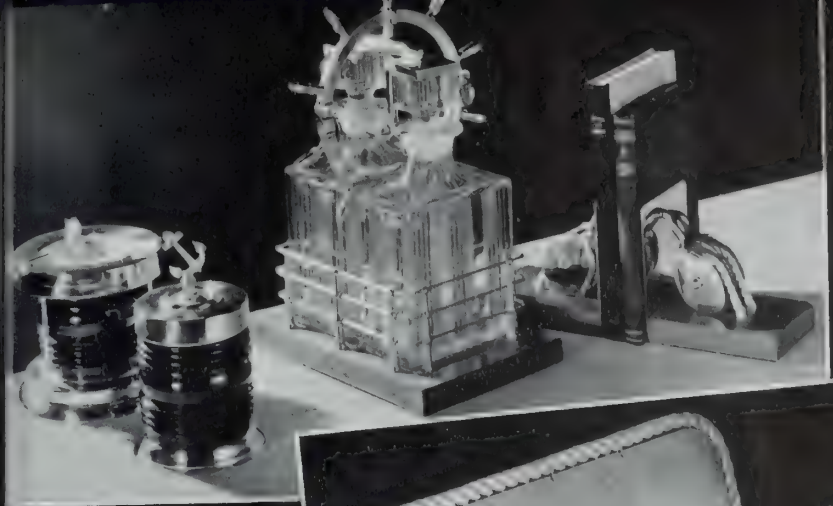


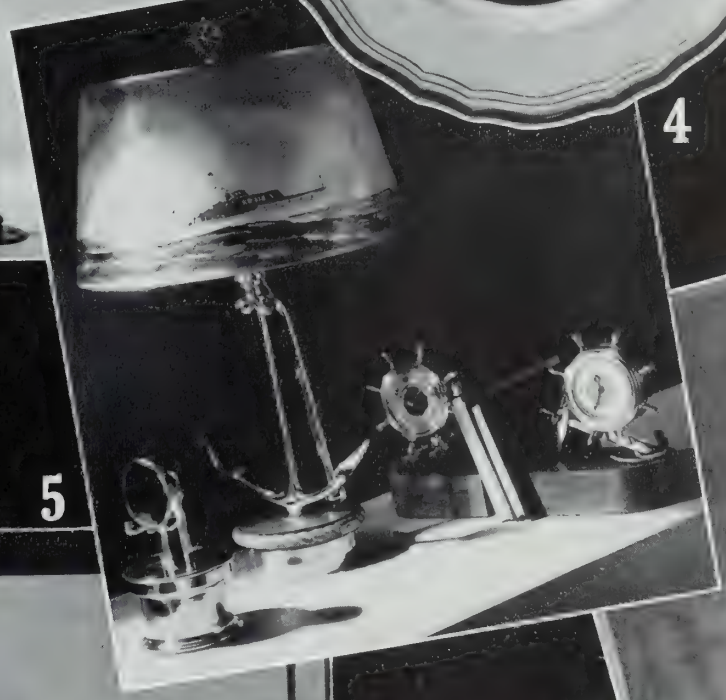
WEEK-END GIFTS

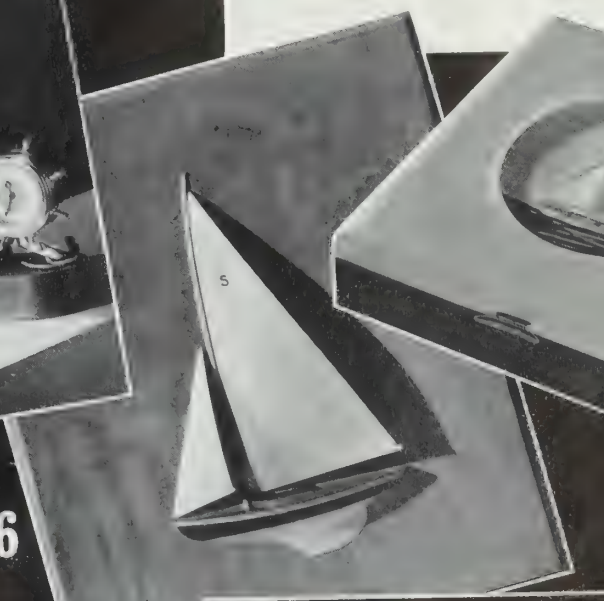
FOR THE SEA-GOING HOST

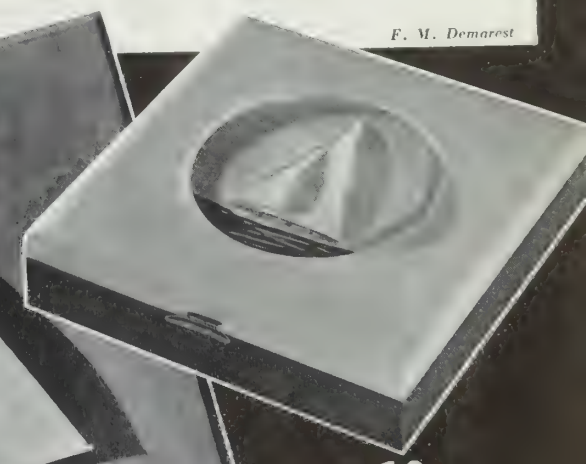
1. Navigation lights are ashtray and cigarette box respectively, ideal gifts for the yachtsman's den or aboard ship. The tantalus, with the wheel and anchor motif, is one of the most handsome gifts in our collection. The block and rope bookends have brass backs and bases. All from Ovington's. 2. The cork rope-edged tray may be ordered with any house flag and yacht club burgee, from Abercrombie and Fitch. The glassware, a matching set of highball and cocktail glasses with ice bucket and cocktail shaker in the same nautical pattern, comes from Lewis and Conger. 3. A weather vane, for boathouse or home, also comes from Lewis and Conger. 4. The plate, which may be ordered in a variety of designs and in any quantity from one up, comes from the Sporting Gallery and Bookshop. 5. A set of nautical furnishings from W. and J. Sloane includes barometer and clock book-ends, lamp, and ventilator ashtray. 6. The half-model plaque may be made up in any of the popular racing classes, and may be ordered from the Sporting Gallery. 7. From Hammacher's montage cartoons of the "Four Seasons of Sport" comes this amusing picture of the small boat skipper and his dog. 8. A gimbal ashtray which may be hitched to any convenient coaming or bulwark comes from Abercrombie and Fitch. 9. Chart weights, in sets of four, and a stop-watch, as near waterproof as possible, are also Abercrombie and Fitch items. 10. The cigarette box, with a gayly colored sloop under glass and a tiny brass cleat handle, is from Hammacher

F. M. Demarest









POLO

from the Near-Side

ARTHUR W. LITTLE, JR.

Some five years ago, "Pete" and Dunbar Bostwick graciously cut down the bars to their private championship turf out on Jericho Turnpike in exclusive Old Westbury, Long Island, and cordially invited the public to join in the fun—at a nominal fee, most of which goes to charity, and the rest towards the expensive upkeep of the beautiful polo plant.

Today—or rather, just a few weeks ago—when we were completing a motor tour of the country, which included most of the leading polo centers from here to Mexico, on to California, and back home again by way of Canada—and Niagara Falls, of all places—one of the questions most frequently asked by sports fans everywhere was: "Tell us about Bostwick Field—and what is the future of popular-price polo?"

The North American Continent at large, we might say, while asking has answered the question itself. To a man, it is definitely now polo-conscious. The letting down of the bars at all of the exclusive clubs where we found popular-price polo in progress; the addition of loud speakers now successfully used everywhere—even in Mexico City where we chatted cheerfully for an hour or two in English to a Mexican crowd that seemed to like it and take it as just an old Spanish custom—is as natural a development as the speeding up of the game with faster mounts, and just as coldly logical when viewed in the sober light of calm judgment. So why dwell upon the future? Popular-price polo has gone over in a big way *everywhere* now. It has arrived, and must be treated in the present tense.

Even those who cried loudest against it only a year or so ago, now happily go about erecting giant scoreboards like Bostwick Field's—clear across the country. And they eagerly hoist flags, turn on the music and the loud speaker—inaugurated first of all at Bostwick Field. And the sports world rallies 'round on Sunday afternoons in all the principal cities and regards popular-price polo as a bouncing, healthy five-year-old Thoroughbred whose steady growth is assured.

We are proud to have worked along in a small way from the beginning—on the talking end of the loud speaker—with Pete and Dunbar Bostwick and their manager, Ed French, the well-known hockey referee, in their ambitious effort. There is a natural skepticism towards anything new and unfamiliar and this becomes magnified with commercialization. They stuck with it, however, as you may have guessed. And looking back on our trip now, we realize that Bostwick Field has actually changed the map of the polo world. It has converted thousands of former frowning city Sunday dwellers all over the continent into smiling sunshine country fans. Good polo, of course, is responsible. (There is, frankly, nothing more boring to watch than a poor polo game among poor players.) And by good polo we mean literally the best in the world. For on one Sunday or another, as Bostwick Field fans know so well, all the leading high-goal stars of the galloping game appear in action before them.

Yet the success of Bostwick Field and its far-reaching development for the good of all across the land is not by any means limited to the management, the field, ponies, and players. There would be no popular-price polo without the fans. Somehow as we raced 4,000 miles across country early in June to get back on the Eastern seaboard in time to climb aboard the bangwagon for the first scheduled 1938 game at Bostwick Field, we couldn't lose sight in our mind of a scene last year.

It was the afternoon we left the packed stands of International Field at the near-by Meadow Brook Club in the midst of an exciting Open Championship extra-chukker in order to dash over for the regular Sunday match at Bostwick Field which, in coöperation with Meadow Brook, had been changed to a late hour. When

Below: Gerald Balding, who is now rated at 10 goals in England

Above: F. Skiddy Von Stade of the Harvard team admires the cup won by the Crimson four in the finals of the Intercollegiates

Right: Allan Forbes, Harvard No. 1, gets ready for the finals at Burnt Mills Club

Above: Gerald Balding and James Mills in past fast play on International Field

Right: Thomas Hitchcock, Jr. and Jock Whitney chat together during a Greentree breathing spell

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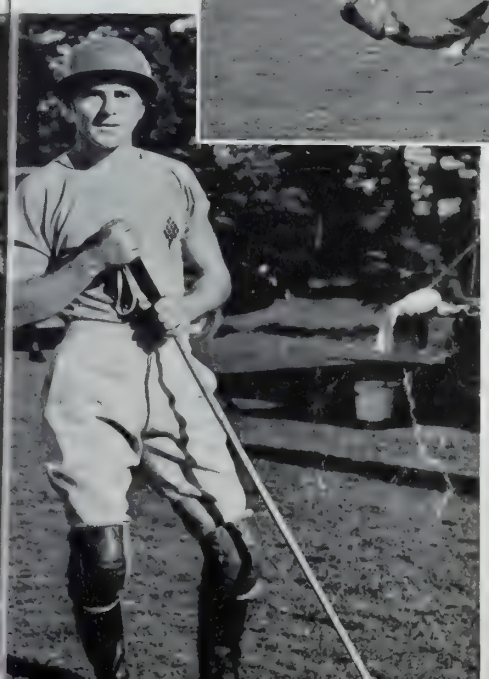
Aknusti, No. 2, fixes a bootlace

Photographs by Morgan and Jones



Above: Earl A. S. Hopping and Robert Johnson right to left and gray to gray Meadow Brook Club

Left: Pete Bostwick, one of the most valuable men in the game today, whose interest in popular-price high-goal polo has spread over the entire country

med-packed too. entirely different oyal supporters, ind of spirit, to day, is popular-

August polo yarn wded stands, the ear old public is s going on here, that it's getting ew.

olo in the East cup tournament k 20-goal teams of the country. Meadow and The ssfully last year on fought it out

know that Temuest, and R. R. Bostwick, J. K. [. Phipps, W. G. n) combinations ction. Templeton y, Thos. Hitch- Stream outlasted Strawbridge, Jr., ook Club, while A. S. Hopping, Bostwick Field. l Greentree after was decided in four goals while Westbury match when Reynolds up to his 9-goal

ry, G. H. Bost- efeated Aknusti d H. A. Gerry), ut out Eastcott, F. S. von Stade, Jr., J. C. Rathborne) defeated the Aiken Knights (P. B. H. Rumsey, C. M. Woolley, Jr., S. B. Iglehart, and J. P. Grace, Jr.), 6 to 5, on Skiddy von Stade's goal forty-five seconds after the sudden-death overtime began; that Old Westbury subdued Roslyn (J. P. Mills, J. A. Clark, Jr., J. B. Balding, and J. M. Schiff), 10 to 3, and that a surprising 8 to 5 victory by East Williston over Templeton was one of the features of this important tournament's earlier rounds. They know also the reason this was a surprising victory—because this year, it is good news to relate, Winston Guest seems once more to be taking his outdoor polo in dead seriousness . . . and is fast returning to the form that made him Crown Prince of American Polo a few years ago.

This triumph lifted Billy Post, 8-goal star, who has likewise returned to his top game this season, and his teammates into first place in the Meadow League. But they soon relinquished it to Bostwick Field during the latter's 10 to 6 display of sound teamwork and brilliant hitting on the part of Bobby Gerry and Pete Bostwick on his home turf. Prior to that, Gulf Stream had beaten Roslyn, 6 to 3; the Aiken Knights won over Old Westbury, 8 to 5, in a game that found the 10-goal Iglehart in superb form for the winners; and another 10-goaler, Tommy Hitchcock, no less—defeated Eastcott, 11 to 6, with his Greentree team by sending so many accurate passes up to young Joe Roebling at No. 1 that the latter went to town, supposedly via Brooklyn Bridge, and scored five goals! Jock Whitney in the first period of this game contributed his part to the Greentree win by slamming in two miraculous goals from the boards about sixty yards out with only a few feet to shoot at! Later Templeton took Aknusti into camp by 11 to 8, after the latter had been leading by a goal, until the game was interrupted by rain. As play continued, Aknusti's fast-turning ponies and the hard riding of Ebby Gerry were slowed considerably by the slippery turf and they were overtaken with a three-goal barrage in the fifth chukker.

After that, to swallow a Bromfield bromide, "The Rains Came" . . . so steadily for two or three days that the writer thought he was back in sunny California. . . . The fans lost track of the round-robin games, due to the prolonged postponement on account of resulting wet grounds. . . . And in the meantime, 'round about the last of June, came time to go to press. . . . At this writing there is a three-way tie in the Brook League between the Aiken Knights, The Pelicans, and Gulf Stream—the winner to play Templeton of the Meadow League for the championship. . . . And when the band

plays "After the Ball Is Over"—the back line for the last time, whatever team is finally crowned 1938 Twenty-Goal Champs can certainly be justly proud of its well-earned victory.

Meanwhile, you can't tell any dyed-in-the-wool New York polo fan that in addition to the long established tournaments at Meadow Brook, Sunday polo is once again in full swing; for instance, at the local Army posts, Fort Hamilton, and Governor's Island in the middle of the lower Bay, in the shadows of New York's skyscrapers; at the Shrewsbury Club in New Jersey, where Cyril Harrison got their show under way on the same date as Bostwick Field's opening; at Burnt Mills, in New Jersey, where Harry East is in charge, and where the Intercollegiates, won by Harvard, were held so successfully this year; at Monmouth County, with George Oliver, who played so well in Mexico and California during the past winter, and at Darien and Boulder Brook where the Fink brothers shine. . . . And everyone is familiar with the fact that polo, as usual, got going in a strong fashion up Westchester way on the old Bowman Park fields; and down on Long Island, at Bethpage which is New York's own particular pet public playground where many of the Eastern Polo League games—a system that was such a success in low-goal circles last year—are again being held on the championship turf that has curved sideboards in the Hurlingham manner and regular "California" hidden sprinklers beneath the ground such as people have on their lawns. . . . Everybody knows all that.

You can't tell anyone that the National Junior Championship, which was held last year at Narragansett Pier and won by Santa Barbara, returned to New Jersey this summer, with the tournament (ill-named because it has little to do with Juniors but is in reality the former 20-goal test of the land) scheduled, as this is written, to have got under way at Burnt Mills, Bedminster, New Jersey, on July 24th. . . . And it's fairly old news by now that there are revivals in New England and Philadelphia polo circles this year. The New England circuit includes six teams: Myopia, Dedham, Danvers, Pittsfield, and the Farmington Valley and Ox Ridge teams of Connecticut. Both Myopia and Dedham are steeped in polo tradition and their colors have been welcomed to the polo parade with considerable enthusiasm. A new trophy for the New England competition is offered by the Polo Association and in Philadelphia, Howard Fair, who managed the team that Seymour Knox took to the Argentine last fall, has organized a squad at the Philadelphia Country Club, thus reviving interest in the sport in that section which was the scene of many stirring matches in the good old days. And of course the Intercircuit and Twelve-Goal Championships, the National Low-Goal title events, which were revived last season with much success, will be played again this year. Last year the finals were held at Chicago at the famous Oakbrook Club where Paul Butler plays host on his seven beautiful fields. Whether or not this event (which annually attracts teams—sectional champions—from such great polo centers as Cleveland, Detroit, the Twin Cities, and the far West, and was won last year by the Huisache Polo Club of Houston, Texas), will be awarded again to Chicago this year is still undecided at the offices of the U. S. Polo Association, sponsors of the tourney, as this goes to the printers.

Stewart Iglehart, one of the three 10-goal players in the country, fixes a spur before play begins

And what else? Oh, yes, Harvard (B. Forbes, G. Dillingham, F. S. Von Stade, Jr., and B. H. Rumsey) regained the national intercollegiate polo championship at the Burnt Mills Club's Schley Field on June 18th by defeating their old arch rival, Yale (W. H. Chisholm, C. Johnson, A. G. Corey, Jr., and C. M. Woolley, Jr.), in the finals by 7 goals to 1. Harvard had previously held the title in 1936 and ousted West Point, the defending champions (P. B. Wilson, W. W. West, W. P. Brett, and F. W. Boye, Jr.) in the opening game by 12 to 10. There were only four teams in the tournament this year and Yale earned its right to meet Harvard by crushing Princeton (E. G. Riggs, H. J. Combs, R. Eisner, and A. P. Osborne) 16 to 1. Yale's intercollegiate indoor champions performed brilliantly in this one-sided game with "Coddy" Johnson, who made five goals, the spearhead of the attack. Princeton's lone tally was the result of a solo dash half the length of the field by Eisner. In the Harvard-Army game, the latter displayed fine teamwork but bowed to Harvard's superior man-power and better mounts, and in the finals, played on an extremely soft field that offset accurate hitting, Von Stade, the 6-goal Meadow Brook star, playing his last game before graduation, was the pace setter though the strong defensive work of Rumsey at back cut down many a Yale threat. Chisholm accounted for Yale's only score after a sally down the field aided by his teammate, Collister Johnson.

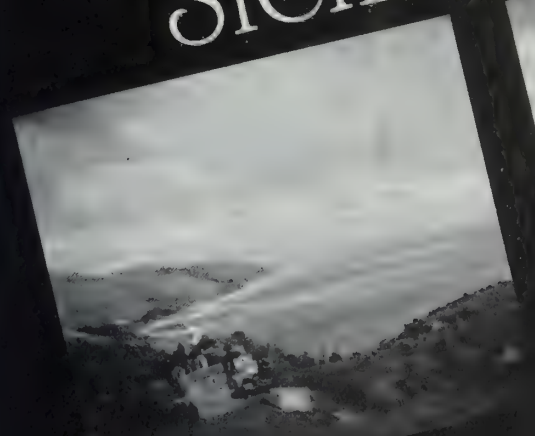
News that England will challenge the United States for the historic International Challenge Cup next summer did not come as any particular surprise to polo followers, since diplomatic relations call for a challenge every three years and everybody knew that New York's World's Fair year would be a good time to put on these great matches. The only news element in the announcement is that the series next year will be held in June at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island, rather than in September as heretofore. Your correspondent who has, in all modesty, been writing for some years as to the advisability of scheduling the important tournaments in this country earlier than late autumn dates because of usual adverse weather conditions, thought for a silly moment that perhaps a humble effort had proved of some use after all. We are advised, however, that the reason for the change in dates is so as not to conflict with the regular Open Championship in the fall at which time, next year, it is hoped to have an English team as well as an Argentine team compete in addition to all our American top teams. This certainly would seem to assure 1939 of being a banner polo year, and something to look forward to, if there ever was one!

Present plans call for the possibility of both international teams—England's as well as our own—being invited to Aiken, South Carolina, for spring training, and immediately following the International Series, the regular 20-goal Meadow Brook tournament will get under way with the regular summer polo schedule as usual. The American team which defended the international cup successfully in England in June, 1936, as every polo follower knows, included Eric Pedley, Michael Phipps, Stewart Iglehart, and Winston Guest. Since 1921, when the Big Four of L. E. Stoddard, Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., J. Watson Webb, and Devereux Milburn regained the cup at Hurlingham, the United States has defended successfully in 1924, 1927, 1930, and 1936 without the loss of a match. If present rumors are carried through to have the 1939 American team go out on the field with Phipps, Cecil Smith, Hitchcock, and Iglehart, riding in that order, it would seem as though our impressive record will continue unmarred. England, at this writing, would not seem to have enough strength abroad to offer any very frightening threat to such a powerful U. S. 39-goal "Four." . . . If they might perhaps turn to British players who have learned the American game in this country there are several possible combinations of Open Championship caliber that could, if properly mounted, give our best men a real battle every inch of the way. We are thinking particularly of such Anglo-American hard-working combines as Ivor Balding, Gerald Balding, Aidan Roark, and Eric Tyrrell-Martin; or even a brotherly combination of Ivor Balding, Gerald Balding, "Pat" Roark, and Aiden Roark . . . or Barney Balding might, if called upon by his Mother Country, turn into a very useful No. 1. . . .

At any rate, the British are going about their plans very seriously. The Hurlingham Polo Association, governing body of English polo which was formerly known as the Hurlingham Club Polo Committee, announced as long ago as last March that the following have been asked to serve on the Selection Committee for 1938-39 for the Westchester Cup: Lieut. Col. C. H. Gairdner, Lieut. Col. E. G. Atkinson, Major J. F. Harrison, Col. V. N. Lockett, and Mr. Eric H. Tyrrell-Martin, the California (Del (*Continued on page 73*)

TRAVEL ALBUM

SICILY, ITALY



A Taormina vista

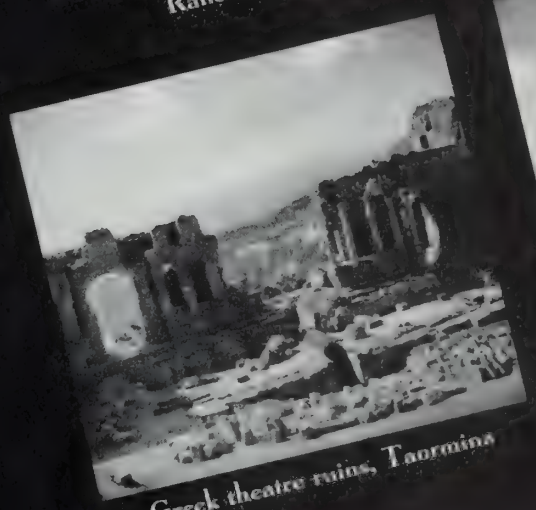
Temple of Ceres, Segesta

Greek Theatre, Segesta

Randazzo street scene

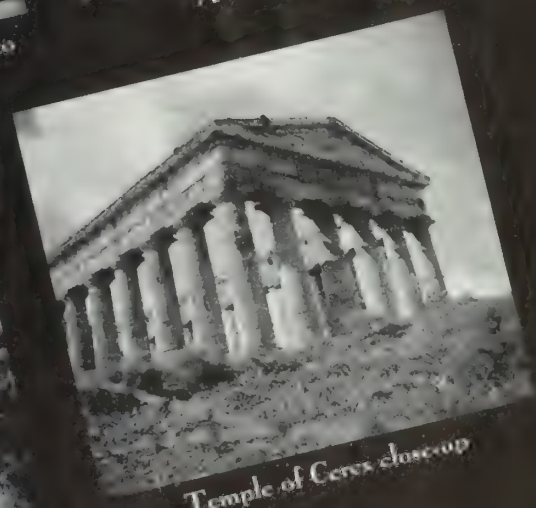
Through the Town Gate, Randazzo

A Randazzo peddler



Greek theatre ruins, Taormina

Taormina ruins from the other side

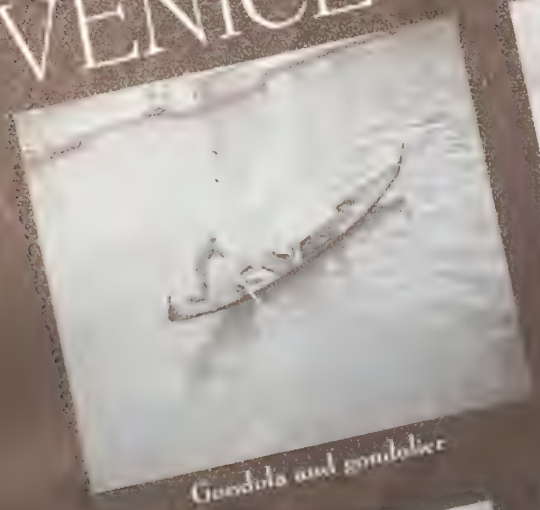


Temple of Ceres closeup

Photographs by Sidney Moritz

FROM the ancient temples and theatres of Sicily, down off Italy's toe, our album takes us to the gondolas and pigeons of Venice, and from there to Asia Minor and the Isle of Patmos, in the group of the Sporades in the Aegean Sea. Patmos, an island some ten miles long and six miles broad at the widest point, and rarely mentioned in antiquity, was the place of banishment in 95 A. D. of St. John the Evangelist, where he supposedly wrote the Apocalypse. This legend was the origin of the Monastery of St. John

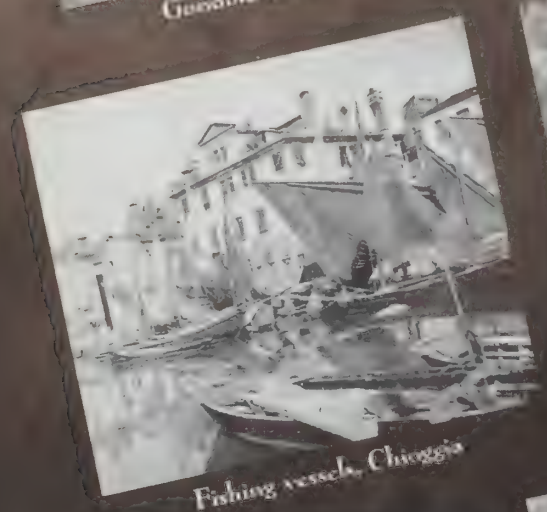
VENICE



Gondola and gondolier

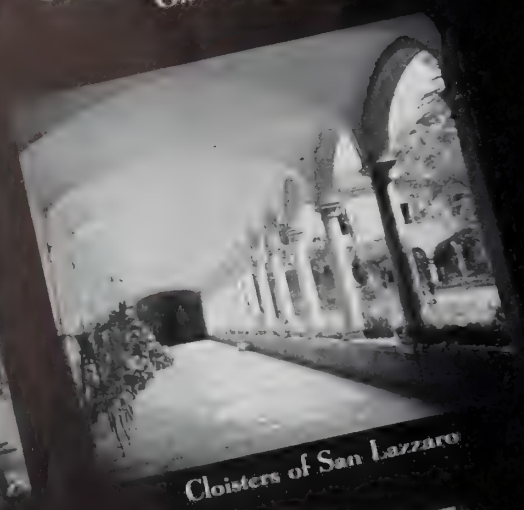
A Venetian highway

On the Grand Canal



Fishing vessels, Chioggia

Palazzo Van Axel



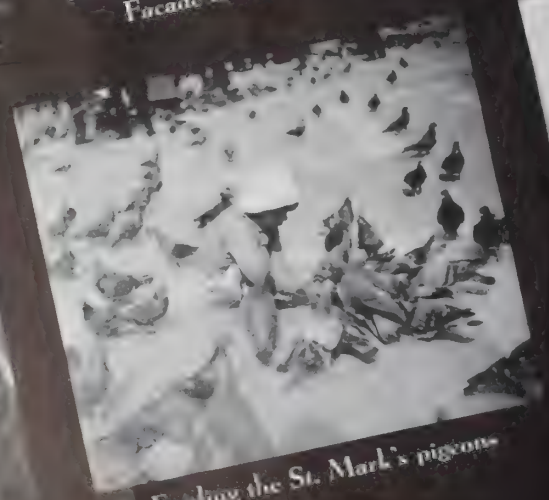
Cloisters of San Lazzaro

Church of Santa Maria della Salute

Facade of St Mark's Cathedral

Piazza San Marco

The Patriarch, St. Mark's Day

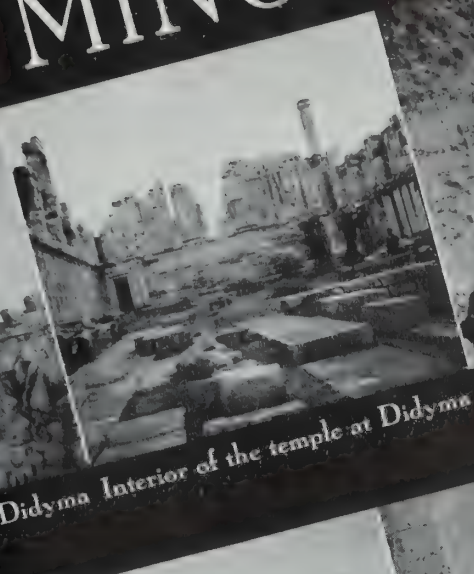


Feeding the St. Mark's pigeons

The staircase "dal Borolo"

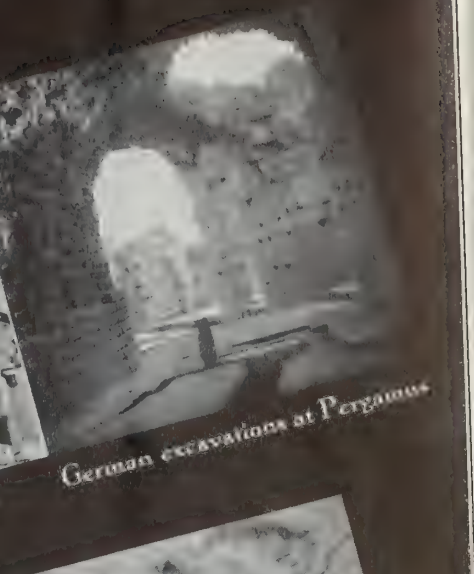
ASIA MINOR

Columns in the temple at Didyma



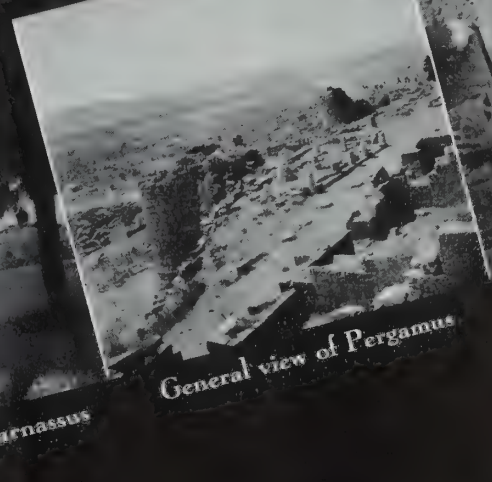
Interior of the temple at Didyma

Theatre at Pergamus



German excavations at Pergamus

Mausoleum at Halicarnassus



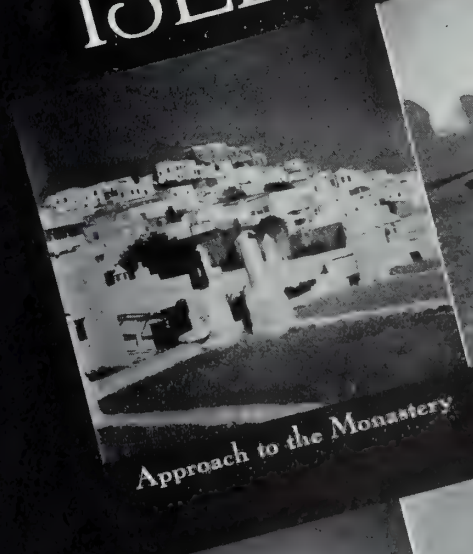
General view of Pergamus

Fragment of temple relief

Detail from temple at Didyma

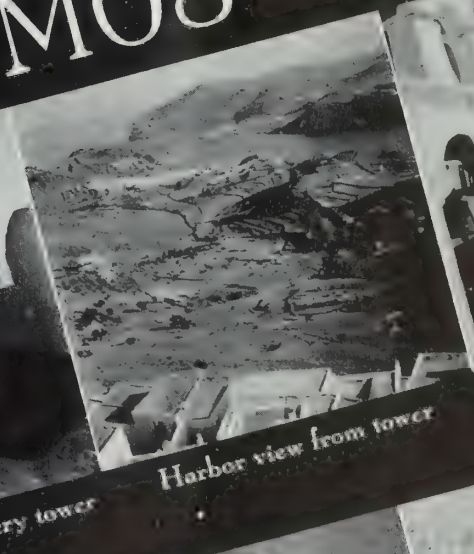
ISLE OF PATMOS

MONASTERY OF ST. JOHN

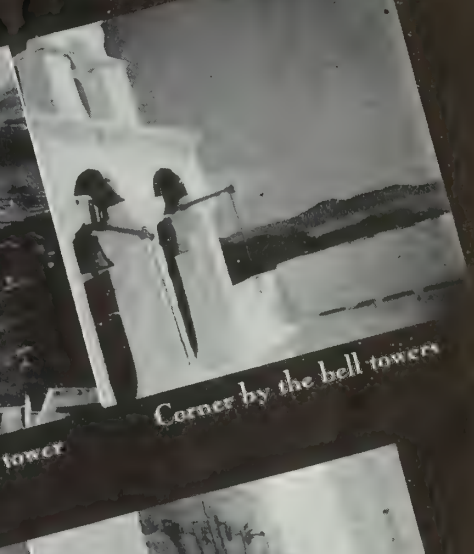


Approach to the Monastery

Ramparts of Monastery tower

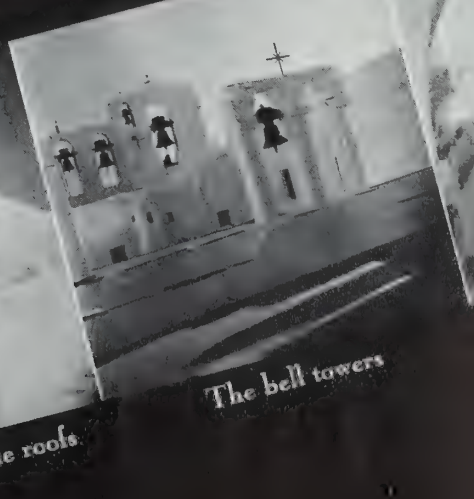


Harbor view from tower



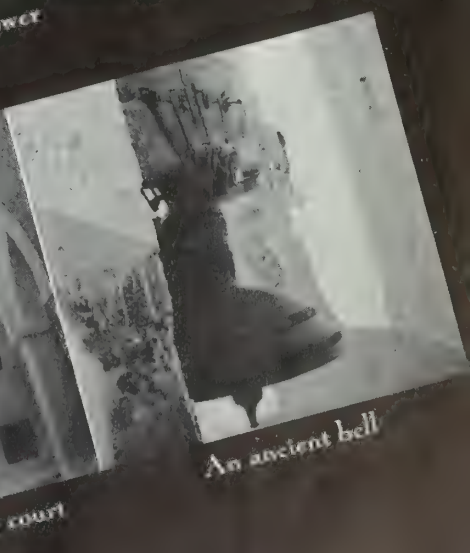
Corner by the bell towers

White Bermuda-style roofs



The bell towers

Arches in an inner court



An ancient bell

A Pondful of SPORT

RAYMOND S. DECK

Newly constructed bass ponds should be heavily stocked with crayfish, forage minnows, and the proper aquatic plants; then with only a modest number of breeding-size bass. Re-stocking black bass in depleted waters is wasted effort. Every mature female bass produces thousands of fry every summer, nature doing her own re-stocking abundantly. Fished-out bass waters should be re-stocked with bait minnows instead of bass. Then native-spawned game fish will have a chance to grow to fighting size. It takes five pounds of minnows or baby bass to make one pound of battling bronze-back.

Spanking children, good old American tradition that it is, has all but disappeared. The honorable juvenile custom of smoking corn-silk behind the woodshed is gone too. I mourn the passing of both rites. Praise God, though, the ancient art of worm-fishing survives in its pristine form. Worm-fishing is fodder for the soul. There is a mystery, a substance to watching a gaudy bobber duck beneath the surface of a pond which is lacking from other human pursuits. Plugs are whanged by bass or muskellunge according to the waters fished. Feather flies are sipped by trout or other known gamesters. But when a bobber bobs a yard above an earthworm in a pond, the man does not live who can say that the game is bullhead, sunfish, or largemouth bass. That is the special virtue of ponds full of fish.

I would like you to build a pond on your place, and generously, the construction is left entirely up to you. Dam a low-meadow creek with logs or stone and concrete. Tap a well or seepage spring as you will. For all of me you may bring in a clanking dredge to dig out the black muck of a swamp. But you *must* have a pond or we cannot go on from here.

The broader the pond, the better. Two acres is close to the minimum for your greatest spiritual growth by the bobber-and-earthworm formula. Three or four feet will give depth enough, though if your pond-to-be is in a northerly region it should have pockets here and there, some eight feet deep. In these your fish can keep warm and comfortable over winter and not get their dorsal fins and things frozen in the ice. If the bottom of the pond is of sterile sandy soil it should be fertilized with canonized matter just like any other soil called on to yield a crop. Minute crustaceans known as water fleas are the only tidbits on which the worthiest pond fish thrive in infancy, and these water fleas can live only in water which is quite rich in organic material.

If you're in on my scheme to foster spiritual development, bass and bullheads, you will now plant your pond. Aquatic plants will appear unbidden in any new pool by benefit of wind and water birds. Some of these volunteer plants are all right but you will uproot others as they appear. Aquatic vegetation is much to be desired in a pond for the shelter it affords little fish from big ones. Green leaves and blades in the water have some value in keeping up the oxygen content, but this is minor in view of the unwholesome gases released when they decay. Quite as important as the role which aquatic plants play in offering watery aisles of refuge to fingerlings and fry, is their serving as dwelling places for countless dragon-fly nymphs, beetles, and other fishly dainties. But you will choose carefully indeed those seeds and tubers which you sow within the waters. Wild-celery, the Vallisneria of your tropical fish tank, and Leafy Pondweed (*Potamogeton foliosus*) are two of the choicest perennials for your piscatorial garden. Both of these plants offer fair sanctuary to fish and lesser aquatic life and they have the additional merit of offering food to wild ducks which may homestead about your pond. Wild-celery has the very special virtue of growing entirely beneath the surface of the water where it will not interfere with angling with floating lures.

For the shallows and marshy edges of your pond you will select such plants as bulrushes, arrowhead, and pickerel-weed. You will set clumps of blue and yellow iris here and there. But in the whole thing of choosing friendly plants for fish and fishermen, you will eschew, as you eschew sin, such black sheep of the plant world as hardy waterlilies. If the soil beneath your pond is rich, these things will grow and spew forth seeds and rootstocks until the water is choked and dark beneath their roof of leaves, and your popping plugs, your bugs of deer hair, and your dangling earthworms will get tangled, or move unseen by finny things in their hideous maze!

Now get in touch with some lad of pre-teen age; your own son if that young gentleman adheres to the profit motive, or a neighboring farm boy if he does not. Tell this person that if he will gather one quart of snails from a near-by lake you will cross his palm with silver. By the same method you must acquire perhaps a hundred crayfish and an assortment of bullfrogs, pickerel frogs, and the like. If these creatures are not to be had by primitive means you will purchase them from a dealer in aquarium supplies or from one of the numerous wildlife nurseries which specialize in selling such things.

However you acquire them, bear in mind that adult specimens, expectant mothers in particular, are much the most valuable for your purposes. Turn them loose in the pond. We are building a small-time fisherman's paradise on your place on the premise that a thousand nutritious tadpoles or a thousand fingerling fish put in the pond by natural reproduction and replenished each year by natural methods are quite as worthy as, and a good deal less costly than, the same number fetched from hatcheries in cans. We are proceeding too, on the unorthodox assumption that fish must eat. Because of tradition, many tax-supported departments of fisheries do not acknowledge that fish must eat. They will serve you with endless thousands, aye millions of predatory game-fish for stocking or restocking but they can supply no prey, no forage for these ravenous fish. They need all the bait fish they can rear to feed their own brood-stock of game fish.

But I am grown weary of words. I would cast again, as I cast on a recent summer evening, on my own five-acre pond. *Ka-ploomp!* I remember well the mighty splash with which a great black bass fell back in a volcano of spray. My heart almost stopped beating at sight of the fish. He lit running. *Zz-zzz!* Ten yards, twenty, thirty. . . . The reel handle whirred and the singing line burned my fingers. The line was almost spent when I dragged him to a stop.

The Big One must have started from the bottom of the pond for that next leap of his. With a flash of bronze back and gold sides the ancient warrior shot high aloft. I saw the red and white plug in his horny jaw; the shake of (*Continued on page 79*)

Photographs by the author

Your portrait through the ages

(*Continued from page 47*)

the snug Dutch basque to the huge farthingale, that is merely suggested by outline over the coarse-textured canvas.

Maria Theresa, for all her royal presentation by a Velasquez, is a questioning, bewildered girl beside the absolute poise and self-possession of Gainsborough's Mrs. Edmund Morton Pleydell. You never saw anything more absolutely immaculate and fair than her gown of satin and lace, with a French neckband, such as we see in Nattier's court portraits, giving piquancy to the neck and a single flower drawing attention to the fairest of hands and bringing all the carefully arranged lines of the pose to a lovely close.

A portrait that wins you by its sincerity is that of Sir Henry Raeburn's Robert Hay of Drumelzier and Whittinghame. Robert Hay was a Scottish Laird of the Eighteenth Century, an elderly gentleman with a Scotch keenness in sizing up the world about him. He was a man of brains and breeding. He was not very communicative, but for all that you feel very much at home with him. Sir Henry Raeburn was very much the same type, absolutely honest and sincere. He painted very literally. We are apt to underrate such qualities, but in Raeburn both the simplicity and truthfulness are so profound, his color so sure, and his brush work so brilliant that his portraits rank very high.

There is a distinction and quality to Eighteenth Century English portraiture. And for us there is also something traditional about it. In this connection, we are showing a large painting of the Hope Family of Sydenham, Kent, by our American painter, Benjamin West, who after leaving America became historical painter of King George III. The subject of group portraits is most extensive, but even more characteristically English than these portrait groups are the conversation pieces, in which a family or a group of friends are portrayed at their ease in their own environment, chatting with one another, dining together, playing cards or musical instruments, or whatever you will. Sometimes they are in one of their charming Eighteenth Century interiors, sometimes out in their parks, or even at a meet in their carriages or on horseback. In other words, the conversation piece is portraiture in natural and intimate surroundings.

What charming scenes we might paint of the life on our country estates, if we brought the conversation piece back into fashion. And we might use it for interior scenes and for portraiture against the setting of our cultural interests, as in the portrait of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Izard by our famous American portrait painter, John S. Copley. As far as is known, this was the first group Copley ever painted. He met Mr. Izard, a wealthy South Carolina planter, and his wife, while he was traveling in Italy and painted them in Rome. For some reason the picture was not delivered to the Izards in Rome but carried back to England. In the meantime the outbreak of the American Revolution produced difficulties in Mr. Izard's financial affairs, and he was no longer able to pay for the picture. A grandson of Mr. Izard's, knowing of the picture, obtained it fifty years later from Mrs. Copley. It then passed into the possession of the family for whom it was intended and was owned by them until it was acquired by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

The Eighteenth Century aristocrats and gentry were essentially idealists who, even in portraiture, believed in the basic fact of beauty, and consequently for them the loveliness and softness of Greek art were most alluring. To them such art signified calm and contentment, grace and serenity. They loved the chubby babyish cupids and the statues of children, who were no longer portrayed as miniature men and women but with their own characteristic expressions and proportions. They took their ideals of perfect proportions and a perfect physique from statues like the Apollo Belvedere and their ideals of feminine beauty from the Venus di Milo. Even long into the Nineteenth Century, the classic curves and rounded forms, with a certain air of elegance and grace, with soft sweet faces, remained the feminine ideal.

Your portrait is really a problem. In an effort to be ladylike, you may lose something of the woman. You may go in for actuality and lose romance. You may go in for naturalism or prefer to remain aloof with distinction.

Some portraits pulsate with life. Some have a facile skill, some unerring precision, some a sense of rhythm. Some have a freshness and some an effeteness of style. Some portraits are blithe and debonair. Some elegant and subtle. Some cool and sophisticated. Some florid and dramatic. There are portraits in the grand style and the reverse. Some artists have painted lovely women with fair complexions and beautiful clothes with little research into character. Some have preferred restless, individualistic, impetuous men with inquisitive minds and realistic tempers.

Swim house on a rock

(*Continued from page 26*)

around the goblet-shaped lamp base from Czechoslovakia. When meals are served a "Lazy Susan" of deal, holding plates of food, is set in its place. The table napkins are of coarse-weave natural linen, featuring a big monogram of a modern block letter, stitched in the dark green of the tiles. All the dishes are natural Majolica patterned with the dark green head of a crew boy in profile. These are rather Greek in feeling.

Old English Silver

Above is shown an unusual George III Silver Tea Caddy which was made in London by John Moore in the year 1798. Charmingly simple in design, it is divided into two equal compartments which were intended to contain black and green tea. The hinged lids may be locked when desired.

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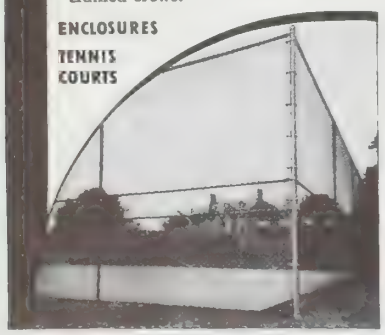

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At the right of the table one faces a hallway leading to the kitchen, servants' room and bath, and a dormitory equipped with a large bath and fresh water showers arranged to accommodate ten men. A four-foot stairway set into the wall leads to the flat roof above, which is laid out as a sun terrace, and furnished to afford the utmost in comfort.

In a remote spot such as this, with the nearest house six miles away, the major problems of heating and lighting and that of the fresh-water supply must be met foursquare. In other words, like an ancient moated fortress, it must be self-contained. Water is piped from a well one hundred yards away from the house while a self-generating electricity plant in the kitchen wing provides light and heating. As anyone will agree, when staying in the woods, the mountains, near the sea, or any of the places one goes for a holiday, the fine sunny days are no problem at all; in fact they pass far too quickly. It is the dull, cold days of rain that fray the nerves and set tempers straining at the leash, unless one is warm and dry and has plenty of amusing things to do. A holiday can be ruined by miserable weather, so for this reason I put a great deal of thought in planning this Swim House from just that angle. You can see how the house is open to the sun and breezes all on one side so that on brilliant days it is lovely. With the advent of cold and dampness, curtains of dark green sailcloth let down and clamp tightly to cleats set for that purpose in the retaining wall. This makes a complete fourth wall against the elements. Each curtain has a window, five by six feet, cut out of its center, into which is slid a sheet of heavy isinglass. With the lights in the rope-covered metal chandelier ablaze, a fire crackling up the chimney, and a friendly group of swim enthusiasts gathered about the fireplace, the windy darkness outside holds no terrors and the hours pass very pleasantly at the "Swim House on a Rock."

Seen and heard

(*Continued from page 54*)

of the earth. Strange but true.

"We would not, of course, imply that there is no such thing as vermin, for the term seems particularly appropriate for the feral house cat and the brown rat, animals that have no natural place in the economy of the wild life of our continent, and for whose presence man is solely responsible. Also, we appreciate that upon game farms and reservations, devoted to the increase of certain species of game birds or mammals, the control of many species of predatory animals must be carried on by the proper authorities. But we do wish here to register our opposition to the senseless slaughter of hawks, owls, gulls, harmless snakes, and other species that only too frequently are killed on sight, merely because it is thought that they may at some time or another kill a duck or perhaps some other game bird."

Given that understanding and having manifold instances at hand where "bounty systems" of predator control have resulted disastrously, one would think that state and federal officials would, like Agag, walk delicately about the business of condemning the crow or the coyote or any other predator to extinction. Perhaps in time they will. Perhaps not. One of the remarkable things about the human race is its unconquerable determination to continue in error.

Trotting for the novice

(*Continued from page 31*)

can pay pretty fancy prices for your tack if you want to, just as you can for any other kind. On the other hand you can pick up for a song good, serviceable equipment that is also perfectly presentable looking, though secondhand. According to Mr. Gahagan the horse and all the necessary equipment can be yours for $400 or thereabouts.

It can be assumed that if you are serious about becoming wedded to the trotting horse game you are located somewhere near a track—there are about 800 of them; some at county fair grounds; others out and out practice and racing tracks scattered through the East, Ohio, as far West as the Rockies, and again on the Coast—and you would in all probability keep your horse at the track. Stabling would cost you around $7.00 a month, this amount merely covering the rent of a stall. Feed and care varies of course but Standardbreds are notably more rugged and less addicted to lameness, etc., than the more brittle Thoroughbred—a very comforting item indeed. It's interesting to note that it sometimes takes a trotter or pacer five miles or so even to get warmed up. Then they may go three or more miles at top speed, pulling the sulky and the weight of the driver—a distance that would leave most Thoroughbreds stretched out gasping on the turf—or at least so the trotting horse men say.

Your greatest problem is how to get constant and expert advice in the early stages of your career—and afterwards too. While a person with a fair amount of horse sense can learn to drive in pretty short order there are details, the same ones we went to Goshen to learn about, that take a lifetime of experience to master, and anyone who is going to do any racing and really develop the best in themselves and in their horse should be coached by a professional. Only he can adjust toe weights to correct faults in gait, know how much jogging to do before you can really let your horse out, or master the various other problems that are sure to arise. Besides you will need someone to care for and exercise your horse when you aren't there and to give you constructive criticism on driving. This shouldn't be a too difficult problem, though the solution depends a great deal on individual circumstances. After all it's fundamentally a competitive sport and while you may have fun for a while just driving around the track by yourself, it won't be long before you will want competition. Probably the solution to this is to form or join a matineeing club. Then perhaps several members could share the services of a trainer. This goes for grooms, stable boys, and other assistants as well. The best thing to do is to get in the car and go over to the track where you expect to race and talk to people. You will find them more than willing to help in most cases and the first thing you know you will have worked out some sort of a deal.

So it's really up to you. If you have the yen to get out there on the track and eat the dust kicked up by your own horse, there's no reason why with a very small outlay you can't become as deeply involved as anyone else. You can't tell, you may have the makings of an expert. You need the same natural aptitude for handling horses necessary whether you go hunting, broncho busting, or train circus horses. If you have that the rest isn't so hard. Some people pick it up after a few weeks, others after a year or more. Within a few months you should be able to handle yourself, horse, and sulky in pretty fast company with only the normal number of mishaps. After a few years, well you can't tell—perhaps some day *you* will win the Hambletonian.—G.B.T., JR.

Mansion on the Hudson

(*Continued from page 52*)

one solid piece. The walls and pillars in this room are white, and all the doors leading from it are mirrored. It is a gala room where one must be festive.

Between the tennis house and the mansion which, built nearly a hundred years ago is one of the "eminent Victorians," lies the hollow into which the garden curves. It is more unexpected than a walled garden because no formal barrier betrays its whereabouts. Its design is from an old English design which Mrs. Astor adapted and executed with her gardener, Riddell. Riddell's own specialty is the Ferncliff snapdragon, which is white and very large. One spike, a prize winner at Albany and Poughkeepsie, was ten feet long.

The outline of the garden is a rectangle covering an acre, and pointed at each corner by a cone-shaped evergreen. On the side toward the house a tightly massed border is planted in petunias, dianthus, snapdragon, stock, larkspur, and blue lace flower. The long beds which continue the outline of the rectangle are backed in crimson, white, and yellow. Light pink single hollyhocks back the beds along three sides of the rectangle. The center beds are given to the roses,

but there are also brilliant beds of Chinese delphinium, two beds of sapiglossis, and masses of varicolored annual phlox. Here and there standard trees of heliotrope, lantana, and lacandaria accent the garden, but a straight line of four corkscrew-clipped arborvitae, by its careful artificiality, gives the very texture of the old print from which the garden itself was originally derived.

A tiny bridge leads from this to a rock garden planted on a sharp hill against a background of dark woods. The rock garden is new, but promises to give a very effective mass of color against the towering trees.

Up the slope to the mansion, however, the garden path is a flight of grass steps, particularly lovely when the shadows fall across it from the pair of ash trees at its head. These trees are not as old as the elms which surround the house but they are equally in keeping with the pattern of the whole. It is a pattern which makes the word picture of "mansion" the more indelible—a place of friendliness, remote from a too active world, serene and with great dignity, but ready always to be gay.

Polo from the near-side

(*Continued from page 66*)

Monte) polo manager who was captain of Great Britain's challenging team in '36. This committee, to be known as the "Selection and Management Committee" will have complete control over all arrangements for the forthcoming matches. Some of the ponies, recently purchased from Argentina, are already in training at Osmaston together with a number of English mounts, and these will shortly be joined by a contingent from Australia.

So you know all these things. . . . And what people would really like to know, one supposes, is who is coming along this year that is new—and news over here. Well, you'd like to tell 'em. Once in a while you try to. But you aren't any too sure. The only thing that seems certain is that most of the leading players of the world will be seen in action again at The Meadow Brook Club next month in the National Open Championship and the Monty Waterbury handicap high-goal tournament that follows. 8-goal Roberto Cavanagh of the Argentine, who played here with the South American team that whitewashed Greentree in the U. S.-Argentine Series of 1936 will come up again this year to replace Gerald Balding at No. 2 on the famous Greentree squad which also includes Pete Bostwick, Tommy Hitchcock, and Jock Whitney—but that isn't any particular new news, since we told you about it last January. What might be interesting rumor, however, is news from abroad where Cavanagh has been playing in the London tournaments, to the effect that this star rider from the Pampas has not been showing up as strongly as expected this year while Gerald Balding, recently raised to a 10-goal British ranking, has apparently been a real star in the English tourneys, shining along with Aidan Roark and Cecil Smith. Balding, also due over here next month but as yet unplaced in an Open Championship line-up, may be keenly missed by Hitchcock who is said to be the one responsible for choosing Cavanagh, doubtless with respectful memory of the South American No. 2's great play against Hitchcock's No. 3 in those memorable matches of two seasons ago.

Ricardo Santamarina, one of the younger generation of Argentines who has a handicap rating of six goals and has also been playing in England, though he has never been seen in action in this country, is also expected here, to play with Seymour Knox's Aurora Four—but that's not definite though talked about for some time. Capt. C. T. I. "Pat" Roark will be on hand next month, to play with Aknusti (Elbridge Gerry, Robert L. Gerry, Jr., and Raymond Guest) and it is to be regretted that his younger brother, Aidan Roark, now surpassing, at least in last winter's play, even the great Eric Pedley as the best player on the Pacific Coast, can not be prevailed to stop over for our Open after he returns from the European tournaments where he has been starring as a member of Charles B. Wrightman's visiting Texas Rangers squad along with Wrightsman, Cecil Smith, Eric Tyrrell-Martin, and Darryl Zanuck, the Hollywood movie tycoon who is a much more useful and fast-moving little No. 1 two-goal player than most of the Eastern critics imagine.

Those Texas Rangers, incidentally, who have played together on the Coast and abroad for several seasons with virtually the same celebrated line-up, would be a great drawing card for our National Championship, one of the few big tournaments of the world that they have never won. . . . But Cecil Smith, the 10-goal star from Texas, is of course one half of the strongest combination in polo today—Smith and Stewart Iglehart—who swing along so smoothly at No. 2 and No. 3 respectively in the middle of the line-up of the present and defending U. S. Champions, "Sonny" Whitney's Old Westbury new "Big Four" which also boasts, besides Mr. Whitney, at Back, the 9-goal Michael Phipps at No. 1. . . . So that strong possibility is out as an entry in our big tournament. The Texas Rangers, who got off to a slow start in England when their ponies and players had difficulty rounding into top form, have finally won four of England's most important events, with their latest triumph, as this is written, being the famous Hurlingham Club championship on June 25th when they received the coveted trophy from Lady Louise Mountbatten after trouncing the strong Jaguars

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(Stephen "Laddie" Sanford, Gerald Balding, Capt. H. P. Guiness, and the Hon W. Keith Rous) by 13 goals to 3.

So Aknusti, Winston Guest's Templeton, Aurora, and Greentree will all have strengthened teams to challenge Old Westbury for the final honors again next month and there must be a host of younger players, such as the Harvard captain, Skiddy Von Stade, and Tommy Hitchcock's two nephews, Julian Peabody and Averill Clark, etc., coming along too. But the answer is that you can't tell about the younger players, but you can always tell about the older players—especially in June. You know what they have done, and you know what they can do. And there seems no question, in polo anyway, as to how long they can do it. One of the things about most sports that disturbs the public is how long this or that particular star will be with them. But it doesn't bother the thoughts of the polo fan—not for decades anyway. You can check back through the records. Over a dozen years ago it might have seemed an awful wrench to have to lose someday from Open Championship competition such sportsmen as were then in the top saddle. But some of them are still playing—Malcolm Stevenson, the great internationalist, in the 20-goal tourney, as an example—and year after year younger players were fitting in with their veteran combinations so well that no great or sudden change was noticed, yet most of the new and up-and-coming youths, still young, today are themselves actually ten-year veterans of high-goal play.

Old rose for salmon

(*Continued from page 53*)

by mistake for white. I came across it, once again, as I reached up to the top shelf for some copper line I had placed there the previous autumn.

I looked at the can, puzzled a bit over the label, and then remembered the incident of its purchase. I opened it and gazed at the giddy color that met my eye. Suddenly, what I thought was a crazy idea, but which might prove an amusing one, came to me.

I called out to my boy, who happened to be starting out for some bass casting, "Taber, before you go, please bring me that Number 1 double kidney spoon, will you? Bring me that big aluminum one—you know, that six-inch or so monster, too. Bring me one of our small paint brushes while you're at it, if you don't mind. Bring 'em in a hurry, I mean."

My son handed me the requested articles a few minutes later and looked at me with a somewhat quizzical expression:

"You mean you're going to paint those spoons with that wild pink enamel?" he asked a bit dubiously, shaking his head.

"Yes," I gravely informed him. "I am going to paint these spoons with that heavenly old-rose enamel."

Although I may have been a *trifle* skeptical myself I nevertheless strung the spoons together with piano wire. I also dug up some beads, they were yellow I well recall, and spaced the attractors about the same distance apart as those on the Davis. I then gave them a coat of that passionate old-rose enamel.

The spoons were dry the next morning and the day was perfect for salmon—a light ripple, a clear sky, and an unobscured sun. I sewed on a fresh smelt with my own private hitch, of which I am justly and even inordinately proud, and as I let out the old-rose lure Tabe got busy with the oars. He still was carrying a quizzical and perhaps even a skeptical smile.

But he didn't wear that smile for long, and maybe I lost that wee mite of skepticism I'd had myself. *Smack!*

"The old rose collects in less than ten minutes, Tabe," I cried happily. "He's hooked right. A salmon!"

When we netted that silvery beauty a few minutes later we saw he'd go between three and four pounds.

In less than two hours of fishing we had taken the limit, three salmon and one laker, ranging anywhere from two to four-and-a-half pounds.

It was then that I vociferously blessed that clerk.

Wait a minute, brother fishermen, please. Do not think that I am advocating, if you go out after salmon this season and run into a blank spell, that you buy a can of old-rose enamel and paint up every spoon you own. Far from it.

I am telling you what happened, and can definitely prove it, in one northern Vermont lake up on the Canadian border. I do not know about other lakes, quite frankly, because the fishing was so good in our own for the balance of the summer that we did not bother to try other waters.

However, I make what to me are the extremely interesting statements that follow: Chap, Tabe, and I continued to use the old-rose outfit—we rigged up two more—and continued taking salmon and lakers. Several other friends fished with us, on and off, and when they used one of our lures they also collected.

Then, after perhaps ten days or so of splendid sport, I began to wonder. I began to wonder, in fact, if the salmon and lakers would have taken the Davis, or any other spoons, if I had used them during the same period instead of the old rose. Let's find out.

I got more Davis spoons and other spoons of the same type as the Davis. I went on a hunt in the tackle stores in the surrounding towns and bought perhaps six or seven different outfits. I made eight or ten more—I mean my boy did: he's the craftsman of the family—cutting them from some

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roofing copper we procured. We used the Davis for a pattern, I would like Mr. Davis to know, and we put them together about the same way he did. I bought small cans of yellow, orange, blue, green, and lavender enamel, all in the lightest shades I could find, and I painted an outfit very carefully with each separate color.

For the rest of the month of August, until the season closed down on September first for anything except flies, Tabe and I worked pretty blamed hard. Hard but happily. We trolled two lines most faithfully, always at the same depth. On one of them we had one of our old-rose combinations, and on the other either a Davis or some other standard make or one of our own fashioning that I had painted with the various enamels I had purchased.

Here, to me, is the exceedingly interesting thing—and the thing I am sure will be interesting, equally, to all fishermen. Yes, the Davis took an occasional fish; so did some of the standard makes; likewise, too, the other ones I had painted; but it was always one of the old-rose combinations that won the day.

My son, who is also the mathematician of the family, kept scrupulous count. He told me that for the rest of last August the old-rose spoons killed salmon and lakers at a rate of a little better than four-to-one against all the other spoons combined.

There you are. Go to it if you feel like it. I gladly hand out this information to brother fishermen, and I would sincerely be most appreciative if anyone who tries this trick would let me know what luck they had.

I know that I shall be up in Vermont again for the start of the season, and I know that I shall be using my light silk line, without spoons, just as long as I can. But if the salmon and lakers again stop hitting on the surface when July or August rolls around—well, I will be sewing on a smelt behind one of my old-rose enamel lures.

Cork Harbor Water Club

(*Continued from page 39*)

Captain's house the night before; this order not to extend to the Admiral, who has a right to bring whom he pleases."

Another of the admiral's powers is indicated in the rule "That the Admiral singly, or any three captains whom he shall appoint, do decide all controversies or disputes that may arise at the Club; and any captain that shall refuse to abide by such decision, is to be expelled. N.B. This order to extend to the chaplain, or any other inferior officer."

There is no such long and detailed list of proper yachting raiment as some of our modern clubs seem to think necessary, only one enlightening, amusing little rule that says "That no long tail wigs, large sleeves, or ruffles be worn by any member of the club."

It was an exclusive little club under its "Union Flag, with the Royal Irish Harp and Crown on a green field in the center," (the first historically recorded yacht club burgee) being "Resolved that twenty-five be the whole number of the members that this club may consist of."

A man's club on the whole, but here is a rule that sounds to the modern yachtsman as if the ladies might have had a hand in things: "Resolved that such members of the Club, or others, as shall talk of sailing after dinner be fined a bumper."

Probably, under that rule, the bumpers came thick and fast, which accounts for another rule: "Resolved, that all business of the club be done before dinner, except appointing the time of the next meeting, or presenting, mulcting or levying fines."

Yes, a nice little club on the whole and sociable, too, with its provision that "Each member (unless out of the Kingdom) entertains in his turn, or substitutes a member in his room, otherwise the Secretary is to provide a dinner, the cost of which is to be paid by the member whose turn it shall be to attend, on pain of expulsion." Better order your own dinners when your turn comes, shipmates—I hate to think what the secretary might do.

Spit on the fly for luck

(*Continued from page 33*)

vanishing daylight. An inquisitive fawn stood until we were within twenty feet, then scampered into the bush, bobbing white tail against the darkness. While we were at dinner, a guide burst into the room with excited gestures. We tumbled after him through a rear door and crept stealthily across the plot. Grazing near our horse, towering antlers silhouetted in the moonlight, was a giant buck. He munched, serenely unconcerned, as we watched fascinated with the loveliness of the scene. Then our scent went to him on the wind and with a snort he crashed into the forest. By nine o'clock we were fighting for bed. We had found isolation and peace, surf, and the smell of pines. Our blankets were three heavy against the cold, salt air.

The days that followed were active and complete. By seven we were breakfasted and off along the portage upstream. It was less than a half hour of soft paddling through intermittent sunshine and dancing shades to the Black Pool where, always, one rod remained, the others seeking pools farther up. Casting was from the bank or, in pools where trees marched to the water's edge, from shallow rapids. In rippling breezes with constant strikes, hours whirled away more swiftly than the stream. We met for lunch and exchanged news over cups of boiling tea beside a brush fire.

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For salmon we were usually rewarded with a strike on one of the first few casts. If lucky, a swirl on the surface, a hard strike, a bending rod, the lively sound of a racing reel, and a long silvery leap free from the pool's far edge. A mighty splash and for a half hour the fight was on! Using light trout rods we found that a fifteen-pound salmon took careful handling before, exhausted, he finally came into the net.

After a salmon kill the pool was rested for a half hour or more. An interval of quiet to lie in blazing sunlight smoking lazily as we listened to the guide's Canuck stories of the river. If further casting produced no rapid results flies were changed constantly. When the pool contained both trout and salmon we alternated with trout flies, and the trout were often hungrier than the salmon. A change of speed and size; also a varied menu. There were pools where we fished only for trout; one from which a catch of three, all from one to two pounds, was landed on a single line at one and the same time!

To veteran salmon fishermen the rivers of this Island offer constant lure. To those of us who had never killed one, they afforded thrill after thrill. Great dashes, torpedolike, up and down; leap after leap from the water; moments of suspense when fallen, he may be off and gone away; slow maneuvering inward and then the wild, last rush to exhaustion; the combined rage and disappointment when, almost landed, by some unknown twist he is free and the line hangs tragically limp. Salmon fishing with a trout rod guarantees plenty of good heart action!

With the close of the salmon season we turned our attention to ducks, geese, and plover. Ducks of several varieties and the far migrating plover were plentiful. Geese, on the other hand, were few and next to impossible to get within shooting range.

Duckshooting on Anticosti is timed by the tides. Unlike our early morning and afternoon shooting along the Eastern Coast, the best sport may be had at high noon on a mild, cloudless day. When the tide comes in, covering the shelving flats surrounding the Island, the ducks come in to upland lakes for feeding and relaxation. To one of these lakes we journeyed a few days after the season opened. As we neared the lake the guide motioned with his hand and on the far side we saw, for the first time in our lives, a large herd of reindeer. Having thought they were found only on Santa Claus cards we watched with childish delight as they moved majestically into the tall grass.

We paddled to shore blinds facing across the lake and were hardly settled in position when ducks began to arrive. A low whistle from the guide and, motionless, with that tension which always comes awaiting a flight, we saw them wheeling and circling for position. Twice they circled us, lower each time; then, with a whirr of many wings they came in with a rush. They were big blacks, and both guns got a double from this flock, giving us a false sense of our shooting ability.

For the next two hours we had the finest shooting of our lives . . . they came in from all directions. Black ducks, some teal, and a few sea-pigeons. There was no time for the guides to retrieve the dead or crippled. They came in singles and flocks up to twenty; some cautiously going round and round and then coming only near enough for a long wing shot; some with a headlong rush at the blinds; others crossing close before us at terrific speed. A speck on the sky became a thin line; then the sound of churning air, the tilting wings, the swish of the first feet against the lake, the soar straight upward when we were seen. The kind of shooting which we had occasionally read of but never hoped to find. Later days were always successful and filled with better than average sport, but none ever could equal this first one.

One crisp morning on "the speeder," we went through bright, autumn colors to Lac Simon, some twelve miles up into the interior. We were a very compact expedition prepared for anything. A Ross rifle for deer or bear; two twelve gauges with an assortment of shells for everything from geese to partridge; rods with sufficiently varied flies to charm the most indifferent swimmers.

The dash through the hills, along low banks of streams curving from one lake to another, was exciting. The speeder, an engine covered by a wooden box fastened sketchily to four railway wheels, went with gusto until suddenly, far into the country, it gave a disgruntled spurt and stopped. Our guide's method of repair consisted of patting all wires to various boxes, squirting gasoline all over the engine, and a tremendous push! Strangely enough, after one of these mighty heaves, we went off with a roar, the guide barely managing to come aboard. We wondered how it would have been with us if he had missed, since we hadn't the slightest idea how to stop its wild onrush.

Deer are so numerous on the Island that there is no incentive to shoot them. On this day, we must have seen thirty, a number of them within rifle shot. Skirting the rocky shore we encountered ducks in range and geese very much out of range. Trout were plentiful near a deserted log dam and in streams leading into the lake. Silver foxes and their red cousins watched us from safe distances. The lake, secluded stretch of sparkling blue, dotted with occasional islands, was a rendezvous for game of many kinds. We lingered long into the serene afternoon, and in gathering dusk went tooting homeward, the air stinging our faces, the speeder's echo cracking into the dark forests behind, sunset making fireglow of the tiny, passing lakes.

Time closed in all too rapidly. With waves from sturdy, flannel-covered arms, some tooting of boat horns, a little odd maneuvering by the *Fleurus,* we went into the mist toward New Brunswick. Into the blur of sea and sky Anticosti, preparing for a long desolate winter, sank astern.

Guns and game

(*Continued from page 19*)

discharging well. Properly the hands should grasp the gun only with sufficient firmness to keep it from slipping out of them. Their function is to support the arm and indicate the direction, but they are not to be allowed to furnish the power for the swing. The grip is certainly important.

The only remedy that I have ever found for these troubles is to practice regularly with determination that each shot will be got off with the comb snug against the jowl and the hands holding lightly and easily. This practice is just as effective when done indoors with snap caps in the gun and with the pretense that the Revolutionary ancestor in the picture over the fireplace is a right quartering timberdoodle or a rabbit on the run. The old bloke may have done a little of that latter himself on some sultry sulphurous occasion.

NEW SAVAGE MODEL. A new gun recently brought out by the Savage Arms Co. interests me greatly. It seems to be the modern version of that old favorite of traders, trappers, and wilderness dwellers, "The Hudson Bay Gun." The original Hudson Bay Gun was a single barreled muzzle loading smooth bore. It was loaded with a round ball for killing deer, bear and moose, and with shot for shooting waterfowl, ptarmigan, grouse, and small game. One that I examined a short time ago was of 24-bore with a 26-inch barrel. It had a percussion lock and weighed not over 5½ pounds. The gun had evidently been made by some British gunmaker probably under contract to the H. B. C., and was of sound and careful workmanship throughout. We tried it out on clay targets and it shot so well and handled so smoothly that one of my friends intends to use it next season for grouse and woodcock. It looks like a toy but over a long period of years this type of gun enabled men to keep alive in a merciless wilderness where the individual had to depend upon the reliability of his equipment and his own skill and courage. The Hudson Bay Gun probably met the needs of the situation better than any other could have done. Its range was very short, perhaps 50 yards for ball and not over 35 for shot, but the hunter's patience and skill in stalking made up for this deficiency. Big game or small, the woodsman got close enough for a certain kill before he shot. The gun was light, short, and strong and its ammunition was obtainable at any place that powder, lead and caps could be had.

The new Savage Utility Model is a single shot top lever gun in 12, 16, 20, or .410 bore. If you wish you can purchase an extra barrel rifled and chambered for the 30-30 cartridge, and this rifle barrel can be used interchangeably with the 12-gauge shotgun barrel on the same action and stock. Thus, for less than $20 the company will deliver a light, compact gun to go with you from the Arctic Circle to Cape Horn and in reasonably careful hands will do whatever needs to be done as capably as a battery which might cost $2,000 or more.

That the gun is a single shot weapon is a matter of no great importance. We are so accustomed to magazine rifles that we fail to realize how seldom we ever need to use the repeating mechanism or how well we would get along without it if it wasn't available. In the past twenty years I doubt if I have used a second shot from the magazine of any rifle that would have been lost if the cartridge had been loaded into the chamber by hand. The tip-up shotgun style of breech opening is certainly very convenient for single shot loading.

The knowledge that there is another cartridge instantly ready in case of a miss often causes a miss. If we have but one chance we're apt to be careful.

Hell week for the race committee

(*Continued from page 62*)

application of the rules, but no loser in any protect has ever yet been convinced that he was wrong, or that the other party to the protest wasn't a dirty crook abetted by an ignorant or, at least, biased committee.

Most people with protests like to tell the committee all about it right at the finish, oblivious of the fact that the officials are trying to time a few hundred boats at that moment. I remember one boat that hailed a race committee at a finish and was admonished by the chairman as usual to "Put it in writing." It wasn't until late that evening that the chairman discovered the boat's crew had been trying to ask him to send a launch for another boat that was dismasted a couple of miles away.

The races may not start until two o'clock in the afternoon, but the committeeman's day starts before breakfast when indignant sailors call him up to demand why they are down in the morning paper's race summary as "Did not finish," when they actually took third place. Or, very rarely, vice versa. This goes on until the protest hearings start, and the hearings usually last long enough to prevent the committee's getting anything for lunch except cocktails before they go out to start the race. By the time they get ashore at night the party is usually in full swing at the club. It is the tradition that every conscientious

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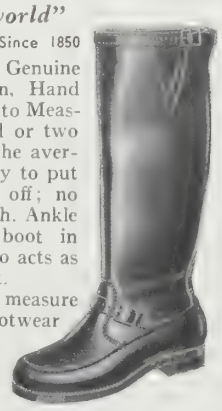

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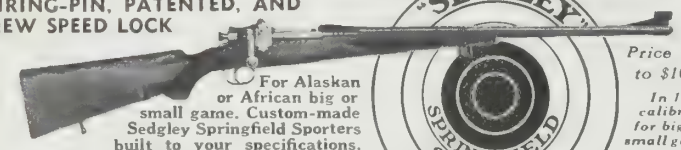

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committeeman will set an example in boosting the receipts in the bar during Regatta Week—expenses have to be paid somehow—so the chances are against any committeeman getting more than two hours sleep any night during the week. Some give it up entirely. As a result, by the end of the week each committeeman has to have an attendant to prod him into wakefulness when it comes time to perform his duties.

Needless to say all racing men feel that all committeemen are their natural enemies, and that nothing the committee does is ever quite right, though I know of exactly three racing skippers out of several hundred who race on Long Island Sound who make a practice of calling over, "Nice race" or "Thank you very much" as they go over the finish line. We committeemen, of course, know that we are always right, but at times there may be a reasonable doubt as to the execution of some details. I will cite only one example—that of the new but confident chairman who organized his committee with admirable thoroughness before the race—this one to keep time, that one to identify boats, the other to handle signals and so on. More than half the boats had finished before he happened to inquire as to how a certain boat had come in, and that was when he found out he'd neglected to delegate anybody to record any finishes whatever.

Anyone wishing to participate in the dignities and pleasures of serving on a race committee is advised to apply to his commodore at once.

Month in the field

(*Continued from page 16*)

across top, head long, slender and snippy.

Eyes—Hazel, brown or deep tone to harmonize with coat. Set well apart. Expression alert, attractive, intelligent.

Fault—Yellow eyes to disqualify.

Ears—Lobular, long and wide, not set too high on head, but slightly above the eye-line. Leather extending to end of nose, well covered with close curls.

Neck—Round, agreeable length, strong and muscular, free of throatiness, set to carry head with dignity, but no accentuated arch.

Structure—Well developed general outline, symmetrical relationship of parts, shoulders sloping, clean muscular. Sturdily constructed, but not too compactly coupled; deep brisket, not excessively broad; well spring ribs; medium length in back; strong loins slightly arched and well furnished; rather short in the legs, though not so low as to handicap for field work, good bone.

Legs and Feet—Forelegs well boned, powerful, reasonably straight. Hind legs firm, suitably bent, stifles strong, hocks well let down. Feet harmonious size, toes closely grouped and well padded.

Fault—Cow hocks.

Tail—Moderate length, curved slightly rocker-shaped, carried below level of back, tapered, covered to tip, lively action.

Fault—Rat or shave-tailed.

Coat—Closely curled or marcel effect, fine texture well matted. Of sufficient strength to be of use in inclement weather, water and punish-cover, yet not coarse. Legs feature medium short curly-feather.

Faults—Markedly soft, light or tightly kinked.

Color—Solid liver or dark chocolate; little white on toes and chest permissible.

Height—15 to 18 inches at the shoulder.

Weight—Males, 28 to 45 pounds; females, 25 to 40 pounds.

William H. Taylor on yachting

(*Continued from page 22*)

little *Nicor* I haven't yet heard.

Like the other trans-Atlantic entry, *Roland von Bremen* had a bad break. She came over with a new double-clewed jib on which they were depending heavily, only to learn that the Cruising Club had barred double-clewed jibs way back last winter. Unable to get a genoa, they had to sail the race with inadequate headsails. *Roland* has been sold in this country and her skipper, Hans von Lottner, says he'll be back in 1940 with a new boat.

It's a good thing Olin Stephens isn't a drinking man, because if he had been he'd have had a ruinous lot of celebrating to do in Bermuda, and what with the traditional hospitality of the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, of which Jim Pearman is commodore this year, that would have been bad. As it was, considering that boats he had designed took first, second, and third in class A and first and third in B, he took things pretty calmly, almost as a matter of course. *Baruna, Blitzen* and *Edlu* are new boats from his design this year; *Avanti* and *Revonoc* a year or two older. The only other designer who got in the money at all was John Alden with *Rubaiyat*.

If the race proved any one particular thing, it was that the man who owns a nice able, comfortable cruising boat and wants to get a few old cronies together and go in the Bermuda race is doing it strictly for fun and with very little prospect of winning anything. The ocean racing machine, as opposed to the purely cruising boat of the type for which the race was originally founded, is here in large numbers to stay. This year's fleet, containing a number of new boats that cost from $50,000 to $75,000, was bigger, faster, costlier, and more obviously a racing fleet than any that has preceded it.

There is no use in railing against the designers for producing ocean-racing machines. When a man comes to a naval architect with the straps off his bankroll and says "Give me a boat that will win the Bermuda race," the architect would be pretty silly to

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turn him out a nice, apple-bowed coasting schooner just for sentiment's sake. Furthermore there are plenty of men who regard the modern ocean-racing machine as a perfect cruiser and who wouldn't be interested in the type of boat others prefer.

The fact is that the Bermuda race has become one of yachting's major events, and the Bermuda Trophy is more sought after than any other of which I can think. As a result many men who a few years ago would have been building class M, twelve-meter, eight-meter, or other rating-class boats are building ocean racers. They race them not only to Bermuda but in the coastwise events, the club cruises, and such affairs. And they still have boats in which they can go cruising, and which have a real value even when they're outbuilt at their own game. This, I believe, is one reason why interest in the larger rating classes has been so lackadaisical in the last few years. The ocean racing game has more to offer many yachtsmen than afternoon racing.

This obviously makes it a rich man's game, and a game for those who are racing men primarily rather than cruisers. But the rest of us like it too, and something ought to be done that will let the cruising men enjoy an occasional race without killing the interest for the racer. The answer is probably some kind of a fat man's class. In England now they divide their ocean fleets into three classes—ocean racers, ocean cruisers, and just boats. Maybe between now and 1940 something of the sort can be worked out by the Cruising Club.

A pondful of sport

(*Continued from page 70*)

his bulldog head as he fell in a miniature geyser. But of a sudden the life went out of the arching rod and the line floated slack. Even before the lure rose idly to the surface I knew the Big One had fooled me again.

I have told other tales of the Big One. He's the kind of fish to make people do wrong things like that. But the Big One does things himself which big bass shouldn't do. He fights in the air for one thing; and rises to flies like a stripling. I'd like to catch the Big One. I wouldn't kill him, mind you. I'd let him go free to swim and fight again. But I cannot land him. More than one are the times I've driven a barb in his battle-scarred jaw, yet no hand has touched his mighty carcass since the bright September day five years ago. . . . But more of that later.

Twenty-odd fish a friend and I caught in a single hour's fishing on a sunny afternoon a few weeks ago; twenty-odd scrappy black bass plus a garnish of perch and bluegills. All but two were caught on flies. And while we fought those doughty battlers in my pond not far from New York, a million sport-hungry anglers were trekking hundreds of sweaty miles to cast for fish that might not rise. . . . Not that I think for a minute that suburban ponds have the spice of far places, but real sport in a lowly pond sometimes can be better, I think, than a crowded spot in a tourist's parade.

My pond is hard fished. It is shallow and warm in summer; buried for weeks every winter under blue-white ice. Mink, turtles, and a dozen other wild things prey on my bass there the year around. But *Micropterus salmoides* can take it! Every June his tribe bring forth a prodigious lot of fry to pay the toll. And the old-timers grow longer and fatter.

That's what the Big One has done. Long gone is the sparkling fall day when my offering fell over his lair in a distant pond. He struck with a bang, fought valiantly among the lanes of his native waters, but I managed to land him. Though he wasn't a shadow of the monster I hooked on the recent July day, he wasn't anyone's baby fish even then. I dropped him into the pailful of water beside me; in with a pair of ten-inchers I'd saved for the place here. He was the biggest of all the eighteen wild-caught bass with which I stocked my suburban pond.

Now, when you stop to think of it, a dozen and a half bass are mighty few with which to have changed a five-acre bullhead haven into a fly-fisherman's paradise. That isn't orthodox procedure. If I had more money than I know what to do with, as you have, I'd have planted a whole lot more. I'd have bought a thousand fry an inch and a half long. A thousand, that is, the first year; then another thousand each summer for five years according to the recommendations of the experts. But all that I did was to start bringing 'em back alive every time I went fishing. Pretty soon (a lot sooner than you'd think, the smaller ones count up so fast) I had eighteen husky large-mouths swimming around in my lately fishless pond. My lately fishless pond, that is to say, except for sunnies swarming through the water; and hordes of bullheads which ran from Size O to Size 16; and the proceeds of a long-ago stocking of yellow perch. I've never put a fish in the place since and I've taken out hundreds of glistening, hard-fighting bass.

And there are thousands left! Why shouldn't there be, since half of my wild-caught brood-stock were pretty sure to be females, and each female sure to spawn from two to ten thousand eggs a year? Why shouldn't the Nine Old Dames, laying some thirty thousand eggs every June for the past four years, have built up a mighty new colony? Since there's plenty of food in the place to keep the little fellows from being devoured too freely by their elders, they could have done that without help. They haven't had to though, since last summer my first year's crop of youngsters came of age and started spawning; and every sea-

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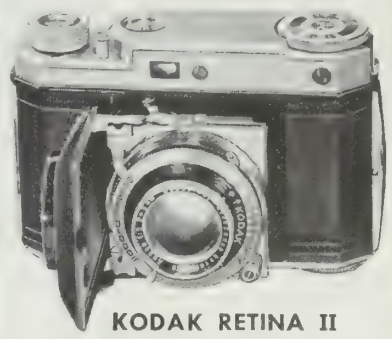

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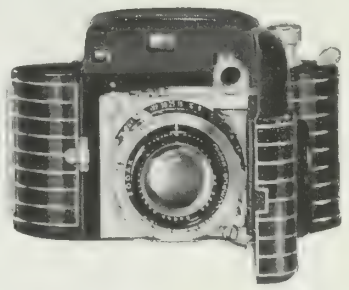

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son the males among the old residenters have taken as good care of eggs and ensuing fry as any mother in all Christendom could. I've watched the Big One tend his nursery year after year and found it almost as exciting as angling for the old battler later on.

My pond isn't very far from the City but much of the way lies over rough back roads. It takes over two hours to make the trip. That's why I bought the handsome five-gallon pail; and it's why I put an inordinate amount of ice in it before beginning any journey in the cause of sport and fish-conservation. I had an idea that wide-awake bass in restricted quarters would need a lot of attention, dipping up water and sloshing it back to keep plenty of air available. So a couple of hours before I left I always filled the bucket half full of ice cubes, and by that time the fish were almost asleep just as wild bass are in cold waters in winter. They always stood the trip without so much as a glance or smile from anyone, and went into the pond fat and saucy.

That's the way all of my bass were when they reached the bullhead pond; and so were the ones which I toted hither and yon between local lakelets, after I'd once learned the rules for handling grown-up bass. It doesn't pay to save fish injured in the catching, I found; nor the big ones. The able-bodied slim youths just over the legal limit take up less room in the pail, need less attention there, and at the same time are a lot easier to get hold of. Any legal-sized bass is a mature breeding fish and he doesn't begin to make the inroads on the larder that a cannibalistic old mossback does. Always have the pail right at hand so a fish won't be out of the water too long after you land him. Wet the hands before unhooking a fish to keep from breaking his protective coat of slime. Dip up a few handfuls of pail-water now and then and pour them back with a splash. This will aerate the water enough that you won't have to change it unless it's very hot. And the moment a newcomer goes into the bucket, smack on the lid.

It's getting late as I finish this tale of fun with warm-water fish. I'm sitting alone on the porch of a rough little cabin not far from New York. Not far, it's true, but it's one of those tucked-away places of which men like to dream. There aren't any cars out here; not even roads or fences. Just wooded hills and fireflies. Night-herons flying over, crying "quawk." Whippoorwills calling. A band of wild ducks winnowing past, vanishing too soon in the blazing sunset sky. Out over the pond I see mist rising like the ghosts of Indian wigwams.

Ka-ploomp! That was the Big One, I'll wager, shooting up in the mist to catch a drowsy dragon fly. There isn't a bass in the pond that makes the same sound the Big One does when he falls. All the others say "splash" or "plop." There isn't a fish even in your pond for that matter, like the Big One. *Ka-ploomp,* I hear him again. Somehow that makes me think of a pond in a city I know. There aren't any fireflies hovering over it as there are out here. You'd never hear wild ducks crying "quanck" over *that* little lake. Just the honking of cars and the voices of men. Police whistles. Lovers parked in cars under street lights. Goldfish in a murky pond.

I don't know why I'd think of things like that in a clean backwoods world like this. I don't know why I would, at least, unless I'm thinking of Huguenot Lake. That would be easy to understand. For you see the only time any man ever laid the weight of his hand on the Big One was on a sunny day five years ago when I caught him—on an earthworm beneath a bobber—in the carp-ridden waters of New Rochelle's Huguenot Lake.

The sportswoman

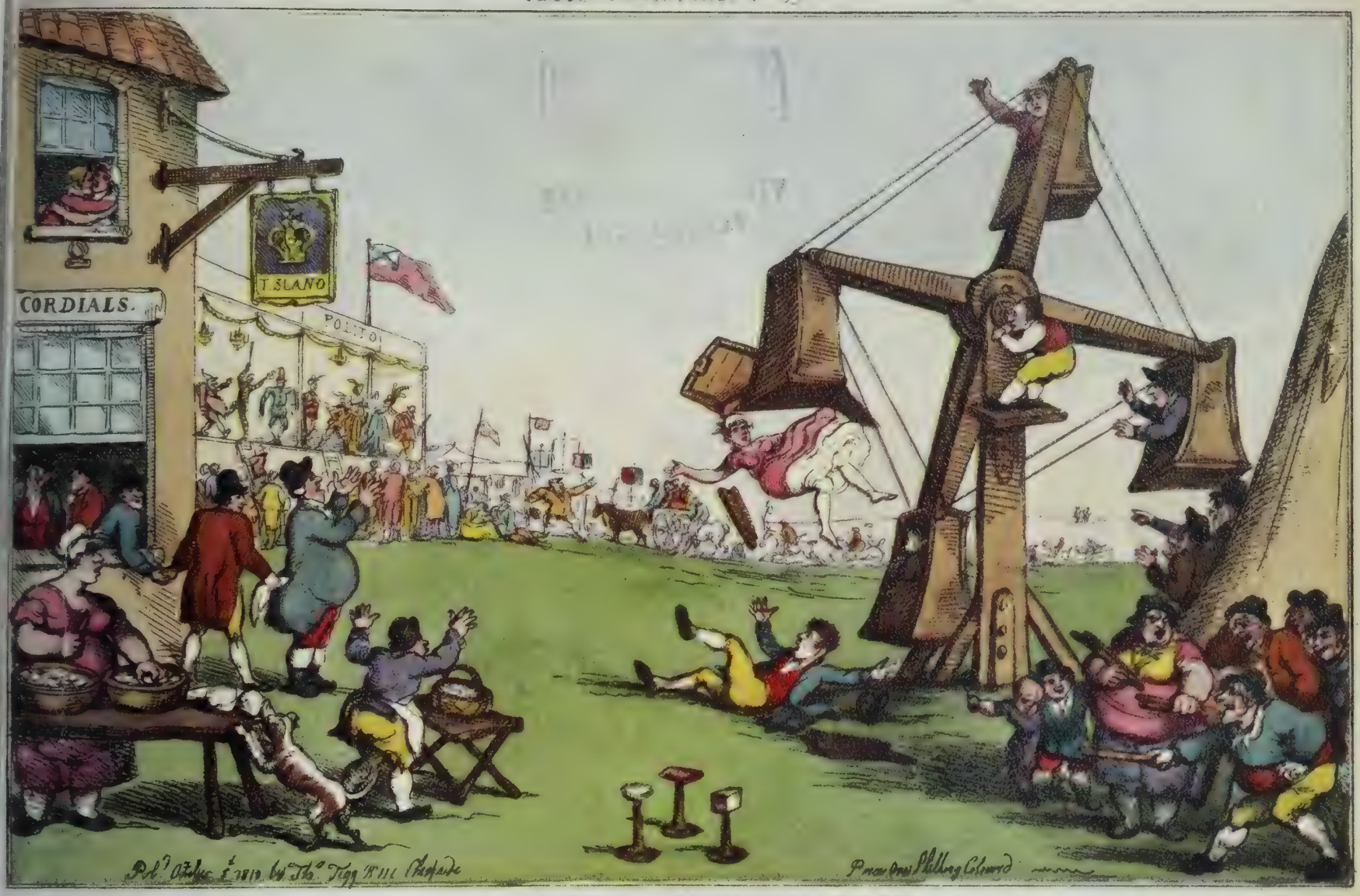
(*Continued from page 41*)

SARATOGA SALES. It seems to me that an unnecessary amount of crabbing goes on concerning the chance involved in anything connected with horses. A man who would just as soon elope with a girl on a day's acquaintance wouldn't buy a horse without a list of qualifications, guarantees, and certificates as long as your arm. He'd be surprised as the dickens, too, if his little bride turned out to be a disappointment but if his horse went wrong he'd probably have a fine time saying "I told you so." As a matter of fact the uncertainty of both brides and horses should be considered their greatest charm. They seldom turn out to be as superlative as expected but that's because, as a rule the average person expects entirely too much.

A lot of useful horses have come out of the Saratoga Sales. Horses and brides being the gamble they most definitely are (and husbands, too, if I may mention that fact), I rather think the percentage, could it be estimated, would turn out to be quite a bit better than it actually looks at a glance. For instance, the Racing Manual gives a long list of yearlings bought in 1936 which never raced as two-year-olds last year but that doesn't necessarily mean that they were all disappointments. For one thing the names of a large number of the buyers are connected with hunting and steeplechasing, as well as flat racing, and it is quite easy to imagine them saving their purchases for future use. In any case I would like to take a chance on buying a yearling and sometime, maybe, I will, but when I do I'll go about it in this way. I'll put aside as much money as I can afford for his purchase and upbringing and put it down to the pleasure I will have buying him and watching him develop. If he turns out to be really good that will be just dandy but if he doesn't, nothing, according to my way of thinking, will be lost.

Country Life AND THE SPORTSMAN

TEGG'S CARICATURES N 39



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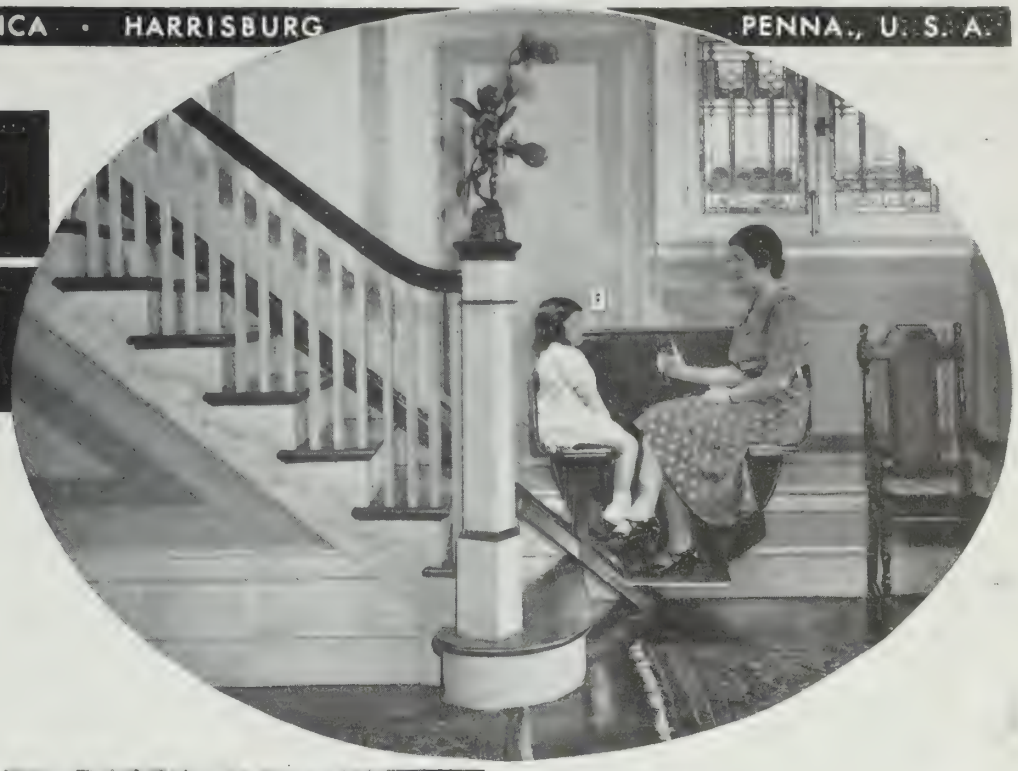

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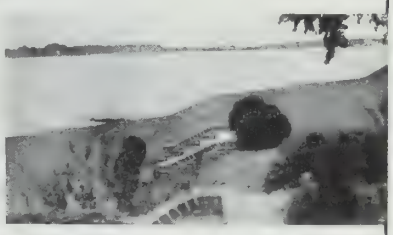

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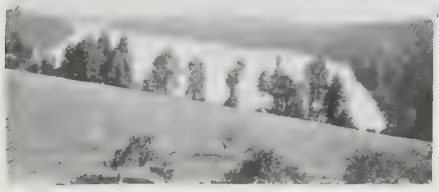

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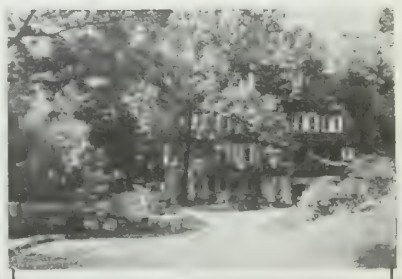

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COL. H. P. SHELDON

I THINK, every now and again, that it would be well to found a chair of firearms terminology for the education of our news writers, so that we wouldn't have to read about a death-dealing automatic pistol that was found to have "five loaded bullets in the chamber," or to see automatic rifles and pistols fearfully described as "machine guns."

The other day some person unknown fired from ambush upon a car containing one dentist and his wife. I see no moral reason why a sportsman shouldn't shoot at a dentist if he wants to and can afford the ammunition, although it probably would be in better taste to wait before firing until the buck dentist has moved away so that the doe dentist won't get hit, too. That, however, is a question of ethics and beside the point.

The news writer reporting the incident said that some twenty "bullets" had penetrated the door of the car. The police shrewdly concluded that the shot had come from a shotgun about 100 yards distant. Capt. Ned Crossman or Nash Buckingham would give a pretty penny for that shotgun. The Army would, too. It would be a hell of an anti-aircraft gun with all that range and penetration.

We're confessedly an indolent lot down here and often resort to our side arms to save ourselves from the fatigue of long and wearisome disputation. It so happened the other day, and the lad who was handling the affirmative side of a debate was shot once in the shoulder and once in the thigh. The news reporter said, with that dramatic touch that makes our yellow journals the yellowest in the world today, that the negative participant "sent two bullets crashing into the body of his victim." I've heard bullets go crashing into empty half pint bottles but never into a specimen of the genus homo. We don't seem to be brittle enough to crash. At any rate at the short range of a few feet you can't hear a bullet hit a man, and at longer ranges the sound is identical to that made by dropping a half pound of salt pork on the bathroom floor or kissing a fat lady (Estimated: unverified. ED.)—a sort of glutinous smack, to put a name to it.

Then there's the bird who is forever blandly "cocking the trigger" of a gun and sending out to buy some "shots" for it.

Mr. James Fenimore Cooper, who has been entertaining me again these past few hot nights, wasn't so expert, either. He knew a good deal about flintlock long rifles but he let Hawkeye go around pounding on the skulls of the red men with the breech of his empty Deerslayer. That's no way to treat any rifle, much less one of those slender stocked Kentuckies. It may not be the best way to treat an Indian, either.

Let it pass—this torrid air doth make me fretful and captious, and carping criticism is a poor reward to offer James for the martial thrill that swelled my wet shirt when I came to the place where Major Heyward, Hawkeye, Uncas, and Chingatchgook, having escorted the young females, Cora and Alice, through the beleaguering lines of Montcalm, stand hidden by a fog at the foot of Fort William Henry's glacis. Colonel Munro, the commandant, is preparing to repulse what he believes to be an assault by the French.

"Stand firm!" he thunders, "and be ready, my gallant 60ths! Wait to see the enemy—fire low and sweep the glacis!"

A bullet in the brisket would be a small price to pay for the opportunity to declaim that orotund line. I intend to ask a mathematically-minded soldier friend, an expert on circumvallation, how many 60ths are required to have enough to sweep a glacis.

Surely that was a nobler way to direct a battle than as we do it nowadays with Very lights, telephones, radios, and finally the little squealing penny whis'les used to call in a recalcitrant dog and also to tell men when it's time for some of them to die.

The charming, delicate, involved, amorous conversations between Heyward and his fair Alice are quite suitable for hot weather reading but the language is of a style that would not advance a man far in the affections of a modern girl, I fear. Manners have suffered decay, a condition perfectly illustrated by one of Captain Michael Gannon's stories. "Mike" is a young officer of our armed forces who loves his wife, three children, and a 105 gun. I'll say this for him, and, coming from me, it's quite a lot: If the time should come when I might again find myself walking—100 paces per minute—across a field of wheat with the stalks sizzling and popping about my quavering, shrinking knees, I would feel better about the whole damned business if I could know that "Mike" was directing the barrage roaring over my head. Greater confidence hath no infantryman than this; that he walk beneath another man's barrage and fear no "shorts."

Captain Gannon brings many a ray of light into my darkened, gloomy life. He gave us an up-to-date version of the cloak-walking scene between Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter.

Sir Walter leans negligently against a lamp post while Elizabeth hesitates at the brink of the horrid puddle.

"Jump it, Liz," says Sir Walter, "You c'n make it easy."

SAVAGE UTILITY. One of those Savage Utility Model guns that I discussed last month came to my hands for trial. I can't think where anyone can possibly get more gun for the money. It is a single barreled, top lever, automatic ejector, hammerless gun with interchangeable shot and rifle barrels. There is nothing fancy about the arm. It is built for hard service, but the lines are graceful and the balance good. The rifle barrel is fitted with a coarse iron blade front sight and a buckhorn rear, a combination only reasonably good for game shooting and not worth a drunken tinker's curse for target shooting. In spite of this I had no trouble in shooting one-inch groups at 75 feet with the rifle barrel. It will be an easy matter to fit the gun with better sighting equipment and get even better results.

With the shot barrel mounted the gun handled and shot very well indeed—better, in fact, than most of the double guns one comes across in this country. At any rate I'd rather use it on grouse, woodcock, and pheasant than some of these highly varnished specimens of field guns that have all the balance and pointability of a pair of empty hip boots. If it weren't for the fact that on an average of once each season there is an opportunity for a double on woodcock or grouse I think I'd use a single gun for upland shooting. It's quite likely that the average score would be much better than it is. But the thrill that comes when a neat double is executed is not a thing to be thrust aside lightly. The little Savage opens and closes rather stiffly because of the long action and also because at $17.25 for the combination the factory can't do much in the way of polishing the moving parts, but it will open and it will close and it will continue to shoot in spite of mud, water, snow, bumps, jars, dents, and fractures.

SAVAGE 20-BORE. The Savage Company now has on the market a 20 bore over and under gun which sells at something less than forty dollars. The one sent to me for examination has 26-inch barrels, very well bored and fitted. The (*Continued on page 95*)

Philip Palmer

Dog Stars

PUPPIES . . . REPUTABLE KENNELS
SETTER SHOW . . . POODLE SHOW

Edited by VINTON P. BREESE

MOTORING over the highways and byways of the countryside one becomes aware of the ever-increasing number of kennels and roadside stands offering dogs for sale. Many of these kennels are reputable establishments breeding and dealing only in pure-bred stock eligible to registration with the American Kennel Club, the governing body of pure-bred dogs in the United States. Usually the sales offering is the surplus young stock after selection has been made of prospects to be retained for show and breeding purposes. Although such surplus stock, offered for sale, may not be quite up to show ring requirements it can usually be depended upon (if offered by a reputable kennel) as typically representative of its breed, of pure parentage, and in sound and healthy condition. Incidentally, according to age, up to six or eight months, it frequently happens that a surplus sales puppy may improve sufficiently to excel in type a selected, saved one, when they both reach maturity, as it is a difficult matter to estimate with more than a moderate degree of accuracy the show ring merit of youngsters.

PICKING PUPPIES. It is all too often that hopes go a-glimmering when the pick develops any of innumerable failings which may seriously handicap it in the show ring upon reaching the age of one year, while almost as frequently one of the "ugly ducklings" may show a gradual all-'round improvement during the latter six months of its puppyhood sufficient to surpass its selected litter mate and become a show prospect. If the breeder has retained the former and disposed of the latter it is indeed his grief, and plenty of it, while the fortunate purchaser of the latter must feel a proportionate amount of joy. In other words, he has obtained a bargain. Such are the fortunes of puppy picking. In doggy parlance there are such terms as "fast finisher," "show finisher," "laster," et cetera. With many breeders it is usually the "fast finisher" which is the pick of the litter and when this is done at an early age, say six months or under, the selection is based chiefly on head properties, for in such infancy it is well nigh impossible to distinguish any signs of future failings such as loose shoulders, cow hocks, and other forms of unsoundness which may seriously hamper or definitely ruin a show career.

PITFALLS. Even if none of these failings develops and the precocious puppy, upon graduating from puppyhood, approximates its picker's expectations it is frequently the case that having been selected chiefly on head properties at so early an age it must likewise do its major winning before reaching fullest development, else that self-same head is apt to prove a handicap by becoming coarse or out of balance with the general ensemble. So it is not always advisable to select the largest and most impressive headed puppy in a litter because of appearing a "fast finisher," for the term may prove itself in a different and disappointing manner before complete development has been attained. As to the "slow finishers" or plainer puppies which are properly proportioned and well made, but lack that shade of quality or impressiveness significant of the selection, they are usually obliged to bide their time, perhaps a year or two longer before making a bid for show ring honors. However, it frequently happens that such continue to finish in quality and carry on well into maturity with little indication of coarsening or slackening and their show career is correspondingly longer. Such are naturally termed "lasters." The contrast is a short and sensational show career as against a long and consistent one. Many instances of such could be cited and an outstanding case which comes to mind pertains to two famous terriers, one of which scaled the heights before reaching two years of age and was soon finished while the other carried on a highly successful show career over a period of three times as long and was still a formidable ringster at seven years—which is considered old age according to show ring tradition.

REPUTABLE KENNELS. It seems that in discussing the selection of puppies there has been some slight digression from the main issue of this article concerning kennels and roadside stands offering dogs for sale. However, this brief comment on the former may be of some value in dealing with the latter. It has been remarked that many of these sales kennels are reputable establishments and can usually be depended upon for full value of money received. Of course, they cannot afford to keep all of the young stock up to an age of sure selection and must therefore dispose of much at ages of six months or less. Naturally they wish to retain selected stock unless a price commensurate with its merit is paid while the surplus is offered at a far lower figure. The difference between the selected and some of the surplus puppies is sometimes so slight as to be indistinguishable to the layman and he must therefore place himself in the hands of the vendor or be accompanied by an experienced fancier. However, the former can usually be done with complete confidence, if the kennel is a reputable one, and such can be ascertained with a little investigation or usually proved by the kennel owner. Certainly it would be poor policy for a reputable kennel, if it wishes to remain such, to misrepresent the merit of stock or provide spurious pedigrees or "papers" because, if the former were practiced, its better clientele would soon desert, and if the latter, redress could be had through the American Kennel Club which may penalize or disqualify the vendor from participation in its privileges.

ROADSIDE STANDS. However, it is not particularly the reputable sales kennels where dogs may be reliably purchased to which attention is directed but chiefly to the unscrupulous roadside stands which, having taken their cue from similar vegetable vendors offering "fresh home grown" but in reality stale market purchased produce, display even less reliable stock. These stands, under attention-attracting names such as "Puppyland," "Dogdom," et cetera, usually scour the countryside for mongrel litters or culls, castoffs, and weaklings of recognized breeds, purchased at the lowest possible price, to make up their stock. For instance, these hawkers may buy an unwanted mongrel litter of six or eight puppies when weaned for two or three dollars and sell them for that much or perhaps twice as much each, thereby making several hundred per cent profit. This is about the cheapest form of dog dealing and, of course, considering the low price, no pedigrees are given or expected. However, should the offering be of, or bear some semblance to, a recognized breed the usually glib salesman may expatiate on its merit, show, and breeding prospects, and finally offer to provide "papers," all for (*Continued on page 15*)

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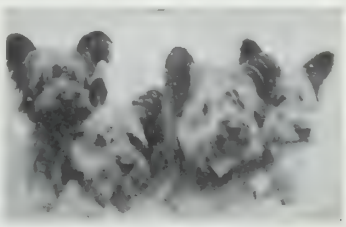

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MONTH IN THE FIELD

Cockers . . . Pointers and Setters Derbies . . . Canadian Training

IT IS with the deepest regret that we announce the death of A. F. Hochwalt on July 24th. For the last third of a century Hochwalt has been the most popular and most widely respected figure in the world of pointer and setter field trials, and he was unquestionably the foremost authority on the subject. His prolific writings on the bird dog breeds and the sport that he loved were and are still eagerly read by everyone connected with the sport. Wherever lovers of field trial pointers and setters gather he will be sadly missed.

COCKERS. Apropos of our discussion of Cocker Spaniels as gun dogs last month we have some good news. An association named the English Cocker Spaniel Breeders Association has been formed for the purpose of maintaining interest in the breeding, exhibition, and use of purebred Cocker Spaniels of the English type as all-around shooting and field dogs. It has been elected member of the American Spaniel Club and therefore recognizes the authority of the American Kennel Club. It is still too early to say just what this organization's program will be, but there is every indication that it will be just what is needed to boost interest in Cockers of both types as field dogs.

POINTERS AND SETTERS. This is still a time of talking rather than action in the field trial game, and if you are a Pointer and Setter enthusiast you have undoubtedly heard your share of the tales that drift in from kennels and training camps this time of year. It is a time when apparently everyone's dog is a potential champion, with several weeks to go before they prove themselves otherwise. In the meantime we have come to the conclusion that the best thing to do with most of the rumors that blow in with the hot winds of July and August is to put them in a hat, sprinkle well with salt, then draw out a few to be filed away in our index of long shots. Of course some of this preseason news has a real ring of authenticity. So out of it all we have chosen a few items that seem quite worth passing along to you.

PROSPECT. Not so many years ago a white and orange Pointer thrilled the gallery handlers and judges during the running of the National Championship. Not because he won—he didn't—but, though at the tender age of two years at the time, Dr. Blue Willing owned by L. D. Johnson, astounded everyone with a brilliant though losing performance. Subsequently he piled up a record for dogs of the future to shoot at, and this year has been retired to the stud. So far his offspring haven't been as spectacular as they might have been—with the exception of one, a daughter named Mary Bullock, also owned by Johnson. She has a good derby record behind her and evidence of a superlative nose. Now, in her third year, she is causing much comment up around the training camps of Saskatchewan and Manitoba. Ed Farrior who has her down on Mr. Johnson's newly acquired plantation near Albany, Georgia, says that she is far better than her sire was at the same age. This might seem a rather broad statement if it weren't for Farrior's reputation for almost invariably coming through with a dog that has his stamp of approval. As a matter of fact, it has even been whispered that she may not only take the place of her sire but join the ranks of such great Pointer bitches as Superlette and triple National Champion Mary Montrose.

DERBIES. There has been a very apparent dwindling of derby stakes during the last few years, and many people have feared that these interesting and important stakes were gradually being eliminated. This has been largely due, we feel, to the fact that to win a derby a dog had to be as thoroughly broken as an all-age dog. Too many promising youngsters have had a flash of brilliance during their derby years and have gone into oblivion afterwards for the simple reason that they had been pushed too hard in their training and were burned out. For this reason you can hardly blame owners and trainers for not taking the chance of ruining their best young dogs by giving them derby careers. Now, though, the United States Field Trial Club, one of the oldest and most famous institutions of its kind in the country, has announced a guaranteed $1,000 derby in which the dogs entered will not have to be finished on game. This announcement immediately started a barrage of pros and cons among field trial fans as to exactly what should be required of a dog of derby age—a controversy that probably will go on as long as there are field trials. Nevertheless the outcome has been that nearly all the major field trial clubs are instituting derby stakes in which natural ability is stressed above training, and most of them are doubling and even tripling their usual purses. Obviously it is going to be a big derby year.

NORIAS. Each year for the last ten Walter Teagle's Norias Kennels has come forth with an outstanding winner on the major circuit. Field trial people have come to accept it as just one of those things. Again this year as the Prairie trial season draws near another Norias dog is causing comment. This time it's Norias Grit. He did his share of winning as a derby, and, as he has been trained by Chesley Harris, you can be sure he is thoroughly finished on game. Nevertheless he has a tough assignment ahead of him if he is to take the place of such dogs as Norias Roy, Norias Annie, and numerous others that have gone before him, but that's exactly what Teagle and Harris are counting on him to do.

CANADIAN TRAINING. This summer more handlers than ever before have gone into training camps up on the Canadian prairies. This, of course, means that more dog owners can boast that their dogs have had the benefit of this reputedly fine training ground. These dog owners back home in the "States" have visions of their dogs ranging over the stubbles of Manitoba and Saskatchewan in cool weather and with plenty of birds—you always imagine that far-away places must have plenty of birds—while the other men's dogs kept home in the sultry heat were limited to short runs about the kennel. It is only natural that they should expect a successful field trial career to follow.

We used to think this Canadian training was pretty fine, too, until we received a communication from a certain correspondent of ours who is of a rather suspicious and cynical nature. He takes great delight in shattering our illusions but we find that whatever he tells us is pretty apt to be so. Concerning the training grounds around far-away Moose Jaw, the field trial center in Canada, he says that the last nine years of drought in these provinces have sadly decimated the prairie chicken supply, and that this year conditions are worse than ever (we thought that they had plenty of rain up there this year, but perhaps it didn't help). He goes on to say that game and cover conditions are far better in our own prairie states and they are far more accessible and less expensive than going to Canada. One noted trainer has located his training kennels in Wyoming in a country that is full of chickens and with ideal cover conditions. Why (*Continued on page 32*)

Dog stars

(*Continued from page 12*)

the sum of ten dollars or as much more as he can chisel out of the gullible purchaser. These "papers," or purported pedigrees, invariably are not worth the material which compose them and the same may be said of the purchase.

FALSE PEDIGREES. Incidentally, in the past there have been schemes fraudulently registering and furnishing pedigrees of dogs and there is quite a bit of such spurious paper still about. In fact, recently the writer while judging a Western show was confronted by a nondescript looking animal entered as a Bloodhound and when ribbons were withheld because of lack of merit the irate owner produced an emblazoned pedigree form to prove the dog was what he was supposed to represent. The purported pedigree was a pure fake and the owner had been completely gypped. So it is imperative when purchasing a pure-bred dog to insist that the same be accompanied by pedigree and bill of sale properly drawn and endorsed by the breeder and vendor, with names and registry numbers of sire and dam on an American Kennel Club form of application for registration, else the purchase, its progeny if a dog and produce if a bitch, is not eligible to registration with the governing body of pure-bred dogs in the United States. In most reputable kennels such credentials are usually kept on hand ready to be delivered along with the purchase but at the average roadside stand nothing is said of papers unless necessary to consummate a faltering sale.

PET SHOPS. Not only at roadside stands but at the less reputable pet shops are the same tactics employed. While the latter may show some semblance of dealing in pure-bred dogs, particularly toys or the smaller breeds suitable for house pets in the form of puppies, these are usually the runts and discards from litters which, although pure-bred, the breeders have sold for a song without pedigrees, or even with pedigrees, and seldom mature into more than

(*Continued on page 96*)

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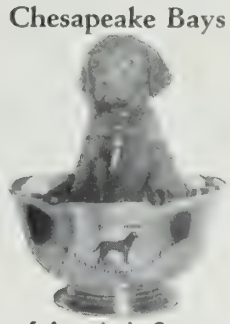

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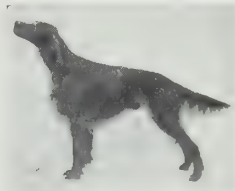

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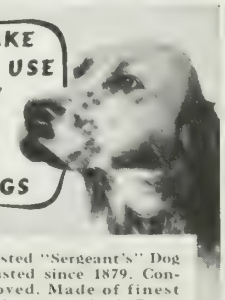

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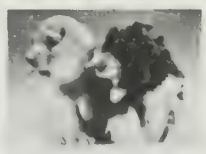

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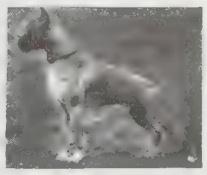

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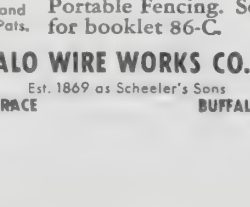
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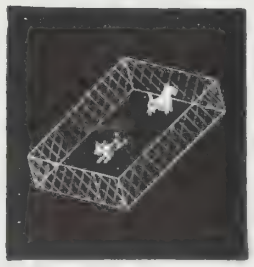

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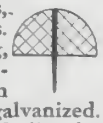

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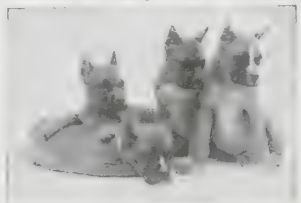
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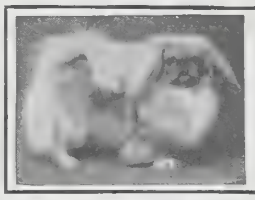

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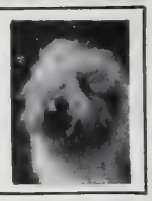

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Fox Hunting

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M. F. H.

JUST as England has her Derby and Grand National so she has her less exciting Peterborough Royal Foxhound Show. There are several interesting differences between Peterborough and our own hound shows—Bryn Mawr and New York: (1) There are only two ribbons in each class; (2) first is red and second is blue; (3) the huntsmen pin these ribbons on their scarlet coats in the most unblushing manner until those who are much in the ribbons resemble tinseled Christmas trees; (4) there are two men to each hound in the ring—the whipper-in holding the lead and the huntsman holding the biscuit; (5) each hunt makes only one entry in each class; (6) a hound once a champion does not compete in future years; (7) there are classes for packs which have not won a prize for ten years; (8) there are two pairs of judges, one for the doghounds and one for the bitches. This year these honored gentlemen were Major Foster and Mr. Nell, and Lord Bingley and Lord Achton of Hyde. The following packs had their hats in the ring or rather their hounds: East Middleton, Seavington, Hurworth, North Staffordshire, Duke of Beaufort, Dulverton, Taunton Vale, Middleton, Cleveland, Puckeridge, Albrington, Rufford, Cattistock, East Middleton, Braes of Derwent, Fitzwilliam, Cambridgeshire.

The champion cup for the best doghound, presented by the King's brother the Duke of Gloucester, President of the Show, went to Middleton Villager 1935, a tan dog—tan seemed the popular shade this year—winner of the stallion hound class. Incidentally Villager's pappy Cleveland Ranger turned the same trick in his year, and some splendid blood from this branch of the family has come to America. The Middleton were there right along in most all the classes, and came near making it a double with their Gorgeous 1934 which the judges finally placed next to Rufford Affable 1933 for the Champion bitch cup.

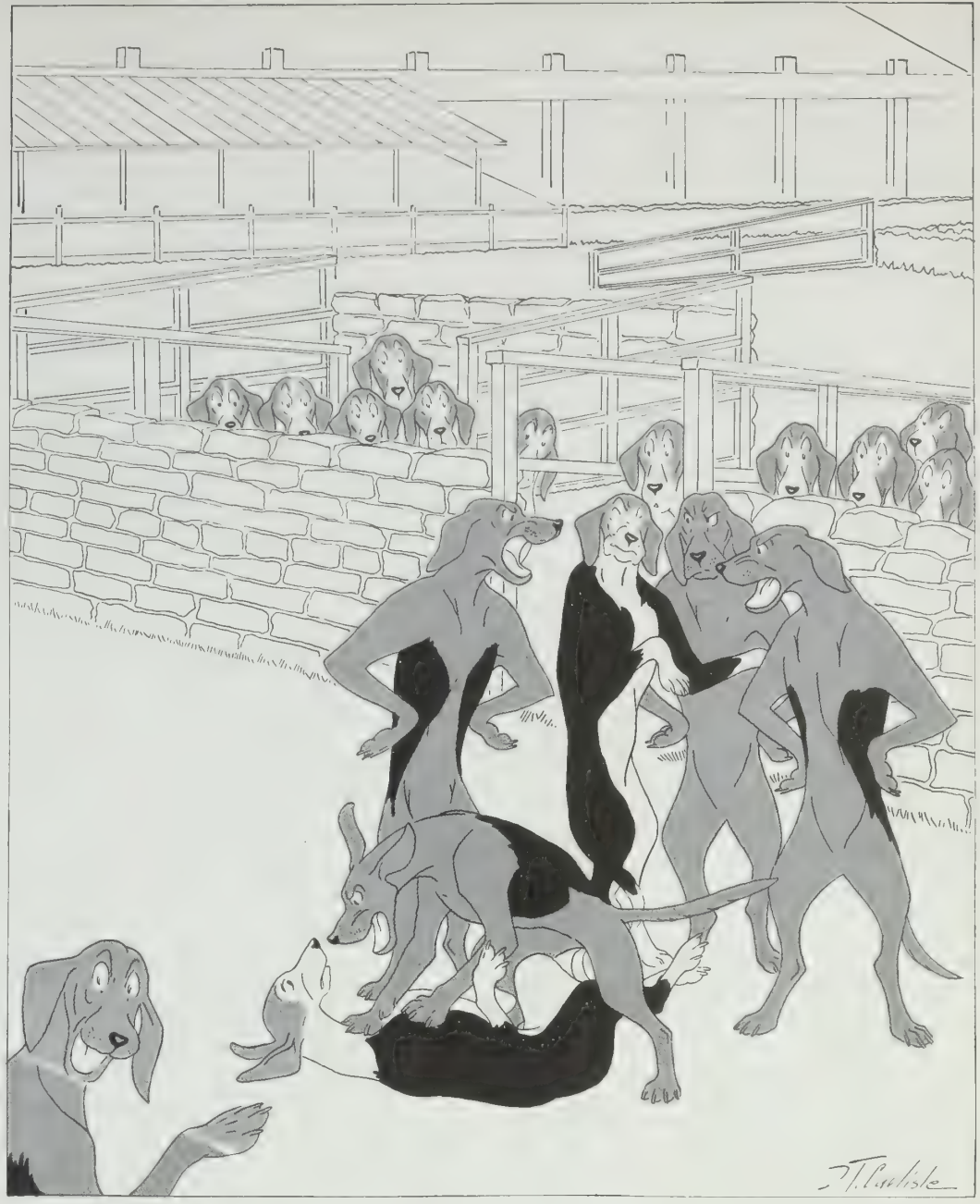
Close on the heels of Peterborough came the Aldershot Hound Show with thirteen packs present. Major M. E. Barclay and Sir Charles Wiggins judged. I recall a most enjoyable day with the former's Puckeridge hounds. Champion doghound was Cattistock Banbury 1935. Mr. Higginson, the Cattistock master, will be remembered with his Middlesex hounds in Massachusetts. The bitch championship went to H. H. Rosy 1937, a daughter of the Peterborough champion bitch Rarity 1933, which created such a sensation when she danced around the ring in 1931.

TATOOING REGISTRATION. This department has long thought that it would be an excellent idea if each dog owner had a registration number tatooed in his dogs' ears. This number to be issued by his state with say the abbreviation of the name of the state and a certain number on the principle of automobile licenses. If the owner wished, he could in addition use his own code numbers in one ear. Owners of a large number of hounds could have a different serial letter, as in our truck licenses, and pay a fee for a pack instead of for an individual. Such a plan should help to cut down the number of stolen dogs and eliminate the bother and insecurity of dog collars. If a dog was sold the registration number would be transferred at the state headquarters to the new owner, just as the license number stays with the car in England even clear down through its jalopy days. The tatooing would be done by city officials or game wardens, or kennel men with license privileges. In last month's *Scribner's* a State Police article mentioned that "in New Jersey and Massachusetts, farmers are assigned numbers which they tatoo on the wings of their chickens."

Until this Utopia is reached, hound owners may still wish to have their hounds carry collars and name plates, and in this connection I find that very serviceable hound collars five eighths of an inch wide can be had at seventeen cents each and brass plates with name, address, telephone number, and license number made in quantities for fifteen, the two rivets for each plate come to one third of a cent.

RUNNING FITS. There have been so many inquiries regarding Running Fits, and so many unnecessary and conjectural outpourings on the subject that it seems timely to sum it all up with one sentence. Practically all authorities agree that running fits or hysteria are caused by a calcium or mineral deficiency which can be brought on by a hookworm infestation, or according to a few scientists by a germ. All agree that feeding meat, bones, and milk help to bring up the salt content of the blood, and thus correct the condition responsible for the fits.

FUZZY DEVILS. It is interesting to note how Welsh blood crops up in this country. Mr. E. E. Burgoon of Fayetteville, Arkansas, writes about an old strain known as the Wheelocks. They "looked to be three quarter airedale." He first saw them at the kennels of a great hunter. Mr. Burgoon writes: "After one glance at those fuzzy devils I said to myself if you know fox dogs I am an Elgin watchmaker. I had it all fixed up just how I would show him what a real bunch of fox dogs was. We arrived at the hunting ground about 8 P.M. and turned loose on a running trail. In about ten minutes the race was on and from then until 3 A.M. it was hell to tell the captain. Did any of you ever get into a race when you were wishing each minute would be the last? Well I must confess I was in that very predicament. I was then and there reminded it was not in the wrapper but what's inside, and do you know what caused me not to mate a gyp to one of those dogs? Simply the coat he wore. While we all like a nice color, don't let us place it above quality. Those fuzzy-faced devils could drive a red fox just like they owned it, and as good mouths as I have ever heard on dogs. They would come as near poking their heads over the hill first as any I had ever hooked up with. Don't tell me (*Continued on page 96*)



D. T. Carlisle

THE BELVIDERE HOUNDS ABROAD

Report an interesting meeting with the famous Scarteen Black and Tans at the Dublin Horse Show

Ewing Galloway

ON THE COUNTRY ESTATE

Thoroughbred Colt . . . Sleeping Sickness in Horses
Holstein Friesians . . . Jerseys

Edited by GEORGE TURRELL

AN INTERESTING and to us extremely significant coincidence came to pass the other day during the Saratoga yearling sales. We wonder how many thoroughbred enthusiasts, even if they are aware of it, appreciate its importance. To begin with, among the yearlings advertised by Charles A. Stone and Whitney Stone's Morven Stud was a certain upstanding colt by Gallant Fox—Bonne Etoile by Wrack. This colt with the other yearlings offered by the Morven Stud went up for sale on August fourth. The same day a report appeared in the daily papers of the death of Equipoise at the C. V. Whitney farm near Lexington, Kentucky. During that evening at Saratoga the bidding was spirited, the market being sustained by bidding in behalf of Western movie magnates, and the Morven Stud consignment went for fancy prices. However it was John Hay Whitney who paid top price for the evening and it was this same Gallant Fox colt that he purchased for the magnificent sum of $14,000.

This colt was obviously purchased regardless of price and with an eye to the future, for of John Hay Whitney's present stallions Royal Minstrel produces offspring with precocious speed, and The Porter is now twenty-three years old and cannot last forever. This new colt is not only a sturdy looking youngster but claims some of the most durable bloodlines in this country. By the sire of Omaha and Flares his dam is, as we stated above, by Wrack and out of a Fair Play mare and is full sister to Fair Star and half-sister to High Quest. So his breeding as a whole should prove most valuable not only to his owner but to the other Whitney establishments as well. The influence of this breeding bears watching, for it represents a rather sharp departure from that of the stallions they now own. Perhaps the whole thing wasn't such a coincidence after all.

SLEEPING SICKNESS. Since last year about this time when we received their first reports on the subject, the Horse and Mule Association of America has made considerable progress in the study of the plague of sleeping sickness in horses that had been prevalent in the Middle West. This disease, the technical name of which is equine encephalomyelitis, affected approximately 157,984 horses in 1937. In Minnesota where it was most pernicious, the disease appeared on 29,676 farms where 157,483 horses were owned. Only 41,159 of these horses had the disease, or at least only this number was reported to be noticeably sick with it. Of this number 9,200, or 22% of those sick, died. Wayne Dinsmore the secretary of the Horse and Mule Association says that most of the horses were lost due to failure to treat promptly. He also says that when the disease appears in a community, 75% of the horses probably will completely escape the disease, even if nothing is done, and if proper preventive measures are used, 99% should escape infection.

Sleeping sickness is seasonal and known to be carried by mosquitoes and probably biting flies, and, as far as anyone knows now, it isn't transmitted in any other way. Therefore protection against mosquitoes and flies is the first essential. If and when the disease appears in a locality, horses and mules should be kept in screened stables at night and, when not being used, from about July 1st until after the first frost. When at work, animals should be protected by muslin or burlap fly covers reaching from head to tail, and head, legs, all other exposed parts of the animal, and the fly covers should be sprayed with a good insecticide every two hours or so. The Horse and Mule Association will furnish you with a formula for a good homemade insect spray, and more complete details on the prevention and cure of this disease than space allows us to go into here. They suggest that if the disease appears in your community that you write them for complete free instructions. In conclusion they advise watching all animals closely and if any seems off its feed or dull, sleepy, and unsteady in gait, its temperature should be taken at once. If the horse seems ill and the temperature is above 101½ F. morning or noon, leave the animal in the stable and call a qualified graduate veterinarian at once.

Moldy or musty forage or grain, if fed to horses or mules, produces a disease very similar to encephalomyelitis, and such unfit foods should, of course, be carefully avoided.

PULLING CONTEST. The National Horse Pulling Contest will be held at Columbus, Ohio, in conjunction with the National Dairy Show on October 10th to 14th inclusive. This contest has been designated as the National by the Horse and Mule Association of America whose rules and regulations control all official pulling contests. There will be two divisions with a purse of $1,000 in each: one for pairs under 3,000 pounds weight and neither horse to exceed 16 hands measured from top of shoes, the other being the heavy weight divison for pairs 3,000 pounds or over also with a $1,000 purse at stake. In addition to the cash prizes mentioned above which are awarded by the National Dairy Show, the Horse and Mule Association will give medals to the six drivers who display the best horsemanship in handling their horses in the contest. First will be a gold medal, second silver, and from third to sixth will be bronze. All contests, preliminaries and finals will be held on the clay floor of the livestock judging coliseums on the Ohio State Fair grounds at Columbus.

HOLSTEIN FRIESIANS. A report has come in of an important Holstein-Friesian record that was broken a short time ago. The old record had been unchallenged for fourteen years. The new high was established by the nine year four months old Winterthur Dad Donsegis Inka Jasa 1286146 bred and owned by Captain H. E. du Pont's Winterthur Farms, Winterthur, Delaware. A month or so ago the new record holder dropped a fine heifer (*Continued on page 20*)

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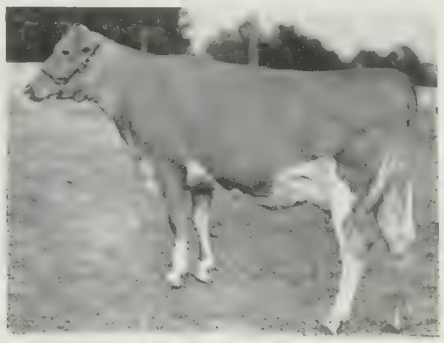
Douglaston Kings Mary 450325. On test in Class C. Will finish record day after the sale and will make approximately 650 lbs. of butterfat. **Sire:** Douglaston Coronation King 203611. **Dam:** Douglaston Princess Mary 385318.

16 Majestic

BELGIANS



Douglaston Lady Mary 411749. Record—10445 lbs. of milk 637.2 lbs. of butterfat Class C. **Sire:** Imp. Financier of Myrtle Place 166260. **Dam:** Green Meadow Florinda 315065.

Douglaston Lady Mafalda 472212. Freshened July 24, 1938. Just starting on test. **Sire:** Imp. Financier of Myrtle Place 166260. **Dam:** Douglaston Duchess Marie 336290.

Head of Imp. Financier of Myrtle Place 166260

Douglaston Sophia Dorothea 330811. Record 13362.7 lbs. of milk 697.1 lbs. of butterfat Class A. **Sire:** Douglaston King Frederick 161527. **Dam:** Imp. Muriel II of Bel Air 263642.

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On the country estate

(*Continued from page 18*)

calf to qualify her 305-day Class C record of 7,961.1 lbs. of fat from 19,363.8 lbs. of milk that tested 4.1%. She was continued for the year finishing with 65.5 lbs. of fat. This is her second Class C record above 800 lbs. of fat and her fifth above 700 lbs. Her seven A. R. records total 4,986 lbs. fat from 126,986.4 lbs. of milk, all in Class C, except for her two-year-old record which was in Class A. She has been on the honor list four times, and her daughter, Winterthur Great Dad Don Casa, was first in the 1937 Honor List as a senior two-year-old in both the yearly and 305-day divisions. The former record holder was the California cow, Aralia Do Kol Mead 2nd, whose record of 777.7 lbs. of fat was made back in 1924. Winterthur Dad Donsegis Inka Jasa is a daughter of Jemima Riverside Boast Ormsby Dad who now has three daughters above 900 lbs. fat in Class C and six above 800 lbs. fat. Her dam is Winterthur Donsegis Inka Jasa with 753.9 lbs. fat, and the second dam is an 881 lbs. fat daughter of the first Wintherthur herd sire Sir Inka Prilly Segis.

JERSEYS. For the seventh consecutive year New York State's Delaware County leads all counties in the nation in the total number of Jersey cattle transferred by sale. According to the 1937-38 annual report of the American Jersey Cattle Club, just published as this goes to press, Delaware County was first with 586 transfers of registered Jerseys during the past year. It thereby not only outdistanced all other counties, but also reached the highest number of transfers to new owners reached by Delaware County breeders since before the depression in 1929.

Delaware County was also second to all counties in the nation in the total number of Jersey registrations in the past year with 374 registrations. The leader was Marshall County, Tennessee. Delaware County has never ranked lower than fourth since 1932.

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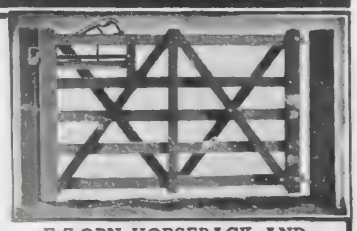

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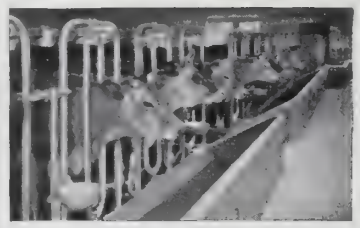

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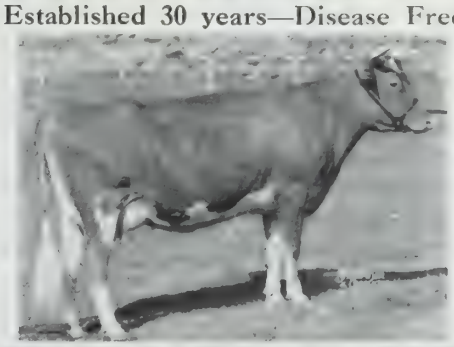

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9th CAYUGA COUNTY SALE
Monday, September 26th, 1938
Greystone Farm, Auburn, N. Y.

6th ANNUAL VIRGINIA GUERNSEY BREEDERS ASSOCIATION SALE
Friday, October 7th, 1938
Fredericksburg, Va.

BEECHWOOD FARMS DISPERSAL
Monday, October 17th, 1938
Maryland State Fair Grounds, Timonium, Md.

LOUIS MERRYMAN'S 30th SEMI-ANNUAL SALE
Tuesday, October 18th, 1938
Maryland State Fair Grounds, Timonium, Md.

DOUGLASTON KING'S CHARLOTTE
425810 AR

Lot 1. Douglaston Manor Sale. Dropped Sept. 29, 1934. 15216.2 lbs. M. 828.4 lbs. F. Cl. FF. 2nd place Cl. FF—5th place Cl. F.

Dam—Douglaston Mary Charlotte 369594 AR. 12354.8 lbs. M. 592.8 lbs. F. Cl. GG. 17143.4 lbs. M. 838.8 lbs. F. Cl. DD. 4th place Cl. DD.

Sold for $5700 in the 1937 Douglaston Manor Sale.

One of the 5 outstanding daughters [illegible] be offered.

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13804.3 lbs. M. 741.6 lbs. F. Cl. G.

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OF THE

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LIGONIER, PA.

WEDNESDAY OCTOBER 5

THE RECTOR, mile and half over hurdles, $500 purse; The MALCOLM McGIFFIN MEMORIAL, two miles over brush, $500 purse; THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA HUNTS CUP, three and half miles over timber, $1,000 purse; THE ROLLING ROCK HUNT CUP, two and half miles over brush, $1,000 purse; THE LIGONIER, mile on flat, $500 purse.

FEATURING

Fourth running of the INTERNATIONAL GOLD CUP, three and half miles over brush, and the FIFTH running of the ROLLING ROCK HUNT CUP, two and half miles over brush. Race meeting under sanction of NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE AND HUNT ASSOCIATION.

LARGE INCREASE IN PURSES

SATURDAY OCTOBER 8

THE BAYWOOD, mile and half over hurdles $500 purse; THE WESTMORELAND CUP, two miles over brush, $500 purse; THE LAUREL RIDGE HANDICAP, mile and half on flat, $500 purse; THE INTERNATIONAL GOLD CUP, three and half miles over brush, $1,000 added; THE LOYALHANNA, three miles over timber, $500 purse; THE LAUGHLINTOWN, mile on flat, $500 purse.

FIRST RACE 2.30 P. M.

For further particulars write HERBERT A. MAY, Secretary, 3605 Gulf Building, or to P. O. Box 1604, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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rs. J. T. Moore's Troop ridden by Mr. Morris lark. This beautiful bay thoroughbred has had a markably successful season in the hunter classes. ight is Mr. Adrian Van Sinderen with three of s winning hackney ponies at the Pittsfield Show

HORSE NOTES and COMMENT

ELIZABETH GRINNELL

LOUISVILLE . . SPRINGFIELD . . BRYN MAWR

THREE-YEAR-OLDS . . FOXCATCHER NATIONAL

THE horseshow calendar for September has always been something to conjure with. It might almost be called the month of the specialty show because during the month there are three outstanding exhibitions that through the years have become justly famous for their entries in certain divisions. On the 12th all the followers of the three- and five-gaited saddle horses will flock to Louisville for the Kentucky State Fair. Kentucky knows and loves her saddle horses so the audiences pick their favorites at this show and leave the judges in no doubt as to their choice. A prize fight, a championship horse race, or a world's series ball game couldn't arouse a crowd to a more violent demonstration than a closely fought saddle class does at the Kentucky State Fair.

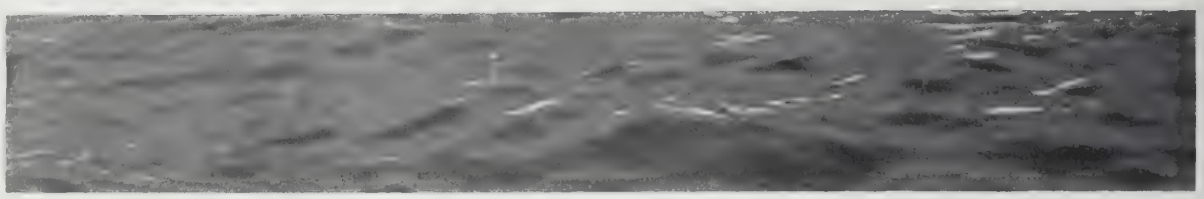
It is scarcely accurate to call Springfield, which runs from the 19th through the 24th, a harness horse show because it is well balanced throughout, yet this show marks the first large fall gathering of this division and because these horses are so rare they attract more attention at Springfield than the other divisions do. This year, to encourage New England saddle horses, Springfield has worked out a regional championship something on the order of the Good Hands and Maclay Cups at the Garden where the winners at preceding shows meet for a final judging. The idea has had splendid support and I am of the opinion that it is the first step in something definitely constructive. If it works, and it looks as if it would, I see no reason why it couldn't be established in all the regions to include hunters and open to all horses as well as saddle horses. Picking the key shows at which to hold the championships might present a problem, but in any case Mr. Charlie Nash, Springfield's genial manager, is to be congratulated on his pioneer spirit.

BRYN MAWR. Some first flight fanatics will insist that Bryn Mawr is the *only* real hunter show in the country, and I am sure that almost everyone will agree that it is one of the best. The fact that a hound show, that is as good if not better than the one at New York, is held in connection brings the followers of the fox, hare, drag, or what-have-you to Philadelphia's charming suburb in droves, and Bryn Mawr offers them an unusually well-arranged and varied program of events, one which some other shows might do well to study—especially concerning the classes for children. Dates: 21st to 24th.

Meanwhile the equitation scramble is becoming so frantic, and show after show collects such numerous and excellent entries for these classes, that no single one can be picked as outstanding. The most notable change that has come in this division lately is the number of boys among the winning riders. A few seasons ago girls predominated to such an extent that it seemed impossible for a boy to get placed, but now riders like James Thomas, Arthur Plaut, Archie Dean, and Benjamin Bernie, to name a few of them, are taking such an unchivalrous number of ribbons that the girls are being hard put to hold their prestige. The Maclay and Good Hands Cups at the Garden this fall will be harder than ever to judge because there are so many young riders, both boys and girls, who are practically equal in ability, that the decision is bound to rest on the best performance of the moment and the individual preference of the judge. I'd infinitely rather judge the grown ups in the hunter classes and will put in a vote now for Morris Clark for the gentleman's prize and Patricia Bolling for the lady's. "But they always ride such good horses!" everybody will say. My answer is that all the horses they ride go well for them and *that's* horsemanship.

THREE-YEAR-OLDS. In a recent issue of the "Blood Horse," that indispensable weekly devoted to the Thoroughbred, Mr. Joe Palmer titled one of his admirable paragraphs "The Thirteen Champions," and the text discussed the three-year-olds of 1938—Burbon King, The Chief, Lawrin, Stagehand, Dauber, Pas-'eurized, Gov. Chandler, Fighting Fox, Nedayr, Bull Lea, Cravat, Stormscud, and Menow—with Mythical King and Thanksgiving waiting on the sideline for a chance to join the list. He suggested putting them all in a race at a mile and a quarter at even weights but refused to pick the winner—and so do I. At this moment, however, although he may not be the fastest, I think that Thanksgiving is the most interesting of the lot. Within five weeks this smallish bay colt, in four successive starts at three different tracks, has equaled two track records and broken two others without winning a single race. In the Yankee Handicap at Suffolk Downs on June 18th, the winner, Cravat, broke the track record for a mile and three sixteenths, but Thanksgiving, two and a half engths behind Cravat in third place, equaled it. In the Empire City Handicap, a mile and 'n eighth, on July 9th, he finished fourth, but at that he was (*Continued on page 32*)

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR ON YACHTING



International Racing . . . . Larchmont and Marblehead

THE selection of a six-meter team to meet the British invasion this year was considerably less of a chore to the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club than it has been at times, owing to a very small entry in the trials and a quartet of outstandingly fast boats.

George Nichols' *Goose,* launched early in July and the latest in six-meters from Olin Stephens' drawing board, seems to be the smartest thing of her class yet produced. Though probably not tuned to full capacity, she not only earned a place on the team but, winning three out of four races against her team mates, also won the job of defending the Scandinavian Gold Cup, in which she will meet British, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Finnish, and Italian rivals starting Aug. 27th. A veteran skipper of big racing yachts and prominent for many years in America's Cup affairs and such, Nichols is comparatively new at international small-boat competition, though he has raced Sixes, Atlantics, and other small sloops a good deal the past few years.

Another new skipper on an International team is Henry S. Morgan, who will sail his new *Djinn* against the British. *Djinn,* which came out this year in time to race at Bermuda in April, is an especially good heavy weather boat.

Briggs Cunningham, though younger than any of the other skippers on the team, is an old hand at international six-meter racing, and a hard man to beat. He is racing *Fun* this year. Like clam chowder, which is always better the second day, *Fun* seems to be more of a boat than she was in her first season last summer, when Fred Bedford sailed her. She had her mast moved aft and was going at such a pace that she had the best record of any of the six boats in the trials, being undefeated in the series of races in which the team was chosen.

The other member of the team is Paul Shields's *Rebel,* sailed by Corny Shields, the combination that defended the Seawanhaka Cup last year so successfully. *Rebel* is a fast boat, especially in light going, and, with Shields sailing her, will give the British Sixes some trouble.

Only two other boats tried for the team. Herman Whiton's new *Star Wagon* lost a close decision in the trials to *Djinn* as the heavy-weather boat of the fleet. Billy Luders' eight-year-old *Totem,* which has been giving the owners of newer six-meters headaches for years, seemed to be definitely outclassed this time, possibly because of changes in her keel intended to make her a stiffer boat in heavy weather or maybe she's really been outbuilt at last.

The Scandinavian Gold Cup series will be under way by Aug. 27th, with *Goose* representing America, Eldon Trimingham, of Bermuda, sailing *Solenta* for the British Empire, Sven Salen handling the Swedish entry, and other fast competition. *Circe,* J. H. Thom, *Erica,* R. M. Teacher, and *Vrana,* J. H. M. Clark, will join *Solenta* to form the British team for the next series and the Seawanhaka Cup match, between a British and an American yacht not yet named will wind up the six-meter hostilities for the season.

There are rumors about a four-boat team of American twelve-meters—A. L. Loomis's *Northern Light,* Fred Bedford's *Nyala* (pronounced "High Yaller," Clinton Crane's *Gleam,* and Van S. Merle-Smith's *Seven Seas*—going to England to race the early part of next summer. Which we will believe when we see them go, having been fooled about this international twelve-meter racing for several years now.

LARCHMONT AND MARBLEHEAD. Larchmont Race Week set a new high in the number of boats starting in one regatta—368 on the opening day—and a new low in weather conditions over a period of eight days, during which there was no day with a true, steady breeze, and only one day—the first—on which it didn't rain either continuously or steady-by-jerks. Considering the weather it was a good race week, but the weather was pretty foul. The general shrinkage in tonnage was as noticeable as the expansion in numbers. Five twelve-meters made a fine class, and every one of the five won a race before the week was over. The ocean racing division was smaller than expected, though it would have been better if there'd been decent weather. The thirty-two footers and larger handicap classes turned out pretty well, but the backbone of the fleet was in the one-design classes under 35 feet overall—23 Internationals, some 45 Atlantics, 70-odd Stars, and a whole squirming mass of Snipes, Wee Scots, Comets, Shamrocks, Pirates, Rainbows, and whatnot down in the small sizes. I don't know whether it's because everybody's feeling poor, or because everybody wants to be a skipper and crews are scarce, or because competition is better in the smaller classes because more crack sailors can afford to race in them, but the yachting picture certainly is changing.

News from the Marblehead sector indicates that fleets there are a bit behind last year's race week record, though a little larger than the Larchmont turnout. Marblehead broke 400 boats last year but hasn't reached that figure yet this season, though this must necessarily be written before race week is over.

TO ENGLAND. We hear that Commodore Michael Mason of the British Ocean Racing Club has offered a trophy for a race from here to England next summer, which may or may not materialize. Also that there's to be a race from Bermuda to France in 1940, after our Bermuda race.

NINA. Watching deCoursey Fales' schooner *Nina* in competition with the new ocean racers this summer, one couldn't help but remember the days of '28 when she was the latest and hottest thing in ocean racers. She was duly admired for her efficiency, but at the same time Paul Hammond, for whom she was built, and Starling Burgess, who designed her, were looked at a bit askance by the seagoing fraternity for producing a rule-beating ocean racing machine. And now there she is plodding around in the wakes of more modern craft, some of them a lot smaller than she, with hardly an outside chance of coming home ahead of them.

LESSON. Sometimes in the present-day flurry over ocean racing machines we're prone to forget the lessons taught us by various designers, from Nat Herreshoff on down, that a big, round, roomy boat may still be able to git up and git. What brings it up is the clean-up of the Alden yawl *Evening Star* against 29 competitors in the Detroit-Mackinac race. A 56-foot overall 1937 yacht built for Frederick S. Ford, of Detroit, *Evening Star* is similar to George Ratsey's *Zaida* and fulfills all requirements for comfort, under way and in port, yet she cleaned up the Mackinac race the way *Baruna* did the Bermuda Race. Alden is justly proud of the doings of a number of other boats that come in this category this season, too. For instance the 1926 schooner *Trade Wind,* Thomas L. Claflin, won three out of four runs in her class on the Eastern cruise. And Rip Converse's *Parthenia*—a motor-sailer no less—which cleaned up in the off Soundings cruise.

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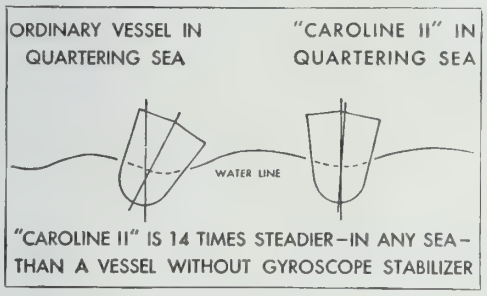
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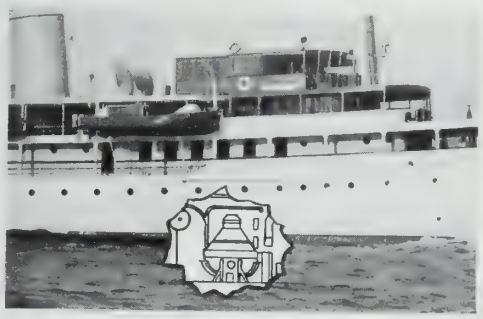

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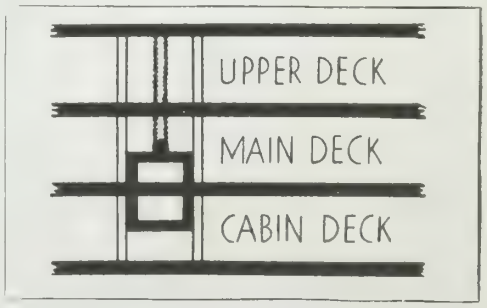

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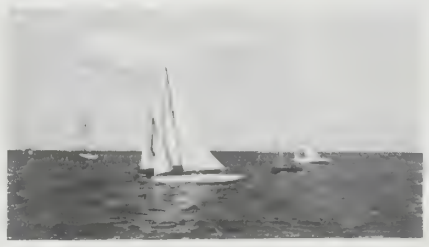
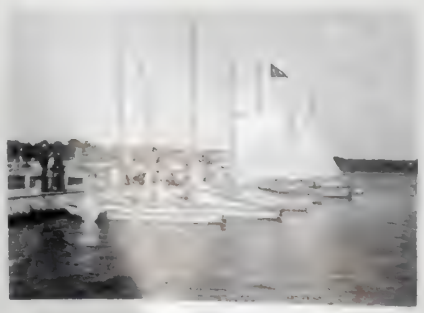
COUNTRY LIFE SPORTS CALENDAR September, 1938

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
				1 Hartford Pony Show, Bel Air, Md. until 3rd). Invitation Golf Tournament, Torrington Country Club, Torrington, Conn. (until 3rd). Finals, Men's and Women's Club Golf Championships, Skytop Club, Pocono Mts. Pa. Partridge Shooting Begins, England.	**2** The Vineyard Race Stamford Y. C., Conn. Milwaukee-Grand Haven, Cruising Race, Milwaukee, Wis. Gold Cup Power Boat Regatta Detroit, Mich. Orangeburg, N. Y., Horse Show (until 3rd). Henry County Horse Show, Martinsville, Va. Women's Invitation Golf Tournament, Seigniory, Club, P. Q. Wild Life Bird Dog Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), New Castle, Pa. Tioga County Sportsmen's Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Owego, N. Y. Middleboro Fish and Game Assn. Field Trial, Quelle Farm, Lakeville, Mass. (Pointers and Setters). Davis Cup Challenge Round Tennis, Germantown Cricket Club, Pa. (until 5th). Fairacre Golf Tournament, Hot Springs, Va.	**3** Start of Open and Monty Waterbury Polo Tournaments, Meadowbrook Club, Westbury, L. I. (tentative) Chatham, N. Y., Horse Show. Huntington, Pa., Horse Show. Keswick, Va., Horse Show. Fort Sheridan, Ill., Horse Show (until 4th). Sturbridge, Mass., Horse Show (until 4th). Wilton, Conn., Horse Show. End of Grand Circuit Trotting Meet, Syracuse, N. Y. (from August 29th). Stratford Shoal Night Race, Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C., Oyster Bay, L. I. Sir Thomas Lipton Trophy, Sailing Regatta Fish Class Championships, Biloxi, Miss. (until 5th). Annual Cedar Point Race, Gibson Island, Y. C., Md. Annual Commodore's Cruise at Isthmus, Catalina Island Y. C., Cal. (until 5th). Lenox, Mass., Kennel Club Dog Show. Oakland County Kennel Club Dog Show, Birmingham, Mich.
4 Goshen, Conn., Horse Show. End of Fort Sheridan Horse Show. End of Sturbridge, Mass., Horse Show. Pontiac Kennel Club Dog Show, Pontiac, Mich. Spokane, Wash., Kennel Club Dog Show. Silver Bay Kennel Club Dog Show, San Diego, Cal. (until 5th). Connecticut Sportsmen's Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), East Hartford, Conn. Annual Fall Senior Tennis Tournament, Lake Placid, N. Y. (until 11th). Annual Golf Week-end, Jasper, Alta. (until 10th).	**5** Rockaway Hunting Club Race Meeting, Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y. Hawthorn, Ill., Race Meeting until Oct. 8th). Grand Circuit Trotting Meet, Indianapolis, Ind. (until 9th). End of Del Mar, Cal., Race Meeting (from July 5th). End of Dade Park, Ky., Race Meeting (from Aug. 6th). Myopia Horse Show, Hamilton, Mass. Blair County Riding and Hunt Club Horse Show, Altoona, Pa. Larchmont, Y. C. Sailing Regatta. End of Fish Class Championship Biloxi, Miss. (Sir Thos. Lipton Trophy). End of Catalina Island Commodore's Cruise, Catalina, Cal. End of Gold Cup Power Boat Regatta, Detroit. Ox Ridge Kennel Club Dog Show, Darien, Conn.	**6** Hoosier Kennel Club Dog Show, Indianapolis, Ind. End of Silver Bay Kennel Club Show, San Diego, Cal. Dominion F. T. Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Pierson, Manitoba. Manitoba F. T. Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Melita, Manitoba. Irish Amateur Open Golf Championship, New Castle, County Down (until 9th). End of Fairacre Golf Tournament, Hot Springs, Va. End of Davis Cup Challenge Round Tennis, Germantown Cricket Club, Pa.	**7** The St. Leger Horse Race, Doncaster. Women's Sailing Championship (Mrs. Chas. Francis Adams Cup), Edgartown, Mass. Annual Fall Races, Manhasset Bay Y. C., Port Washington, L. I. (until 10th). International Golf Match for Curtis Cup, Essex Country Club, Manchester, Mass. 	**8** National Singles Tennis Championships, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y. (until 17th).	**9** English Setter Assn. Dog Show, Tuxedo Park, N. Y. Kanawaha Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, Charlestown, West Va. Cecil County Breeders Fair, Fair Hill, Md. (until 10th). Harrisburg, Pa., Horse Show (until 10th). Doncaster Cup, England. End of Grand Circuit Trotting, Indianapolis, Ind. Annual Regatta Maryland Y. C., Baltimore, Md. (until 11th). Race to Santa Cruz from San Francisco, Cal. End of Irish Amateur Open Golf Championship, Newcastle. Indian Harbor Y. C. Regatta. End of Fall Races, Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, L. I.	**10** Greenwich, Conn., Horse Show. End of Narragansett Park Race Meeting (from August 1st). Tuxedo Kennel Club Dog Show, Tuxedo Park, N. Y. Eastern Kentucky Kennel Club Dog Show, Ashland, Ky. Peoria and Central Ill. Kennel Club Dog Show, Peoria. Broome County Sportsmen's Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Binghamton, N. Y. East Ohio Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Youngstown, Ohio. New Britain, Conn., Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters). Nassau Trapshooting Club Skeet Tournament, Mineola, L. I., N. Y.
11 Obedience Test Club of N. Y. Trial, Rye, N. Y. Fredonia Fish & Game Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Fredonia, N. Y. Huntington Kennel Club Dog Show, West Va. Westchester Kennel Club Dog Show, Rye, N. Y. Oakland Kennel Club Dog Show, Alameda, Cal. New Haven Gun Club Skeet Tournament (Conn. 5 Man Team Ch.) Twin Pike Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Ambler, Pa. Hilltop Skeet Club Tournament, Holliston, Mass. (Eastern Mass. Ch.). Soldiers and Sailors Horse Show, Old Westbury, N. Y. Lawrence Farms Hunt Club Horse Show, Mt. Kisco, N. Y. Wethersfield, Conn., Horse Show. Special Sunday Regatta Manhasset Bay Y. C., Port Washington, L. I. End of Maryland Y. C. Regatta. End of Lake Placid Senior Tennis Tournament.	**12** All-America Field Trial Club Trial (Pointers and Setters) Pierson, Manitoba. Brockton Agricultural Society Dog Show, Mass. (until 15th). End of N. Y. Obedience Test Trial, Rye, N. Y. Star Class World Championship and Annual Meeting San Diego, Cal. (until 18th). Grand Circuit Trotting, Reading, Pa. (until 17th). Brockton, Mass., Horse Show (until 15th). Kentucky State Fair Horse Show, Louisville, Ky. (until 17th). Rockingham Park Horse Race Meeting (until Oct. 12th).	**13** 	**14** Wissahickon, Pa., Horse Show (until 17th). Virginia Foxhound Club, Hound Show, Montpelier, Va. End of Aqueduct Race Meeting (from August 29th).	**15** Belmont Park Race Meeting (until Oct. 1st). End of Brockton, Mass., Horse Show. End of Brockton, Mass., Agricultural Society Dog Show. Jayhawk Kennel Club Dog Show, Topeka, Kans. (until 16th).	**16** Havre de Grace, Md., Horse Race Meeting (until Sept. 28th). Orange, Va., Horse Show (until 17th). New Brunswick, N. J., Horse Show (until 17th). San Mateo Calif. Gymkhana and Horse Show (until 18th). New Hampshire Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Stobie Farm, Hookett, N. H. End of Jayhawk Kennel Club Dog Show, Topeka, Kans. New Canaan Fish and Game League Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Wilton, Conn. Southern Rhode Island Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters) Charlestown, R. I. Men's Invitation Golf Tournament Seigniory Club, P. Q. (until 18th). End of National Singles Tennis Championships, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.	**17** Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club Race Meeting, Flourtown, Pa. Boulder Brook, N. Y., Horse Show. (until 18th). End of Orange, Va., Horse Show. End of New Brunswick, N. J., Horse Show. End of Wissahickon, Pa., Horse Show. End of Kentucky State Fair Horse Show. End of Grand Circuit Trotting, Reading, Pa. Six and Eight Metre Championships, Gibson Island Y. C., Md. Manhasset Bay Y. C. Regatta, L. I. Potomac River Assn. President's Cup Regatta (until 18th). Somerset Hills Kennel Club Dog Show, Far Hills, N. J. New Mexico Kennel Club Dog Show. Santa Fe, N. M. (until 18th). Babylon Hunt Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Babylon, L. I., N. Y.
18 Camden County Kennel Club Dog Show, N. J. Capital City Kennel Club Dog Show, Columbus, Ohio. Glendale Kennel Club Dog Show, Glendale, Calif. Southern Iowa Kennel Club Dog Show, Ottumwa, Iowa. (until 19th). German Shepherd Dog Training Club of Chicago Obedience Test Trial. Seneca County Fish & Game Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Seneca Falls, N. Y. Babylon, L. I., Skeet Club Tournament. Chemung County Rod and Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Elmira, N. Y. St. Francis Yacht Club Regatta, San Francisco, Cal.	**19** Springfield, Mass., Horse Show (until 24th). End of Southern Iowa Kennel Club Dog Show. Ottumwa, Iowa.	**20** 	**21** Bryn Mawr, Pa., Horse and Hound Show (until 24th). Ozarks Kennel Club Dog Show, Springfield, Mo. until 22nd).	**22** President's Cup Regatta, Washington, D. C. (until 25th). End of Ozarks Kennel Club Dog Show, Springfield, Mo.	**23** Central New York Pheasant Dog Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters). Denver Kennel Club Dog Show, Denver, Colo. (until 24th). End of Bryn Mawr Hound Show.	**24** American Yacht Club Regatta. St. Francis Yacht Club Regatta, San Francisco, Cal. (also 18th and 24th). Meadow Brook Steeplechase Assn. Race Meeting, Westbury, L. I. Woodbine, Toronto, Canada Race Meeting (until Oct. 1st.) Grand Circuit Trotting Meeting, Lexington, Ky. Wisconsin Amateur Field Trial Club. (Retrievers and Eng. Springer Spaniels) Brown Deer, Wisc. Northern States Amateur Field Trial Assn., Solon Springs, Wis. (Pointers and Setters). Fayette County Fish & Game Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Connelsville, Pa. Oregon Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Harrisburg, Oregon. Rockville Fish & Game Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Rockville, Conn. Monroe County Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Rochester, N. Y. Keystone Pointer and Setter Club Field Trial, Reading, Pa. Sewickley Kennel Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Sewickley, Pa. Eastern States Exposition Dog Show, Springfield, Mass. Lehigh Valley Kennel Club Dog Show, Allentown, Pa. Tri-State Kennel Club Dog
25 Westbury Kennel Assn. Dog Show, Westbury, L. I. Northern Wisconsin Kennel Club Dog Show, Fond du Lac, Wisc. End of Tri-State Kennel Club Dog Show, Joplin, Mo. Massachusetts Fish & Game Assn. Skeet Tournament (Harlow Trophy), Norfolk, Mass. Middlefield, Conn., Skeet Club Tournament (Connecticut All-Around Championship) St. Francis Yacht Club Regatta, San Francisco, Cal. (also 18th and 24th).	**26** 	**27**	**28** Start Piping Rock, L. I., Horse Show (until Oct. 1st). Gold Cup Horse Race, Maison Laffitte, France. End of Havre de Grace Race Meeting. Wichita Kennel Club Dog Show, Wichita, Kansas (until 29th).	**29** Jocky Club Stakes (horse racing), England. End of Wichita Kennel Club Dog Show.	**30** Montclair, N. J., Horse Show until Oct. 1st). Women's National Mixed Foursomes Tournament-Women's National Golf and Tennis Club, Glen Head, L. I. (until Oct. 2nd). I. B. M. Country Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Johnson City, N. Y. Capital City Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Indian Gap Military Reserve, Pa. South Jersey Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters). Sussex County Sport and Conservation League Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Franklin, N. J.	

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The Bath House, heart of The Homestead's Spa, seen from a neighboring hillside

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Steamship Sailings

To Europe and the Mediterranean

Sail	From	To	Line	Steamer
September 1	New York	Gothenburg	Swedish American	Drottningholm
September 1	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg American	Hansa
September 2	Canada	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Bedford
September 2	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanstates
September 2	New York	London	United States	American Banker
September 2	Canada	London	Cunard White Star	Ausonia
September 3	New York	Genoa	Italian	Conte di Savoia
September 3	New York	Antwerp	Red Star	Westernland
September 3	Canada	Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Australia
September 3	New York	Oslo	Norwegian American	Stavangerfjord
September 3	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Importer
September 4	Canada	Glasgow	Donaldson Atlantic	Letitia
September 4	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Britannic
September 4	New York	Havre	French	Champlain
September 4	New York	Gdynia	Gdynia American	Batory
September 4	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg American	St. Louis
September 4	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Franconia
September 6	New York	Havre	French	Ile de France
September 6	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Columbus
September 6	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Nieuw Amsterdam
September 7	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Queen Mary
September 7	New York	Hamburg	United States	Manhattan
September 7	New York	Gothenburg	Swedish American	Gripsholm
September 7	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Caledonia
September 7	New York	Trieste	Italian	Vulcania
September 8	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Tuscania
September 8	Canada	Antwerp	Canadian Pacific	Montrose
September 8	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg American	Deutschland
September 9	New York	London	United States	American Trader
September 9	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Samaria
September 9	Canada	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Andania
September 9	Canada	London	Cunard White Star	Alaunia
September 10	New York	Genoa	Italian	Rex
September 10	New York	Antwerp	Bernstein	Gerolstein
September 10	Canada	Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Britain
September 10	Canada	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Richmond
September 10	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen
September 10	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Volendam
September 13	New York	Naples Beirut	American Export	Exochorda
September 13	New York	Havre	French	Paris
September 14	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Aquitania
September 14	New York	Hamburg	United States	President Roosevelt
September 14	New York	Havre	French	Normandie
September 14	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Transylvania
September 14	New York	Gothenburg	Swedish American	Kungsholm
September 15	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg American	Hamburg
September 15	New York	Oslo	Norwegian American	Oslofjord
September 16	Canada	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of York
September 16	New York	Gdynia	Gdynia American	Pilsudski
September 16	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanpenn
September 16	New York	Glasgow	United States	American Merchant
September 16	Canada	London	Donaldson Atlantic	Athenia
September 16	Canada	London	Cunard White Star	Aurania
September 17	New York	London	Cunard White Star	Georgic
September 17	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Scythia
September 17	New York	Antwerp	Red Star	Pennland
September 17	Canada	Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Australia
September 17	Boston	Liverpool	Furness	Newfoundland
September 17	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Europa
September 17	New York	Trieste	Italian	Saturnia
September 17	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Shipper
September 20	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Statendam
September 21	New York	Southampton	Cunard White Star	Queen Mary
September 21	New York	Hamburg	United States	Washington
September 21	New York	Havre	French	De Grasse
September 21	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Cameronia
September 22	New York	Havre	French	Ile de France
September 22	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg American	New York
September 23	Canada	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Antonia
September 23	Canada	London	Cunard White Star	Ascania
September 23	New York	Liverpool	Cunard White Star	Laconia
September 23	Canada	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Atholl
September 23	New York	London	United States	American Farmer
September 24	New York	Genoa	Italian	Conte di Savoia
September 24	New York	Gothenburg	Swedish American	Drottningholm
September 24	New York	Antwerp	Bernstein	Konigstein
September 24	Canada	Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Britain
September 27	New York	Rotterdam	Holland-America	Nieuw Amsterdam
September 27	New York	Naples Beirut	American Export	Excalibur
September 27	New York	Havre	French	Champlain
September 28	New York	Havre	French	Normandie
September 28	New York	Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen
September 28	New York	Glasgow	Anchor	Tuscania
September 28	New York	Hamburg	United States	President Harding
September 29	New York	Gdynia	Gdynia American	Batory
September 29	New York	Hamburg	Hamburg American	Hansa
September 30	Canada	Glasgow	Donaldson Atlantic	Letitia
September 30	Canada	London	Cunard White Star	Ausonia
September 30	New York	Helsingfors	American Scantic	Scanmail
September 30	Canada	Liverpool	Canadian Pacific	Duchess of Bedford
September 30	New York	Liverpool	United States	American Banker

To Central and South America

September 2	New York	Cartagena	Grace	Santa Paula
September 3	New York	Cristobal	Colombian	Jamaica
September 3	New York	Buenos Aires	Furness Prince	Northern Prince
September 3	New York	Valparaiso	Grace	Santa Clara
September 7	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Talamanca
September 9	New York	Cartagena	Grace	Santa Elena
September 9	New York	Valparaiso	Grace	Santa Barbara
September 10	New York	Buenos Aires	American Republic	Southern Cross
September 10	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Veragua
September 14	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Quirigua
September 16	New York	Cartagena	Grace	Santa Rosa
September 16	New York	Chanaral	Grace	Santa Rita
September 17	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Chiriqui
September 21	New York	Cristobal	Colombian	Jamaica
September 23	New York	Cartagena	Grace	Santa Paula
September 24	New York	Buenos Aires	American Republic	Pan American
September 24	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Talamanca
September 24	New York	Valparaiso	Grace	Santa Lucia
September 28	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	Veragua
September 30	New York	Valparaiso	Grace	Santa Maria

Pacific Sailings

September 1	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline
September 3	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Japan
September 5	Los Angeles	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Taiyo Maru
September 8	Los Angeles	Honolulu	Matson	Matsonia
September 9	Seattle	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Heian Maru
September 13	San Francisco	Melbourne	Matson	Mariposa
September 15	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline
September 17	Vancouver	Manila	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Canada
September 22	Los Angeles	Honolulu	Matson	Matsonia
September 29	Vancouver	Sydney	Canadian Australasian	Aorangi
September 29	San Francisco	Honolulu	Matson	Lurline
September 30	Seattle	Kobe	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Hikawa Maru

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India, land of pageantry
The garden island of **Ceylon**
Penang, deep into the East
Singapore, Britain's mighty fortress
Bangkok, ruled by a child king
Hong Kong, Britain-in-China
Manila, the fabulous Philippines
Bali, heavenly isle, and **Java**
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St. Helena, last home of Napoleon
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Canadian Pacific

WORLD CRUISE

Empress of Britain

Incoming Steamships

From Europe and the Mediterranean

Steamer	Line	From	To	Due
Exochorda	American Export	Beirut	New York	September 1
Champlain	French	Havre	New York	September 1
Batory	Gdynia-America	Gdynia	New York	September 1
Manhattan	United States	Hamburg	New York	September 1
Deutschland	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	September 2
Montrose	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Canada	September 3
Nieuw Amsterdam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	September 3
Andania	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	Canada	September 4
[illegible]	Cunard White Star	Havre	Canada	September 4
Columbus	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	September 4
Caledonia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	September 5
Samaria	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	September 5
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	September 5
Ile de France	French	Havre	New York	September 5
Vulcania	Italian	Trieste	New York	September 5
American Trader	United States	London	New York	September 5
Tuscania	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	September 7
Scanpenn	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	September 7
Duchess of Richmond	Canadian Pacific	Southampton	Canada	September 8
Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	September 8
Rex	Italian	Genoa	New York	September 8
Gerolstein	Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	September 8
Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	September 9
Kungsholm	Swedish American	Gothenburg	New York	September 9
Duchess of York	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Canada	September 10
Paris	French	Havre	New York	September 10
President Roosevelt	United States	Hamburg	New York	September 10
Oslofjord	Norwegian American	Oslo	New York	September 10
Aurania	Cunard White Star	Havre	Canada	September 11
Athenia	Donaldson Atlantic	Glasgow	New York	September 11
Georgic	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	September 11
Transylvania	Anchor	Glascow	New York	September 12
Scythia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	September 12
Normandie	French	Havre	New York	September 12
Berlin	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	September 12
American Merchant	United States	London	New York	September 12
American Shipper	United States	Liverpool	New York	September 12
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	September 13
Pilsudski	Gdynia-America	Gdynia	New York	September 13
Veendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	September 13
Pennland	Red Star	Antwerp	New York	September 13
Excalibut	American Export	Beirut	New York	September 15
Newfoundland	Furness	Liverpool	Boston	September 15
Saturnia	Italian	Trieste	New York	September 15
Europa	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	September 15
Washington	United States	Hamburg	New York	September 15
New York	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	September 16
Duchess of Atholl	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	New York	September 17
Statendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	September 17
Cameronia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	September 18
Antonia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	Canada	September 18
Ascania	Cunard White Star	Havre	Canada	September 18
Lacona	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	September 19
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	September 19
De Grasse	French	Havre	New York	September 19
American Farmer	United States	London	New York	September 19
Ile de France	French	Havre	New York	September 21
Drottningholm	Swedish American	Gothenburg	New York	September 21
Scanstates	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	September 22
Conte di Savoia	Italian	Genoa	New York	September 22
Konigstein	Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	September 22
Columbus	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	September 23
Hansa	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	September 23
Duchess of Bedford	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Canada	September 24
Champlain	French	Havre	New York	September 24
President Harding	United States	Hamburg	New York	September 24
Nieuw Amsterdam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	September 24
Ausonia	Cunard White Star	Havre	Canada	September 25
Britannic	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	September 25
Letitia	Donaldson Atlantic	Glasgow	New York	September 25
Batory	Gdynia-America	Gdynia	New York	September 25
Tuscania	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	September 26
Franconia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	September 26
Normandie	French	Havre	New York	September 26
Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	September 26
American Banker	United States	London	New York	September 26
American Importer	United States	Liverpool	New York	September 26
Westernland	Red Star	Antwerp	New York	September 27
St. Louis	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	September 28
Gripsholm	Swedish American	Gothenburg	New York	September 28
Exeter	American Export	Beirut	New York	September 29
Montrose	Canadian Pacific	Antwerp	New York	September 29
Rex	Italian	Genoa	New York	September 29
Manhattan	United States	Hamburg	New York	September 29
Deutschland	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	September 30
Stavangerfjord	Norwegian American	Oslo	New York	September 30

From Central and South America

Santa Barbara	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	September 5
Southern Cross	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	September 7
Santa Rita	Grace	Chanaral	New York	September 12
Eastern Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	September 14
Santa Lucia	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	September 19
Pan America	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	September 21
Santa Maria	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	September 26
Northern Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	September 28

From the Orient—East Bound Transpacific

Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	September 2
Taiyo Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Los Angeles	September 3
Maripoa	Matson	Melbourne	San Francisco	September 6
Empress of Canada	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	September 6
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	September 9
Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	September 16
Chichibu Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Los Angeles	September 17
Empress of Russia	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Seattle	September 19
Hikawa Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Los Angeles	September 20
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	September 23
Aorangi	Canadian Australasian	Sydney	Vancouver	September 23
Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	Los Angeles	September 30
Asama Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Los Angeles	September 30

Editor's Note:

COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN will publish the annual Cruise Calendar in the November issue. As usual, this calendar will give a complete listing of the important winter and spring cruises—from week-end trips to the West Indies to the four-month round-the-world cruises. Reprints of this annual calendar will be available at cost.

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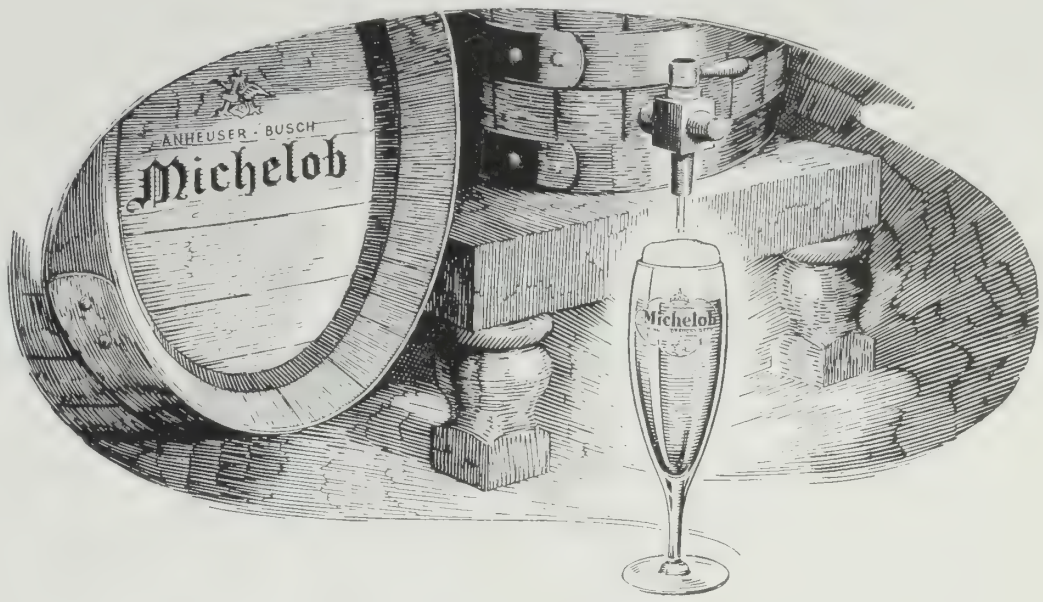

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JAMAICA

BLUE MOUNTAINS — EMERALD SEA

Horse notes

(*Continued from page 23*)

only half a length behind Stagehand who won in 1.51 for a new track record. These two races were for three-year-olds, but in his next start, the Butler Handicap, the same distance as the Yankee, he competed with older horses as well as those of his own age. This was another heartbreaker. Thanksgiving beat all the three-year-olds, including the favored Fighting Fox, but was passed in the final strides by the more mature Esposa and Rex Flag. He missed winning by a length but he broke the track record by a fifth of a second. Thanksgiving's fourth start in his career of brilliant bad luck was in a seven-furlong handicap, The American Legion, at Saratoga, on July 25th. Once again he was up against older horses including the terrifically fast Airflame. That day Airflame lowered a track mark that had withstood the assaults of the fastest horses in the country for eighteen years, and so did Thanksgiving. Another stride and he would have won, but under the wire he was a head behind Airflame. For the fourth time he had run a record race—and lost. But certainly Thanksgiving has proved to be a paragon of consistency in a year when the leading three-year-olds have been noted for their instability. Possibly there are colts among the thirteen champions that could beat him at even weights over a mile and a quarter, but about one half of one per cent more luck would have made this colt the king of his age.

FOXCATCHER NATIONAL. The purse of the Foxcatcher National Steeplechase, which will be run over the big course at Fair Hill, Maryland, on September 10th, is the most encouraging thing of its sort for this type of horse in this country. "Sixty-five hundred dollars and plate of which $3,000 and plate to the winner, $1,400 to second, $800 to third, $600 to fourth, $400 to fifth, and $300 to sixth. Plate to rider of winner." Besides this, "$5 of each membership dues in the National Cup Association shall be added to the winner's purse in excess of the guaranteed stakes, $100 is guaranteed to each starter completing the course provided there are 15 starters, and $100 to the breeder (if living) of the winner provided the winner was bred in the United States." As the Foxcatcher meeting carries one of the largest subscribers' lists this insures a purse that is really worth while, and it is divided so many ways that almost any owner can hope to share it. No wonder this race is always certain of a large number of entries! A few more purses like this, even if they are not quite as large, would give the owners of steeplechase horses a chance to balance their books. I haven't the faintest idea who is going to win the Foxcatcher National. Maybe it will be Our Sailor. He used to be shown by Dilwyn Farms as a hunter before he took to steeplechasing and, just at first, he didn't take to it any too well. He could run all right, but he was so rank that his jumping was problematical. This year, under Morris Dixon's clever handling, he can run, jump, and be rated as well and improves so in every race that he runs that one wonders just how good he will be when he reaches his limit.

About the only other chance a steeplechase horse has to win any real money is in the American Grand National at Belmont Park. There is a possibility that another seafaring man will win this too. Greentree Farm's Sailor Beware is moody, temperamental, and pretty inconsistent, but if he makes up his mind to run his best race, he might win the Grand National again in the same sensational way that he did last year.

Month in the field

(*Continued from page 14*)

don't the others locate somewhere in the United States if it is nearer, cheaper, and they can give their clients a better money's worth? The answer to this according to our adviser is that most of the handlers don't go up to train dogs at all. Instead, they leave their duties to assistants and make their summers a vacation away from the dogs, spending the time fishing or what have you. Your dog will probably be worked, but the chances are, not by the man you are paying to do it. He says that his accusations are substantiated by the fact that few public trainers have won with new dogs, and that even the private trainers win only with dogs that have been broken in quail country. In other words, as he delicately puts it, it is nothing but a racket—but then perhaps he exaggerates.

TEXAS. Although Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, and the Carolinas are commonly regarded as the big circuit states, with New Jersey, New York, and New England important in the spring, most people do not realize the importance of Texas in the Pointer and Setter world. The Texas people are taking the sport to heart and have formed an association of clubs that are running trials of sufficient importance to attract the leading professionals. Each year the association runs trials over the famous King Ranch with purses that are probably the largest offered at any trial these days. The topography of Texas is well suited for field trials, and more important still is the fact that birds are to be found in greater abundance there than in any other section of the United States. The late A. F. Hochwalt went to the Texas trials during the last few years in preference to those run by the veteran Southern clubs. It was his opinion that Texas had the outstanding trials of the country.

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Published monthly at Erie Avenue, F to G Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., by the Country Life-American Home Corporation. W. H. Eaton, President-Treasurer. Henry L. Jones, Vice-President. Jean Austin, Secretary. Executive, Editorial and Advertising headquarters, 444 Madison Avenue, New York. Subscription Department, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York. Branches for advertising only: 248 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; Archer A. King, Inc., 410 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; A. D. McKinney, 915 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.; W. F. Coleman, Henry Building, Seattle, Wash.; W. F. Coleman, 485 California St., San Francisco, Calif.; W. F. Coleman, 530 West 6th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Copyright, 1938, by the Country Life-American Home Corporation. All rights reserved. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

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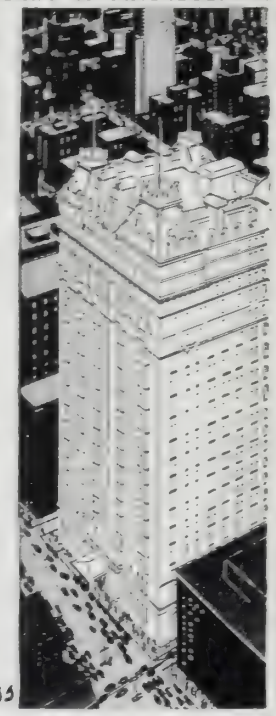

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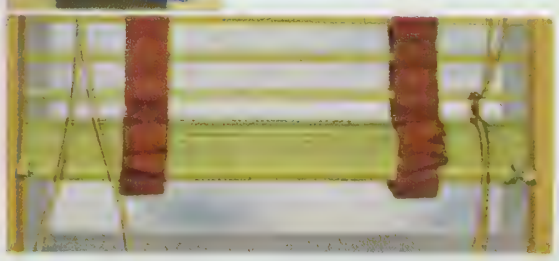

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Isle of Paradoxes
WAKE

Photographs by the Author

HARLAN MAJOR

WAKE ISLAND was below us. Captain Sullivan, our pilot, had known exactly where in the vast reaches of the Pacific he was going to find it. The ground crew and hotel staff were ready for us, and in no time at all we were enjoying a swim in the unbelievably clear water of the lagoon. The China Clipper had traveled straight to its destination as though it had been a train on rails. What a change since Wake first faltered into the pages of history!

To this day geologists cannot agree as to how this little atoll, barely four miles long, managed to push itself above the surface of the Pacific. It is formed entirely of coral made by a living Coelenterata which cannot live in water deeper than 125 feet. Yet the ocean bottom all around Wake is more than three miles deeper than the depth at which coral can live. Maybe a lofty mountain peak reaches up to support it, but if so it is a one-peak mountain rising sheer from an ocean bottom otherwise flat for hundreds of miles in every direction.

Seemingly, the first information regarding the discovery of Wake is told in the July, 1899, issue of the "Independent" which reads, "This island, in regards to which records are obscure, appears to have been discovered in the year 1796 by the British ship *Prince William Henry* whose skipper was, perhaps, a Captain Wake." The best we can surmise is it *appears* to have been discovered and if so *perhaps* by a Captain Wake. As late as 1841, the *Vincennes* of the Wilkes Exploring Expedition had considerable difficulty locating and fixing the bearings of the island. History had been able to record few of the early meetings of Wake and man, but cruising off the outer reef one can see several anchors nearly overgrown by coral, each the mute evidence of such meetings. One seven-foot anchor, salvaged from the reef and hauled ashore, now stands on a concrete foundation as a monument to those hardy souls of the bark *Libelle* who were wrecked here in 1866. Loaded with trade goods and gold, as well as thirty-one passengers and crew, the bark was making its way from Bremen to the Orient. All lives and the cargo were saved, but gold and trade goods could not take the place of fresh water which could not be found on Wake. Repairing their long-boat and gig, two thirds of them crowded into the twenty-two foot long-boat, and the rest joined Captain Tobias in the smaller gig. Nothing was ever heard of the Captain's boat, but eighteen days later the half-dead survivors grounded their long-boat at Guam, fifteen hundred miles away. The gold is still buried on the island, and this is only one of the many closely guarded secrets that Wake is keeping.

When Pan American brought modern precision to the island, Wake could no longer revel in mysteries, but instead is enjoying an existence of oddities and contradictions. My purpose at Wake was fishing and, of course, procuring bait was one of the early details to be looked after. The lagoon seemed full of mullet. These being too fast for anything but a throw net, which I did not have, I was pondering over some sort of trap that would take them when one of the construction crew, an ex-sailor named Murphy, offered to get me all the mullet I wanted after dark. Our equipment consisted of an iron bar and a flashlight for each of us, and two burlap sacks. We headed for the north side of the island in the water between the outer reef and the shore, and there to my surprise Murphy walked out into the water and proceeded to hit unsuspecting mullet over the head with the iron bar. It was all just as simple as that, and in a short time we had enough bait for two days' fishing, as well as some for the table. This may be done elsewhere, but Wake is the first place I have been able to get my bait with a club.

EACH with a partially filled sack over his shoulder, we started back to the hotel, picking our way through the brush and broken coral with the aid of flashlights. Suddenly, Murphy who was leading stopped and pointed the beam of his light to a cluster of hermit crabs. "They're going to change shells," he told me. "Let's sit down and wait for them to put on their show."

"How can a crab change its shell," I asked, as I tried my best to be comfortable on a sharp piece of coral.

"Hermit crabs," explained Murphy, "are unable to grow a protecting shell over the abdomen, which makes them easy prey, so the crab finds a discarded mollusk shell into which he thrusts his unprotected paunch. That's why you see snail shells walking around with the legs of a crab. He will not leave this borrowed shell until he outgrows it, and usually several of them make the change at the same time." There were about a dozen crabs in the group we were watching, all lined up like soldiers on parade rest, the largest at the head of the line down to the smallest at the other end. Another shell, the largest of the group but empty, headed the line and this is what had indicated there was about to be a move. Soon, we heard a movement of one of the shells as it grated on the coarse sand, and we returned the beams of our flashlights toward them. Everything was in confusion. The largest crab had forsaken the safety of his

shell and was making for the empty one. His abandoned shell was already being moved into by the next one, and each crab was hustling into a shell one size larger. In a surprisingly short time they were all settled in their new homes and only the smallest shell was left vacant. Their leases had all expired at the same time, and they had moved —not unlike apartment dwellers of New York on October first.

Leaving the crabs, we had not progressed far when the ground broke beneath me, and I found myself knee deep in a hole. "Moaning birds," muttered Murphy.

"What do you mean, 'moaning birds'," I returned, "I've walked into a woodchuck hole."

"No woodchucks on this island, but if there were, they would have to take lessons in digging from these moaning birds. Can't you hear them?" I *was* aware of a weird sound in the brush around me. It would have been scary had it not been for its musical intonation as the birds began their chant all around us.

"Moaning birds live in these holes in the ground which they dig for themselves. They stay in them all day and at night come out to do their flying and moaning. You'll fall into plenty of these holes while you are here."

Next morning on our way to the boat, George Ferris, who was to be my boatman, pointed out some funny-looking birds that were running around back of the kitchen. In shape and color not unlike sparrows, they were larger and had longer legs. "They sure can run!" I remarked.

"They have to," answered George. "They can't fly, or swim. They are flightless rails, and this kind is not known in any other part of the world. Like the rats around here, they will eat anything and are good scavengers. Before we started cleaning out the rats, there were more rats than rails, and the only way the rails could get food was to sprint to it before the rats could get there. Both of them like hermit crabs, which are safe except when changing shells, and when this does happen it becomes a three-cornered race, the rail trying to outrun the rat and the crab trying to get safely hidden in the new shell before either can reach him."

"When we first came here," he continued, "we even had to keep our soap out of their reach to keep the rats from stealing it. We made a good trap out of an empty gasoline drum by cutting out the head and then replacing it with a platform that would tip the rat into the drum when he came for the food dangled above it. This trap did wonders, and at the end of the first day the bottom of the drum was covered with several layers of live rats. Then, came the problem of killing them. One or two rats could be dispatched with a club, but a bushel of them was a different matter. Someone suggested carrying the drum —rats and all—out to the end of the dock and dumping them into the lagoon. This seemed the easiest way and soon the entire colony of rats was unceremoniously dumped into the water several hundred feet from shore. One of the bystanders remarked that it was not a good idea to have all the dead rats floating around in the water where we did our swimming. The rats may have had the same idea, at least they solved the problem. As though drilled for just such an emergency, they turned their heads towards land and in solid formation swam ashore, where they proceeded to preach the dangers of gasoline drums to their friends. At any rate, our new trap never did as well after that!"

The contradictions of Wake were making themselves known quickly. Life on Wake Island seemed to consist of one paradox after another. The evening before, we took fish with clubs and fell (*Continued on page 94*)

Else Bostelmann

Brilliant colors characterize the fish of the shallow waters of the North Pacific Ocean—like those that, at Wake Island, "always seemed to be hungry." Here are two bright red Lebastes or, in Japanese, ara-kabu, which means rockfish; and three of the smaller, more mottled Apagons

Photographs by the author

En Plein Air

—or the legend that men don't like picnics

ROBESON BAILEY

THE antics of several men I know vividly confirm the above legend. If you so much as speak the word to them, they will double up as though kicked in the stomach by a mule and will emit ghastly retching noises. No doubt they are remembering olivenaise sandwiches and warm gingerale (and I for one should as soon have my stomach insulted by the hoof of a mule as by this sort of pap), and horrid glucks and glurries plopping out of vacuum jars, and ants in the food and ants in the pants, and an altogether excruciating boredom. It's one thing to picnic for the sake of the kiddies; it's quite another to do it in the name of adult pleasure. Now I happen to subscribe to a quaint theory that things done in the name of pleasure ought to be recognizably pleasurable. It requires no theorizing to make the statement that the average picnic is just good old-fashioned agony.

Nevertheless, there are picnics and picnics. The picnics I mean to write about are nothing so much as outdoor gatherings of congenial adults for the purposes of consuming good food and drink, and enjoying each other's company. Note especially, please, that I said *good* food and drink, for that is all-important.

Perhaps there is something sissy about our picnics. We penetrate no wilderness, we climb no mountains before we eat; we don't, as a rule, go more than a hundred yards farther than our cars can take us. Often, we eat right out on somebody's front lawn (some member of our group, be it understood) under the trees. But wherever we eat, there you will find tables and benches and well-constructed fireplaces, and a supply of seasoned wood cut to precise lengths. This means, among other blessings, escape from fussing and petty annoyance, escape from twigs and ashes in your food and down your neck; it means that the coffee goes down your gullet at the proper time, and not over the coals when a log breaks; it means a chance to enjoy your food and your friends in postures more or less habitual to the human animal. It means, finally, that picnics can be fun instead of misery. If this be sissiness, make the utmost of it.

Any gustatory occasion of festive pretensions demands drinks preceding, accompanying, and following the eats. Let us first talk, therefore, about liquor. You should certainly serve a round or two of good cocktails, for there is something peculiarly salubrious about alcohol consumed *en plein air*. Be sure they are *good* cocktails—none of your shaken-up-beforehand-and-brought-along-in-vacuum-bottle Martinis. Bring your ingredients with you, along with plenty of ice and the old family shaker, and brew up your regular living-room potions with as much care as you would give them at home. Your guests can see what they're getting, and the ancient suspicions against picnic fare

of any kind are not revived. Don't hesitate to serve appropriate wine with the main course, which is to say wine good enough to take seriously, for it will be appreciated just as much outdoors as in. There is a heartiness about beer or ale, however, that has long made those malty brews favorites with knowing picnickers. For liqueur, you can't do better than a good brandy, or a really ancient rye, although ladies, for some unaccountable reason, are likely to prefer Chartreuse, Benedictine, or one of the many other sweet liqueurs.

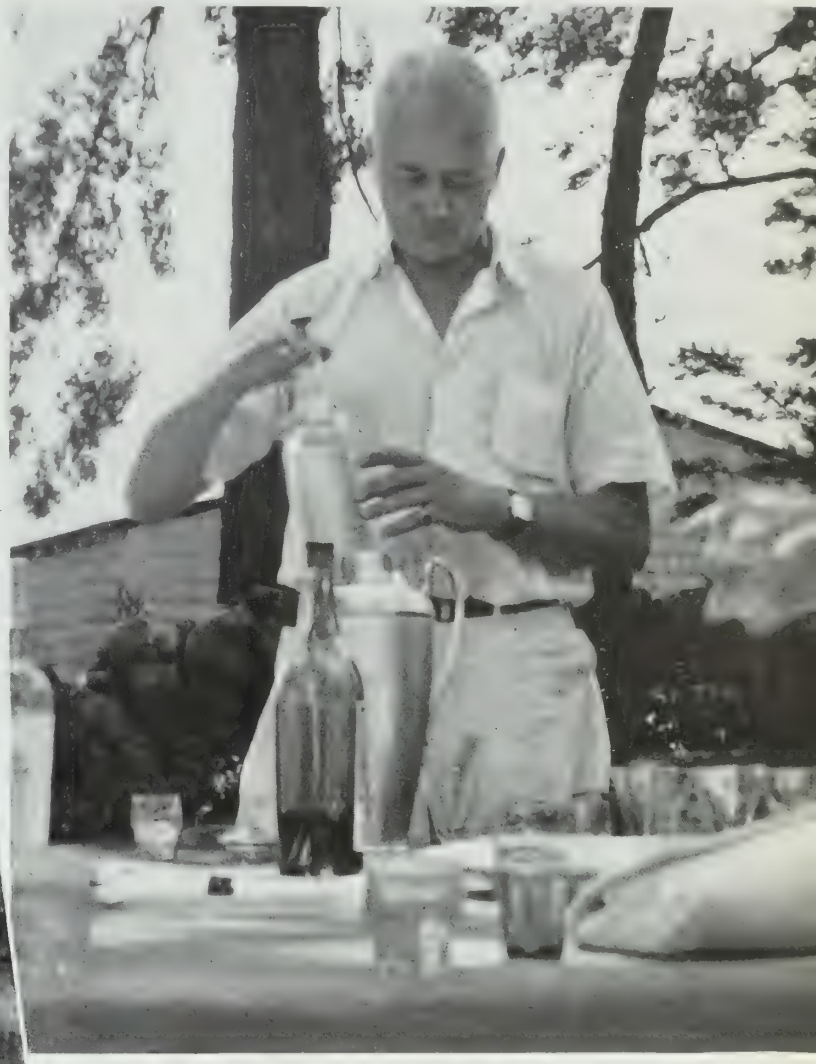
Now for the food. There is wide variety, of course, but it seems to me that nothing is better than grilled meat as the basis for any outdoor meal. Of all grillable meats, three-and-a-half to four-and-a-half inch sirloin steaks are tops. Does this seem excessively thick, even to you? Well, I'll take that up in a minute. Get large steaks, rather than individual ones for each picnicker, and you'd better allow a pound per person; appetites have a habit of bulging when the eyes of their owners have watched meat go through the marvelous, yet simple, alchemy of outdoor cooking. For example, last Sunday eighteen of us consumed four huge steaks that averaged four pounds and a little over; there wasn't enough left to give a Mexican Hairless dyspepsia. Kidney lamb chops, cut to a thickness that the average butcher boy simply can't understand, are also delicious.

Why this emphasis on thickness? Because you want to cook your meat directly on live coals, and if it isn't good and thick, it will shrivel up and dry out. Actually, you'll get more to eat from four pounds of steak in one cut than you will from five one-pound fillets.

In season, broilers are excellent. Wrap them in bacon, or smear them well with olive oil, and broil them on a deep bed of coals. If one of your members fancies himself a chef, let him try his hand at spitting the broilers whole, provided you have the proper fireplace equipment. Your local blacksmith should be consulted here, and while you're about it, a system of removable grates and hooks will save burned fingers as well as a considerable amount of food over a year.

If you live near the sea, and can get really fresh mackerel or bluefish, these make very fine food, split and broiled over coals. And if you live in a game bird country, pheasant, grouse, woodcock, quail, and snipe are the last words in autumn dietary. They're easy enough to cook, too. The small birds can be panbroiled whole, or split, and grouse and young pheasants should be split and broiled like broilers. By the way, you can purchase pheasants for eating from most game farms throughout the year; I understand that you can always get them in the fancier New York markets, and at not too high a price. It's perfectly legal, of course, since these fine game birds are easy to raise, and it is permissible to buy them for food in most states, provided they have not been released. Nevertheless, a "boughten" bird can never taste quite as good as one you've shot yourself. Indeed, of all prior-to-cooking seasonings for game birds, my vote goes for 7½ chilled shot!

If you must have sauces, here are two that are easy to prepare and which don't kill the flavor of the meats. For steak, throw together a half bottle of A-1 Sauce, two pounds of butter, a slug of Worcestershire, salt, and red and black pepper, and (*Continued on page 100*)



Grouped around this page are several pointers for picnics that men will enjoy. First of all, no shaken-up-before cocktails! Mix them on the spot, and with as much care as you would at home. Left: A real meal and good beer to wash it down. Below: Big, thick steaks are much better than individual fillets—but be sure they're thick!

H. Armstrong Roberts

TRAINING the

YOUNG SHOOTING DOG

Words of wisdom taken from the experience of an old bird dog trainer that have a message for the young sportsman with his first dog as well as for the veteran of many seasons

H. Armstrong Roberts

HOMER LEE EVANS

EACH year when early fall comes many sportsmen start looking for good young Pointers and Setters that can be used for quail, grouse, and pheasants during the coming open season and for many years after. Some of these sportsmen are experienced and know the kind of dog they want and where to get it, and equally important, they know what to do with him after he is theirs. In other words they have the ability to give him the work and training that he needs or else they have a reliable trainer who can do the job. However, the majority of sportsmen are in sore need of assistance in the choice and care of a good young dog and it is to these, and particularly to those of the younger generation who want to train their own dogs, that this article is directed.

Well-bred and well-trained dogs will, as usual, be expensive this fall, so before you put down your good dollars for a dog you should use the greatest of care in the matter of selection. First of all choose a reliable kennel. Study its offerings closely; pedigrees should be traced for they are all important in choosing field dogs. Though bloodlines are largely a matter of personal taste, be sure to get a hardy strain and one that has produced many good bird dogs. Looks are important too in the choice of the individual, but color, like the bloodlines, is a matter of personal choice. The main thing after you have studied all the ancestral histories and photographs the kennel owner has is to pick a youngster with nice headlines, trim legs, good lung space, and the best markings possible.

Your newly purchased youngster is apt to be a bit timid, but this is only natural and in most cases is a minor fault easily corrected. Take him afield as much as possible and get to be his pal. Spend every idle moment in yard breaking to gain an early confidence, but be careful not to develop a careless, playful spirit by too much retrieving of old balls, gloves, or sticks. Afield, check the good traits, and give affectionate caresses in return for obeyed commands such as heeling and working the birdy places. Old-time trainers use only short and spare words in speaking to a young dog, and they keep such commands in the same voice tones always, so that in time the young dog becomes educated to the meaning of the words and the tones in which they are spoken. Once birds are scented "Whoa, Ben" is sufficient, spoken in a stern but soft voice, and there should be no noisy approach to the pointing dog; never a barrage of idle commands, even for heeling, ranging, and retrieving. If the intelligent birdy youngster moves up too close on birds, his trainer owner should sharply command "Steady, Ben" with voice a notch higher than before. In season or out, if shots are to be fired over a properly pointing dog, the flush and shooting should never be a jumble of commands and shots. Chances are that with most young dogs there will be some innocent, wild field races after flighty wild coveys. It's like a spark of fire near a dry powder keg with the hidden birds so temptingly close to his nose, and after a trying season of holding steady and backing older dogs the youngster is apt to yield to temptation if you don't use every trick of the trade to help him overcome it. For this reason there should never be a false move on the trainer's part nor idle, unjust words. A master's kind hand on the rump of a pointing pup is the best kind of positive encouragement.

It's a proved fact that young birds that have not been shot at are apt to be wild and easy to flush ahead of a working dog . . . the approach of man and dog is all so new to them, and many a pup has taken an unjust flogging for having flushed this type of bird. It is the birds that have heard the bark of varied guns in season that lie well for a pointing dog, so use common sense before accusing a pup of carelessly flushing a covey.

Give the pointing pup time on all his points. If he makes a mistake call him in and speak to him calmly if the offense is minor. Any young dog will flush some birds, point falsely, and run an occasional rabbit, but he doesn't deserve a switching for these. Short stern commands are sufficient. However many a young prospect gets the habit of flushing birds intentionally, and when a choke collar is placed around his sleek neck he goes into a hysterical state. It is a terrible sight to see a fast field trial dog run the full thirty foot length of a strong coiled rope when chasing birds, only to be jerked into the air like a kite at the end. Moreover this is often the justifiable cause of the fear-struck, timid dog.

Some hunters—you couldn't call them sportsmen—have been known to shoot their dogs with bird shot for these minor faults—a brutal risky act. Suppose the innocent dog, running a rabbit or chasing a flushed bird, turns his head just as the hunter fires. An eye may be shot out or if a pellet should hit a vital spot a valuable dog might be brutally murdered. Furthermore, only brutal and foolish hunters will hit dogs with clubs and rocks. Have you ever, during a day afield seen a friend lose his temper when his shooting dog made a bad blunder and let a big boot toe bang into the poor brute's side? Well? For such men there should be penal

George French

sentences, but then some so-called sportsmen are strange creatures and do not deserve good dogs. Why, this writer on any number of trips afield in early fall when the weather was still warm has seen men keep their dogs for many minutes on a posed point while some picture-taking nut tried for lengthy snapshots of the heat-racked, pointing dog. It is killing and brutal to make any dog hold a point long in warm weather. It is far better to hurry the flush and then call your dog in for some reasonable rest. Remember he has held back his hot tongue in his mouth, and breathing and scenting the birds have been hard.

Younger dogs are inclined to become highly excitable and nervous in the early fall months and should have every consideration and protection. Don't hunt a young pup to the point of exhaustion. Let his runs be graduated—two hours the first few days and so on until body muscles become accustomed to full, hard-working days. In the shorter days afield, no food should be given the young dog until he returns home but as soon as he can go through an entire day's hunt he should be fed, but only during rest periods. The meal had best be of a good and easily digestible type, such as ground beef balls mixed with salmon. Dog biscuits are not so easily digested and it is wise to leave them out of the diet when the dog is hunting hard. Some people claim that running fits may be caused by the too dry foods that some dog owners feed regularly and it is quite possible that by causing the digestive organs to stop functioning they are the cause of this disorder, which is a pitiful sight to see.

It is such a difficult problem for most young dog owners to make a dog a force retriever that this had best be left in the hands of some professional trainer, but if the youngster is a natural retriever you are indeed fortunate, for a good retriever will get many a dead or crippled bird from water or heavy cover that would otherwise be lost. Those faults which one cannot overcome at home or afield should be noted in a small book. Then if you send your dog to a professional trainer for finishing after the season is over these notes will give him something tangible to work on.

Great care should be exercised in choosing a trainer. Ask for the names of satisfied clients; if possible visit the prospective trainer's kennel and see how your dog would be taken care of. Though in the last few years many good gun dog handlers have had to go out of business—this fact plus the shorter season for game birds no doubt being the cause of the many unsteady Pointers and Setters you see these days—there are still many reliable ones left. If you have a dog that is well bred and with good general hunting ability, but hard headed about such things as retrieving, backing, or flushing birds, a good trainer can work wonders. The best of these men have a dog-wisdom that is almost uncanny. It is through these reliable and skilful trainers that we may stop the plague of loose breeding, cold-blooded strains, and unsteady dogs that has come about in the last few years.

Many an excellent young prospect has been cheated out of a great field career by delinquent after-season attention on his owner's part. Once hunting days are over many young owners confuse their dogs with idle talk and, to the dog, meaningless commands, and this is very bad for any well-started young dog. Many unjust switchings have come from confusing sentences which the dog does not understand, and these in turn may cause shyness which if continued will detract from the dog's desire to find birds. There is also a tendency for young sportsmen to go in for too many yard breaking tricks. The dog chasing thrown sticks amid great hilarity on the part of his master learns nothing about finding, handling, and pointing birds. There is only one way to develop a decent shooting dog and that is with live birds and plenty of them. Systematic rules must be laid down and followed every trip afield, and a closed season shouldn't mean the end of training. Keep right on with a camera slung over your shoulder; take plenty of pictures. They will give you many helpful hints for future reference and will, among other things, show faulty points, ugly poses, and the places where you found game.

Nelson Edward

In choosing the breed most suited for your purposes the shooting territory you plan to frequent the most should be taken into consideration. If it is lowland country, abounding in weeds, briars, and sharp burrs, a big strong Pointer is a good bet, but while he is young it is best to be careful about forcing him into punishing cover. Here an old dog will come in handy since his years of actual field work will have taught him to use his nose to advantage and he will wind birds and point without actually going into painful dense cover. It is amusing to see an old experienced Pointer standing birds he has traced into thick cover, hoping that his anxious master will come up and make the flush, thus saving him those many tiny stings of sharp briar points on his short-haired body.

Setters with their heavy coats have no fear of thick bird cover, but in the flat and burr-flecked marshlands there are times when burrs mass up under forelegs and tail until the dogs almost refuse to work. It is not advisable to work a young setter under such difficult conditions for it may make a heeler out of him—the dog which refuses to leave his master's side. The bird hunter is indeed fortunate if he owns two dogs, a Setter and a Pointer. This is the ideal combination if he hunts over a varied terrain. Moreover in rugged country he can almost always keep in sight of at least one dog where with only one, and that one perhaps not steady, many a bird may be flushed unnoticed. In working thick cover a young dog may be lost so often that the sportsman spends most of his time dog hunting instead of bird hunting and it can become pretty discouraging.

Well-broken young dogs hunting the more open land in hilly regions will, if run often in such sections, know where to locate birds quickly, and they soon become self-trained as to the proper distance from their master they should hunt. But on less dense, level country the younger bloods have a tendency to miss many a brown covey as they hunt too fast and far off. This (*Continued on page 94*)

THE SPORTSWOMAN

One of the crew climbs the mast to fix the jib cable during the races for the Long Island Women's Yachting Championship at the American Yacht Club in Rye

Watching the trotters at Goshen, Elizabeth and Phyllis Harriman, Cynthia Thorndike between them

Right: Mrs. E. Roland Harriman prepared for a race at the Goshen track

MRS. JORROCKS

It is impossible to pick from the numerous amusements that September has to offer any special event that definitely stands out as the one thing that *must* be seen. There are plenty of things that mustn't be missed: Belmont Park, The Bryn Mawr Horse and Hound Show, The Foxcatcher Hounds Race Meeting, and the Polo Championships. Field trials will be starting and regattas will be finishing and, all in all, the sportswoman will find little difficulty in occupying her time no matter what her tastes may be. But there is one thing that comes along in the fall which carries an appeal that is ageless, classless, and almost international in its breadth—the Country Fair—cattle shows, dog shows, baby shows, horse shows, and racing all in one great enclosure. Wild West, vaudeville, midways, and fireworks. Exhibitions of practically everything coming under the "twenty questions" designations of animal, vegetable, and mineral. A cavalcade of sights, sounds, sensations, and —yes—smells.

Pick your own local fair and, while there, see the one or two things that are of special interest to you—there are bound to be at least that many—or else wander over the whole business and absorb atmosphere in hunks; there will be plenty of it. Take a shot at the rifle range, baseball throw, or ring toss, and, should you happen to win one of those horrible dolls or calico horses, it will make you feel like a member to walk around with it under your arm. Smear your face with spun sugar from a stick while you gape at the farm machinery—you'll just be conspicuous if it's clean—and marvel at the imitation chinchilla, fox, and ermine worn by the perfectly normal-looking rabbits in cages. What *will* they invent for us next!

"How does she live? How does she live?" Heed the barker's cry and, although it may be an anticlimax when your ten cents admission buys you a view of a dreary-looking woman with a cold in her head sitting in a pen with a lot of comatose

Left: The winning crew in the Rye Championship races tie their spinnaker. Mrs. James Brickell, skipper, and Mrs. Arthur Knapp in foreground

Right: Watching the polo at Phipps Field in Westbury, L. I., is Dolly Von Stade, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Von Stade

Photographs by Rotofotos, Levick, and Klein

Left: Marjory Hasler on R. W. Evans' Arab mare Reymish, in an exhibition at Monmouth County's show

Right: At the Rye races. Charlotte MacIntyre and her mother, Mrs. Donald MacIntyre, the crew from the Riverside Yacht Club

cobras and rattlesnakes, the sight of the hairless horse will dispel the gloom because it will inspire a burning question as to the amount of depilatory it must take to create and maintain such a vast expanse of revolting nakedness. Walk the length of the concessions. Wander through the buildings. Eat a really extraordinarily good luncheon under the tent of the Ladies' Alliance and then, as exhaustion creeps up on you, retire to your seat in the grandstand where you may watch the track, ring, and stage events in comfort. No one, no matter whether they be old or young, rich or poor, native or foreign, can ever afford to let one single season pass without taking in a fair, because year after year, although they are always alike, they are always different.

FISHING. Lying comfortably pillowed on a sand dune, I watched a group of people, knee-deep in the surf, casting their lines into the Atlantic, and I let my thoughts dwell on fishing. For hours they stood there. Their arms must have ached from holding their heavy tackle and their legs from the pounding of the breakers, which were high and strong enough to make it difficult for them to stand upright, yet all of them put together didn't catch any more fish than I did on my dune. Physically they were miserable and I was comfortable, but the fact that in their hands they held implements which stirred their minds to the constant expectation of sudden excitement kept them at their posts. This, it seems, is a sensation for which fishermen will suffer discomfort that sometimes comes very near to being torture. Even the most luxurious of them will leave their well-appointed homes where the least lapse from perfection will cause a riot and transport themselves to the wildest parts of the world where they eat miserable food, sleep in dreadful beds, bathe sketchily, if at all, and endure the bites and stings of every sort of bug. They will spend days rolling around in a dirty, smelly boat under a blazing sun. They will wallow in swiftly running streams soaked for hours with icy water, risking life and limb on slippery rocks. Can you imagine anyone in his right mind voluntarily submitting to these hardships? There isn't a man or woman alive who would do any one of these things just for the fun of it, and, should criminals be condemned to life sentences of this sort, it would be considered a reversion to the dark ages. As a punishment it would destroy even a fisherman. But put a rod in his hand and the remote possibility of a fish in the water and, as if by magic, he is transformed into the happiest human being on earth. No combination of drugs or drink—opium, hasheesh, chloroform, or ether could make the mind any more unconscious of pain. I wonder if a surgeon has ever tried operating on anyone under the anesthetic influence of fishing. I doubt if the patient would feel it at all.

But I had no rod in my hand. The sand was getting hard, the sun was getting hot, and the flies were biting me. The fishermen still stood in the surf, but I was getting bored. Decidedly, fishing is not a spectator sport even under the best of circumstances. Even so, fishing has something to offer those who only sit and watch. Leaving the dune, I headed for the market to buy one of the biggest and best for dinner.

FLYING. Is courage the complete lack of the capacity to imagine disaster or is it more truly the recognizing and discarding of it? And where, in all the phases between and beyond, does courage leave off and cowardice begin? Interesting, sometimes, to attempt to analyze the mental reactions of people who do difficult and dangerous things. I can't, for instance, credit Corrigan with much practical imagination. If he could have pictured what *might* have happened to him and the time, expense, danger, and general bother that would have been involved should he have met with trouble, he never could have attempted a transatlantic solo in a condemned plane. No matter how sensational the idea of success might be, a personal, mental preview of defeat would have made the hero a rather ridiculous figure and the whole business pretty anticlimactic. In contrast, Hughes, it seems to me, showed by his intelligent preparation for his phenomenal trip around the world that he had the type of mind that was conscious of danger. He was capable of imagining things that might happen and doing whatever was humanly possible to guard against them. Once planned for, these possibilities were probably filed away in the back of his head, but he had something definite to prove for the future of aviation, and he wasn't trusting to chance any more than he had to. These are two gallant men, certainly, but which has the finer brand of courage?

The finals of the women's doubles at the Seabright Tourna... Fabyan, Miss Alice Marble, Mme. Sylvia Henrotin, and Miss Andrus

Above: Autographing programs for two admirers at the Seabright Tennis Tournament in New Jersey is Dorothy Bundy

Above: President of the Monmouth County Kennel Club, Mrs. Amory Haskell, who, with Mr. Haskell, is owner of Woodland Farms

Above: The wife of a ten-goal polo player is kept busy. Mrs. Stewart B. Iglehart is shown watching from the sidelines at a game in Westbury, L. I.

Left: The start of the annual Seaplane cruise from Sands Point, L. I. Mrs. James Paul Mills, who formerly was Miss Alice du Pont

Above: In the roll of spectator. Louise Finch, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Finch, is an expert rider in the hunting field and showring

Water color by P. Dubant, Courtesy of the Sporting Gallery and Bookshop

"The Forgotten Race"

NEIL NEWMAN

ANNUALLY on the final day of its autumn meeting the Westchester Racing Association programs at beautiful Belmont Park the most colorful and the most important steeplechase on the Western Hemisphere, the Grand National. Despite the fact that the Grand National dwarfs any steeplechase run in this country and as a spectacle is incomparably more interesting to watch than the famed Grand National at Aintree, for some inexplicable reason the American Grand National does not attract a tithe of the publicity, or with the exception of the steeplechasing fraternity, a fraction of the interest that is accorded the Grand National abroad and, to a lesser extent, the Maryland Cup in this country.

Admittedly the Grand National at Aintree has a hundred years of tradition behind it; it is run over the longest steeplechase course in the world, 4 miles 856 yards; and it is international in its appeal. In its history it has been won by horses bred in England, Ireland, France, New Zealand, and the United States. And of late years, it must be confessed, international interest in the Aintree classic has been greatly stimulated by the fact that it is one of the three races selected by the Irish hospitals as a foundation for one of their famous "sweeps."

But with all due respect to the universal interest in the Aintree Grand National, I submit the race is primarily a "stunt"; its very conditions put a premium on stamina and jumping at the expense of speed. After carefully watching the running of the 1937 renewal, won by Royal Mail, in which thirty-three started and but seven finished, I came away with the conclusion that fifty per cent of the starters had been entered primarily to satisfy the vanity of their owners, and with the hope that by a lucky fluke they might win.

I left Aintree firmly convinced that no country in the world boasts of thirty-three first-class steeplechasers capable of first-class performances over the Aintree course and was sure that none of the horses that participated in the Grand National of 1937 would finish as high as fourth in the average American Grand National for the simple reason the majority of them were utterly devoid of speed, mere plodders, relying principally on their ability to "pop over" the fences and continue to the finish in the hope that accidents to their less fortunate rivals or some other kind of mishap might ensure them of a victory or at least a position well up at the finish.

The soundness of this hypothesis seems to have been borne out in this year's renewal. The American-bred Battleship, despite his ten years, had sufficient speed on the flat after clearing the last fence to catch his rivals and win going away. Similarly in 1928 the American horse Billy Barton had his field "chopped" for speed. He led almost from the outset until he came a cropper at the last fence, thereby insuring the victory of the Irish-bred Tipperary Tim, the only horse to negotiate the course without having a mishap in a field of forty-two.

It has long been a matter of speculation in steeplechase circles why more attention has not been paid to the American Grand National, and the ignorance and lack of interest on the part of the racing public relative to this great race are difficult to explain. Primarily, I think this may be due to the fact that it forms part of a program which also includes running of the Futurity and the Jockey Club Gold Cup. The Westchester Racing Association offers the racing public for the final day of its autumn meeting the finest racing program run in the United States, or the world for that matter, in one day—the outstanding steeplechase of the year, The Grand National; the greatest two-year-old race in the world, the Futurity; and the most important distance race run on the Eastern Hemisphere, the Jockey Club Gold Cup. And the fact that the Grand National is the second race on the program tends slightly to detract from its importance, because on that day spectators are streaming into Belmont Park until well after the third race and many of them miss the finest spectacle of the entire afternoon, the Grand National.

Taking the Grand National at Aintree, the Maryland Cup, and the Grand National at Belmont Park, the latter is unequivocally the finest spectacle. The very distance of the Aintree classic, just short of four and one half miles, detracts from it as a spectacle as Argus himself would find it impossible to see the entire running. When the race is broadcast the broadcasting company finds it necessary to employ three men at different points of observation to describe its running. As for the Maryland Cup, the (*Continued on page 98*)

The GARDENS of Samuel A. Salvage, esq.

The gardens of this Glen Head, Long Island, estate, designed to go with the house, which is of the Seventeenth Century Cotswold style, are rich in the appeal of intimacy and simplicity. Above, the rose garden which connects with the grass terrace (shown at the right) where the large, well-placed honey locust is such a dominant feature. The steps at the left of the rose garden lead to the perennial garden glimpsed beyond. Below, a part of the main garden and the tea house designed by Mr. Bullard. Here a box hedge edges both the main grass path and the enclosed grass circle in the center of which is a severely simple, circular reflection pool above which hang the branches of a large crabapple tree.

HARRY G. HEALY, *Photographer* ROGER BULLARD, *Architect*

ELLEN SHIPMAN, *Landscape Architect*

This profusion of petunias is in the very simple Cotswold garden which relates to the gate house at the estate entrance. The swimming pool seen at the right is flanked by a hemlock hedge behind which on both sides rise dogwood trees. The curving steps in the distance (designed, like all the other architectural garden details except the tea house, by Mrs. Shipman) are so planned that their reflection in the pool gives the effect of a waterfall. Below, a view down a side path in the main garden and a glimpse of the conical tile roof of the dove cote. Below, right, a gnarled old apple tree rises from the terrace that lies between the house and the main garden, from which the gate leads to the entrance court.

POLO from the Near-Side

ARTHUR W. LITTLE, JR.

THE rain had stopped—for a minute. The sky was breaking—our heart. And water lay in pools in low places on the ground and still dripped from the trees as we sallied forth in search of some ideas. Not that we expected to find any, but it seemed a good excuse to get out in the open air. And, after all, when it rains for forty days—and for seven days and seven nights continuously—a fellow who tries to write about polo gets downright desperate.

The first stop was at the Burnt Mills Club, Bedminster, New Jersey, where the national junior championship, already postponed so many times that there were but four teams left in the entry list, was supposed to start that afternoon with a double-header, one game at five o'clock and the other at six.

Harry East, the diminutive former 8-goal British playing-manager, who is one of the famous coaches who can point with justifiable pride to many of the younger students of the galloping game, East and West, who are now nearing the high-goal ranks, thanks to his tireless efforts, came up with a cordial welcome and asked, "What's new?"

"Nothing," we replied despondently. "Not a thing—unless it's the sun, up there." Together we looked up. Old Sol, not looking a day older, had, believe it or not, poked through gray clouds, and little patches of blue were beginning to show overhead at "long last."

"Don't say a word," Harry almost whispered.

"Why do you play these games so late in the afternoon?" we asked, and then cheerfully added, "We'll get another storm sure as anything later on."

"We shouldn't be playing on those fields at all," said Harry seriously. He sat on his booted heels, cowboy fashion, as he spoke, and poked a finger down into the soft turf. "See? they haven't had a chance to dry out. We need all the time we can have to get them back in shape. See that man out there with the mowing machine? He's been doing that for about twenty-two hours—most of last night, too, I understand!"

"So you have your troubles over here also! The Long Island fields haven't dried out yet either, and I hear you had even more rain over this way." As we spoke, Harry gave us one of those looks . . . as if we were a No. 1 who had tried an impossible shot under our pony's neck for goal from a difficult angle on the back line—instead of back-centering the ball with a well-directed tail shot for an on-coming team-mate.

"I had a letter from Ann Jackson the other day," he said, switching the subject to more cheerful thoughts. He referred to Mrs. Charles H. "Pete" Jackson, Jr., of Santa Barbara, wife of the California poloist whose Santa Barbara team won the Junior Championship last year in the East. "Her Santa Barbara Girls' team won the U. S. Women's championship in San Francisco the other day, you know, beating Mrs. Deming Wheeler's Pogonip team by 4 to 3 in the final chukker. She said that Pete Jackson was taking his Intra-Circuit Championship Coast Four (Converse Converse, Hale Marsh, Alec Bullock, and Jackson) to Chicago for the National Intercircuit title tourney at the Oakbrook Club on August 27th. She also said that Peter Perkins was playing some of the late Baron von Romberg's string of fine mounts . . . and playing them very well too."

Rube Williams, who was scheduled to play with Monmouth County in that second game of the afternoon that was rained out, paused as he walked by.

"Yes, I know these are dull days for fellows like you," he sympathized when we asked him what he knew. He shook his head sadly. "No, we haven't played down around Rumson since the fourteenth and here it is the 30th of July! Well, I guess things will pick up in a few weeks, when these spring rains stop and summer comes around.

George Oliver, with Bill Braid, the former Broadmoor sportsman who is playing at Rumson this summer after a season at Del Monte

Mrs. Michael Phipps presents the League Cup to the winning team, the Aiken Knights. Left to right are A. Wooley, Stewart Iglehart, Mrs. Phipps, Peter Rumsey, and Peter Grace

Mrs. Robert Young, wife of the well-known gentleman rider, on the sidelines at the Meadow Brook Club with Robert Jr

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Guest watching from the sidelines

Miss Daphne Peabody, a niece of Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Julian Peabody, strolling along the sidelines out at Meadow Brook

Mr. D. Stewart Iglehart, father of the ten-goaler, watches the matches with daughter Wendy

Left to right at Meadow Brook: Fred Post, Frances Post, Mrs. William Post, Mrs. Fred Post, Mrs. L. E. Stoddard, Jr., and Betty West

Left: Merrill Fink picks a mallet at the Junior Pole Championship at Burnt Mills, New Jersey

Mr. Robert E. Strawbridge, Jr., the present chairman of the U. S. Polo Association, chats on the sidelines with ex-chairman Louis E. Stoddard

Before play Stewart Iglehart selects a mallet from the rear of his station wagon

Photographs by Jones and Freudy

The Gerry brothers, Robert and Ebby, relax for a moment while playing with Pete Bostwick's team

last winter, sauntered along where we were sitting on the sideboards. "Buster Wharton had his El Ranchito team from Fort Worth, Texas, up at Colorado Springs for awhile," George told us. "Then they shipped on out to Riviera, near Los Angeles, where they had a series of very successful games with Snowy Baker's riders, and later continued on to Santa Barbara and up the Coast to San Mateo-Burlingame and 'Frisco. They're having a great summer season on the West Coast. One thing about it out there at this time of the year—the weather is pretty sure to be okay. When you plan to play polo you usually can count on getting a game . . . Gosh, look at those black clouds banking up behind us there!"

As a matter of fact the double-header was never played. A heavy rain fell during the last two periods of the first game, between Bostwick Field (E. H. Gerry, G. H. Bostwick, R. L. Gerry and C. S. von Stade) and Burnt Mills (C. Johnson, C. C. Combs, C. R. Harrison and R. Johnson). Bobby Gerry, less than a minute after the final bell had tolled, poked through the winning Bostwick Field goal, making the score 9 to 8, after the home Four had come from behind to tie the score. The second game between Aknusti (G. H. Meade, A. Corey, E. T. Gerry, and H. A. Gerry) and Monmouth County (M. Fink, J. Fink, G. Oliver, and H. W. "Rube" Williams) wasn't played until two days later when, also in a downpour, Aknusti staged a late rally to win in the final chukker, 5 to 4. The two familiar Long Island neighbor-rivals, Bostwick Field, with a couple of Gerrys, and Aknusti, with a couple of Gerrys, then had to journey all the way over to New Jersey to meet some days later in the finals for the National Junior title. It was captured eventually by Bostwick Field in a well-played game by the score of 8 to 5.

Cyril Harrison joined the group. "Say, I heard the 124th Field Artillery team in Chicago had a lucky break the other day out at Oakbrook when they won two out of three games with the visiting Cuban army team when one of the Cuban ponies haplessly kicked the ball into the wrong goal after an 8 to 8 tie score in an overtime chukker."

Pete Bostwick came up and said, "Some of us were sitting around in the clubhouse at Bostwick Field the other day after a game lamenting the fact that despite all the money most of us spend on our polo we rarely can get an intelligent person—even a man who speaks English—to wave the red flags behind the goal posts when a score is made. Nobody wants the job. One of the traffic cops of the Nassau County police force, who does such a swell job outside our gates on Jericho Turnpike each Sunday, spoke up with the suggestion that we invite a couple of communists to the games free of charge and place them behind the goal posts. 'It will give you guys something to shoot at. And besides, they like to wave a red flag,' he said in all seriousness. I thought that was a good one!"

The talk switched to the coming national Open Championship which gets under way at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, Long Island, this month—probably on the first Sunday before Labor Day. Bobby Gerry was there by that time. And young Gerry is one player who likes the team he is slated to ride on, Aknusti, makes no bones about saying so, and almost makes you believe in it. Bobby, a former 7-goaler, now at 6, is a hustling No. 2 on the team which will have his brother Elbridge "Ebby," the former 8-goal International spare, up front at No. 1; Capt. C. T. I. "Pat" Roark at No. 3, and Raymond Guest, hard-hitting, hard-riding Back, at No. 4. It is a team that should be very well mounted and Bobby Gerry, at least, is enthusiastic about it.

"I DON'T know," he said, smiling. "I may be goofy, but I really think we have a pretty good chance this year. I like to play in front of Raymond Guest because he's so darn keen all the time. Pat Roark usually plays his best polo in this country and will no doubt be anxious to prove that England has made a mistake in not considering him for their International squad next year . . . and Ebby and I, well, we'll do the best we can." He gave the impression that the Gerry brothers are out to recoup their higher ratings. They may get licked but it won't be because they haven't tried.

It's a curious thing about Pat Roark this year. We saw him play very well in California last winter, on borrowed mounts. But there has been an air of mystery about his performances in England this summer. Certainly there has been no mention of him at all in any of the British papers or foreign sporting journals we've happened upon. Somehow it doesn't seem right that a man who has meant so much to British polo, a former field leader of their International team, and one of the truly great 10-goal stars of all time until very recently, should or could have been so completely overlooked.

We asked a friend who saw some of the English tournaments about Pat Roark and he replied: "Well, you know, Pat just hasn't been hitting well. And when Pat isn't on his hitting game he often kind of coasts along until he gets his eye on the ball again. One game we saw him play, he had Keith Rous and two other good all-around players with him and he was soundly beaten by Darryl Zanuck, Charles B. Wrightsman, Aidan Roark, and Eric Tyrrell-Martin!"

To us, that isn't so surprising. There is a well-known saying now in England (and it should have been said (*Continued on page 93*)

Photographs by the author

POINTS ON PARTRIDGE

C. BLACKBURN MILLER

THE ruffed grouse, recognized king of American game birds, must be taken seriously (if he is to be taken at all) if one desires closer intimacy than a swift, moving blur through birchen boughs and the memory of a sudden roar of wings. One may pursue the woodcock, jaunty habitant of the alder thickets, with careless step and blithesome heart; nor does the snipe demand a furrowed brow and bated breath—but the grouse, well that's another proposition again. In this bird is combined the eyesight of the hawk, the wariness of the wild goose, the hearing of the turkey, and the sagacity of the —well, the ruffed grouse.

Experience derived from years spent in its pursuit is an aid at times, but not always. Conditions are rarely the same and the grouse has the advantage of studying the whole terrain before you arrive upon the scene and I am convinced that he does just that. His is no haphazard flight when he takes to wing, blundering through leaves and branches in a blind effort to escape, but rather a carefully planned method of retreat in which concealing trunks, limbs, and foliage combine in effecting the bird's escape. He can rise and sail through the forest as silently as a hunting owl, or he can burst into fleeting sight with a roar of wings that is apt to send the heart into the throat of any but the most experienced hunter. Nine times out of ten, under such conditions, the gun in the hands of the average Nimrod is discharged blindly and some innocent tree receives the load of shot.

Grouse are found, as one old-timer told me, where you least expect them. This is in a measure true, but as a rule food supply governs their habits and a knowledge of where these delicacies may be found is a long step towards successful grouse hunting. Early in the season the thick growth of interwoven vines offers an effective screen for grouse as they seek the rich, sun-ripened raspberries and it is here that one may achieve the always hoped for shot in the open.

Clover forms an important item in the diet of the partridge and, when this grows in the sunlit spaces of old lumber trails, there you may count upon finding your birds, especially after a frosty night. You will discover the situation, however, to be a difficult one, for, though there may be but few dry leaves to herald approach, there are numerous hollow places in the trail that appear to give out a reverberation that warns the grouse of your proximity. He is, as a consequence, alert when you move into view, nor does he linger long to make sure of your presence. The scarlet fruit of the wintergreen and pigeon berry, growing often where the woods are most dense, attract partridge, and I have killed many whose craws were filled to bursting with the aromatic leaves and berries. Birch buds are cherished and, late in the season when the leaves have fallen, partridge bulk black against the sky as they clutch the slim twigs with feathered feet and feast on the buds. They will be aware of your approach, however, and will either flush out of range or, hopping down, will creep craftily away from the dog's point, only to take wing some thirty or forty yards distant.

The favorite haunt of the ruffed grouse is about old apple trees on deserted farms, especially where weeds form effective cover about the trunks of ancient and battered patriarchs. Time and again under such conditions has some old "drummer" outwitted me until I succeeded in devising tactics that have, at times, proved successful.

Sam, my setter, having crept towards the trees with his customary caution, would signify the folly of further approach by a careful point. Investigation, as a rule, failed to produce a bird and constant repetition led to a state of helpless bewilderment that proved irritating to both of us. Merest accident solved the problem. I chanced to see an old cock feeding on the ground beneath a spreading tree. He sensed the dog's approach and hopped up on a limb. Along this he walked until, arriving at the end, he sailed noiselessly off and lit some seventy yards away. To circumvent this wily maneuver, I would, upon seeing the dog point, describe a wide circle in the direction that I thought the bird would, in all probability, fly and then quietly take my stand. Sam finally arriving at the conclusion that the bird had gone, would break point and start searching for me. The grouse, frightened at the dog's approach, would flush from the tree and thus I have frequently enjoyed the advantage of a really perfect shot.

Thorn apples growing in sunlit swales offer welcome opportunities to score a direct hit. When there is an abundance of fruit, grouse appear to abandon their habitual caution and will frequently permit the hunter to approach within easy range. It is sound advice, before entering what appears to be good cover, (*Continued on page 92*)

OPPOSITE: **An arrangement for loggia overlooking a sheltered garden created of French rococo antique by Isabella Barclay, decorator. Gayly the little maid, sculptured in terra-cotta, sports Nature's bounties and invites repose upon the fanciful bench**

ISABELLA BARCLAY, *Decorator*

Photograph by F. M. Demarest

Country Life Portfolio

The Stearns' Pine Room and living room fireplace

Views of the master bedroom and dining room

Photographs by FRED R. DAPPRICH

A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE . . . . .

Above: Garage copies New England fire-engine house. Below: Views of new wing, the Pine Room bar within, and gracious living room

Center: Gatekeeper's house is a replica of a Connecticut church. Above: Old section of house

. . . . . IN SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

ALAN STEARNS has been sketching his native New England since his earliest college days. Now he has put his ideas to work and has really built a New England village on his country estate just outside of Los Angeles. The nucleus was an early California ranch house, shaded by fourteen immense old pepper trees and surrounded by plenty of acreage, discovered by himself and Mrs. Stearns after a long search. A frame house of redwood heart, not adobe, but of the type built by the early New England settlers who came out here around 1850, was sufficiently in character with eastern Colonial architecture to permit restoration and the addition of necessary wings, carried out by Arthur Herberger, Jr., architect, from plans drawn by Mr. Stearns. The large mess hall, fifty-eight feet long, with bedrooms at one end, was converted into a living room and dining room. The lower floor of one new wing is given over to a recreation room called the Pine Room having paneling from a Vermont house, while the fine pine antique furniture and fireplace, copying one in the Early American wing in the Metropolitan Museum, carries out the whole in the spirit of a place in Saybrook, Connecticut. The bar is the type used in English taverns, and is of miniature size because such a bar was really a dispensary, not one at which to stand. Everything is correct even to the "bar-shutter" built to drop into holes in the counter at night for the purpose of barring folk out, whence comes today's "bar." Guest rooms occupy the second floor of this wing. In another new wing are housed the kitchen and servants' quarters. When the details of the house were complete, Mr. Stearns was ready to begin with his village plan for Pepper Lane Farms. The gate keeper's house has worked out to be a miniature replica of a country church in Connecticut. The garage is a copy of a New England fire-engine house. The adjoining shed had its inspiration in the lattice work sheds typical of those found adjacent to early eastern country churches. The milk house is copied from a Williamsburg farm dairy. There is yet to be built the New England school house. When guests call, they will be asked to inscribe the blackboard walls (afterwards shellacked) for the purpose of preserving friendly signatures. A blacksmith's shop, reproducing one from Maine, a very necessary adjunct to a farm, will be added.

As told to
MARTHA B.
DARBYSHIRE

ARTHUR HERBERGER, JR.
Consulting Architect

Fred R. Dapprich, Photographer

MODERN IN MIAMI

PLANERT & LANGE, INC.
Decorators and Designers

MARTIN W. HAMPTON
Architect

SVELTE modern treatment of both exterior and interior characterizes the shore home of Mr. J. O. Horning on Hibiscus Island. By the water its gleaming horizontal mass,—symmetrically disposed, yet forcefully centered and heightened by the elegantly slim picture window running from the top to the base of the building, rests in cool serenity amidst the waving palms. The continuous cantilevered hoods shading windows and balconies are of great architectural significance, for their horizontal lines abstractly interpret the meeting of rippling waves and shore. A view of the fountain and figure personifying "Summer" by Wheeler Williams (visible, too, from the entrance hall) reveals in the distance the Flagler monument. On the driveway side are many favorable and artistic innovations as to windows that overlook the garden, outdoor lighting, and fencing.

One enters the house through a hall having a mirrored ceiling that reflects the tall, narrow picture window, obtaining additional spaciousness for the room. The floors are of white Alabama marble. The burl walnut commode has a base of koko wood.

The living room has three large doorways connecting it with entrance hall, dining room, and a loggia overlooking an enclosed formal tropical garden. The over-size living room window is hung with hand-woven, white wool draperies, block-printed with large green deliciaso monastero leaves. Two sofas are covered in raw-green satin, with a radio cabinet between them made of zebra wood and Carpathian elm. The hand-woven V'Soske rug has been done in soft tones of green, yellow, and white. Indirect lighting comes from corner troughs veneered with zebra wood. Two large chairs are covered in yellow and white chenille, the arms and back legs being very highly polished black lacquer. For close-up detail another picture in the series shows the corner love seat.

The day room has a floor covering of geometric design in dark red, blue, and brown. The red sofa with integrated end-tables of blue micarta has been made to fit the arc of the room and also the red "V"

Photographs by Samuel H. Gottscho

shape in the floor. At the window is a plaid multi-colored hand-woven wool fabric. The interior of the bar has been done in silver leaf with a mirror panel back of the bar showing monkeys and tropical foliage created by Robert Bushnell Hyman.

In the dining room the walls are painted a soft blue-green, ceiling white, and around the windows and the sideboard are green and white horizontal stripes, matched by the handwoven white V'Soske carpet having two-inch bands of green. The sideboard has fine mahogany panels with a checker pattern of East India rosewood and amboyna burl. Chairs are black lacquer with brilliant carnelian velvet upholstery for smart color accents.

Mr. Hyman contributes a colorful mural for the breakfast room, of which the remaining three walls and ceiling are painted shrimp-color, with the floor in gray linoleum. The furniture is of koko wood and dark red leather, with a brick red glass top for the table.

Top and bottom, the day room radiant with sumptuous silver bar; center, full view of living room; below, desk in morning room; opposite page, entrance hall and dining room are smartly modern in color, line, and fabrics

The luxurious master suite is composed of bedroom, bath and dressing room, and a morning room. On the bedroom floor is a plum-colored V'Soske handwoven rug with large overscale yellow flowers. Yellow ceiling, gray walls, and plum draperies further the color scheme The bed has veneers of American ash burl in a light cream color, and the table panels are the same. Bath and dressing room have walls painted yellow with a gray-and-white frieze with plum tassels.

In the morning room, off the master bedroom, the end wall as illustrated is done in walnut flexwood with a built-in desk made of bleached white maple with walnut inlay and chromium hardware. The floor covering is a green and yellow handwoven carpet. The walls are painted soft gray.

A guest room has walnut beds with caned panels. A bamboo screen hangs from ceiling to floor. The draperies are a brown and white fabric. The dressing table is a lovely walnut veneer. The chair and ottoman are of a soft terra-cotta leather, which the brown beige carpet matches in its terra-cotta patterns.

In another guest room the draperies and bedspread are white crash with brilliant marine-life motifs, the cephalopods with spiral shells and starfish. The furniture is made of white maple with polished hardware. An especially attractive arrangement places the dressing table before the large window. The walls are painted white, the ceiling a very brilliant red, and the floor is covered with a white carpet with red accents.

Breakfast room mural painted by Robert Bushnell Hyman. Left: A guest room decorated brightly in white and red. Below: The master bedroom is plum color, yellow, and gray

Emelie Danielson

FOUR ROOM

GUEST HOUSE

ISABELLE M. CROCÉ, *Decorator*

A LITTLE old Colonial cottage was converted into this charming guest house. Pink-mauve walls, darker wood trim and doors, and a deep mauve carpet make a delightful background for the living room color scheme. For contrast a nicely designed Victorian sofa was painted white and upholstered in a bright emerald green moire. White chintz, beflowered with lavenders, candy pink, powder blues, and crimson covers a Louis XV bergere. Hand-painted Chinese panels framed in natural bamboo lend pattern interest to the wall space on either side of the sofa. An Italian Directoire table with a marbleized top is painted black; the coffee and end tables are effective in white. In the bedroom shell pink walls with a Victorian lace border in cocoa, a powder blue carpet, and chartreuse draperies are a subtle, feminine combination. Isabelle M. Crocé is the decorator who made this tiny house as gracious and luxurious as any one of much larger proportions.

Decorating with RARE OLD ANTIQUES in New Hampshire

MRS. DEWITT CLINTON HOWE, *Antiquarian*

Mrs. Howe has furnished her summer house at Beech Hill, Hopkinton, New Hampshire, with fine pieces of unfinished pine and maple, formerly owned by natives of the surrounding country

F. M. Demarest

THIS New England house was built about 1770, around a center chimney with five fireplaces. To carry out the authentic feeling of a home of the early settlers, candles are used for light; old chintz and handloomed linen hang at the windows. Primitive pictures, hooked rugs of the earliest homemade design, iron andirons and fire utensils were selected with great care to establish an atmosphere familiar to our ancestors. Wide plank floors and pine paneled walls are important as background, but especially noteworthy is the furniture. Unfinished pine and maple pieces were picked up in the vicinity from families in which they were owned originally. Notice, for instance, the pine turnip foot chest above. Dated about 1700, with early decorations and original teardrop handles, it is one of the many pieces that make the living room worthy of a collector's notice. Equally interesting from a collector's viewpoint are the rugs, table, chairs, pictures and even many of the small accessories which are shown in the living room above.

Only candlelight is used in this dining room of antiquity. A very rare, tall tin fixture with graduated arms for ten candles, originally used as a pulpit light in an early New England church, stands on the gateleg table in front of the middle window. The present owner calls it her "Christmas tree." A tin chandelier and tin sconces add to the soft glow. For the festive board a ten-foot sawbuck table is the center of attraction; New England four-slat chairs surround it. Marked American pewter and wooden trenchers and burled bowls line the dresser. On the opposite page, top, a small medial stretcher tavern table is shown with bannister-back chairs, wooden lanterns, and chalk ornaments. Center, the upstairs hall with a magnificent highboy, and below, in a bedroom are early wooden toys and ornaments of soft paste

Exceptionally fine details characterize the unpainted fireplace end in a bedroom. Note the use of Bennington pottery

A fine chest has its original hardware. Equally distinguished is the lovely fourposter bed with a handmade fringed spread

Paneling of wide pumpkin pine feather-edge boards covers the four walls. Notice the fine early pine stretcher desk and courting mirror —both pieces rare and of great interest to the antiquarian

At the other end of the living room, below, you see a huge fireplace with its brick beehive oven that was once used for cooking. Other views of the same room show its beautiful old furnishings

Richard Garrison

MODERN
BY
ROBSJOHN-GIBBINGS

As old and worldly as time itself are these sophisticated modern settings. A carved panel of gray sand-blasted oak over the fireplace establishes strong character for the room above, while the bookshelves add more architectural interest. Waxed, stone-beige walls make a distinguished background for the walnut pieces as well as for the furniture upholstered in a native spun jute fabric. That careful attention was paid to details and accessories is evidenced in the books, specially bound in leaf green and gray linen. At the left is another sophisticated modern scheme worked out against walls and carpet of saffron yellow. Draperies and upholstery of chrysoprase green and white stripe make smart accents. Notice that the bleached teakwood cabinet suits the mellow wood Asiatic figure which is placed on it, and that both look very worldly-wise.

The Philip J. Reddy House

Architects: MILMAN AND MORPHETT
Decorators: BEVERLY AND VALENTINE, A.I.D.

Lake Forest, Illinois

Photographs by Fuerman & Son

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip J. Reddy on Green Bay Road was constructed fifty years ago, a replica of an old house in Salem, Massachusetts. An old sea captain, Henry Cobb, was brought here to supervise the building of it. The present owners remodeled the structure. The old porch was replaced by a new flagstone terrace that crosses the front of the house and extends around the side to make a secluded spot for dining al fresco. An old tole fountain outside the morning room is a novel architectural feature. The original diamond-shaped mullions in the entrance doors and windows were kept. New bays amplify the living and dining rooms. From the terrace a magnificent view is obtained. The circular entrance court is formally landscaped

The green and white porch has rattan furniture

The dining room w

The chintz bedroom

The daughter's room

Living room

ghteenth Century furniture

THROUGHOUT the house skillful decoration sustains a light graceful mood of arrangements adopted for easy informal living, yet smartly indicative of individual personalities, and this is especially true in the treatment of bedrooms. Very handsome is the master bedroom, white as to woodwork, silk curtains, flowered wallpaper, and the upholstery for the mahogany furniture. The daughter's room has bleached fruitwood furniture of true rococo style, while all textiles are a dusty pink, also the figures on the French Provincial wallpaper of blue background. Another bedroom has walls hung in yellow and white stripe flowered chintz with ruffled curtains of the same, the bed canopy and drapery being in embroidered muslin with candlewick spread. An elegant morning room has been created with wallpaper covered in strawberries, leaves and blossoms on a brown background, matched by a brown rug, while the chairs are upholstered in yellow. Unique is the hall with its old birdcage chandelier, pine consoles, antique wall fountain, and four black lacquered chairs. Off the master bedroom is a sitting room with flowered Victorian carpet and wallpaper in gray and white lace design. The living room has an old mantel in white marble; walls and woodwork are pink-beige; graceful raw silk color curtains are used.

Morning room

Entrance hall

Master bedroom

Upstairs sitting room

Above: A cooper's shop in the historical town of Bacharach in the center of the Rhine vineyard district. Around the page: Three happy vineyard workers, the "Horn of Plenty," a float in the 1937 Bacharach festival, and the harvest pole

Fall in the Rhine Valley means FESTIVALS

SIGRID TANG

THE history of wine goes far back into the childhood of man, and through all history the spirit of wine has been much beloved and much hated all over the world. In modern times Europe is the chief provider of the wine market of the world, and among the European wine countries Germany ranks fifth. However, at present great efforts are being made to encourage the growth and improve the quality of the grape in Germany. They have already done good work in this field, and it is possible now for one to find Rhenish wines of various kinds on wine lists practically all over the world.

During the last years they have introduced so-called "wine weeks" in Germany. A great many of the cities now sponsor the different kinds of German wines, and every year in October a national festival is held in all parts of Germany in honor of the vine—harvest thanksgiving devoted to "The Celebration of the German Grape."

However, there is no need whatever in the old vine districts, especially in the Rhine countries, to introduce new grape festivals, for here merry and picturesque celebrations have been traditional from olden days. It is the spontaneous and quite natural way for the vinegrower and his workers to give vent to their joy when the vintage is safely harvested. They also have good reason to rejoice, for viniculture is hard and risky work and often brings disappointment.

The most famous of these German festivals are celebrated in the districts of the Rhine, Ahr, Mosel, Saar, Nahe, and Phalz. During September and October merry songs echo from the vineyards along the banks of the Rhine and its tributaries, and the air seems to be laden with the pungent aroma of wine. *Preiset die Reben, hoch preiset den Rhein!*

In earlier times every small wine town in the Rhine districts used to hold a grape-festival for its inhabitants, but little by little many of these festivals are disappearing. At present, however, it seems to be more the custom that each vinegrower give his own private festival for his people. These festivals are called *Bergrecht*. It is customary in some places for the workers to put up a long pole with a sheaf of corn, decorated with colored ribbons, at the most distant end of the vineyards. Thus the person who works fastest reaches the pole first. He seizes it and raises it high up into the air, whereupon all the others dance around it, and it is carried to the vinegrower's home—followed by a singing and dancing throng. It is also the custom to trim the last bucket of grapes with a nosegay, and when this bucket has been taken to the wine press, the festival begins. Many other ancient customs are observed, and the merry guests amuse themselves from night till dawn, dancing and drinking the golden wine, and in general having a jolly holiday.

However, the most famous of the old town festivals are still kept alive, and they are all great attractions to (*Continued on page 90*)

OPPOSITE: From Greensted Hall, Essex, England, comes a room dating c. 1558. Linenfold paneling, Jacobean doorways, and Tudor English and Spanish furniture combine in massive dignity. In the dining room burnt orange brocade draperies and green antique velvet upholstery are handsome against grisaille wallpaper—Les Quatres Saisons

MRS. STUYVESANT FISH MORRIS, *Decorator*

Photographs opposite by Drix Duryea

Photographs by the author

Old Mexico

Where all roads end and the trails begin

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

"I DID not come down to Mexico for this," I gave the monel metal bar chair in the hotel tap room a rude shove with my foot. "Can you take me away from all this power house civilization?"

My Amigo, one-time millionaire *Hacendado,* now with the seat out of his pants figuratively and literally, lifted his languid eyes to meet mine, his bushy eyebrows raised in scornful *Mestizo* amusement. "My friend, ask what you will of Mexico, and I shall get it for you."

"Well, I want to go Mexican."

"Maybe you will go crazy, eh?" His half-smile was very significant.

"Maybe. But not in a night club—somewhere out there, where the blue begins."

"You asked for it," he said. *"A la mañana!"*

In accordance with my suburban-train breeding, I was sitting on the steps of the hotel ten minutes before six the following morning studying the pink effects of the sunrise on the snowy peak of Popocatapetl. My kit was simple and compact: shaving things, a towel, pajamas, a change, a sweater against high altitudes, and a slicker to meet the familiar downpours—all stowed away in a colored straw Indian pannier to hang on the saddle horn. The rest was on my back.

Six, six-fifteen, six-thirty—when our only native bus left for Tenancingo where we were to obtain the horses. At seven, my Amigo appeared, smiling. "Ah, *mañana?"* I chided.

"No, my Amigo, *mananita,"* he corrected. He always had an alibi.

I had elected to become a Mexican. So be it.

Momentito! He had changed all the plans while he should have been sleeping, he informed me. Or, rather, a woman had changed them for him—and me. He had met her after leaving me—a perfect hard-boiled American squaw; an archeologist of uncertain age. That reminded him that she too was waiting—since six. When he got home, his cook had suggested that her son Pachito take us all in his car to Tenancingo! He had promised to be here an hour ago. *Mañana!* My Amigo espied him dashing towards us at eight, with a traffic cop at his mudguard. When he made the prohibited left turn across the traffic of the Paseo, over to where we stood waiting, the policeman eased over to his side and handed him a "ticket," at the same time, according to practise, relieving him of his driver's license. We could not leave Mexico City until we had called at the police station and bought it back by paying the fine which was added to my bill. At ten-thirty we picked up the *Americana,* who in her anger refused to speak to any of us. At eleven, Pachito showed the soldier guard at the Barrier his license, proving that he had not stolen the car, and we set out at last up to the 10,000-foot level and a little while after were sliding down towards Toluca on the other side. Just before reaching the Lerma River we turned our backs on tourist Mexico, leaving the paved highway into the arts and crafts country where deep ruts became roads and roads became ruts.

"Some roads," laughed my Amigo, good-naturedly as we were bounced against each other.

"Excellent—for burros," I said. "By the way, wasn't this to be a horse-back riding trip? It wouldn't be half so rough."

"You leave everything to me, my Amigo—and you will have no worries. We are doing this for the lady's sake," he shouted in my ear so that she would overhear. "Pachito will take us and later meet us at the end of the trail—all for the price of sixty pesos!"

We had figured out that all transportation via bus was to be six pesos! "She must not know this—it will be between us, eh?" he added before I could protest. My Amigo's expenses were being taken care of by the government for a report he would make of our journey. All this Spanish *caballero* chivalry was at my expense for a lady, whose name I did not even know!

At Tenancingo, my Amigo had a friend who kept a boarding house. "Just wait!" he promised with a wink. We did wait, nearly two hours. Two skinny chickens were pounced upon before our eyes and put in the pot. The Indian cook made a fresh batch of *tortillas,* warmed up the earthen bowl of *frijoles* and served us coffee as black as your hat. Our hunger and maltreatment had made gourmands of us, so it did not matter. I went out into the Indian town and bought an Emiliano Zapata straw sombrero and a pair of overalls. The lady archeologist appeared in blue overalls. We all lolled about the plaza, birds of a feather with the Indians. Already, without realizing it, we had caught up with Mexico.

Next morning at five, Pachito drove us on to the "last village." It was the end of the telephone, telegraph, and bus lines. It was one of the highest villages in Mexico, poised on the very edge of a 10,000 foot canyon. We were informed that we should have to wait for our ponies, *mañana*-fashion. We lounged about the spacious plaza, which at the moment was an Indian market in full swing. It had been a beautiful square in Colonial days. The fountain, the ornamental stone seats, the old Justice Palace, and the great church with its broad atrium surrounded by a decorative wall were all in a crumbling state of ruin. General Zapata and his horde had been under the necessity of blasting out several battalions of *federales,* and the dynamite and shrapnel damage had never been repaired. It was all rapidly slipping back into the Aztecan jungle. Groups of Indians, men and women, sat beneath the dusty acacia trees with tiny piles of chilis, tomatoes, mangos, corn, beans, and *aguacates* before them. Panniered burros and pintos stood patiently hobbled near by.

Our delay proved fortunate, because it gave us ample time to visit one of the most unique Aztec temple groups in the whole of Mexico. Only lately had it been discovered and excavated, so we were among the first outsiders to visit it. Albeit as free as the air, often one has to pay a stiff price in seeing some of the sights of primitive Mexico. The uniqueness of these temples lay in the fact that they were carved out of the rocky sides of the cliffs a few miles beyond and above the town. The only pathway led through a stony riverbed; sometimes painfully dry and at others very wet. For an hour we could see its lovely carved contours hanging above us like a dazzling mirage, the traditional Aztec serpent one hundred and fifty feet long stretched across the main facade, while two huge seated eagle gods guarded the front. We found dozens of bits of obsidian and one or two miniature portrait busts that the winds of time had scattered from some warrior's grave. We sat resting for a long while on the sacrificial stone in the upper temple, looking down upon the town below us and up at the serried rows of mountains that we were soon to climb.

WHEN we returned, our mounts were ready—three flea-bitten, saddle-galled small horses, and their owner with his mongrel dog, who were to accompany us on foot as guides and keep us out of trouble. A quarter of an hour later we struck the mountain path to "out yonder" that cut along the edge of the cliff and by degrees let us down into the valley. The only living beings we met the rest of the afternoon were Indians climbing up the steep path from a distance of forty miles, plodding to market each with a stack of sixteen home-made, hand-painted, rush-bottomed chairs on his back.

The next ten hours will always be remembered as the most solitary of a lifetime. Desert, from horizon to horizon is one thing, a vast forest fastness another. But a wilderness of stones, boulders, and rocks reached the peak of desolation. It looked as though there had been a prolonged battle of Titans followed by a hail of missiles that had petrified. The hills and the valleys (*Continued on page 88*)

Pierre Verger from Black Star

Eric V. Baker

A practical and financial angle on

GREENHOUSES

—being an article for those who have not yet reached the greenhouse-ownership stage

EDWIN BECKETT

All too often, I think, greenhouse articles plunge right into the question of what to grow and how to grow it, without first making clear just what a greenhouse is and what can be expected of it. This article, however, is written for the country estate owner who has not yet reached the green house ownership stage and who is seeking light on the subject from a practical and a financial angle before making a decision as to what kind and how big a one to build, where to locate it, how to heat, shade, and ventilate it, and other important details.

Needless to say, styles change in horticulture no less than in other human activities, and a good illustration is found in the history of the development of the modern greenhouse as a feature of the private estate. Perhaps, even though this is not a historical treatise, either, a hasty glance backward will make an interesting and illuminating introduction to the really practical phases of the subject. Structures for the storage of plants have been used for centuries. The earliest were not very practical and were intended to keep tender subjects green over winter rather than for actual cultural purposes, but even they had to provide for the admission of at least some light. It is from their use and purpose that the word greenhouse came.

Probably the first attempt at a building in which to force plants—that is, to bring them into flower or fruit at other than their normal season—was in the form of a lean-to erected against a garden wall through which heating flues were carried to provide warmth for fruit trees or vines trained against the wall. To meet the need for increased light and space, the simple sloping roof was gradually raised and supported upon a low side wall, and from this there ultimately developed the full span greenhouse of modern times. For a long time, of course, both the architecture and the construction of these houses were crude and clumsy; the rafters were of heavy timbers, the narrow lights of glass necessitated many sash bars, the heating systems consisted merely of masonry flues through which passed the smoke and hot air from a furnace outside, and provisions for ventilation were limited and inadequate. Today's finest greenhouses exhibit as marked advances in all these respects as are seen in the modern air-conditioned home when compared with the sod hut of pioneer days or the rough dwellings of even earlier times.

Similarly there has been a change in the type of plants grown and in the methods of handling them. Formerly the vogue—partly born of necessity—was for tubbed or potted specimens valued for their ornamental foliage and carried along for a number of years. The actually planted subjects were mainly climbers for covering walls or trellises built close under the roofs, and fruits for forcing; and these were usually grown in ground beds, that is, the dirt floor of the greenhouse.

The trend today—made possible and stimulated by the improved mechanical devices—is definitely toward pot-grown rather than tubbed subjects, and even more toward plants grown in waist-high benches, the object being to provide a constant succession of house plants and cut flowers throughout most, if not all, of the seasons of the year. These are more colorful subjects, probably, than those of yesterday and certainly of a more fleeting disposition, making it possible to grow a far greater variety of material and also to produce several crops from a single house in a season—in other words, to realize the real purpose of the greenhouse.

The amount of glass that a person should erect depends entirely on the amount of money he wishes to expend, the purpose for which it is erected, and what is expected in the way of products. Many people have built and derived a lot of pleasure from a single small house, covering say four hundred to five hundred square feet. This type house can be built very reasonably, costing in the neighborhood of $1,500. Naturally, it has its lim- (*Continued on page 102*)

Greenhouse progress: The glasshouse of our ancestors: a lean-to grapery; a modern, all-steel 18 ft. house; an improved, curved-eave 25 ft. structure

Stalking the Highland Stag

CAPTAIN PAUL CURTIS

ONE of my earliest recollections is of a steel engraving which hung in our home. It was of a picture by Landseer, entitled "The Stag at Bay." By a coincidence the crest on my Scottish grandfather's coat of arms was also a stag's head, and when, as a wee laddie, I was sent to the "Old Country" to gain some Celtic brawn, I wore on my bonnet—as was my right—a silver badge bearing this crest.

It seemed but natural, being keen about shooting and loving that misty land, that eventually I should stalk the red deer in its wild hills and corries, yet, strange to say, I never laid sight on one until the end of the grouse shooting of 1930, when I was invited to stalk the ancient forest of Erchless with the tenant of many years standing, Major E. Hubert Litchfield.

The inoculation took and I have since returned four times to taste again this cream of stalking, because I must confess that as far as the final approach is concerned the Scottish deer is the most difficult and exciting quarry with which I have contended.

True, it is "white collar" shooting! The participant lives in the lap of luxury, surrounded by attentive house servants who arouse him for a leisurely breakfast before turning him over to the stalker and gillies who wet-nurse him about all day and return him to the castle in time for a hot tub before sitting down to, what nine times out of ten, is a formal dinner. Such luxury sounds almost incongruous with stalking.

A vague knowledge of this leads many sportsmen to conclude that it is a "softie's" game, but such is actually far from the fact. There is easy stalking and there is difficult stalking. A great deal depends upon the plentitude of the deer and the roughness of the terrain over which they are sought. However, generally speaking, I have found the miles quite as long, if not longer, when I tramped through the heather garbed like a gentleman, as they were in Quebec, where I looked like a rag-picker.

In Scotland the rifleman does little for himself, other than follow the stalker as carefully as he can on hands and knees and then press the trigger for a well-placed shot. Simple as it may seem, it is quite a task, for the canny beasts are always on the qui vive. The country is not high, nor nearly as difficult to climb about in as the Rockies. There are no dizzy heights to overcome and the rifleman's heart is not taxed severely, but there is no cover but the knee-high heather and the brackens, hence he has to do more crawling about on his belly in one day in Inverness than he would in the Rockies in an entire season.

Finding your stag is one thing, but getting to within two hundred yards of it is something else. Just why the stalking areas are called forests, when there is hardly a tree in sight, is naturally confusing to the stranger. That is a matter of tradition and tradition means nothing anywhere if not in Scotland. They were deer forests in the proper sense not so long ago. In ancient times the great Caledonian Forest covered most all of the country but the high tops. The Roman legionnaires burned a lot of it and countless English invaders far more, as burning was the only way they could cope with their elusive foes. Clannish raids consumed more of it until the pacification of the country after the "Forty-Five." Here and there throughout the vast moors you will see the burned stumps of mighty firs projecting from the eroding soil.

Today I know of but one deer forest, in the literal sense of the term, and that, quaintly enough, is called "The Woods of Boblanie," a part of the vast properties of Lord Lovat, from whom it has been leased for years by that well-known American sportsman, Charles W. Ogden, Esq., through whose kindness I have stalked there on several occasions. So now we have that settled—a woods is a woods in Scotia, but a forest is no' a forest from the Sassenach's point of view—and that is that!

One who would gauge success by comparison with the bags secured in America will say, "But it must be easy—they never start out 'til ten o'clock in the morning and are usually home long before dark. Chaps I know, who are long of tooth and short of wind, do it. They would not last a day in New Brunswick, but they bring down two and three stags in a day in Scotland. Why, some of those Lairds kill thirty and more to their own rifles in a season. It can't be hard at that rate!"

All these things are true—nevertheless it is a man's game. Elderly gentlemen, who are suffering the effects of an over-indulgence in port and black cigars, do get their stag—and how they tell about it! However it is the craft of the canny stalker and his assistants that finally manages that. In the first place the old gentleman does very little climbing. At the lodge, he is provided with a pony to overcome the difficulty of the hills. Ambling along sheep paths, he will eventually arrive at some sequestered glen which has not been disturbed and where the terrain is sufficiently broken to overcome the need of much crawling when the wind is right; then the stalker breathes a prayer to St. Hubert that the old blighter will not miss the shot. The forest keepers know (*Continued on page 92*)

The paddock in back of the club house at Saratoga. In the circle, Mrs. George Hepburn of Long Island

Mrs. Parker Corning, the owner of Thanksgiving, and Mr. Corning

Mrs. Silas B. Mason of Lexington, Ky., and Miss Emily Anne Morton

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

SARATOGA

Horses and people from all parts of the country gathered at Saratoga for one of the most successful seasons that the Spa has known for years. Practically every one of the top horses in training were seen in action on the track. The early days of the meeting saw Alfred Vanderbilt's Airflame break the record for seven furlongs in beating Thanksgiving by a head. Calumet Farm's Bull Lea put in a claim for the three-year-old honors by winning the Kenner and, although Mr. William Zeigler's Esposa was beaten by War Admiral, his colt El Chico showed promise of becoming the two-year-old champion of the 1938

Mrs. William Louchheim of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, checks her card for scratches

Right: Miss Ruth Waite, the daughter of the Luther Waites of Saratoga Springs

Below: Miss Alice Robinson from Sunnyside, in Camden, South Carolina

Princess Kato Miklodge is one of the many who came on from New York for the races

Left: Mrs. Charles Shelden of Riveredge Farm, Reading, Pennsylvania, at the track

SEIGNIORY CLUB

From Canada and from the United States came the spectators for the Annual Horse Show of the Seigniory Club in the Province of Quebec. Left: Mr. A. T. Paterson of Cartierville, Quebec, the Misses Doris Cleland and Ruth Paul of Toronto, and Mr. L. T. Porter of St. Andrews East, Quebec. Right: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Draper of Boston with Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Porter of Montreal

Photographs by Morgan, Rotofotos, and Associated Screen News

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

THE BEACHES

Miss Dede Brogan, daughter of Mrs. M. Brogan of Forest Hills, at Atlantic Beach Club

Miss Camilla W. Moss is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Courtlandt D. Moss of New York and Syosset. The Atlantic Beach Club

The Westchester Country Club Beach. Miss Angela Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard J. Martin of Greenwich, Connecticut

Right: At the Beach Club in Southampton is Mrs. Charles H. Mellon Jr., who was formerly Miss Katharine H. Moss

Left is Miss Margaret Stevenson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Stevenson of New York, at the Southampton Club

Miss Justine B. Cutting, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fulton Cutting of New York, at Southampton

On the shore of Southampton is Mrs. Perry Rodgers Pease, the former Miss Mary Trimble

Left: Newport. Leaving Bailey's Beach is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter P. Anderton, Miss Audrey Anderton

Right: Again at Bailey's Beach in Newport, Mrs. Pierrepont Johnson of New York City

Miss Colette D. Gay at Southampton. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Otis Gay

Photographs by Morgan and Rotofotos

F. M. Demarest

White jade brush-holder of rare translucent "mutton-fat" variety for a scholar's writing implements, carved in bold relief with landscape setting, probably the "Hills of Longevity" where Taoist genii and attendants bear gifts to a shrine. From treasure room of Yamanaka and Company

Precious Carvings from CATHAY

Top, left to right: 18th century jade vase, Tibetan, with rubies, emeralds, gold; a libation pitcher; a covered urn—Yamanaka and Co. Below: A jade disk (Pi) an ancient symbol of heaven, at Gump's

JOHN LERCH

"The antiquity and universal application of jade to ceremonial and personal uses, its inherent beauty and indestructibility, and its supposed talisman virtues, have made it the national gem of China, where it is regarded by all as a symbol of purity and moral worth and reported by the Taoists to be the food of the Immortals. Princes contend for the rarer varieties. It is, moreover, a material specialty suited to display the peculiar genius of the Chinese for glyptic ornament, and a representative collection should be an epitome of Chinese art motifs." These words of the late Berthold Laufer from his memorable study "Jade" are aptly illustrated by the selection of objects that are here presented.

Most of the primitive types, which date practically from the birth of China up to about the eighth century, are symbolic, having been created for religious or court ceremonies. The Chinese mind has always been metaphysically inclined, on this account accepting symbolism in art as more satisfactory than natural representation. Such in essence is the beautifully incised jade disk (Pi), pictured herewith. One is almost forced to agree that to comprehend heaven by such perfection of roundness and the relation of void and space is the only artistic way after all of expressing the inexpressible.

Known everywhere for its magic powers and medicinal virtues, the emperors of Cathay relegated the finest pieces to themselves. Changing philosophy and art forms gradually permitted greater admiration of the intrinsic beauty of jade which artificers were encouraged to enhance by the skill with which they manipulated the difficult material and by the artistic inspiration which they brought to bear. Supreme beauty in carved jade came to pass with the advent of Emperor Ch'ien Lung (1736-1795) who collected the finest jade cutters from all over the kingdom, and even those from India who were particularly adept at inlaying rare stones. An imperial piece of this time is the white jade brush-holder which is pictured on the opposite page.

An imperial libation pitcher of "mutton-fat" jade, illustrated in the group of three objets d'art, all white, at the beginning of this article, is of the early Ching period, made in the K'ang Hsi reign (1662-1722). Except for the flourish of the carved dragon handle, it emphasizes the style of ancient Chinese bronzes of this type by the form of the vessel and also the archaic surface carving. In the same picture is an absolutely flawless urn with cover in the elegant style of the later Ch'ien Lung period. The entire piece was created from one solid white jade block of an exquisite quality,—a remarkable feat considering the two loose ring handles and the long chain by which the cover is attached.

Combining elegance with tradition is another covered vase of translucent pure white jade, illustrated on page eighty. Of the very finest quality, this notable art item was given by the Emperor Ch'ien Lung to the Shogun of Japan. The design is a conventionalized one of birds confronting each other, inspired by the decoration of Chou bronzes (422-255 B.C.). Another estimable white jade vase with cover attached by a chain to the top, reproduced on the same page, indicates by the flowing contours of

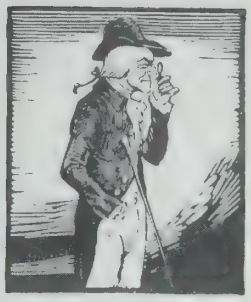
F. M. Demarest

Top: Box, plate, and vase of jade, Yamanaka. Center: Agate fish trophy, Chait Galleries. Bottom: Superb white jade vases, right one, an imperial gift to Japanese Shogun, Gump's

its graceful form and the surface-relief depicting flowering branches and birds, a degree of skill unbelievable in such fractious material. A lion, symbol of power and victory, surmounts the cover.

Another kind of white jade here represented is the eighteenth century Tibetan vase, of the group of three previously mentioned. Ornamented with gems in gold mounts, the body of the vase is carved in a conventional floral design in low relief, while both base and cover are cloisonné. The latter with its bulbous-spire recalls Moslem architecture, and tends to indicate it a gift to an Indian potentate by a Chinese noble.

The realm of green jade is as fascinating as the white. The illustrated group of three include a spinach green plate, twelve inches in diameter, carved to paper thinness with delicately fluted rim—and the flanged bottom also fluted. A conventionalized floral medallion design, probably symbolic of the chrysanthemum, had its origin with an ancient Chinese bronze. This plate is of nephrite like the white brush-holder. A green jade urn with cover and two loose-ring handles, (*Continued on page 97*)



Seen and Heard

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

A large number and variety of names were received for the colt by Spendthrift out of Utopia in the July issue. Among the many duplicates twelve persons suggested variations of the President's name, and another even dozen chose New Deal. The contest finally narrowed down to the following: Free Spender, Dependence Day, Lucky Dollar, Dangerous Play, Third Term, and Small Change. After much deliberation, the judges finally picked the latter because of its many inferences. Mrs. C. A. Pursley of 210 Mandalay Drive East, San Antonio, Texas, is the winner of Mr. Price's sketch of the colt which is now named—

SMALL CHANGE

THE Japanese have a well-deserved reputation for marching forward instead of backward. Their recent decision, however, not to hold the 1940 Olympic Games at Tokyo, was in the nature of a retreat, about the only one I can remember since Japan became a world power. It was a strategic retreat and undoubtedly a wise one. Conditions are too disturbed in the Far East today to make it possible to assume that all will be merry and bright in 1940. International politics and jealousies, hates and fears would have reared their ugly heads and battled with the sportsmanlike traditions of the Olympic Games. It is a pity, for competition at Tokyo would have been a liberal education for all hands. Perhaps by 1944 the present unhappy conditions will have been remedied and we can all go to the games at Tokyo. I am having my litter—and/or stretcher, prepared in good season.

Athletes and Cod

So the Games go to Finland, a proper compliment to a land of athletes. The travel bureaus tell me it is an extraordinary country—for one thing it pays its war debts to Uncle Shylock—and that the Finns are an extraordinary people. I always think of them as running fifty miles before a breakfast which consists entirely of a morsel of salt fish. That—or something like it—was what made Nurmi great, running and salt fish.

I tried this method of training once but it didn't work. I sent the chauffeur and a salt codfish to a certain place a mile away—thinking that I would take it easy the first day and gradually work up to fifty—and told him to wait there a couple of hours.

He drove off and I got into my running gear. I had equipped myself with a stop watch—like Nurmi—so that I could check up on my speed, and I gave a starting pistol to the butler. I went to the line. My course was to be straight down the garden path, out onto the main road, and then over the hills and far away! "Williams," I said, "when I crouch down on the line and say, 'Ready,' you will fire the pistol and I will press the dingus on the stop watch." "Very good, Sir," he said.

It was a fine summer morning, clear and cool. I was keyed up, excited, but not nervous. I find that racing against time makes me less nervous than racing against opposition. (I once ran in a weight-for-age handicap. My opponent was eighty-five years old. I supplied the weight and he supplied the age.) I crouched in the approved manner. "Ready!" I cried. Williams fired and the bullet narrowly missed my left ear. I had presence of mind enough to press the watch and start. But Williams, a nervous man, kept on firing—now here, now there. I kept on running. There was a garden bench under a crabapple tree twenty yards from the starting line. I sank down on it, exhausted, but able to press the stop watch. "Oh, God, for a cod!" I groaned. When I had somewhat recovered I looked at the watch. I had covered that distance in one minute and fifty-two seconds. I can only explain such speed by the fact that the fusillade lent me wings.

I called to Williams, who came up nervously snapping the empty gun. "Do you wish me to fetch some more cartridges, Sir?" he asked. I answered coldly, "Give me that gun and go to the house and get my breakfast tray. I want a grapefruit, oatmeal, four three-minute eggs, plenty of bacon, muffins and jam, and coffee. Bring it here. I am too tired to move." "Very good, sir," he said.

So I am not really an authority on the salt fish system. It is probably a very good one but it didn't prove itself in my case. I told the chauffeur he could have the cod.

Trout Records

From the Wisconsin Conservation Bulletin: "Here are a few records that may be of interest to trout fishermen: The largest brown trout ever caught in the United States came out of the Logan River, Utah. It weighed twenty-five pounds, five and a half ounces, and was thirty-seven and one-half inches long. . . . The record steelhead trout was caught in the Chehalis River, near Oakville, Washington, and weighed twenty-nine pounds and was forty inches long. . . . The largest rainbow trout came out of the Skycomish River, Washington; it weighed twenty-six and one-half pounds and was forty-two inches long. . . . Probably the largest of all the trout species is the cutthroat. Record has it that one of these measured forty-four inches in length and weighed forty-two and one-half pounds. It was caught in Pyramid Lake, Indian Reservation, Nixon, Nevada."

And never a word about brook trout! Has the author forgotten about the one I caught in Canada?

Dog Week

September 18-24 is known this year to certain citizens of the Republic as National Dog Week, and dog lovers are invited by Mr. Robert Briggs Logan, Executive Secretary of this great movement, to render valuable and effective assistance. For my part I will do what I can, Mr. Logan, but only on one day. You give only one day to Mothers and one to Fathers and I think it isn't respectful to give a whole week to dogs.

I will agree, however, to do one of three things: One: If the September day chosen has not too nipping and eager an air, I will bench myself, unclothed as far as decency permits, as an exhibit of the Hairless Massachusetts, a fine old breed but one not yet officially recognized by the American Kennel Club. Naturally I would bench myself in my own bed, but dog lovers could come there and admire me. Two: I will go out on the street with a small piece of soap in my mouth, get on all fours, and growl and foam and bite in the leg that criminal half wit who lives next door. It's no trouble at all. It's a pleasure. Three: I will go to my favorite cocktail bar and sit there all day slowly sipping cocktails, and, at half hour intervals, I will stand up—if I can—and shout, "I am going to the Dogs! Woof! Woof!"

Any one of these three gestures would give dogs fine publicity. I want to coöperate, Mr. Logan, and I will. You pick the method.

No, but seriously, if there is anything more silly than these National Days or Weeks, I do not want to know what it is. You do not need to dedicate a single day in the year to loving your mother, or ignoring your father, and it is not necessary to prove your affection for cats by putting a National Cat Day sticker in the back window of your automobile. If not mere driveling sentimentality, these Days are publicity or promotion devices. No, take them out of the calendar, take them away and bury them deep. They are not even funny.

"Countryman's Queries"

A set of five questions described as "Countryman's Queries" appeared recently on Page 112 of the London *Field*. I will omit the first four questions because no normal American citizen could possibly answer them, but the last should be meat and drink for the Crossword Puzzle or Double Acrostic fanatic of our land. For Query Number Five I felt nothing but contempt. I have always prided myself on my ability to go around like the magpie or the jackdaw or Jocko the Monk, picking up shiny pieces of information perfectly useless unless you go in for puzzles and acrostics. So, when I read the query—"What measures do you associate with the old terms: (a) Noggin, (b) Mutchkin, (c) Chopin, (d) Lippie?—I wrote without hesitation: (a) A large measure of Ale. (b) Harsh measures for a Russian novelist, recently purged. (c) Musical measures, vide *Polonaise*. (d) Extreme measures versus a Congressman, and quite right too. I was so pleased with this, especially with my identification of a Congressman with the old term, Lippie, that I hardly cared to turn to page 127 for endorsement. But I did, and there I read these treacherous words:

(a) Noggin, a liquid measure. Four noggins went to the pint. (b) and (c) Two mutchkins went to a chopin and two chopins went to a pint. (d) Lippie used in dry measure. Four lippies made a peck.

Discouragement has set in. I think it would be a good idea to sign off for the evening.

SHOTGUNS

Shotguns courtesy of Abercrombie & Fitch

Above: This perfectly balanced and beautifully finished Purdy 12-gauge double is just about the finest brush and Skeet gun that is made; it has 26-inch barrels, the right improved cylinder the left three quarters choke, and the weight is 6 pounds, 14 ounces

Left: The 12-gauge Woodward trap gun and the handsomely engraved Winchester 12-gauge repeater are both built with the painstaking attention to detail that assures perfect performance; the Winchester with its 30-inch full choke barrel should excel in a duck blind, and the Woodward also with 30-inch barrel ought to be a short cut to high trap scores

The Story of the 1938 WATERFOWL REGULATIONS

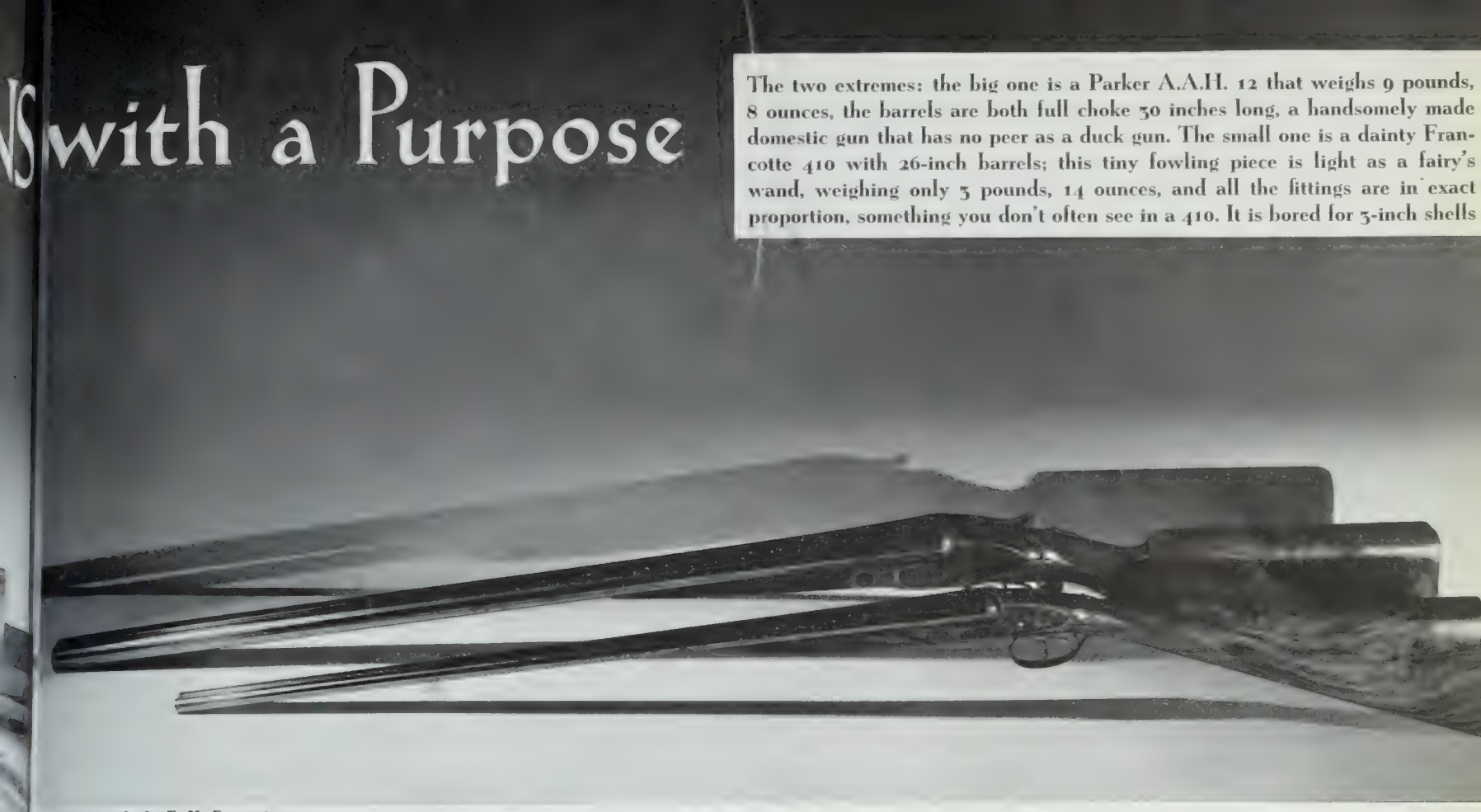
COL. H. P. SHELDON

IN THE general enthusiasm over the relaxation of previous Federal restrictions on waterfowl shooting, wildfowlers may overlook the significance of the action itself. The fifteen-day extension of the open season is an earned bonus —the first that we have ever been fairly entitled to take. For many years intelligent sportsmen and conservation officials had been aware that the total annual kill of waterfowl was in excess of the annual production, but their earnest efforts to do something to correct the ruinous situation were generally defeated by the activities of pressure groups which were able to rally a numerous and vociferous opposition to any duck shooting reform. The majority of American gunners were perfectly willing to put up with any necessary restriction on shooting but not many of them realized what was happening to the waterfowl. The woods were full of false prophets protesting that ducks were as plentiful as ever and, if they weren't, that shooting had nothing to do with the decrease. Most gunners believed the reports of decreases had been grossly exaggerated by overzealous conservation authorities.

It has been demonstrated on a number of tragic occasions that a species of *migratory* game may be on its last legs or wings long before the average hunter is aware of the impending disaster. The passenger pigeon declined from a population of many millions to complete extermination in so short a time that the gunners refused to accept the fact of extinction and thought up all manner of outlandish explanations of a disappearance that they really believed to be only local and temporary. Even now when the last lone wild pigeon has been dead these many years there are men who knew the bird in its abundance who are still looking forward to the return of those bough-breaking flocks from some lost sea island where they believe the pigeon is sojourning awaiting the summons of some ornithological equivalent of Drake's Drum. The bison, an animal of less pronounced migratory habit, was shot

Swith a Purpose

The two extremes: the big one is a Parker A.A.H. 12 that weighs 9 pounds, 8 ounces, the barrels are both full choke 30 inches long, a handsomely made domestic gun that has no peer as a duck gun. The small one is a dainty Francotte 410 with 26-inch barrels; this tiny fowling piece is light as a fairy's wand, weighing only 3 pounds, 14 ounces, and all the fittings are in exact proportion, something you don't often see in a 410. It is bored for 3-inch shells



Photographs by F. M. Demarest

down to a pitiful remnant numbering a few hundred animals before the majority of hide hunters and the Indians were aware of it.

Until 1933 the same thing was happening to the wildfowl and it may yet happen unless extraordinary precautions are taken to estimate their populations each year and regulate the shooting according to the available supply.

The Biological Survey had known the true situation for years and had tearfully and prayerfully sought public support to regulations drastically reducing the annual kill and also for means to save some of the remaining natural marsh areas (*Continued on page 96*)

The gold embossing and the velvety walnut embellish a Sauer de luxe 12, with 28-inch barrels ¾ and full choke right and left. This masterpiece of the gunsmith's ar should be the undoing of many a towering driven pheasant

Below: This Boss over and under 20-gauge is our idea of the perfect quail and woodcock gun; it weighs only 5 pounds, 12 ounces, the barrels are 26 inches long modified and ¾ choke, and the gun as a whole is as perfectly proportioned and balanced as one would expect of Boss skill

Farms in the BLACK

Photographs by W. L. Le Page

Earl C. Roper

DELCHESTER FARMS
Home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Ashton, twenty-five miles from Philadelphia

SOPHIA YARNALL

UNLIKE the majority of their contemporaries, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Ashton have made their enthusiasm for the country and for animals a matter of everyday, practical work and pleasure. Most people these days are returning to the country, but it is for recreation and sport. It has been a boon and a solace, making possible the drive of modern urban life, but it must of necessity be sandwiched in between business and other interests.

It is perhaps significant, therefore, that in Philadelphia, the most English of American cities where the tradition of the landed gentry still persists, one should find a magnificent place like Delchester Farms not only owned but run with serious purpose by a gentleman farmer. Originally, Dr. Thomas Ashton, William Ashton's father, bought Delchester Farms and ran it as a hobby. It is situated about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia on the main highway between the city and West Chester. The children were taken there to stay in the spring and fall of each year and they learned to be good horsemen and to know something about the herd of Ayrshire cattle which their father was beginning to develop for dairy purposes.

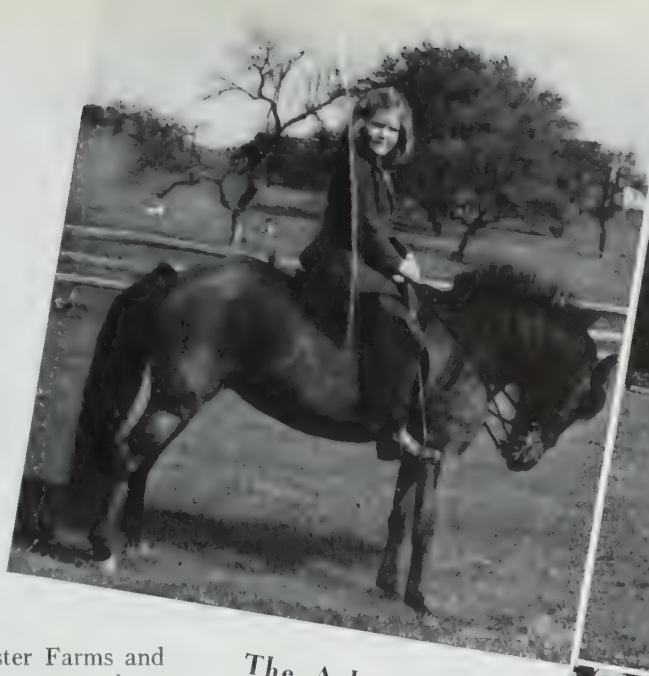
It is not surprising then to find that Mr. William Ashton decided to make a career of the things in which he had been so well trained. Instead of using the farm solely in his leisure time, he decided to make his life there. When he and Mrs. Ashton were married they went to live in the Colonial stone house on the place. They had in common a tremendous interest in and love of horses and hunting, so it was agreed that there should be two major occupations on the farm. The herd of Ayrshires and the dairy would be wholly Mr. Ashton's job and would be run as a business and for profit. The horses would be their mutual interest and would be raised and trained for pleasure and sport. To that end they placed the cattle in well-equipped barns and extensive pastures somewhat removed from the house.

Top to bottom: General view of Delchester Farms, the bottling room where the bottles are automatically capped and sealed, the wash room, sunny and spacious, the milking barn, and a pair of silos

No. 1 of a Series

The large group of barn buildings back of the house, on the other hand, is kept entirely for the horses. Mr. and Mrs. Ashton are enthusiastic fox hunters and maintain, with Mr. Ashton's sister and brother-in-law, a private pack of hounds further up country. Their whole purpose in raising and training horses is to keep themselves supplied with enough to hunt throughout the season. For their children there are three ponies conveniently housed in box stalls and available at a moment's notice. There is none of the elaborate business of having to be driven long distances to have a riding lesson, the method by which city children learn the pleasures of horses. Even the four-year-old Tommy can run from nursery to stable in half a minute and be on his pony as soon as it is saddled.

There are four brood mares at Delchester Farms and a thoroughbred stallion. Most of the hunters are about three-quarter bred, however, and are not raised for show but for use in the field. Mr. Ashton sees to it that there are two or three colts a year and in this way the stock is kept up. In the summer, the horses are turned out in the meadow below the house and graze with friendly intimacy back and forth below the garden. A group of willow trees offers them shade and a glistening stream affords plenty of water. With the familiarity of members of the family, they have their favorite haunts where they may be found at different times during the day—one end of the meadow for early morning, another for late afternoon, and the cool of the drooping willows for noon.



The Ashtons' young daughter, Rebecca, is already a proficient horsewoman. Three-quarter bred hunters graze in the pasture at the edge of the lawn. Master Thomas Ashton, aged four, is also very much at home on his pony

Far beyond the horses, in the same pasture, are some of the young Ayrshire bulls. They are the only sign near the house that there is a dairy or a herd of cattle on Delchester's 1,000 acres. A barn about a quarter of a mile from the house is used for raising the heifers after they have been taken from their mothers. It is across the West Chester Pike, however, that the magnificent milking barn, built in 1925, houses the 150 head of milking cattle. The architectural exterior is as pleasing to the eye as the interior is practical. Placed snugly in a broad valley, below a sharp hill from the road, it has rich pasture lands surrounding it, with the same stream running through them from which the horses drink near the house. The outlines of the barn are dramatically disclosed from the entrance. The sweep of the long high roof is broken only by two stalwart silos. The maternity barn, sterilizing, washing, and bottling rooms extend from the back so that they are not visible from the entrance. The pasteurizing is done in an entirely separate building near by and a boiler plant between the two supplies steam for sterilization and heat.

In the long milking part of the barn the floors are of cement, the walls of whitewashed plaster, and the low ceiling of Celotex. Two rows of cows face toward the walls with a broad, sawdust covered aisle down the center. The feed alleys stretch the length of the barn between the stanchions and the walls. They are carefully guarded by "No Entrance" signs so that no one but the employees may walk in them. The cows are thoroughly washed and scrubbed before each milking. Sterile milking machines are used and the men who handle them or have anything to do with the dairy are tested medically once a week. Every precaution is taken to avoid contamination.

THERE is the most complete modern equipment at Delchester Farms. Immediately after milking, the milk is carried in closed containers to a sanitary pouring room entirely separate from the barn. Poured into a receiving vat, it goes through two thicknesses of sterilized strainer cloth to remove any imperfections. A sanitary pipe running through the wall then conveys it into a metal vat in the bottling room where it is instantly cooled to thirty-five degrees. There are three milkings a day—one at five, one at one o'clock, and one at nine o'clock at night. The bottling, however, is done only once in twenty-four hours. From its storage in the cooling vat, the milk runs directly into the bottling machine where it is bottled, capped, and sealed automatically. It has, therefore, gone its long way from the cow to the bottle without having been touched by human hands and can well be considered a superior grade of certified milk.

Delchester Farms also produces pasteurized milk in three grades, and three grades of cream. There are, of course, a separating room and the pasteurizing plant in the other building. About sixteen hundred quarts of milk are produced here in a day and, in addition, seven or eight thousand quarts are bought from adjacent farms and distributed through the Delchester plants. It is indeed a growing business and Mr. Ashton is continually evolving new schemes to make it a profitable one. His horses, he admits, are for pleasure, but he looks on the dairy with the same watchfulness with which the serious broker contemplates the stock market. The crops in the fields, with allowance made for proper rotation, are all planted with an eye to feeding the complete herd of 350 head of cattle in the most economical way. Alfalfa and clover hay predominate and there are fine, rich pastures. The grain rations for the milking herd, however, are all bought. Mr. Ashton soon discovered that grain from the West costs less than raising it on his own place. He therefore promptly discarded it as a crop to be grown by him. Unlike the amateur farmer, he is not interested in seeing how many different kinds of grain his fields will yield, but rather that everything he grows there will be economically worth while.

The main distributing plant for Delchester milk is at Oakmont, several miles away. Mr. Ashton spends much of his time there unraveling the complicated problems of varying milk supply and demand. Like any wise salesman, he knows that markets must continually be found when production is high, and customers must be kept satisfied winter and summer alike. Excess cream is sold to ice cream companies. Hogs have been bought (*Continued on page 97*)

COVER'S the thing for Game

Photograph by the author

RAYMOND S. DEC

AUTUMN is just ahead, these katydid days. Each springtime grain has swollen to a hundred. For every hen pheasant that dwelt in your April coverts there is a bevy now. Frosty weather . . . gay gold and scarlet leaves . . . woodcock swirling south through the night sky in hundreds of thousands. . . .

Dawn will come on the autumn flights of woodcock and the birds will drop down to rest through the sunlit hours. Some will spend the day in mountain ravines; others will choke the alder swamps, the birch-clad slopes of farmland in Massachusetts. Scattered bands will greet day as they fly over parks and golf courses beside great cities. But they all will come down where they are when the day breaks, for 'cock do not migrate by day.

Woodcock shooting on your own place! You can have it perhaps if your lands lie between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. You might even have it farther west except that the birds don't range much beyond the Father of Waters except in scattering flights. Outside their main flyway it would not pay you to make the effort one has to make to gamble for woodcock by my formula. But from Canada to Carolina anyhow, I opine that the birds will drop down for your pleasure if you bid them right. I know that gunners long have attributed a mysterious whimsy to woodcock which makes them pick just this bit of copse, or that marsh, for their daytime dallying, and have offered sundry theories to explain such things. A popular one holds that the birds shun acid soil; frequent only those spots where the loam is sweet. But that isn't right. In summer at least, the birds about my stamping ground near New York spend every day in the rank woodland swamps where skunk-cabbage grows. In all the world there is no soil sourer than that in a skunk-cabbage swamp.

I don't mean that there are not bits of cover, which appear to offer all that any woodcock could ask, that never shelter a bird. I have known more than one springy world of alders, more than one hillside of birch which has never yet afforded a shot. Perhaps the soil there *is* too acid. Or maybe the moss and dewberry vines grow too thick beneath the birches, and the soil is too black and mucky among those particular alders. I don't know the why nots of this situation, but I do know that I've never yet seen a recently tilled field grown up to alders and birches that *didn't* pull down a fair share of night-riding woodcock every fall and spring. Have you?

So Allah be praised that you have more land under cultivation than is really needed! Sow a couple of acres of such sandy loam with the wild seeds of speckled alder and gray birch and I believe you'll be setting a woodcocks' banquet board. While the former shrubs have creekside inclinations, they will grow right thriftily in dryish soil. And though gray birches prefer to colonize sandy hillsides where bayberry grows, they too are susceptible to life in other places. If you will scatter seeds of these two sorts on the southern slope of a hill in mellow soil, it won't be many seasons, I think, before you'll have sport with woodcock before your door. *Alnus incana* and *Betula populifolia* both grow fast. Both plants maintain their stands by seed, once they're grown. And you know, as I do, that any migrating woodcock overtaken by dawn as they fly above your countryside, will drop down into alder and birch coverts every time if there are any about.

I don't *know* that planting cover for woodcock will turn the trick. I'm not guaranteeing a thing. But if you delight in the whistle of birds' wings the way I do, you may think it worth a trial. I'm in for an awful headache if I'm guessing wrong, because I started a plantation of the kind a year ago. In fall when I hunted in birdy places I scooped off occasional catkins full of seed from the alders and birches. In spring just before the buds broke I uprooted numerous wild-growing youngsters of the two breeds and planted them at intervals in the appointed region. The alders went low near the creek, the birches on the slope above. Currently, when I've nothing better to do I mosey around there and scatter pinches of seed salvaged from the pockets of the old hunting coat.

Brr-rrr! Whrr-rrr! Five years ago it was when first I tramped, of an autumn day, through one of the greatest ruffed grouse coverts I've ever seen. The birds roared up singly, in pairs, and quartettes all over those rugged acres in the Catskills. I did not envy the fellow who had just bought that place, his ox and his ass, but I surely did envy him his shooting ground. It was a regular paradise. There were bush-grown fields and old orchards there; sunny slopes carpeted thick with wintergreen and partridge-berry; broad copses of sumac. But the heart of the thing was sprawling second-growth maple—a very lattice-work of brushy twigs and little trunks. We flew forty-some birds there on one October afternoon! (*Continued on page 100*)

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Old Mexico

(*Continued from page 72*)

were strewn with them. They made slow traveling; sometimes two miles an hour, often less than one. We might have dropped in our tracks from exhaustion for want of food and water, but there was not even enough traffic to attract a vulture.

Fancy our joy, about an hour before dusk, on sighting the famous Pilgrimage Chapel of Chalmo, the abiding place of the famous miraculous Christ of Chalmo! It seemed so near, and yet darkness had fallen before our tired horses climbed the tortuous Way of the Pilgrims leading to the gates of the monastery. The aged padre was just closing up for the night, and sorrowfully informed us that females—even lady archeologists masquerading in blue overalls—were ineligible according to rules laid down by the holy abbot three hundred years ago. I had already stepped within the precincts of the medieval monastery. My Amigo chivalrously went back into the direction of the cluster of houses with the dismayed American squaw. The great iron bolts were slid into place shutting out the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. By the feeble light of a candle I was led up a long flight of stone steps, through the gallery of a tropical patio, and thence into a corridor flanked with fearsome paintings of grim-visaged Spanish monks. We paused before a door that bore the legend in Latin that dedicated it to San Juan. The old Father left me, crossing himself and me with a blessing and mumbling, *"Buenas noches! Adios!"* It was a penitent pilgrim's bed of boards covered by two coarse blankets, yet I never slept better in my life.

I found my Amigo and the blue-overalled *geologista* next morning and they told me that I had missed a good night's lodging. They had had no difficulty in finding one of the houses that helped take care of the many thousands of pilgrims who came during the fiesta season. We managed to forage an excellent breakfast consisting of rolls from the ancient monastery bakery, typical Mexican coffee, eggs, and *tortillas*. We dropped in for a moment at early mass, where one of the three priests was officiating, all that remained of the religious body of two hundred monks who once held forth. The famous painting of the Christ of Chalmo was unveiled for us, which with the handsome domed church was part of the profound miracle wherein, overnight, a renowned heathen temple of the Aztecs had been supplanted by the present church, more than 300 years before.

The long, long ride next day was similar in character, save that the mountains of stone that had been blue, as we approached became touched with green. It was hard riding, trying to preserve our balance as the pintos zigzagged first up and then down over the rocky barriers. We would have hailed a level bit of country and gladly have preferred walking. Nor was there shade when we came at noon to sit on a rock and eat a handful of *tortillas* washed down with warm boiled water. Just before dark, we entered a narrow canyon that was all aflower with many varieties of giant candelabra and thousand-eared cactus. Ordinarily, this would have been a dreary sight indeed, but coming from two days' depressing journey through a wilderness of stones, it seemed like a veritable Garden of Eden. As we wound our way upward, we made a sudden turn that disclosed a white village, as usual dominated by a lovely red-domed baroque church that would have done credit to a good-sized city in any other country.

Our lodgings for the night proved to be one of the high spots of the whole adventure. As usual, we stopped with a good friend of my Amigo in one of the most pretentious houses among a lot of hovels. Its owner was seemingly the high potentate of the village. The hill town was made up of a series of terraces. To reach our habitation, we passed through a gate in a wall and nearly fell down a long flight of stone steps, for the large patio was on a lower level. The far side of the patio looked over a low wall into a still lower level where a rushing stream ran through a bamboo grove and thence down a sluice over a large wooden mill-wheel, plunging into a lovely pool beyond. The treasured dung heap lay pungently outspread against the back of the stable at one end of the patio; at the other end stood the open-air kitchen, the wall tastefully decorated with senora's cooking pottery above a long shelf of a brazier stove. Midway was a shed, like a child's playhouse, where the hired man ate, slept, and seemed to have most of his lounging being. We sat with him for a long time in the moonlight while our lodgings were being prepared, watching him cook his meal over a brick fireplace.

My Amigo had seen the lodgings and was delighted with them. We were to be housed in what was ordinarily the family's star chamber, where Senor, his wife, their parents, and seven children had magnanimously been turned out to make a Gringo holiday. It was ready. *Ola!* Come and see. It turned out to be a single room, and that none too large. It was just wide enough to spread three serapes slightly overlapping, side by side. One each, to keep the tiled floor from hitting us too hard when we "hit the hay." The fat host then generously distributed three more serapes, in case we were cold blooded. That was all—*Adios*—*Buenas noches*—thank you! But, I asked, where were the "conveniences"? Nowhere and everywhere, we were told. He came back, as we stood awkwardly looking at one another. He had forgotten to say that he had taken care to place the Senorita's softer bunk in the middle, with a cabal-

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lero on either side. Conventions count for little under such primitive conditions particularly when one is so weary after twelve hours in the saddle that a stone would seem like a bed of roses. We removed only our shoes and sprawled out. We were all three almost overcome by the most unfriendly and greedy army of fleas that bit and burrowed until at the first crack of dawn we sprang up and rushed into the open, taking discreet turns in plunging into the pool in the hope of drowning them.

Ahead of us were the everlasting hills a new kind of country cluttered with new hazards. It was always sporting going, especially when we would come to a sharp ascent straight up into the blue. Or when we would spend hours crossing the backbone of a jagged mountain peak swaying along the brink of eternity with the bottom some thousand feet below. Perhaps the most thrilling of all was following the steep course of a dry river bed falling away before one dizzily for more than a mile straight below. In all the seven days during which we rode and rode nearly all the hours between daylight and dark, my sure-footed pintos never once missed a step. Of all the faithful beasts of field, forest, and mountain pass, I recommend these Spanish-bred undersized horses. Although these blood brothers of Don Quixote's "Rozinante" are almost ignoble to look at, they exhibit a will to do and a spirit so noble that a saga could be written about their golden deeds.

At the end of such a primeval, vexatious day, we entered a mountain town that had been the crossroads for centuries of several trails. Of course, my Amigo had a bosom friend living there; a *mestizo* who had swooped down on La Capital with Zapata's horde. In the semi-darkness, his house seemed scarcely larger than a packing case at the top of a hilly street cluttered with boulders round which man and beast had to make their way. He welcomed my Amigo with double *abrazas*. It had been a long tough pull and we stumbled into a crude room which we seemed to crowd somewhat. Hungry as jackals, we sat down round a table already littered with used dishes. We sat there fully ten minutes during which revolutions were being refought with many "Bang! Bang!" gestures that were exaggerated by the greasy flickering light of the dirty coal-oil flare in the middle of the table. "When do we eat?" I demanded a little savagely; the revolutions had heightened my spirit of revolt. "He says he has eaten all he wants, and there is nothing left, but coffee. He can sell us a bottle of *tequila*, if we like?" We didn't like, but my Amigo did, and bought two bottles which he set on the table. Fortunately, our food supply had held out. My Amigo spread out two scrawny boiled chickens, three boiled eggs, a handful of *tortillas*, and some bread rolls, nodding sweetly to the *Revolucionario*, implying that what was ours was also his. It was an old Spanish custom. He bowed solemnly in return and crossed himself before meat, at the same time reaching for a chicken, tearing it in two and passing the smaller half to my Amigo, who bowed his thanks. The *archologista* and I grabbed for what was left like primitive apes in the face of all these cavalier social amenities that were depriving us of the necessities of life. We both got our egg and roll. My Amigo got neither and gave us a hurt look.

Hardships? Deprivation? Discomforts? Nonsense. It was just he-man stuff that outdoor fans seek on dude ranches. But a thrilling variety that can be found only in Mexico. The stony wilderness turned into cactus heights and cactus into valleys of flowers. Red, white, and blue flowers, by turns, through which our mounts cantered belly-deep. Occasional herds of wild cattle always with a couple or more of belligerent bulls waiting to gore us, until our guide went after them with his ever-ready lariat, roping them and winding them to a tree until we attained safety. Drinking and sometimes bathing in unpolluted mountain streams that were always clouded with thousands of rare butterflies and humming birds. Refreshing ourselves often with *tunas*, or prickly pears that festooned every thicket of cactus like bulbs of rosy light. Plucking an occasional orchid within reach as we crashed through some jungle growth, or a bouquet of nearly a hundred varieties of wildflowers—a score of which were cultivated at home—as we limbered up on foot for a few miles.

Oh, boy! I never got so much out of a week in my life. After the first few days, I felt as though I could go back and lick the world with one hand tied behind my back. When we came to the end of the trail in front of a hotel, in Cuernavaca, civilization enveloped us once again in a steaming bath, and we dined and wined on the veranda overlooking the gardens where Emperor Maximilian and his Carlotta had once sat. Pachito was waiting for us and in an hour and a half we were back in La Capital, browner and more flea bitten than when we had left it, feeling more than half Mexican in our profounder understanding of the meaning of the national idom: *"Mañana!"* My Amigo and I now understood each other.

Fall in the Rhine Valley

(*Continued from page 71*)

tourists. Last fall, for instance, twenty-eight wine towns celebrated their vintage with great festivities; among the most beautiful and old-fashioned were those of the ancient, interesting town of Bacharach. The pageants here are filmed every year for all the world to see, and these celebrations now tend more and more to become a sort of national festival for the entire Rhineland countryside.

Last fall I finally realized my plan of visiting this interesting old town during the vintage, taking the Rhinesteamer from Koblenz to Bacharach. The Romans were the first people to plant grapes in romantic old Bacharach. Here they also raised an altar to their god of wine, Bacchus, and it is most likely that from this altar (Bacchi ara) the town got its name.

In honor of the occasion Bacharach puts on its holiday garb. The beautiful environs—the golden vineyards, the old church ruins, and the grand old castle—form a very decorative background. All the old frame-built houses and the towers on the town walls are decorated with flags, colored ribbons, vineleaves, and flowers. Everything and everyone are gay for the celebration, even to the heavy oxen that jog along the streets from the vineyards harnessed to the queer carts filled with grape casks. Red lanterns in long rows shine from behind the small leaded window panes. On the window ledges outside wax candles burn in colored wine glasses, and during the night a bright moon peeps out, illuminating the town *en fête*. It is traditional that people from four vine-growing valleys feast together in Bacharach.

We foreigners immediately feel in tune, for the wine makes us light hearted and the good humor of the jolly people of the Rhine is contagious. Salutes are fired, fireworks go off, musicians in national costumes play their instruments, and people sing old Rhenish ballads. Young people in national attire dance old folk dances, and the on-lookers swing to and fro to the rhythms of the dance. It is an amusing sight to see old and young, stout and slender swing arm in arm.

Now comes the splendid procession, winding its way down from the vine valleys behind the heights. The herald with the coat-of-arms leads, followed by a company of honorable knights, and then comes the god Bacchus himself in his state carriage which is drawn by four robust oxen. Enthroned high up on a wine cask with vine leaves in his hair, he toasts the people with his gigantic goblet. He is surrounded by beautiful bacchantes in silk garments, who smilingly pour out nectar from their jugs of wine for the thirsty crowds. Everyone drinks in blissful happiness from the same glasses, and, if anyone gets wine on his clothes instead of in his glass, he takes it with a genial smile and good humor.

The third day of the festival the young people, according to old custom, go from house to house asking for eggs and butter. This is traditional from the time when the youth used to cleanse the town's well once a year and were paid in wares. The last night of the festival young men and girls from Bacharach and the neighborhood perform a popular comedy in the big tent. The play is called

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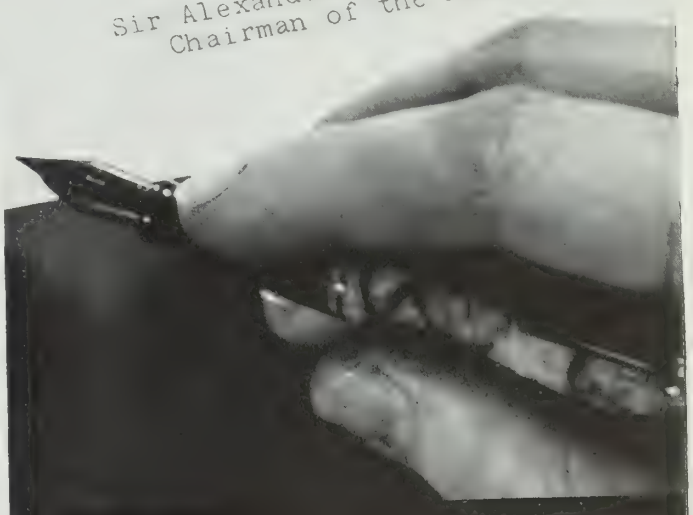

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At last the beautiful grape festivals are at an end and the Rhinelanders take up their everyday life again in their romantic, medieval towns, dreaming of next year's vintage with all its pleasures. We foreigners leave the Rhine to go to new adventures, but the old languishing melodies of the Rhine countries still resound pleasantly in our ears.

Points on partridge

(*Continued from page 52*)

to look the ground over carefully, see what food there is in the vicinity, what are the avenues of escape and the direction of the wind, and then order your dog in, while you proceed with utmost caution.

The natural instinct of a young dog or one in his prime is to travel and hunt fast, to indulge his natural exuberance in the love of the chase, but, if your grouse dog fails to conquer this enthusiasm and cannot hunt on his own without the support and encouragement of his master's voice, his efforts might as well be devoted towards pheasants or guinea hens, whichever bird suits your fancy most.

My setter, Sam, though far from a perfect grouse dog, employs methods of his own that are usually successful. Equipped with a small silver bell on his collar, he traverses his covers with an awkward slinking glide that is a strangely silent gait. At times he will range too wide and the hunt resolves itself into a listening game. When the bell is silent, the search for Sam begins and when his huge black and white body is discernible through the brush or trees one can approach to within satisfactory shooting range by using definite caution. If Sam becomes bored with his rigid position he will aid us in finding his location by shaking his head slightly, causing his bell to tinkle.

Granted that any bird dog with average intelligence can be taught to retrieve, stop at command, be steady to wing and shot, and after some years in the hunting field, develop an amount of bird sense to a greater or lesser degree, depending upon the individual; yet all that is mere preliminary training to what a grouse dog must know. Instinct is but slight aid to him and he must, as a consequence, have sufficient brain to reason. New problems and fresh situations confront him continuously and he must solve these in a thoroughly satisfactory manner to win the coveted title of "good grouse dog."

Diet as related to the sensitiveness of your dog's nose is of great importance. I have experimented through the years with varying results, coming eventually to the decision that raw meat during the hunting season is detrimental. It can be cooked rare with vegetables that have a minimum of starch and shredded wheat but never raw. A light breakfast of dog crackers or oatmeal, if the weather is cool, is an aid to a dog's stamina, in spite of opinions to the contrary. Would those who disagree be content to face a hard day's hunt without even the stimulus of a cup of coffee—I wonder?

The type of gun best suited for grouse shooting? Personally I use a short-stocked twenty gauge, cylinder and modified with twenty-eight inch barrels. Real experts, however, advise the light twelve gauge, weighing not over six pounds. Their argument is, and it is a sound one, that there are considerably more shot to penetrate the thickly interlaced leaves and branches and that the pattern is larger. Owing to its lightness, the gun may be handled as deftly as the twenty gauge with the superior advantage alluded to.

Men, unless they are well versed in the lore of upland shooting, have a tendency to seek advice from the fashion plates of some magazine and will promptly run amuck. This, for the reason that America has been endeavoring with feverish enthusiasm to imitate the British in methods of shooting and corresponding attire, with a rather grotesque result. Unless one is a member of some ultra-exclusive club, where one dresses in a garb redolent of the windswept moors, a touch of heather, etc., he will be wise to dress according to American standards where style is not included, serviceability alone being considered. I, for instance, favor for grouse shooting a felt hat with a brim of sufficient breadth to shield my eyes from the sun; some neutral tinted suit of wool or gabardine, the trousers of infantry pattern and sixteen-inch shoes of moccasin last with low heels. I admit that in such clothes, I would not be a candidate for a fashion plate but my particular incentive is grouse, not style.

A word of advice as to the choice of your companions in the field. Be sure of your man before you say: "Be at my house at four o'clock tomorrow morning. We'll rustle a bite to eat and try the grouse over on Kelly Hill."

Though he may be high score at traps, a fine partner in a slashing set of doubles, shoot a round of golf in a few strokes over par, and in the estimation of his men and women friends be "a prince of a chap," how will he size up in thick cover with his gun and will he relate in a loud tone some yarn about the salesman and the farmer's daughter just when your dog comes on point? Beware the individual who effuses over "the tang of the autumn air" and the "rustle of the dry leaf under foot." At the end of the day you will be long on the "rustle," but, in all probability, short on grouse.

Finally don't be discouraged if you fail to kill every grouse in the county. If you bring down three birds out of five shots, you are doing well. I am aware of those who will tell you that they missed the eleventh bird, having killed ten straight, but I have yet to see anyone do it unless he picks his shots and passes up the most difficult ones. Remember—and this is hard to do—keep cool. See that your muscles are relaxed, bring your gun to your shoulder with a single, easy motion, and try to estimate the bird's course so as to give sufficient lead. Observe these simple rules and you will hear frequently the death beat of wings on dry leaves.

Stalking the Highland stag

(*Continued from page 75*)

on which side their bread is buttered. It is the old chaps with the short wind who have the long purse. They are the ones who can usually afford to rent a forty thousand acre forest—not the young ones who visit them and do most of the shooting. However, the host must get something—and they see to it that he does—as they should.

Many a forest owner does shoot thirty or more beasts to his own rifle between the fifteenth of September and end of October, but that does not mean that it is easy. It does mean, however, that he is very keen and out on the hills a great deal, regardless of weather, that he has a large forest with plenty of stags, first-class stalkers, and is himself an excellent shot. Sometimes he will get three or four in one day, when conditions are ideal—and again, he will stalk for three or four days without firing a shot.

While staying on the Isle of Arran with the Duke of Montrose I had three stags the first day and two the second. On the third I tramped about the Goat Fell in a veritable deluge all the forenoon and then lay on my belly in an icy torrent for an hour after crawling four hundred yards—and got a shot just before dark. I say "crawled"—it was hardly that—the heather was so short that we had to lie flat and, reaching out in front of us, grab hold of a couple of fists full of heather and draw ourselves forward. Just try chinning yourself like that for half a mile sometime! It was worth it, too, for the beast was a Royal. That is a twelve pointer with six tines on a side, which is the dream of every stalker.

One day when I was in Arran the stalker spied a fine beast lying upon the brae above us. After making a careful stalk it was apparent that we could get no closer and the beast was lying down with no reason for moving until it was time for the evening feed.

"It's about three hundred yards," I whispered.

"Och, aye, three hundred," was the laconic reply.

"I have killed many a mountain sheep at greater distance than

that," I suggested by way of encouragement.

"Aye," said the stalker, "but I have heard the licht is verra much stronger in America."

He was right, too, for when he finally let me take the shot that brown stag melted into the withered heather like a ghost, and with the haze in the atmosphere I could hardly make it out. Never had I aimed so carefully, for I knew that if I missed he would never be able to forgive me.

One does not blaze away at everything which moves in a forest. It has got to be a shootable beast—one that has reached its prime, or is deteriorating. Usually the biggest task of the day is to get within range of it. Very often there will be from a dozen to fifty or more hinds and calves, like a protecting screen, between you and the monarch you are after. One false movement or a disturbing sound and one of them will see you and the whole band will move off carrying the stag with them, for he will always lie to windward of the females and trust their eyes to guard the leeward. Suppose, for instance, you have avoided them successfully, the stalker, unless he considers you well above the average marksman, will not permit a shot at over 200 yards. It is a one-shot proposition. No excuses are acceptable for wounding, which might entail a fusillade to put the beast out of its misery, driving all the deer on your forest over the march onto some other property; whereas a single well-placed shot, which would put your quarry down without a struggle, would only momentarily disturb them.

Do not think of this deer in the terms of our own American variety—actually it is a miniature Wapati, which it resembles in conformation and habits and it is just as tough. A prime wild stag of the Highland breed weighs from sixteen to twenty-one stone after the graloch, (which in the United States means from 200 to 300 pounds dressed) and is a much harder animal to put down than the white tail deer. Because of its great vitality and the uncertainty of the light in a country where the telescope sight is taboo as unsporting, the stalker insists on getting his gentleman up as close as possible to his quarry.

It is not only of the shooting I dream when comes a vision of the Highlands, it is those splendid men, the product of the hills, men with whom I have lain in the heather and discussed all sorts of problems. Gillies and stalkers though they be, the Scottish peasant is the best educated in the world. I think it was Milne who wrote so charmingly of the day he was stalking in the north and forgot all about it in a discussion of literature with his forester.

That, and memories of hoary, thirteenth century Brodick Castle under the shadow of the Goat Fell, sitting down to dinner surrounded by the finest oak in Scotland, a fitting background for the glistening plates and the gowns of the ladies, I hear again the tinkle of glass, the light chatter of my companions and from the cupboards of memory float the faint notes of the pipes skirled in the corridor without, where the ghosts of departed Hamiltons look down approvingly from their gilded frames. These ancient traditions that cannot be bought in the high Rockies or darkest Africa make up a fitting background for sport as it is in the Highlands.

Polo from the near-side

(*Continued from page 51*)

long ago in California where the fans have seen Wrightsman and Zanuck play top polo for about five years) that a 2 and a 3 goal man, respectively, playing in front of men like Cecil Smith and Aidan Roark, if experienced, are often worth at least three goals more than their handicap rating. We've seen Zanuck, the 2-goal movie tycoon, and Wrightsman, the 3-goal Texas sportsman, turn in some very useful high-goal polo technique with Cecil Smith and Aidan Roark encouraging them from the rear. And we hear that Wrightsman, whose visiting Texas Rangers won five of the chief British tournaments, was really a very fine No. 1 "Over There" this year until a bad fall, following a collision with an Argentine player and a goal post, slowed him down to his regular rating.

No, we're inclined to believe that Pat Roark will show up here on our fields this month as good as he ever was. We think this talk about his falling below form abroad may be due to the fact that he hasn't been mounted as well as in former years—and also, he probably hasn't been playing on good teams.

"But, say—" somebody broke in among that group along the Burnt Mills sideboards, "that was quite a win—no pun intended—for Winston Guest when he led his Templeton side to the Meadow Brook Club's 20-goal title, in the first major tournament of the season, wasn't it? Looks like Winston might be a good bet for that International team again next year."

"It certainly was, and he certainly is," we said, nodding. "It was a great win for Michael Phipps, too, though he lost in the finals with his Gulf Stream side. There is no question but that Winston Guest and Michael Phipps have consistently played beautiful polo so far this year around Meadow Brook. If the United States International team which will play Great Britain at Meadow Brook next spring were to be selected tomorrow, both these young veterans of international play would have to be seriously considered again. In fact, if Winston Guest can get Eric Pedley, Phipps' great rival for the No. 1 berth on the International team, to play up front on his Templeton team for the Open this year—a

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[illegible] this already handsome German [illegible] put Rex Ellsworth-Mr. [illegible] Templeton will win the [illegible] this year."

How much [illegible] Quest" [illegible]

[illegible] was hoping [illegible] was unable [illegible] Gerry [illegible] Jeff Coxe [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

plug dog comes in handy here for you can use him to spot coveys. Snap a leash on the nervous faster lad and when you get a point take the youngster up to the older dog—always slowly. If you do this often enough the slowness and carefulness of field work will at last come to him. Then go afield with the youngster alone and be sure that he never slips away from any commands. When you call him to heel see that he comes. When you ask for a pause when nearing a barbed wire fence, mean it. Once these high-strung dogs start pointing solidly all is well.

Another time an old, experienced dog is indispensable is if the young dog is to be broken on pheasants. Once a man and dog enter a field where these big beautiful birds are feeding they will start to run all over the place. An old seasoned veteran knows how to circle and head them off where the youngster would flush every bird in his attempts to catch up with them. The grouse and quail hunters have an edge on the pheasant hunter here since neither of the former species cares for lengthy runs.

A shooting dog's life is pretty short—about eight good years and the old boy must step down to a pension beside a warm hearth. But we can ease and lengthen those years by taking proper care of our dogs from the time they are youngsters. Winter hunting may mean frozen ground that will cut the pads of a dog's feet like a knife. After each hunt look after your dog's feet, cleaning and bathing each one in warm olive oil. Weed seed often gathers in those kind old eyes. They should be cleaned with diluted boric acid or salt water, using little handy cotton swabs. Take care of open cuts on ears and body. If the day afield is wet and cold dry your dog's coat after the hunt.

In extreme bitter cold weather keep the faithful fellow in a warm place, but never under any consideration keep a dog on a concrete floor for long periods. The hardness will cause the balls of the poor brute's feet to be stone bruised, and pads have been known to drop off completely. Major injuries afield should be looked after by your local veterinarian. Deep barbed wire cuts across belly and ears, acquired when jumping fences, can be avoided by helping your dog over. Warm olive oil placed under legs and tail of setters results in the easy removal of burrs. A good reading glass is great for locating thorns and broken briars. It isn't advisable to hunt thick cover with a collar on your dog for he may accidentally hang himself. Break up all colds as quickly as possible. Keep kennels clean. Take care of all worm signs, for worms cause more sickness to young dogs than all other things combined. Don't lose your temper and grab your dog by the ear and then wonder in after months why old Ben is shaking his head with ear canker.

All this advice may seem rather obvious and perhaps a little "sissy" to the younger generation of sportsmen coming along this year, but long years of experience have proved that these things pay. Remember that fine shooting dogs, like fine motors and all other good things, require the best of care if they are to give their best in return.

Guns and game

(*Continued from page 11*)

action follows the correct design for over and under guns by dispensing with locking lugs underneath the lower barrel. The Savage lugs are in the face of the breech and slip into channels cut between the upper and lower barrels. The system adds nothing to the depth of the action and it insures a tight, strong contact between the barrels and the frame. The over and under gun is seen at its best in 20 bore, for the slender barrels seem to be well suited to the system. To my perhaps too critical eye the new Savage isn't as good looking as it might be if the forend were not so thick and heavy. I think the stock should be thicker and certainly a bit longer between the toe and the heel for comfort. Unlike some over and unders this opens and closes easily. A friend had some sort of a German over and under that worked so hard he had to sit down for a few minutes after each reloading to rest and curse and refresh himself.

The over and under shotgun apparently is here to stay. The system itself is not new. The first gunmakers in their attempts to get more than a single shot out of a gun without reloading, fastened two barrels together one above the other but later abandoned the arrangement in favor of the side by side system. The Colt Company at one time made a double over and under percussion lock rifle that was successful and other makers have tried this at times.

Modern European gunmakers revived the principle some years ago and adapted it to sporting arms, but they were slow in giving up the notion that a double gun ought to lock with lugs underneath the barrels engaging bolts in the bottom of the frame. This system of locking, which is commonly used on regular double models, was not successful on the over and under. It required actions too deep and too heavy to meet the requirements of beauty and balance. Many were fearfully complicated.

About the first over and under gun that showed the true possibilities of the system was made by Woodward of London. The firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold of pleasant memory was the American agent for the Woodward. A 16 bore Woodward acquired at the time was one of the finest guns I have ever owned or handled. One small difference between the Woodward and the new Savage is that the Savage sells for a little less money—about $1,410 less—an amount so insignificant that perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned it at all.

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Fox hunting

(*Continued from page 17*)

I had no dogs. I had the best Walker dogs to be had at that time. On interviewing this man I found him to be quite an intelligent fellow and well versed in hunting. He also had had a wide experience in handling and hunting the various strains of dogs. I so disliked the looks of those dogs that I did not go into detail as to ask him how they were bred. A few years ago I stopped at Cabin Creek, Arkansas, to look at a pack of dogs owned by a Mr. Ed Cowan. To my great surprise, on entering the kennel there, standing on top of a box was a perfect specimen of an old shaggy Wheelock gyp. Mr. Cowan asked me to point out what I would consider the best dog in the kennel. After looking all the dogs over carefully, I pointed to the shaggy gyp and told him that was his best fox dog. He was very much amazed and asked me what caused me to point her out. After telling him of the experience I had running against them he freely admitted I was right. I asked him where he got her, but I do not now recall, however it was somewhere in the East. The man I hunted with had come from Maryland and had brought his dogs with him. I am tracing back to see if there are any of those old shaggies left."

SHOWS. The Virginia Foxhound Club will have its 5th Annual Bench Show at "Montpelier" Wednesday, September 14th. Walter Jeffords, M.F.H. of Mr. Jefford's celebrated pack of Pennsylvania black and tans, will again judge.

The Penn Marydel Foxhound Show follows the next day, September 15th, at Roy Jackson's Kirkwood Kennels, and then on September 21st, 22nd, and 23rd we have the Bryn Mawr National Hound Show.

Waterfowl regulations

(*Continued from page 83*)

and to restore some reasonable part of the 100,000,000 acres destroyed by drainage and other enterprises. In 1931 the Survey took its official life in its hands and succeeded in having the shooting season reduced from two and a half months to one month. It nearly wrecked the organization. On the following year a longer season was restored. A number of men who knew the situation from lifelong study of it and understood the sinister significance of this maneuver thought that the jig was up for the waterfowl. It wasn't a pretty prospect. A phenomenon of splendid beauty, mystery, and majesty that twice each year since the Ice Age had swept across the length of the continent was about to be extinguished forever because the men who most of all desired its preservation were unable to visualize the disaster or to comprehend their own fatal part in it. In another score of years nothing would have remained of the greatest of all field sports save the decayed ruins of wildfowling shacks, cabins, and clubhouses on many a lake, marsh, and bayou from Saskatchewan to the rice fields of Louisiana, a few good books and splendid pictures, and the wistful anecdotes told by elderly men vainly seeking a suitable substitute for the thrilling recreation that had gone.

The great drought that for years ravaged the north central states and the southwestern provinces in Canada was a blessing, though one in fearful guise, for the waterfowl. It destroyed unnumbered millions of birds, but, by 1933, it had accomplished something that the Biological Survey and informed naturalists and sportsmen had been unable to do. By diminishing the flights of waterfowl savagely, extensively, and suddenly it attracted the attention of the least observant gunners and convinced them at last of the truly desperate condition of the resource.

In that year the Survey was given money and authority to dust off its long cherished Waterfowl Restoration Program and get it under way.

The first step was to cut the shooting season drastically to one month, to eliminate baiting and the use of live decoys and to give some of the diving ducks complete protection. At the same time a land acquisition program was started, the purpose being to build a great system of waterfowl sanctuaries in this country with a total area of 7,500,000 acres.

At the present time the sanctuary project is about half finished. It has contributed a great deal to the situation which makes it possible this year to lengthen the shooting season and remove other minor restrictions. In the years to come it will contribute much more to the welfare of the waterfowl. It has not been, however, a *major* factor affecting the increase of ducks which has taken place during the past three years. If you want the reason for that it is to be found in the circumstance that American wildfowlers generally have given their support to shooting regulations individually irksome but which have resulted since 1934 in reducing the total number of ducks killed each year to much less than the total number of ducks hatched and reared.

The past five years have proved a number of things of great importance to the American wildfowler. Among others the experience has shown the utter fallacy of the statement formerly so often advanced that restrictions on shooting do not increase the supply of game. Game certainly can be increased by that means but to maintain the increases there must be land for game to live on and suitable environmental habitats provided for it.

Some gunners will find this conclusion disquieting; they have hoped and perhaps believed that some other cure could be applied that would not require a reduction of shooting—the control of predators and disease, for example. But the best information that we have indicates that all human efforts to lower the annual losses from natural causes will be relatively ineffective and tremendously expensive. So, instead of cursing the circumstance that game can only be preserved by regulating shooting we ought rather to rejoice that it can be preserved at all and that the means is within reach of our hands and will and we should not close our eyes to it.

The trick is to keep track of the status of the wildfowl with sufficient accuracy to enable us to manipulate the shooting seasons and methods accordingly.

This is the function of the Biological Survey. It is equipped and authorized to fulfill the function. It is, in effect, a wildlife research institute maintained at an expense of $2,500,000 to $3,000,000 a year. For the layman to ignore or discredit the findings of such an organization in favor of local or individual opinion is comparable to the action of a man who with the services of the highest medical authority at his disposal nevertheless relies on a bottle of Choctaw Indian snake oil to heal him of his ills.

In the future we shall have fat years of wildfowling. We shall have lean years, too. Shooting restrictions must relax or contract accordingly. Some of the ancient practices, like baiting, will never come back, in all probability. If they do it may mean the ultimate destruction of the sport of wildfowling. It is not a question as to whether this practice or that is ethical; the deciding factor is whether or not it is unduly destructive. That is the real test.

Dog stars

(*Continued from page 15*)

mediocre specimens, if at all. Many are sickly due to improper care, feeding, and changes of environment and die soon after they are sold. It is usually just before the Christmas sales season that the owners of such establishments scrape and gather together their puppy stock from every conceivable source and precisely during that period is the worst possible time to purchase a puppy. Primarily the supply of presentable stock is very limited and due to increased demand the prices are higher than at any other time during the year. Because the child or children may want a dog for Christmas the average parents become careless and accept almost anything in order to gratify that desire and the longer the purchase is postponed the poorer it will be and later the more to be regretted. In such cases it is better to avoid these shops entirely, arrange well in advance with some reputable breeding kennel for a puppy and have it kept until wanted. By this means a far more satisfactory transaction can be accomplished.

POODLE SHOW. Poodles will have their heyday, or it might be termed hey-heyday, with the annual specialty show of the Poodle Club of America and the Somerset Hills Kennel Club show at Far Hills, N. J., September 16th and 17th, as it will be possible to gain double or ten championship points at these two events. With the extremely liberal cash prizes of $15, $10, $5, and $3, in all classes and open to all, to say nothing of a grand array of trophies, it is confidently expected that a record entry will result. At the present time Poodles are at the highest pinnacle of popularity in the entire history of the breed and, with their beautifully barbered, gorgeous coats, stunning style and intelligence, are the very acme of show-ring elegance, aside from their excellence as retrievers in water fowl gunning. The judge will be the veteran all-rounder George S. Thomas. Of particular note will be a catalog de luxe, which in reality is a year book of the breed, profusely illustrated with likenesses of all of the leading dogs, progeny, pedigrees, kennels, and other valuable information.

SETTER SHOW. What promises to be the greatest aggregation of English Setters ever assembled in America will appear at the specialty show of the English Setter Association to be held September 9th at Duckhollow House, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, Tuxedo Park, N. Y.

Concerted and widespread efforts by the association to make this event a record breaker is expected to result in an entry approaching two hundred dogs and include practically all of the brighter stars and lesser lights in the Setter firmament. In addition to a very valuable array of trophies, cash prizes of $10, $5, and $3 are being offered in every class, also large cash prizes for both the exhibitor and handler benching the most dogs. The services of professional handlers will be available free of charge to all those who send their dogs but cannot personally attend. The judge will be the veteran all-rounder George S. Thomas. At the close of the show exhibitors are cordially invited to a party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Duke. Added impetus should be given this event due to the fact that on the succeeding two days, the important Tuxedo and Rye shows take place.

Precious carvings from Cathay

(*Continued from page 80*)

carved in deep relief in a floral and bamboo design, is of fei ts'ui, a name for this particular type of hard jadeite. The floral carved stand is of ivory. In the same picture is a round box, one of a pair, of gray jade, the all-floral design of pierced and relief carving covering the entire surface. The convex cover, too, is carved.

One can readily understand the love of jade in all its species by the Chinese. But it is wise, also, to emulate their liberal judgment which found beauty and artistic possibilities in other semi-precious stones. Handsomely carved objects that rivaled those of jade were created from Oriental agate, rock crystal, carnelian, sardonyx, and onyx. Such is the unique item illustrated here, created from the largest known perfect block of chicken-blood agate, a rare shade. Of the Ch'ien Lung period, it represents Yu Lung, the fish-dragon, a creature of two existences, for beginning life as the carp, when it leaps the Cataract of the Dragon Gate on the Yellow river, as a reward of success it is transformed into a dragon. Here are represented a pair emerging from the crested sea-waves. Because the carp shows such perseverance in going upstream to spawn, it symbolizes success. Hence, a work of art fashioned in its form, as this is, might most appropriately be a trophy or token presented in honor of victory or some literary achievement.

Farms in the black

(*Continued from page 85*)

to consume additional skimmed milk in the summer. Constant juggling keeps the mean supply of certified and pasteurized milk on an even level and, at the same time, eliminates waste or shortage. In every phase of the life of the dairy, however, from the type of crops grown to the kind of cattle raised and bred, and the distribution of the various products of the dairy, Mr. Ashton is the supervising authority. He is as successful in his attention to the details of dairy farming as he is in the broad conception of intake and output and how to fit the two together to make the farm a really business-like proposition.

To describe the house at Delchester Farms adequately would be to annotate and trace every detail, for it is by the perfection of detail that Mrs. Ashton has been able to convey the harmony and interrelation of one part with another and of all the parts with the whole. It is apparent to the most casual observer, however, that what Mr. Ashton has done with the farm, she has done with the house. They have made of both a setting for ample and warm country living. The land has been treated with that respect due it and has responded in a way that it will never do for those who treat it merely as a plaything. The cattle have been studied and bred and raised for the best possible results in the dairy. The horses, it is true, have been bred and trained for sport and for the sheer love of them. But here again, the approach has been a practical one because they have been raised for good performance in the field and not for show. The house and garden have been carefully planned to tie in with the rolling fields and broad lawns and, at the same time, to

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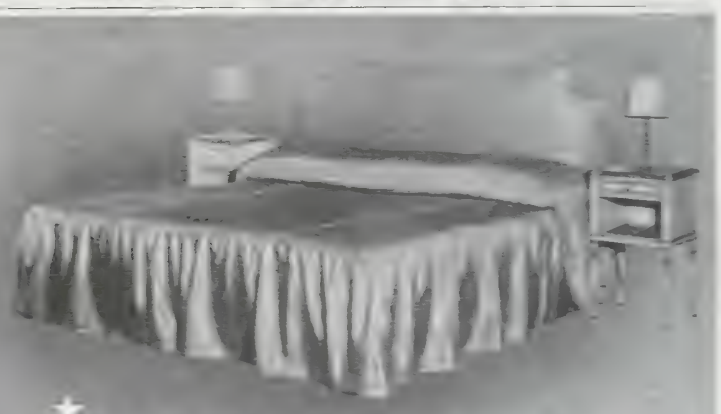

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"The forgotten race"

(Continued from page 471)

distance of which is four miles over post and rail fences, it has nothing in common with either the British or American Grand Nationals. It should be restricted to bona fide hunters, whose lack of speed on the flat is offset by their ability to negotiate the post and rail fences with a minimum of accidents.

It is true the number of jumps at Aintree is thirty as contrasted with nineteen at Belmont Park. It is also freely admitted that the course itself and the obstacles at Aintree have no counterparts in any country in the world, and the obstacles at Belmont Park have very little in common with them, but, as I have stated before, the course at Aintree puts a premium on agility at the expense of speed. Of this I feel certain, the average Grand National winner would be hopelessly distanced in the American Grand National.

Extreme speed coupled with skill in successfully surmounting the nineteen fences is the *sine qua non* of an American Grand National winner.

As steeplechases are run in this country today it is idle to try to convert into a successful chaser any horse incapable of running a mile in the neighborhood of one minute and thirty-eight seconds. Three examples should prove this contention conclusively. The winner of last year's Grand National, Greentree Stable's Sailor Beware, on the flat as a two-year-old won the Junior Champion Stakes, conceding the second horse no less than the world famous Omaha, five pounds and ran the mile in one minute thirty-six and three-fifths seconds. Bushranger, a high-class stake winner in the steeplechase field, was started in the Whitney Gold Cup Trophy one and a half miles, which he duly won in two minutes thirty-two and three-fifths seconds, but this big son of imp. Stefan the Great worked a mile in better than one minute thirty-eight seconds and a mile and a half in better than two minutes thirty-one seconds. Amatar won the Corinthian and other steeplechases in 1934, but he was a shivenly fencer and won his races mainly through his speed on the flat. Later returned to flat racing Azucar won the first running of the Santa Anita Handicap with 117 pounds, beating Ladysman, Time Supply, Twenty Grand, Equipoise, and others. His time for the mile and a quarter was two minutes, two and one-fifth seconds.

The American Grand National Steeplechase owes its existence to a group of steeplechase enthusiasts who met in the winter of 1898-1899 and decided to raise annually a fund of $2,500 to be added to a similar fund subscribed by the racing associations, the entire $5,000 to be added to a steeplechase to be known as the "Grand National Steeplechase."

All things considered, Geo. W. Jenkins, winner of the Grand National in 1902, the year it reverted to Morris Park, was one of the best chasers I have ever seen. He was owned by W. J. Maloney & Co. and was a son of imp. Esher out of Clarissa by Kingfisher. For one thing although he was only four years old, he ran nine times that year winning six races. He fell in the New York Steeplechase, the International Steeplechase, and the Country Club Grand Annual, but in addition to winning a steeplechase at Bennings and the Grand National, he won the Duke's Cup, the Beacon, the Beverwyck, and Independence Steeplechases. Geo. W. Jenkins's steeplechasing career, like the annals of the poor, was short. The following year, 1903, in the Cotton Steeplechase at Memphis he fell and was killed.

The Grand National of 1906 was won by Thomas Hitchcock's Good and Plenty 170 lbs. ridden by Nat Ray, ostensibly trained by C. Kiernan. In the years 1904, 1905, and 1906 Good and Plenty won thirteen races in succession. He finished second in the first steeplechase he ever ran for at

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Brighton Beach July 14, 1904, behind Walter Cleary, where he was entered to be sold for $1,000. The son of imp. Rossington and Famine never tasted defeat again until May 25, 1907, at Gravesend when J. E. Widener's El Cuchillo (Spanish for "The Knife") cut his winning thread in the Empire State Steeplechase.

In the 1927 renewal the added value of the Grand National was increased to $25,000 and as a result the race attracted a number of entries from abroad. American-owned but French-bred eligibles included The Sirdar 2nd, third in the Epsom Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris in 1925; Nosiamas, Madrigal 2nd, and the German-bred Laufjunge. The race however was reckoned to be a duel between the Greentree Stable's Jolly Roger, 165 lbs. trained by Vincent Powers and ridden by "Speck" Crawford, and J. E. Widener's Fairmount, 167 lbs. trained by J. Howard Lewis, and ridden by "Dolly" Byers. Laufjunge was accorded an outside chance, but half way down the backstretch, the second time round when in a contending position, and just making his run, the German horse over-reached, scrambled on top of the jump, landed safely but unseated his rider, Lance Cheyne, and galloped riderless the rest of the way round the course. Jolly Roger carried Fairmount into the next fence so fast that the leggy son of Fair Play rapped it so badly with his hind legs that he nearly uncoupled himself and Jolly Roger won easily, earning $34,750. A year later Jolly Roger repeated under 167 lbs. Crawford again rode and the son of Pennant earned the record amount for a steeplechase race in this country, $35,850.

Arc Light, owned by Joseph E. Widener and trained by J. Howard Lewis and Tim Donahue respectively, was the winner in 1929 and 1930. The stake was worth $28,350 and $28,250 respectively but in 1930, the year Tim Donahue trained him, he was disqualified, unjustly many contend, for allegedly crossing the Sanford Stable's British-bred Tourist II. This disqualification cost Arc Light the honor of being the leading money winning steeplechase horse in the world, a title Jolly Roger still holds. He earned $145,240; Arc Light earned $122,010.

Green Cheese, ridden by the capable amateur Mr. Rigan McKinney, won the 1931 renewal under 140 lbs. and established a record for the race over the three-mile course—5.39-2/5.

Joseph E. Widener's six-year-old Bushranger, trained by J. Howard Lewis, ranks with the best of our Grand National winners. He prevailed in 1936 under the record impost of 172 lbs., beating Thomas Hitchcock's Rioter 156 lbs. with Amagansett 157 lbs. coming in third.

In 1937 the Greentree Stable won the Grand National for the fifth time with Sailor Beware. Joseph E. Widener also won this stake five times, Relluf 1914, Expectation 1917, Stonewood 1919, Arc Light 1929, and Bushranger 1936. The Hon. Sanford's purple and gold stripes were successful on four occasions—all four horses were trained by Holly Hughes.

Two jockeys have ridden four winners of this stake, Nat Ray and Robert H. Crawford. Ray was astride Geo. W. Jenkins, 1902, Plohn 1903, St. Jude 1904, and Good and Plenty 1906. Crawford, possibly the best steeplechase rider this country has ever seen, rode Lytle in 1922, Erne 2nd in 1926, and Jolly Roger in 1927 and 1928.

The entries for the 1938 renewal of the Grand National will not close until after this article goes to press, but from what we have seen and what we know of the form of our steeplechase horses this year we feel confident that among the entries will appear the names of such tried and true performers as the Brookmeade Stable's National Anthem and Corundum; F. Ambrose Clark's Top Wave and Bachelor Philip; the Greentree Stable's Sailor Beware, Galsac, and Jungle King; Thomas Hitchcock's Rioter, Annibal, Saluda, and Yemasee; Montpelier's El Dorador, Mrs. Gwyladys Whitney's Red Rain and Gay Charles; George Bostwick's Masked Knight; E. B. Schley's Bartholdi; Mrs. Ethel Jacob's The Immortal 2nd; and the Sanford Stud Farm's Snap Back, Golden Meadow, and Supply House.

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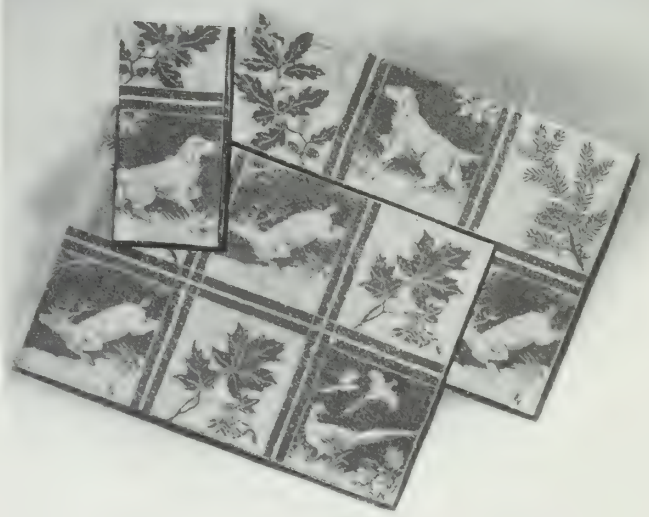

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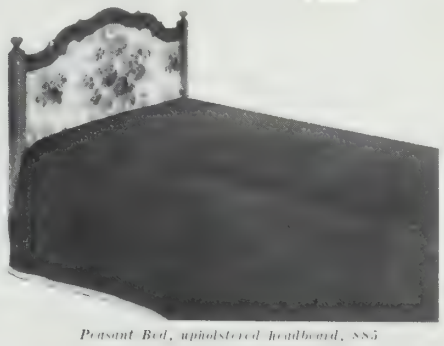

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En plein air

(*Continued from page 41*)

garlic. Melt this all up, then add a sliced lemon, and let the mixture simmer as long as you want. Pour it over the steak when you take the latter off the fire. For birds, melt up a glass of red currant jelly, a couple of bouillon cubes, a pound of butter, and a wine glass of Dago Red (California claret is good enough). This goes especially well with wild rice. If you want a sauce for fish, well *you* think one up. Me, I like my fish plain.

If there are to be more than half a dozen people at your picnic, it's wise to use two or more fireplaces; whoever cooks the meat has the most difficult and responsible job and should not be harried by competition from soup and vegetables. As for vegetables, any garden vegetable can be cooked just as well on a picnic as at home, provided you take care to set up the proper equipment, and have kettles with tight fitting covers. In off season, don't forget frozen foods—vegetables and meats. These excellent products are not only convenient, but are often hard to tell from the garden-fresh McCoy. King of all picnic vegetables, of course, is sweet corn, and it can be cooked in a number of ways. It can be boiled, as usual; it can be steamed in its husk merely by laying the ears on a bed of coals and covering them with damp grass or leaves, or if you are at the seashore, with seaweed. Soup is always good with any meal—jellied consommés in the hot weather, heavy, cream soups in the cool. Don't bother with desserts: a green salad, *fatigué* in French dressing and served with crackers and a sharp cheese, will be more appreciated anyway. Top it all off with rich coffee and a liqueur, and you will come close to achieving that exquisite feeling of being really well fed which most Americans seem able to accomplish only in France.

No meal, however, can be much better than the fire which cooks it. No fire can be better than the wood it's made of. And, finally, no wood is better for outdoor cooking than seasoned hickory. It burns down to hot, enduring coals, and exudes a fine aroma which imparts a subtly delicious seasoning to any meat cooked over it. If you would be a serious picnicker, you would do well to lay in a supply of seasoned hickory. If you can't get hickory, charcoal makes as satisfactory a substitute as you could ask, and has this further convenience that it can be bought all put up in neat packages from almost any hardware store, and also I believe from certain automobile agencies.

Indeed, picnicking is almost an all-year-round possibility, and can be as much fun in winter as in summer. Once, we picnicked, hilariously, in a blizzard. Our host, however, was prepared for anything: he had rigged up canvas shelters in his grove of pines, and provided a cauldron of hot buttered rum, the perfect drink for the weather. One of our more hardy members rode his horse to this picnic, and tried to kill an incipient cold with the hot buttered rum. I am happy to report that he killed his cold all right, but he also tried to ride his horse home backwards, on a bet. He lost.

Surely one of the best of picnicking times is during the January thaw, when suffering humanity creeps tentatively out of its shell for a few hours. We are reminded then that there *is* such a thing as warmth and soft air, even though they be snatched away e'er the sun goes down.

Of all times, however, I think the best is on an October night, in the full of the moon. I remember such a night, when we picnicked down by the river. There is little to say about that meal, save that it was quietly perfect. It was a big gathering, and a half dozen fires blazed through the semi-darkness made almost luminous by the moon, and filled the night with the ineffably comfortable odor of woodsmoke. We dined well, and lingered long over coffee and brandy. Far across the river, a party of 'coon hunters were following their bell-voiced hounds. The fires burned low; the moon grew large in the west; the warm, autumnal scents of field and forest crept along the river bank and mingled with the smoke from the dying fires. I think that for a few precious moments, as the moon foundered beyond the trees at the river's edge, we were all of us bound together in friendship and in a realization of the deep satisfaction of country living.

Cover's the thing for game

(*Continued from page 86*)

Last fall I was back there again. I'm sorry I went, even if I did kill a fat grouse, and my friend a brace. I'm sorry I went there that second time because the brushy fields, the squat tangles of hardwood sprouts had all grown up to trees. The concealing ferns had died out as the tussocks of saplings grew into tall black trunks; and the sumac shrubs grew gaunt; the blueberries had quit bearing fruit. The thumping, thundering partridge left the little Catskill gameland then. There were fewer each fall after my first visit there, George said. Of course the mysterious down-cycle of game accounted for part of the drop in birds, but I don't think for a minute that it explains half of that little catastrophe. There were worlds of birds in the brushy cover on Jones's place a half mile away; more than there'd been there ever before, the owner said. But six years before, Jones had cut stovewood for himself and his neighbors from his hills. The autumn after that, the man said, there were more cottontail rabbits scuttling among the new

brushpiles, beneath the lush clumps of oak sprouts sprung from cut-down trunks, than ever he'd seen. He'd gone out there with a rifle evening after evening in open season and pecked off a bunny or two without even making a dent in their numbers. But the rabbits had dwindled yearly when the brush started growing into lean saplings. When these reached the stage of growth when wintergreen and huckleberries started to appear, he began seeing grouse now and then. They had increased as the jungle grew thicker. "Yes, yes." Jones told me on that day last fall, "I guess there's more partridge in them fifteen acres of hackin' now than you'd find if you was to hunt all the way to the Delaware."

Five or six years from now I'm afraid there won't be any grouse on Jones's hills; not more than the smattering there are on George's place today, anyhow. Or at least there won't unless the owner takes a notion to re-cut the woods as George cut part of his last spring. For when little trees grow into big ones and the forest floor grows clean and tidy in its deep shade, birds like grouse drift away into covers more to their liking; just as cottontails are an earlier card in nature's deal. That points to the weakest link, I think, in many present-day restoration programs: the great emphasis put on restocking unsuitable coverts. (The current program of the United States Biological Survey is a brilliant exception to this rule.) Continued restocking of game is not the wise, economical way to increase sport with the gun. Too large a percentage of hand-reared game falls early prey to vermin. Too little that survives the shooting season can find dense, foody cover to take it through winter to another breeding season. If much of the energy now devoted to turning out extraordinary numbers of half-tame birds from incubators were directed instead toward planting the proper shrubs and vines in the proper places; if more were devoted to cutting over has-been grouse woodland to make it brushy again, then I believe that Mother Nature, fertile old dame that she is, would do an admirable job of restocking on her own account.

Last month I made bold to suggest that bass fishing could better be improved by abetting natural reproduction in the wild than by continual restocking with hatchery-raised fish. I suggested that "cover" for bass, in the form of proper aquatic plants, and the introduction of large numbers of forage minnows should be the main help offered the brood fish. As I recorded at that time, this scheme has worked admirably in my own pond. The same principle works with the rather generous numbers of small game on my place. Subject to exigencies, I practice a system of cutting down trees in five-acre tracts year after year. Within a few weeks after clearing, each of these becomes a garden of lush green sprouts shooting up from the bases of cut trees. In a couple of years these are head-high and better. Dewberry vines come to carpet the ground. Wintergreen appears; then sumac, blackberry, blueberry of several species. At this stage in the pageant of wild plants I clean out brushpiles which have been left here and there to offer cover. The soil is always clean under these brushpiles, and rich with rotted wood. I scratch its surface with a rake and sow thick handfuls of vetch and field-peas; plant a couple of hawthorns or other thorny shrubs in sunny places.

The next year I follow this same procedure with the next tract in order; and so on. When the time comes that the brush in my first cut-over place has grown up into trees again, I will turn the stovewood boys loose in that place once more. It is quite amazing the way the grouse gravitate toward these brushy places in a land of forested hills. They like to nest about the fringes of the sunny arenas. In June the hens bring their flocks there to feast off wild berries, to wallow in the dust about the bases of new-planted shrubs. And in a few weeks now when the leaves have turned red and there's frost in the air I will not look for grouse among the gaunt black trunks of the big woods, but in snarled brushy "hackings" grown up to sumac and Tausendschön roses.

There are, as we both know, virtual index plants for numerous birds and other creatures. Ragweed fields in the Mid-South always harbor quail; birch and alder in New England mean woodcock; brier patches anywhere at all are a token of cottontail rabbits. But there are certain other plants which, no matter where they grow, offer such a happy combination of thick shelter and abundant food that almost any sort of small game will stay around them. It pays to nurture any vines and shrubs of the sort, which grow wild in game coverts, and I find that dividends accrue from introducing others.

In a previous issue of COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN I gave my opinion that hawthorns of many species are about the best all-around woody things for wildlife coverts because of the thorny sanctuary afforded by their twigs, the teeming food supply which showers down from their sturdy tops every year. There are numerous other shrubs which I have found worthy things in attracting game. Close to the top of a list of these I would place the lusty false-bittersweet, (*Celastrus scandens*), familiar in autumn bouquets. The orange and scarlet fruits of this native vine are beloved of game birds. Pheasants, in my experience, are especially partial to these for fall and winter diet. The fruits cling to the vines pretty well through the winter and hence are available for emergency fare in times of deep snow. But fat food is only half of the boon afforded by bittersweet. Planted on rocky slopes or in rich, moist fence corners, it will put forth

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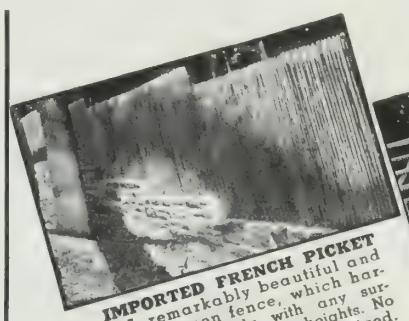

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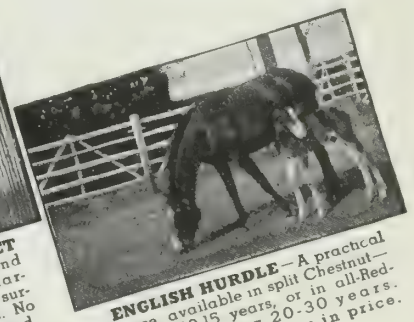

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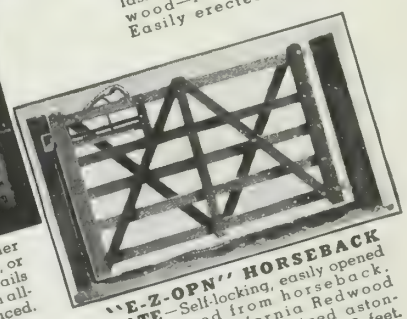

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amazing tangles of wood in a single season to offer fair refuge to furred and feathered things. Since bittersweet is a climber, I like to plant it with lean-growing shrubs like sumac. Its twining stems ascend to the tips of such shrubs forming a roof for feeding.

The rose is a gracious host to wildlife too. The typical Japanese multiflora rose, together with other roses of rambler persuasion, are the best, perhaps. I plant them in sunny spots in my cut-over tracts in the woods where they look quite gay in June, lighted up with white, pink, or creamy yellow flowers. Songbirds like them especially at this season for they find in their briery depths, safe places for their nests. But it's in late fall and winter that my gone-wild rose bushes really serve their purpose. All game likes to crouch beneath their dangling canes when there's danger about; and there's rarely a time when there's snow on the ground that game bird tracks don't lead to their larder of colorful fruits.

Another adaptable shrub which I have found exceptionally attractive to game is the western silverberry (*Eleagnus argentea*). It is a tall growing shrub whose branches droop down like the willows, forming hiding places for birds. The leaves of the silverberry are white on their undersides, so that a clump of these shrubs is a picturesque sight when a summertime breeze rollicks through them. No less significant than the cover afforded by the mat of twigs and leathery leaves is the harvest of red silver-flecked berries borne in fall. These handsome fruits are produced in such enormous quantities that a thrifty plant in October fairly sprawls on the ground. Silverberries are delectable tidbits to birds. Thrushes, robins, and other songbirds swarm in with bigger fry the minute the fruits are ripe. But such berries as they miss grow dry and mealy as autumn wanes. I have known a covey of quail and several pheasants to feed daily through the winter under a single little thicket of silverberry.

There are many other shrubs which deserve planting on any land where wildlife is a primary or incidental desideratum. Many of these, like roses, silverberry, and bittersweet, will add to the food supply as well as improve the cover. But some shrubs and trees which bear no edible fruits add so much to the quality of the cover that I find them well worth buying. Mountain-laurel and the hardy rhododendrons are outstanding among things of the sort. Both can be had in small sizes at low enough prices to permit planting them in clumps. The bushier coniferous trees like hemlock, yew, and dwarf juniper, similarly form dark hiding places for game. And there are scores of shrubs or shaggy weeds already growing in any game cover worthy of the name, which ask only forbearance from the axe and scythe to extend their range and swell the game rolls. Goldenrod, rip-shins, lambkill, crab-grass—I love 'em all; because I'm convinced that for game, the cover's the thing!

Greenhouses

(*Continued from page 74*)

itations, not only as to what it will produce but also as to the variety of material that can be grown, as different subjects require different degrees of heat and humidity.

I mention this kind of house particularly as not infrequently it is the beginning and end of a venture. Due to its limitations the owner becomes disappointed with

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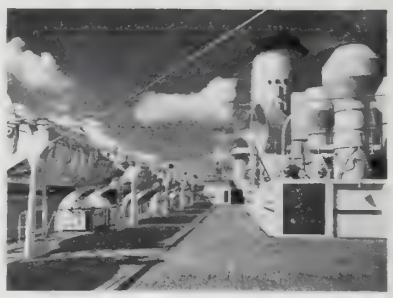

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For an average estate where a moderate supply of cut flowers is demanded through the fall, winter, and early spring months, not less than one hundred lineal feet of greenhouse should be contemplated. This may be divided into three compartments to provide houses of different temperatures. Such a house with the foundations, masonry, attached workroom, heating plant, benches, everything complete and ready to commence growing, will cost, in the eighteen-foot width, approximately $8,500. The same type house seventy-five feet in length divided into three compartments of twenty-five feet each would be $6,500. Should competent labor and material be available on the place to take care of excavation and masonry, or if the work is done by a separate contractor, it would reduce these prices by about $2,200 and $1,800 respectively.

What makes an ideal house is the twenty-five-foot width. This allows two three-foot and two six-foot benches with three-foot walks between. It is correspondingly higher than the eighteen-foot house, being thirteen feet at the ridge compared with ten feet or so in the smaller structure. Aside from the economical aspect, the larger cubical contents gives it added growing value; the greater the volume of air enclosed, the less tendency there is for the temperature to fluctuate rapidly. This structure encloses almost forty per cent more area than the eighteen-foot type for less than twenty-five per cent increase in cost.

The foregoing prices are all for straight eaved houses of standard construction, made of the best quality materials suitable for the purposes for which they are used, and of first-class design. Curved eaves have advantages, mostly aesthetic, but represent added cost to the extent of about 15%.

When obtaining complete estimates for a greenhouse from builders a careful analysis of the specifications and their costs should be made. The selected location and possibly trial borings will decide the necessity of drainage around the foundations. Such precautions all add to the cost but are frequently a saving in the long run. A flooded cellar can become a troublesome problem, as can sagging footings. Comparisons of the available types of frame or skeleton structure are very necessary as they can result in wide variations in prices. The various types are steel, semi-steel, pipe-frame, and wood. The all-steel frame is naturally the strongest and, unless a particular request to the contrary is made, it is the type usually estimated on for private estate structures of any size.

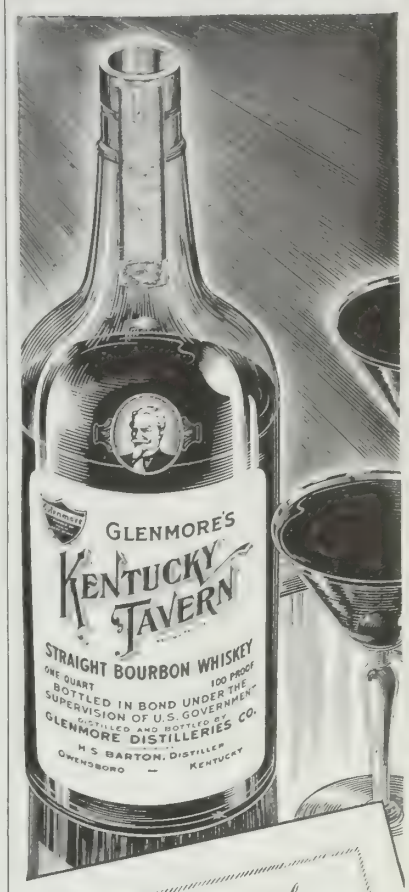
It is customary for a quotation to include benches installed, but these may vary some in price according to design and construction. The most popular and practical is the iron frame with wooden sides and bottoms; unless something else is demanded for certain purposes, it would be the usual installation. The gauge of the angle iron specified for the edges that support the sides and bottoms, the size of the legs, and the manner of bracing should all be considered and also whether or not these parts are heavily galvanized. The frame of the bench is one part of a house that is seldom if ever painted after it is once erected, except when repairs are made; consequently to insure long life it should be well protected from rusting. All-wood or concrete benches may be installed if desired. The first are the less expensive initially, but they are costly in the long run. All concrete would be the reverse and should be good for the life of the house. The iron frame type presents the best appearance.

Benches should be not more than three feet in width unless they are approachable from both sides. Walks should be three feet wide, too, so the bench supports can rest upon them and still leave sufficient room to move material in and out of the greenhouse. Concrete is no doubt the most practical material for the walks. As a rule on a private estate a part of the greenhouse bench space can easily be adapted for the rooting of cuttings and whatever other propagation is done. Whether to install shading devices is also determined by the kind of material to be grown.

Water, as in all gardening, is a prime necessity and the requirements and the details of tapping the supply must be considered. So must the matter of electrical current, although this is not essential unless oil burners or forced draught appliances are used as part of the heating plant.

As stated previously, the prices quoted above as a basis for comparison were for complete units with cellar and heating plant. A point which might be well worth considering is the relation of the greenhouse to other buildings, such as the residence or a garage, where a heating plant is already in operation. It might be advisable to utilize this if close enough, although, unless the contemplated greenhouse is quite small, most installations would not be sufficiently overrated to take care of the added requirements. A small workroom is included in the above prices but would be optional; it could be either of wooden construction or of the same construction as the greenhouse, modified to adapt it to its needs.

The selection of the site for a greenhouse range—or a single house—should be given careful thought before the erection is begun. An ideal position is one where a maximum amount of light can be obtained as well as protection against cold winds. Such a favored spot is not always available, but sunlight is the major point to con-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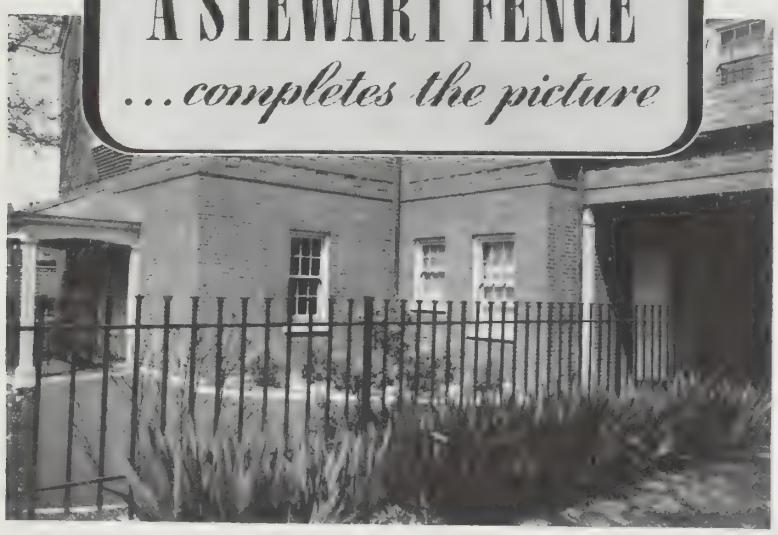

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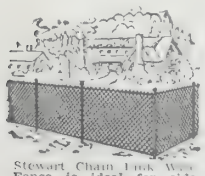

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sider. The possibility of windbreaks of trees or buildings—provided they are distant enough not to interfere with the light—is worth looking into.

It will also be well to bear in mind when building, the possibility of future additions. This refers not only to the site and its limitations, but also to the relation of the greenhouse to the workroom, to the direction in which expansion would take place, and also to additional boiler capacity and the necessary cellar room.

The question of orientation will no doubt arise. From a grower's point of view this is governed somewhat by the crop grown and partly by his individual opinion. Some favor a house lying in an easterly and westerly direction; some prefer a north and south bearing; still others, one running northwest and southeast. For all-'round purposes, I incline to the north and south setting. Naturally, should the structure be adjacent to the residence or other buildings of importance, its axis would have to conform to that of one of these.

Should the owner likewise wish to extend his greenhouse activities, there are many special features and experimental devices that can be installed. Automatic ventilating apparatus controlled entirely by thermostats is available and quite practical. Sprinkling systems for maintaining atmospheric moisture are not at all rare. There is little doubt that air-conditioned houses with both temperature and humidity controllable at will are not far distant.

Cost of operation, which naturally is also of interest to the prospective owner, will be governed entirely by the size of the house and the type of material grown, and as the latter depends entirely on the needs and desires of the owner, it is impossible to give any figures. Labor, which is no doubt the largest single item of expense, varies according to conditions prevailing. If a gardening staff is already employed and a capable man available, it may be possible, with a rearrangement of the outside work and additional labor through the spring and summer months, to operate successfully. However, in the event of not having a man with greenhouse experience it will be necessary to secure the services of such a one. Roughly, I would estimate that two thirds of a man's time the year 'round would be required, this, of course, not taking into consideration the additional time after regular working hours.

The cost of coal, or whatever fuel is used, is a sufficiently large item to warrant advance consideration. Personally, I prefer coal as a source of heat as the fire may be checked and kept practically dormant and it will generate sufficient heat to keep the water in the boiler moderately warm to provide continuous gentle circulation in the heating coils. Then when more heat is called for, there is just that much start in boiler temperature. Oil burners are usually controlled by air temperatures in the greenhouses and are either running or shut off completely. It is easy to see that during a bright day in midwinter the burner may not be called into action to maintain the desired house temperature for several hours; meanwhile the boiler may get completely cold so that a proportionately longer time must elapse before sufficient heat is generated to be effective. Of course, this difficulty can easily be overcome by the addition of thermostatic control operated by boiler as well as air temperature. Using again the same unit size plant as a base for our figures, approximately thirty to forty tons of coal will be required to operate it per heating season.

Other expenses of operation, as for spraying or fumigating, and the purchase of fertilizer, compost, and sundries, are not major items. On most estates there is usually sufficient good top soil to use in making a compost heap, and in any event this would not be a large factor if purchased.

General maintenance should not be a serious item providing no unusual situations arise. It cannot be stressed too strongly that the amount of money that will be spent on upkeep depends largely on the quality of the materials used in the construction.

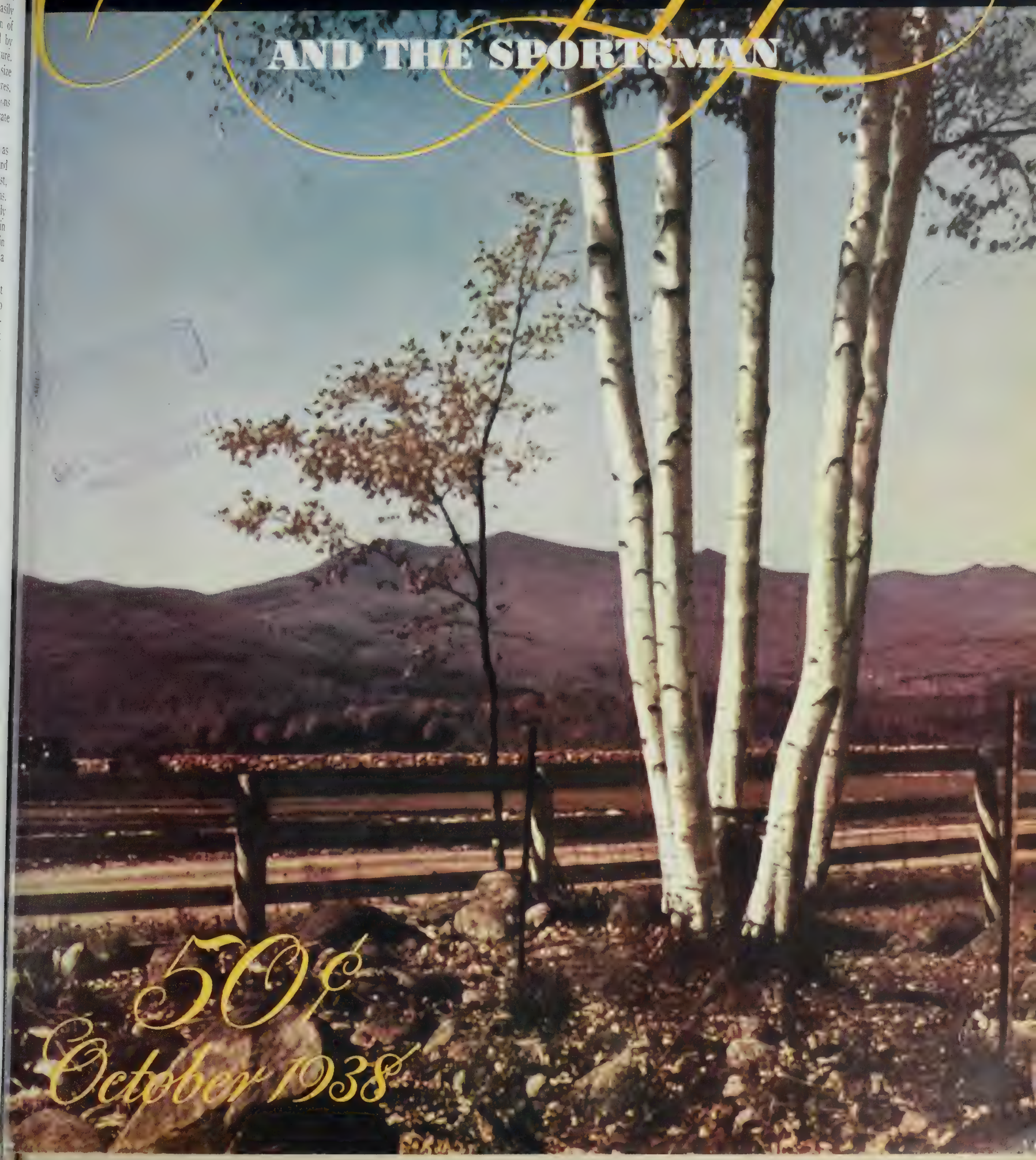
Painting will be the main expense of maintenance and under no circumstances should it be neglected, particularly on the outside. The film of paint that covers the junction of the sash-bar and the glass, where the latter is imbedded in putty, is a very important protection. Regular painting, every second year if possible, will maintain it. If not done, the putty gradually disintegrates and water seeps in, causing drips and loosened glass. And not only does water enter, but heat goes out, and a leaky house can cause a noticeable difference in fuel consumption. As a basis to figure on, allow for labor and materials, including the best paint procurable, two and a half cents per square foot of surface, or five cents for both inside and outside.

One detail that some greenhouse builders advise and which adds definitely to the appearance of the house, is the use of galvanized steel. It adds only about five per cent or less to the original cost, but it prevents rusting in places which are inaccessible when repainting.

Replacements, such as bench bottom renewals, will be needed, but probably not oftener than every ten years or more. So far as the heating plant is concerned, the coils, if of cast iron, should last a lifetime; and a first-class iron boiler is good for at least twenty years. An annual cleaning and conditioning, which does not require skilled labor and the directions for which are gladly given by the makers of the boiler, will add years to its usefulness.

Country Life

AND THE SPORTSMAN



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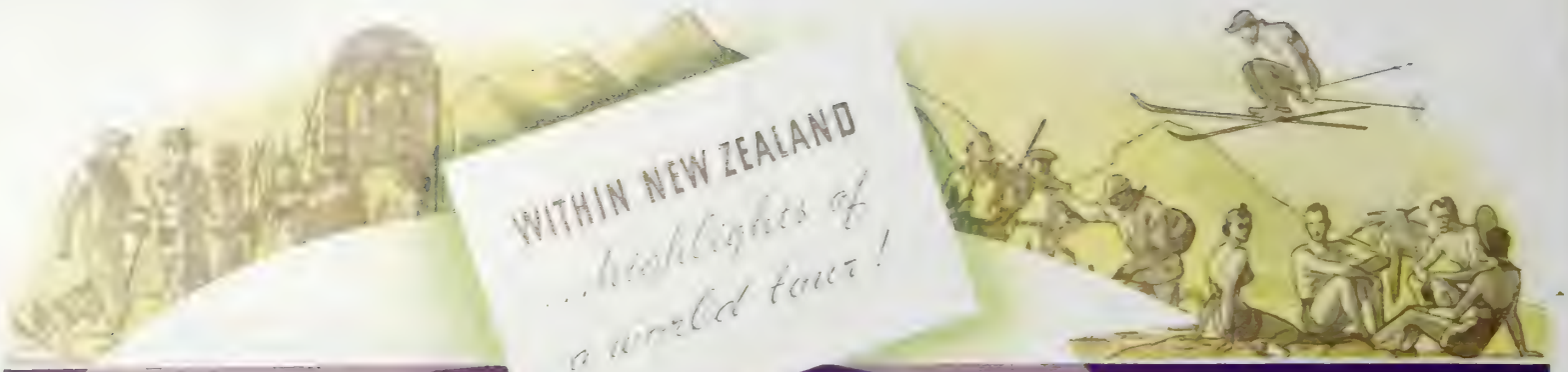

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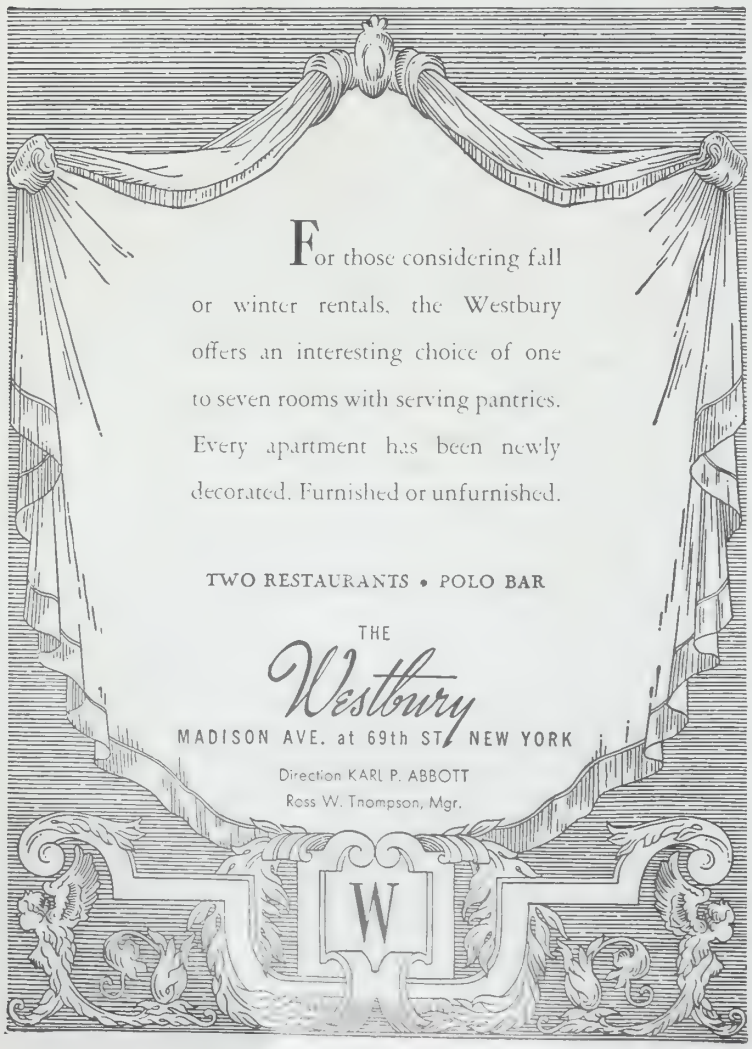
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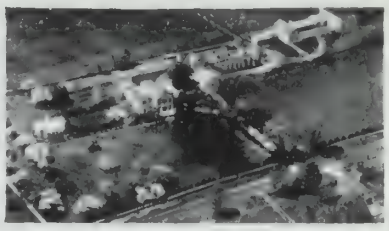

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Dog Stars

SCOTTISH TERRIERS . . . ENGLISH SETTERS COCKERS . . . AMERICAN BREDS

Edited by VINTON P. BREESE

THE career of the Scottish Terrier in America during the early stages was not auspicious as compared with that of some other breeds or with the subsequent expansion and eminence attained by this breed. It was in 1883 that John H. Naylor of Chicago, the pioneer exhibitor of the breed, made the first importations, soon followed by others, but it was not until nearly a decade later, or to be exact in 1892, that the breed gained a fair foothold in public favor, and 1895 marked its first boom year with thirty-nine dogs entered at the Westminster Kennel Club Show. Although during a few following years there was some slight fluctuation in entries at the foremost fixture, it may be said that from then on the breed was firmly established in popularity and continued to advance in a completely consistent manner soon to become one of the most popular and populous of all breeds. Likewise there was a rapid and remarkable improvement in type from the rough and ready looking terriers of the early Eighties to those of the late Nineties, and the year of 1911 marked an outstanding milestone in the history of the breed when an imported dog, Ch. Tickle Em Jock, was awarded best in show at Westminster.

Incidentally, Jock was the only Scottish Terrier ever to win this, the highest honor, at the foremost fixture. This situation seems rather anomalous considering the many superlative specimens of the breed that have competed and on numerous occasions come within the closest striking distance of the premier prize, while many more times representatives of the breed have captured top honors at other important events. In fact, in this respect, the Scottie rates up in the very forefront among all breeds. Several years before Jock's arrival in America the late Francis G. Lloyd of Bernardsville, N. J., began the establishment of his famous Walescot Kennels which were soon to house the greatest collection of the breed in America. He made many importations of the very best dogs the British Isles had to offer and with extensive breeding operations the Walescot assemblage usually numbered in the neighborhood of seventy-five dogs including a dozen or more champions. This continued over a long period of years. During the heyday of these kennels it was a frequent occurrence for Mr. Lloyd to enter from a dozen to two dozen dogs at Westminster and they usually swept the boards. It is thought that the Walescot Scotties comprised the then greatest single collection of the breed in the world.

RELGALF. Advancing to the present time and remindful of Walescot at its peak are the Relgalf Kennels of Mrs. Flagler Matthews at Rye, N. Y., which also are chiefly devoted to Scottish Terriers. The Scotties number sixty including fifteen champions with a complement of four Wire Foxterriers; three Welsh Terriers, one of which is a champion; three Collies, of which two are champions; and one Airedale Terrier champion. According to these figures Relgalf not only owns the largest collection of the breed, particularly champions, at the present time but, with the exception of Walescot, are unequalled in this respect throughout kennel annals. Recently the Scottie forces have been considerably strengthened by the arrival of three excellent importations, a dog and two bitches all under two years of age and unshown save in puppy classes. This was according to recent Relgalf custom to import high-class youngsters with a future before them rather than seasoned campaigners with their best days behind, and indeed it is a very wise procedure. Positive proof of this was furnished in the case of Ch. Flornell Sound Laddie, an unshown youngster, which shortly after his arrival sallied forth to win his championship in six shows with winners six times, best of winners and best of breed four times, and two terrier group placings. Now that he is reaching mature development he is a dangerous best in show threat.

The new importations are Chieftain of Gedling, Favourite of Gedling, and Dandy Girl of Gedling, all promising show prospects and rich in the blood which produced the same owner's famous Ch. Silvertip of Gedling who has nine best of breed, four best in terrier group, and three best in show to his credit and is proving himself a prepotent stud. Another headliner in the show and stud division is Ch. Flornell Soundfella who boasts of twelve best of breed, three best in terrier group, and two best in show, and is also producing winning progeny. The queen of the kennel and regarded both in England and America as one of the greatest bitches of all times is Ch. Rosehall Ideal whose record reads eighteen best of breed, eight best in terrier group and five best in show. Very close to Ideal in merit, but unfortunate in having frequently to compete against her, is Ch. Flornell Splendid, with ten winners, eight best of winners, three best of breed, and three second best in terrier group. These are only five of the Relgalf Scottie champions, the remaining ten being Raceway of Rookes, Radical of Rooks, Greyling of Rooks, Revealed of Hillwood, Banner Day of Hillwood, Broxton Battle, Gleniffer Frivolity, Ortley Angela, Relgalf Ringlet, and Cedar Pond Chloe.

Although Scottish Terriers will always hold highest favor at Relgalf two important additions have recently been made to the Wire Foxterrier division of the kennel. These are the imported bitch, Flornell Show Girl, and the Canadian-bred dog, Burlington Dictator. Show Girl is an exceptionally fine daughter of Ch. Talavera Romulus ex a Ch. Beau Brummel of Wildoaks dam and in the few times shown has accounted for four winners, three best of winners, one best of breed, and one best in terrier group. However she handicaps herself by very varminty ring manners. Dictator combines the blood of Ch. Eden Aristocrat and Ch. Stockmoor Storm and is an intensely typical terrier of ideal size and hackney build. The remaining champions of other breeds are the Collies, Tokalon Blue King and Tokalon Farmerette; the Welsh Terrier, Galen Agar of Scotsward; and the Airedale Terrier, Stanmark First Choice, making twenty title holders in all. Returning to the Scotties, there is a really remarkable crop of home-bred puppies which appears to include a number of show ring caliber and probably several embryo champions.

PRUNE'S OWN. Reared from infancy in a sporting atmosphere of dogs and horses, it is easily understood how Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke (nee Miss Priscilla St. George) has developed a keen knowledge of and great admiration for these four-footed friends, and her marriage with Mr. Duke, who has similar inclinations, formed an excellent combination which is capable of doing great good for Pointers, English Setters, and Beagles, the

particular breeds they fancy. Although hardly beyond girlhood, Mrs. Duke may be termed a dog show veteran as for over a period of fifteen years she has been an exhibitor of Clumber Spaniels, Cocker Spaniels, English Setters, and Pointers in the order named. However, it is the Dukes' intention to devote their main efforts to the breeding, exhibition, and improvement of English Setters and since their marriage they have established at their home, Duckhollow House, Tuxedo Park, N. Y., a very select kennel of this breed, known as Prune's Own. The veteran stud and show dog of the kennel, purchased about five years ago and now retired from active competition, is the English Setter, Ch. Gilroy's Chief Topic, one of the most successful in the history of the breed with many best in show victories to his credit and the sire of winning progeny. He is one of the few show dogs remaining of the original collection which was dispersed just before the Dukes were married.

While on their world tour honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Duke decided to reestablish the kennels and after careful consideration of outstanding English winners purchased the Pointer, Pennine Paramount, and English Setter, Bayldone Buccaneer, now both international champions. Paramount, a big, grand, great-going white and lemon dog was bred in Ireland and at the age of eleven months was awarded best in show at Dublin. The following year, 1937, he was shown nine times, winning nine championship certificates including best Pointer at Olympia three years in succession. Since his arrival in America he has been best of breed eleven times, best in sporting group six times, and best in show three times. Considering that he is only a little over three years old, this is a remarkable record and he has been equally successful in the stud having sired in England the sensational certificate winners, Pennine Golden Glory, Pennine Pivot, and Bellaport Britisher. Buccaneer is a beautiful, big, blue belton, excelling in head, front, feet, and substance and was the winner of four certificates in England. He was purchased chiefly for his exceptional bloodlines and the great winning strain which he ideally represents, which includes such celebrities as Wagg of Crombie, Maesydd Minnie, Maesydd Mustard, Maesydd Mariner, and others. Among his winning progeny in England are, Wanton of Weaversdown, Wasteful of Weaversdown, Jennifer of Fermanor, Justit of Fermanor, and Pure Gold. Certainly the Pointer and Setter fanciers in this country are fortunate in having two such splendid stud forces available.

A highly successful young American-bred dog is Ch. Pilot of Penn Grove which completed his championship in five straight shows, adding best of breed three times and best in sporting group once. A recent and important purchase from Dwight W. Ellis was that of Maro and Mora of Maridor, litter

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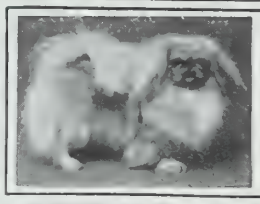

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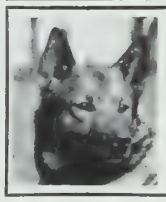

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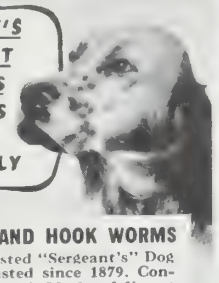

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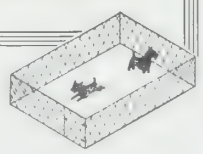

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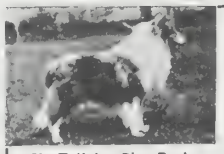

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brother and sister to the sensational Daro of Marador, best in show this year at Westminster and sired by Ch. Sturdy Max, best in show at Morris and Essex in 1937. Maro was best puppy at Westminster this year, best in the sporting group and a close contender for best in show at Morris and Essex this year. Other English Setters at Prune's Own are a very promising young dog, Sturdy Dictator and the bitches Ch. Sturdy Belle, Sturdy Queen, Rogerdale Flirtation, Prune's Own Priscilla, Queen Bess of Marional, Pennine Perle, Prune's Own Charm, Prune's Own Poem, and the Pointer bitch Ch. Birdfinder of Blarney. In the English Setters it is the intention to cross the noted English Maesydd and Crombie strains with the successful American Rumney strain in the hope of producing a line of top notch Setters.

COCKERS. Although one of the oldest and most popular of bird dogs in its native land and the foundation of the American branch of the family, the English Cocker Spaniel has never held more than mediocre favor in the show ring or afield in this country until the present time. It is only within the past two years that this breed has been accorded more than passing notice but now this promises to enlarge into a staunch and strong sponsorship with persons of prominence and parent organizations at the helm, and there is every indication that at last the English Cocker Spaniel, or more truly termed the Cocker Spaniel (English type), is launched upon the sea of popularity. One of the chief reasons why the English type is now invading the field of American Cockerdom is that many Cocker fanciers feel that the American type, due to the excess desire to produce dogs of extreme show ring finish, is becoming too puny to be of any actual value afield and is degenerating into merely a house pet. A striking example of this toyish type occurred recently when an individual was awarded one of the highest and most coveted prizes in variety competition at one of America's greatest shows. A veteran Cocker breeder and judge remarked "That dog couldn't retrieve a wren."

Although it is hardly to be expected that Cockers should retrieve pheasants, the Springer and Setters possessing superior physical equipment for such work, it is nevertheless true that they will try. But they are essentially woodcock dogs and in this field of endeavor have no equal to find, flush, and retrieve birds in damp and dense covert. However, the English type with its superior size and strength is able to both negotiate the closest undergrowth and retrieve the largest birds. It should not be construed that this writer is averse to American type Cockers but only to the pronounced tendency toward breeding them too toyish in the effort to get extreme show ring refinement. In the latter respect our American dogs hold a slight advantage over the English type, a condition of which English fanciers are fully cognizant. This is proved by the fact that in order to obtain American finish they have been mating English sires to American dams and further mating the bitches of the resulting litters to straight English-bred dogs and the dogs of the litters to straight English-bred bitches and the next generation bred back straight English.

Another very noticeable difference between English and American Cockers is that the former are slow and the latter fast finishers. That is American dogs are usually sufficiently developed for the show ring upon graduating from puppyhood while English dogs usually appear quite immature at such an age and must wait almost another year to fill out and finish. There are other characteristics of these two types upon which comment might be made but such will have to wait until some future time. Suffice it to say that American Cocker fanciers should be delighted to welcome the English type. Powerful sponsorship is being furnished by the recently formed English Cocker Spaniel Breeders Association, which includes among its membership such prominent fanciers as Mr. and Mrs. T. Collier Platt, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Ladd, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William A. Rogers, Mrs. Paul Mellen, Mrs. Harry C. Cushing, Miss Regis Shanley, Msgr. R. F. Keegan, Mr. B. Hamilton Rogers, Mr. Edwin Winslow, Mr. A. G. MacVickar, Mr. Stanley B. Green, and other noted sportsmen and sportswomen. The above association is a member of the American Spaniel Club.

AMERICAN BREDS. Not so very many years ago it was the exception rather than the rule for American-bred dogs to win best in show and even top placings in the variety groups at important shows, especially in the eastern portion of the United States. As the most convincing evidence of the former let us consider Westminster, the oldest and foremost fixture in the Western Hemisphere, where for thirty-two out of its sixty-two years of existence competition for best in show has been offered and on only seven occasions has this prize gone to the American-bred dogs. For thirteen

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years or from 1925 when a Pointer, Ch. Governor Moscow, led the lists up to 1938 when an English Setter, Daro of Maridor, repeated, no home-bred dog has gained entrance into this ultra elite circle. However, happily, the complexion of this competition is now considerably changed especially since the American Kennel Club has, during the past three years, been offering generous annual cash prizes for American-bred dogs amassing the greatest number of victories in the variety groups and best in show. This special dispensation by the governing body has furnished a much needed stimulus to the breeding and exhibition of home-breds with the result that pure-bred dogs which are produced in the United States now actually dominate the American show ring.

According to recent figures released by the A. K. C. on the standing of the race for these special American-bred prizes during the first six months of 1938, 146 dogs of 41 breeds were best in 270 variety groups at 55 all-breed shows held by member clubs of the A. K. C. This indicates a substantial improvement over the same period of 1937 when 118 dogs of 30 breeds were best in 192 variety groups at 50 shows. Therefore the result for the present year is 146 group victories by American-breds as against 124 by importations. Also this competition is gradually disabusing the minds of many breeders as to the fallacy that the best dogs always come from abroad and has induced them to increased efforts toward the production of better homebreds. As we go to press the individual leader of the American-bred brigade is Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt's white standard Poodle, Ch. Blakeen Jung Frau, with 15 non-sporting group victories to her credit. The runner-up is Mrs. Milton Erlanger's black standard Poodle, Ch. Pillicoc Aplomp, with 13 group honors. Close up is Mrs. Annis A. Jones's smooth Dachshund, Ch. Herman Rinkton, with 12 hound group win; next in order are John B. Royce's Pekingese, Ch. Kai Lo of Dah Lyn, with nine toy group wins; Mrs. M. Hartley Dodge's German Shepherd Dog, Ch. Giralda's Geisha, six working dog wins; Forest N. Hall's Wire Foxterrier, Davishill Little Man, five terrier group wins; and D. W. Dietrich and J. H. Gambrill Jr.'s English Setter, Ch. J. M. Red Owen, five sporting group wins.

The American all-breed champion last year was Mrs. Erlanger's Poodle, Ch. Pillicoc Rumpelstilskin, since retired but soon to reappear, while the same owner's Ch. Pillicoc Aplomp has been sold to the Pacific Coast fancier, Ernest E. Ferguson. Little Man was last year's terrier group winner and appears able to repeat. With the fall circuit of shows under way the present scores are very likely to be increased but it is not likely that the trio of leaders will be challenged and the race will probably be emphasized by an extremely close finish. The hound and non-sporting groups are most strongly American-bred, each being won 56 times by dogs whelped in this country. In hounds 23 dogs of nine breeds and in the non-sporting dogs 22 dogs of seven breeds accounted for the honors. Toys come next with 54 victories by 43 dogs of seven breeds; 34 gun-dogs of seven breeds scored 49 times; 21 working dogs of six breeds won 28 times; and 14 terriers of five breeds won 27 times.

DOG BOOK. The supply of the original official publication of the American Kennel Club, "Pure Bred Dogs," having become nearly exhausted since its appearance three years ago, due to the ever-increasing interest in man's best friend, the governing body has found it necessary to bring forth a second and more comprehensive volume titled "The Complete Dog Book" offered at a reduced price. This new edition, with its 800 pages and over 100 illustrations, has the advantage over the original by the inclusion of a new part written by the official veterinarian, Dr. Edwin Reginald Blamey, on the care, feeding, handling, selection, breeding, housebreaking, and more frequent diseases of dogs. The main body of the book has been enlarged and gives the history, standards and likenesses of the 109 breeds, eight of which did not appear in the original publication, and there is an illustrated glossary of technical terms. It has required many years to obtain the assembled material, the special articles on origin and history written by each breed association and edited with a critical eye that demands authentic foundation for every statement. No fancier or breeder can afford to be without this volume, which is sponsored by the governing body.

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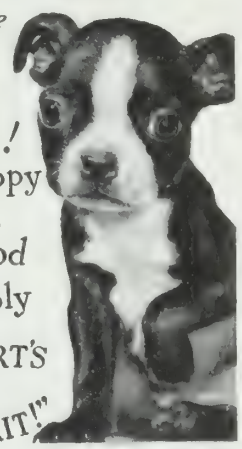
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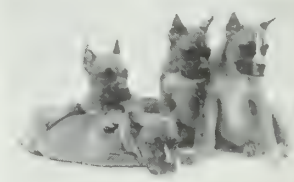
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MONTH IN THE FIELD

Carlisle Memorial Trial . . . Futurity . . . Pheasant Dog Trials

THERE isn't a great deal we can tell you about the retriever and spaniel trials at this writing for the simple and obvious reason that they haven't been run yet. Nor is there much preview news, but on this score we can make up for the lack of quantity with quality by telling you about the move to start a new trial, in which a perpetual trophy in memory of Mr. Jay F. Carlisle is to be competed for by all breeds of retrievers. It is certainly fitting that there should be such a memorial, for few people will ever do as much for field trials or be as highly regarded by others in the sport as was the late Jay Carlisle. This trophy is being offered by Mr. Carlisle's sons and of course Dave Elliot has had a great deal to do with it too. A replica will be presented to each year's winner and, though plans are not definite as yet, this year's running should take place on the sixth and seventh of November, thus starting directly after the Labrador Club's trial when it is hoped that a lot of dogs from the West will be here to compete. They also plan to have several stakes (the trophy itself will be competed for in an Open All-age) making a full-fledged trial out of it. The scene of activity probably will be the meadows down by the bay in Islip, where many successful retriever trials have been run in the past. So, besides being a fitting memorial, the competition for this trophy fills another need—it means that there will be one more trial in the East in a year when there are all too few.

PHEASANT DOG TRIALS. Pheasants are pretty unsatisfactory birds on which to work Pointers and Setters, however suitable they may be for spaniels and retrievers. They run like rabbits, flush wild, and in general refuse to behave themselves before a pointing dog as some of our native species do. It was for this reason that the pheasant dog trials were regarded rather sceptically by many when they were first started. Then along came such dogs as Champion Schoolfield and Air Pilot's Sam, dogs which had been trained on quail and chickens and which had never seen or smelled a pheasant before they came to Buffalo, the scene of the most important pheasant trials. Both of these dogs succeeded in annexing the National Pheasant Championship, dispelling the old idea that a pheasant dog to be any good at all should be a slow, pottering trailer, and showing that good dogs can take pheasants or any other game bird, for that matter, in their stride.

Now, the pheasant trials, of which the Pheasant Dog Futurity, the National Pheasant Championship, and the Amateur Pheasant Championship are the most important, are among the big events of the year. Much honor is attached to winning them and the grand open country near Buffalo where they are run is becoming as steeped in tradition and as well known to Pointer and Setter men as some of the famous scenes of quail and chicken trials. This trio of events starts with the Pheasant Dog Futurity on October 7th on the Buffalo Trap and Field Club grounds. Then comes the National on October 10th and the Amateur starts on the 13th.

FUTURITY. The Futurity was first run in 1934, this coming one being the fifth edition; all of them have been run over the same course. There were twenty-five starters the first time, and the well-known Pointer fancier Udo M. Fleischmann scored a double when his Farmwood Macaroni and Farmwood Yankee captured first and second respectively. The second year the Futurity was won by the late Jay F.'s celebrated Pointer Tip's Topsy's Top, now owned by Raymond Hoagland. In 1936 Lawless Boy won, and last year Louis H. Newkirk's Pointer dog Village Red Light. A few weeks later Village Red Light, another of the many dogs that have proved their versatility, was fourth in the thirty-third Quail Futurity at Mount Vernon, Ill.

NOMINATIONS. Of the 226 completed nominations for this year's Pheasant Futurity there are 141 Pointers, 84 English Setters, and 1 Irish Setter. In the Pointer group Double Pheasant Champion Village Boy heads the list of producers for the third consecutive year with a total of 11—two more than Champion Air Pilot, now deceased, which had 9. This is the third consecutive year that Air Pilot has been second on the list of Pointer sires. Among the Setters there is a new leader, the celebrated winner Sport's Peerless, which is far in front with 22. Next in line was Equity with 8. Third was the imported dog Horsford Dashing Drake with a total of 6. The solitary stud representative of the Irish Setter breed was Lehigh Pat.

DOG PORTRAITS. We have become very much interested in the series of portraits of outstanding field trial dogs now in the process of being painted by William H. Foster, well-known sportsman and artist, who is incidentally the inventor of skeet. The subjects of this series are to be those dogs that are the outstanding representatives of their breeds, not only from the aspect of their field trial records but because of the part they have played in perpetuating the qualities of field dog greatness. It is for this latter reason, and this may be a surprise to many, Triple National Champion Mary Montrose will not be included. It is true that she had a field trial career that is second to none, and that it included winning the National Championship while still a derby, but in spite of her amazing record none of her get have carried on.

Mr. Foster is doing his utmost to make the paintings as lifelike as possible, for he wants to present not a glorified animal but the dog itself. He visits the kennel where the subject is kept and takes hundred of photographs from every conceivable angle, finding them much more refreshing to his memory than sketches. Of course, in the case of a subject that is no longer alive he has to

rely on whatever photographs are available plus the memories of various men who have seen the dog actually in action.

SUBJECTS. John Proctor and his sire Ch. Comanche Frank which was in turn the son of Fishel's Frank, the fountainhead of the Pointer of present-day field trials, are among the Pointers. The only representative of the English Setter breed chosen so far is Feagin's Mohawk Pal, the only Setter ever to win the National Championship three times. He was chosen for this reason and because he has in no small way contributed to the improvement of field trial Setters by siring numerous winners among which Pool's Eugene Rodney is an outstanding example. He is also going to include an Irish Setter in the group, although we haven't heard yet which one. However, it will probably be either Smada Bird or Joffre Rockwood, a sire of outstanding Irish Setters. Of course Smada Bird was a bitch and so couldn't contribute to the breed on as large a reproductive scale as a dog. Nevertheless, she had several litters that proved exceptional and she was the dam of several winners. Above all, her field trial record against the best English Setters and Pointers on the big circuit stands unmatched by any member of her breed and for this reason, if for no other, we sincerely hope that she will be the one that is chosen for the honor.

DERBIES. Last month we commented on the fact that Pointer and Setter derbies were becoming unpopular because the young dogs had to be pushed too hard in their training to meet the qualifications spelling the ruin of many of them, and that this year should see a revival due to the fact that some of the leading clubs were introducing stakes in which was stressed the fact that derbies need not be finished on game. These comments have drawn the following reply in the form of a letter written by a third person and sent to us in a roundabout way—the whole situation is far too complicated to go into here. We feel that the following excerpts from this letter are full of pertinent information, and though much that will be quoted below has already been said before by people interested in the subject, it is put into practice all too seldom and a little repetition is all to the good.

"I have read the remarks on derbies and the fault is not in the derbies, but in the fundamental training of the puppies. Collect all the whistles from the owners and handlers, then do away with puppy stakes. . . . The great majority of puppies today are started with the whip and whistle. If the puppy hesitates on scent there is always a loud blast to send him on further and show his heels, and game soon becomes a secondary consideration. His object is to run and keep running with the whistle depriving him of his natural hunting qualities. . . . I know a man who always has puppies that are hard to beat. How were they trained? Kept in their kennels, brought out for twenty minutes' work with the whistle behind them, then back into the kennel again. As puppies they often won in field trials but that was their finish for the reason that the foundation of their training was wrong. How much better it would be to keep the whistle in your pocket and let the puppy come on naturally. Don't be in a hurry with any puppy. If he wants to raise hell, let him. He will in time get over it. Let him bust his bevies or singles and take them away. He is having a world of fun and the incentive is there to find another bevy—and he will if you kindly encourage him to stay out in front and look for birds. Throw your whistle and whip away and stop shouting. Be a puppy yourself, so to speak, and help him to get into devilment and have as much fun yourself as he is having. He will soon come into his natural stride and hunt the cover and likely places for game . . . gradually you will win him in the right direction and his work will be a pleasure to him then. If he makes mistakes, use your brain. How was the wind? Was it an accident? Did the birds flush of their own accord or was it deliberate? Hold your temper and don't blame the poor dog for some accidental mistake that may have been caused by you yourself, thinking you knew better than your dog (for you don't). Remember the dog has the nose and the instinct to hunt, and you are only there to guide him in the right direction. Watch for repetition of the same mistake and if it is deliberate, chastise him. I have always found that a really good talking to a mischievous dog beats the whip all to pieces for successful results.

"Lay a foundation like that and you will have a dog that will carry on and give you everything that is in him. Don't think you can do this in a day for you can't. It's a long drag, but you will have a natural running dog and nature will always win out. It's a longer route by kindness than by the whip but much more effective. Often a handler flies to conclusions too rapidly and that is where he makes one grand mistake, for an unjust chastisement may take something out of a dog that can never be replaced. Patience is one of the finest arts in training, and not this hullabaloo of whip, whistle, and shouting.

No one likes to see a big going dog any better than I do if he is running naturally, holding the course and handling . . . I like to see heels in a derby but not a dog which takes the bit in his teeth and is off the course three parts of the time. Let him stay out in front hunting and if he finds game either point or put it up, but do it quickly. There is a vast difference between a running dog and a hunting dog . . . get down to natural running dogs and keep your mechanical stuff out and you will have good derbies."

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ON THE COUNTRY ESTATE

Waterfowl and Pheasants at Sunnyfields Farm

Edited by
GEORGE TURRELL

A SMALL but constant stream rambles through the meadows up near Wallingford, Connecticut. Where this brook runs through the pleasant spot known as Sunnyfields Farm it has been dammed to form a series of shallow pools, bisected by chickenwire fences which run far back from the banks to make large weed-grown yards or pens. In these pens, among the weeds and grass or swimming in the clear water of the stream you will find representatives of nearly every species of waterfowl that inhabit the marshes and waters of the world. The confusion of their plumage, ranging from demure browns and grays to the most brilliant hues imaginable, is equaled only by the medley of honks, quacks, and whistles as ducks, geese, and swans of assorted sizes and shapes move about so rapidly that it takes an expert to pick out the different species. However, if you know your waterfowl, you will recognize a lot of familiar birds: Mallards and Black Ducks of course, Scaups, Ring Necked Ducks, Redheads, Canvasback, Widgeon, Teal, Wood Ducks, Mandarins, the more common Tree Ducks, all known species of Shelducks, and so on through the list. You will also see in the duck yards and in the meadow downstream where the geese are kept, a lot of birds that aren't a bit familiar unless you are an aviculturist or ornithologist.

RARE WATERFOWL. The more common birds in the flock, those that can be found on many game farms, are of secondary importance to Mr. C. L. Sibley, the owner of Sunnyfields Farm. Being one of the foremost collectors of waterfowl and pheasants in the world—his pheasant collection is nearly as complete as that of waterfowl—Mr. Sibley is principally interested in rare and unusual items just as a collector of stamps, first editions, or old masters would be. For instance, Mandarins and the rather similar American Wood Ducks have the most gorgeous plumage of any waterfowl and most people would be delighted to have these trim little ducks swimming about on the pond or stream on their country place for the sole reason that they are ornamental. However, they wouldn't excite a collector like Mr. Sibley very much because they breed readily in captivity and are therefore comparatively common. On the other hand, your collector would go to no end of trouble and expense to acquire such species as Paradise Shelducks, South American Comb Ducks, or Hawaiian Geese, all of which Mr. Sibley has, or a pair of Spotted Tree Ducks from Java, the rarest of all the Tree Ducks (there are nine varieties in the world) and, incidentally, the only one not represented at Sunnyfields Farm.

COLLECTING. As with collectors of other things there is much trading of birds among the connoisseurs throughout the world, and expeditions into the most remote wilderness for, perhaps, some shy little teal or tree duck that has never before been seen in captivity, are all part of this absorbing and exacting hobby. The collector of birds takes long chances in bringing some uncommon and therefore expensive species into his aviary. First, there is usually a long trip during which some of the more delicate birds are apt to succumb to the close confinement on shipboard. Mr. Sibley tells of a friend who engaged a first-class cabin next to his own so that his valuable shipment of ducks could be under his supervision day and night. Then after the birds arrive there is the matter of diet, temperature, and surroundings to be taken into consideration, and your collector must be familiar with their habits and natural habitat to keep the birds in good health while in captivity. Then even if all other difficulties are surmounted there is always the chance that some predator: rat, skunk, owl, or the like may kill one or both of a pair before they have a chance to reproduce.

BREEDING. Persuading rare waterfowl, or birds of any kind for that matter, to breed in captivity is part of the thrill of this hobby, for some of them, waterfowl particularly, are very temperamental. They may live for years in apparently the best of health yet some unknown quantity will be lacking in their diet or surroundings that keeps them from producing fertile eggs. The Atlantic and Black Brants of America are examples of this. These members of the goose family become as tame as Canada geese and some of the other wild geese that become almost domesticated and breed readily, yet no one has ever been able to get brant to breed, nor does anyone know why. An interesting angle is that some hard-to-get types that are pretty scarce in the wild state take to civilization very well, increasing rapidly and therefore lowering their value as collector's items. The Edwards pheasant from Anam, which as you probably don't know is somewhere in Indo (*Continued on page 22*)

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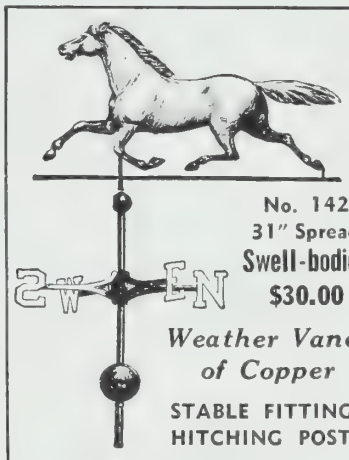

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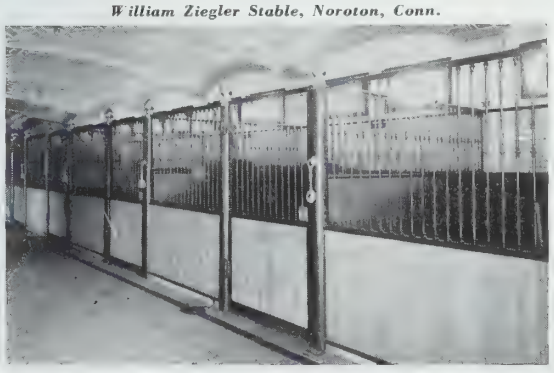

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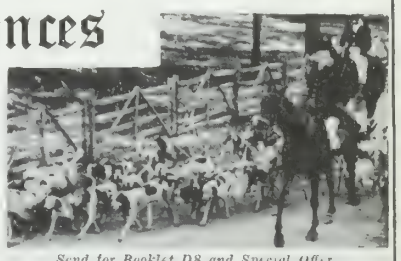

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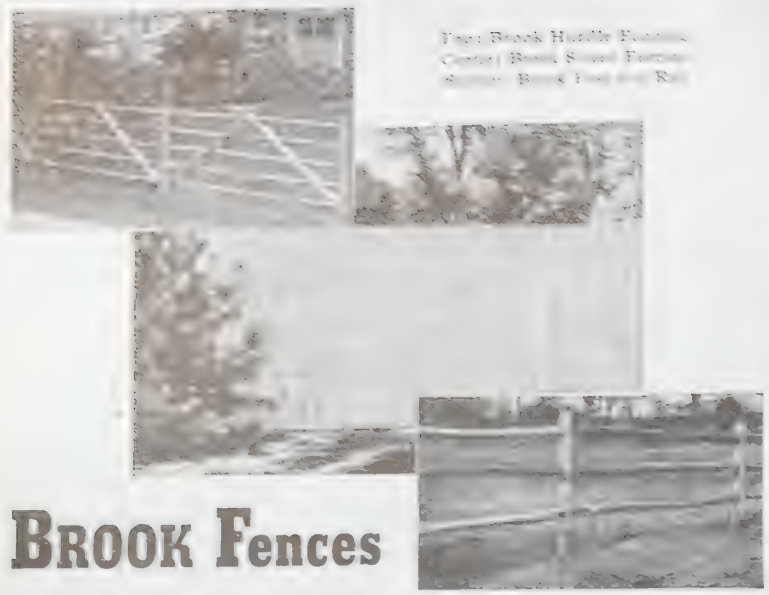

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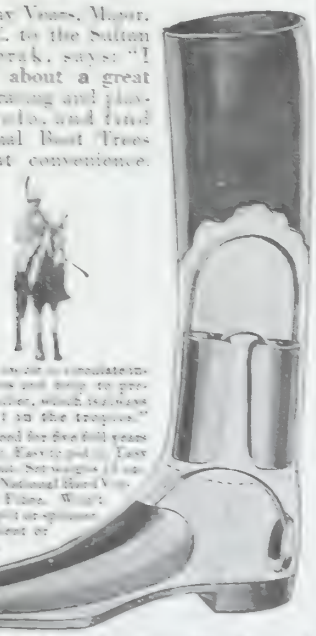

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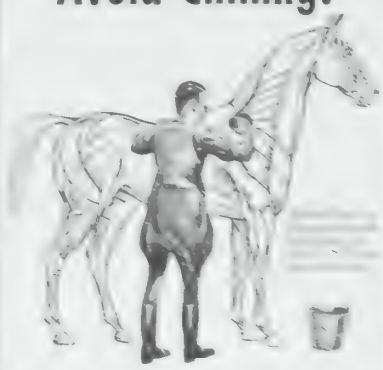

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ABSORBINE

China, is a good example of this. This pheasant was a rare bird indeed until transplanted to aviaries in this country and England where it is thriving so well that it is fast reaching the status of more common birds, and there are parallel instances of this among waterfowl.

CLIMATE. Mr. Sibley, undoubtedly due to the fact that he spares no pains to get results, has unusually good luck with his birds though he can't breed all of them at Sunnyfields Farm. Those from warm climates can't stand the cold changeable winters outdoors, and they don't do very well in heated houses, so he has acquired a place in Florida where the less hardy species will be kept in the future. Strangely enough, some of the ducks that you would think almost impervious to cold such as Eiders, Scaups, Mergansers, and other birds of the Northern seas are unable to stand the winters at Wallingford because the shallow water in the brook gets too cold—the fact of the matter is that the sea that these birds inhabit stays comparatively warm all through the winter. To solve the problem of a larger and therefore warmer body of water for these sea ducks Mr. Sibley has arranged to keep them in a large deep lake up in New Hampshire. He also breeds the various Shovelers, Diving Ducks, Blacknecked Swans, Ruddy or Spine-tailed Ducks of various species etc. at this lake as they require a supply of the minute animal life that can be found only on extensive mud flats.

HOBBY. Obviously, this is a pretty expensive hobby, yet Mr. Sibley is able to conduct it so successfully that it pays for itself through the sale of surplus birds. Moreover, it doesn't have to be anywhere near as comprehensive as Mr. Sibley has made it, and in its simpler form should be a logical and pleasant hobby for many country estate owners who have some water on their land. Of course, many of them keep a few ducks or geese or perhaps swans, but usually in a sort of haphazard fashion when they could get a lot more pleasure out of their ponds or streams if they chose their birds more systematically. This choice of birds depends a lot on facilities for keeping them and individual taste, and as it is a subject on which volumes can, and have, been written, all that can be done in this limited space is to make a few suggestions.

At first it would most certainly be best to start out with some of the obvious and easy to raise species: Mallards, Black Ducks, common Mute Swans, Call Ducks, and Canada Geese, for instance, and branch out from there, one person sticking to birds with brilliant plumage perhaps; a sportsman probably gathering a representative group of the ducks and geese commonly pursued for sport and so forth. In any case a pondful of waterfowl can be just about what you want it to be, for most of the common and hardy species can be kept in health with but little special attention even during the breeding season. Unlike most pheasants they become tame and well adjusted to confinement. They are sure to enhance the beauty of your grounds and have a fascination that will get you deeply involved in a new hobby before you know it.

AYRSHIRES. Though this has been a year of low prices in the livestock and dairy products field, Mr. C. T. Conklin, the secretary of the Ayrshire Breeders Association, has sent us a very gratifying report on breed prices. These figures seem to indicate that the Ayrshire people haven't felt hard times a bit, and are indicative of a healthy demand for the breed. Furthermore, Mr. Conklin says that uniformity of value rather than a few abnormally high-selling animals are responsible for the very satisfactory level of the season's averages. In numbers these sales include more cattle than in any previous similar period in the history of the breed, and the prices have not been equaled since 1919.

The report states that an average of $225.62 for 542 head has been made in the auction sales of the last eight months. Only two head sold for more than $1,000 and only twenty passed the $500 mark. 163 cows sold for $282.93; 79 two- and three-year-olds for $273.23; 109 bred uncalved heifers for $205.18; 66 open heifers $189.92; 79 heifer calves $130.25; 46 bulls $204.07, making the total of 542. Ayrshire breeders report that an average return of nearly $200 per head for bred and open heifers has stimulated the better raising of youngsters of good type and breeding.

FALL CATTLE SALES AND SHOWS

Jersey Sales:

Mrs. Estella A. Fenne, Portland, Oregon, Oct. 4th.

Fred J. Gingrich, Canby, Oregon, Oct. 12th.

Folck and Sons, Farm Breeders Sale, Springfield, Ohio, Oct. 15th.

Knox County Jersey Cattle Club, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Oct. 17th.

Virginia Jersey Cattle Club, Orange, Va., Oct. 19th.

Texas Jersey Cattle Club, Dallas, Texas, Oct. 19th.

J. W. McHenry, Wellington, Ohio, Oct. 22nd.

French Jersey Farm, Durant, Mississippi, Oct. 24th.

L. H. Halton, Trenton, Tennessee, Oct. 25th.

Louisiana Jersey Cattle Club, Shreveport, Louisiana, Oct. 27th.

Brown Swiss Shows:

Pacific International Livestock Exposition, Portland, Ore., Oct. 1st-9th.

National Dairy Show, Columbus, Ohio, Oct. 8th-15th. (Brown Swiss Judging, Oct. 10th and 11th).

Eastern Breeders Combination Sale at Judd's Bridge Farms, Washington, Connecticut, Oct. 22nd.

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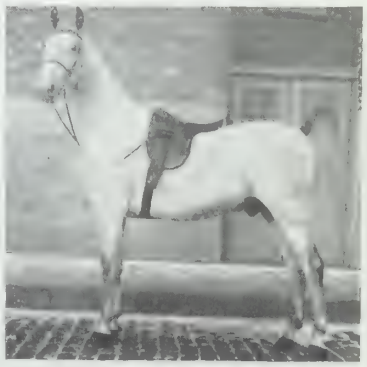

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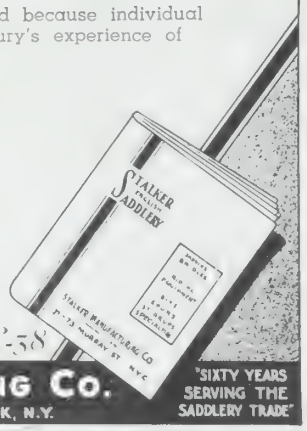

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Stony Ford Dispersal, Stony Ford, N. Y., Oct. 1st.
Rising and Nelson Dispersal, Poultney, Vermont, Oct. 3rd.
Vermont Club Sale, Rutland, Vt., Oct. 4th.
Kansas State Ayrshire Sale, Hutchinson, Kansas, Oct. 22nd.
Alleghany-Steuben Ayrshire Club Sale, Hornell, N. Y., Oct. 26th.

Holstein-Friesian Sales:

Southeastern New York 2nd Breeders Sale, Rhinebeck, N. Y., Oct. 3rd.
Elkhorn Fall Sale, Elkhorn, Wisconsin, Oct. 3rd.
Logan Farm 20th Anniversary Sale, Seward, Ill. Oct. 5th.
Complete Dispersal D. B. Barton Herd, Tunkhannock, Pa., Oct. 6th.
Annual Virginia Holstein Breeders' Consignment Sale, Orange, Va., Oct. 6th.
Holstein Breeders' Consignment Sale, Howell, Mich., Oct. 6th.
Dispersal of Serradella Dairy Herd, Rolling Prairie, Ind., Oct. 7th.
98th Earlville Sale, Earlville, N. Y., Oct. 11th.
Elmwood-on-the-Lake Boys' School Dispersal Sale, East Springfield, Pa., Oct. 18th.
Allegheny-Steuben Holstein Club Annual Sale, Hornell, N. Y., Oct. 20th.
G. F. Walters and Son Dispersal, Waterloo, Iowa, Oct. 24th.
Ohio State Sale, Ohio Holstein-Friesian Association, Wooster, Ohio, Oct. 25th.
Michigan Holstein Association Semi-Annual State Sale, Michigan State College, East Lansing, Mich., Oct. 25th.
Annual Fox River Valley Holstein Sale, Oshkosh, Wis., Oct. 28th.
Complete Dispersal Maplewood Farm Herd, Herington, Kan., Oct. 28th.
Illinois Holstein-Friesian Association Sale, DeKalb, Ill., Oct. 29th.

Guernsey Sales:

Pebble Hill Farm Guernseys at auction, Doylestown, Pa., Oct. 1st.
Hilltop-Rockingham Sale, Suffield, Conn., Oct. 3rd.
White Oaks Farm Dispersal, Niles, Michigan, Oct. 4th.
Seventh Indiana Consignment Sale, State Fair Grounds, Indianapolis, Indiana, Oct. 5th.
Consignment Sale, Ohio Guernsey Breeders Association, Wooster, Ohio, Oct. 7th.
Virginia State Sale, Fredericksburg, Va., Oct. 7th.
D. T. Bishop Sale, Hartville, Ohio, Oct. 8th.
Rosewood Farm Dispersal, Woodward, Iowa, Oct. 12th.
Chester County Guernsey Cattle Club Third Annual Sale, Chester County Fair Grounds, Chester, South Carolina, Oct. 15th.
Beechwood Farms Dispersal, Maryland State Fair Grounds, Timonium, Md., Oct. 17th.
Louis Merryman's Thirtieth Semi-Annual Sale, Maryland State Fair Grounds, Timonium, Md., Oct. 18th.
Wisconsin Annual State Sale, Waukesha, Wis., Oct. 19th.
Minnesota State Guernsey Sale, St. Paul, Minn., Oct. 20th.
Knox County Consignment Sale, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, Oct. 20th.
Darke County Consignment Sale, Greenville, Ohio, Oct. 21st.
Iowa State Guernsey Sale, Oct. 22nd.
V. A. Homan Sale, Lodi, Ohio, Oct. 28th.

Aberdeen Angus Sales:

Alvin Sunderman, Clarinda, Iowa, Oct. 3rd.
Plummer-Auman, Marion, Iowa, Sale at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Oct. 4th.
Annual Fall Sale, Mercer County Aberdeen-Angus Breeders, Aledo, Illinois, Oct. 6th.
V. C. Swigart, Clinton, Illinois, Oct. 7th.
Colemere-Fountain Glen, Peru, Indiana, Oct. 10th.
S. E. Lantz and Neighbors, Congerville, Illinois, Oct. 11th.
Illinois Breeders' Sale at State Fair Grounds, Springfield, Illinois, Oct. 12th.
Virginia Aberdeen-Angus Association Sale, Warrenton, Va., Oct. 17th.

photographs by Morgan

Fifteen horses start in the fifth running of the Foxcatcher National Cup at Fair Hill, Maryland

HORSE NOTES and COMMENT

ELIZABETH GRINNELL

THERE isn't any sense in trying to describe Fair Hill, where the Foxcatcher Hounds Race Meeting is held, because it is impossible to give any adequate idea of its atmosphere and charm. Best to leave it to the name itself. Fair Hill—and from the stands stretched across its crest one looks out on a beautiful valley, open meadows, pastureland and, at the bottom, a nice bit of wood. Real foxhunting country. Add to all this fifteen horses racing over great brush fences more than six feet high and you have a spectacle that has no duplicate anywhere in this country. No wonder people go from all parts of the United States to see it. All four races at Fair Hill are good but the National Cup stands out in comparison to all races everywhere. The horses that started were good ones, some were of stake caliber, and the bookmakers were forced to offer no less than three two-to-one favorites in spite of the size of the field. These were Mr. Ambrose Clark's Birmingham, Mrs. Dodge Sloane's National Anthem, and Mr. H. J. Thomas's Baffler, horses that would have to be held safe against any company. Mr. W. Strawbridge's Argonaut was well considered, too, as was Montpelier's El Dorador. But the National takes a little more doing than many steeplechases. There are three miles of up and down hill going, and the big fences require not only a horse of unusual jumping ability but of great courage as well. Although the fact that thirteen out of the fifteen starters finished proves that the fences are far more of a mental hazard than a physical one, only a brave horse will take them at racing speed. Decidedly, the National is a case of "horses for courses." Although you could have had as much as twenty to one on the Brandywine Stables' Melleray Pass, he was well to the front of the field all the way. Birmingham was right there too and so was El Dorador, but as they came down the stretch towards the stands a horse that had been running about sixth or seventh for almost the whole distance moved up. The riders on the front runners started whipping. It was still a close thing but the little jumps, over which the course ends, looked more difficult to the tired horses than had all the big ones that they had already negotiated. Gradually the new threat crept up to and then passed the leaders to gallop home two lengths in front. A good many people had to look at their cards to see which the horse was before they recognized Mr. S. A. W. Baltazzi's Ad Lib. He had been almost forgotten during the race and practically overlooked in the betting but, splendidly fit and beautifully ridden, he was decidedly the best horse that day. A glance back over the summaries of the past five years at Fair Hill tells why he should have been. He is the third winner trained by Bill Streett and this is the second winning ride in succession for John Harrison, his jock. A fast, brave horse, well trained and schooled by a man who knew what would be needed, and ridden with courage, experience, and intelligence. It takes all those things to win the National, and plenty of racing luck besides.

TRAVELING CIRCUS. The midsummer lapse that comes in the hunt race meetings makes the start of the fall season very much like the beginning of an entirely new year, but now that the four important September engagements are over things are well under way and pretty well sorted out for the busy month of October. The October calendar is anything but convenient. It starts simultaneously down in Huntingdon Valley, Jenkintown, Pa., and in Rye, N. Y., at the Adjacent Hunts. Then it hops hundreds of miles out to Ligonier for two days at Rolling Rock. Back again to the two-day Rose Tree meeting at Media, a short distance from Jenkintown, and then up to Red Bank, N. J., for Monmouth County. Monkton, Maryland, is the next stop—the Elkridge Harford meeting—and then back again to New Jersey. Far Hills this time for the two-day Essex meeting. If you owned a stable of race horses what would you do? Naturally you would like to race them three or four times during the month but to do so you would have to sit up nights planning a program that wouldn't wear them all out traveling around in trucks.

DUEL. Interesting to speculate on what October will bring forth. Usually a racing season, whether it be on the big tracks or at the hunt meetings, will develop at least two great rivals and last fall, although they raced on the flat, Mr. Richard K. Mellon's Toolbox and the horse Mr. Bayard Warren drew in the "Subscription Steeplechase" fought one of the most interesting duels that these events have ever seen. For some time the gray Toolbox had been almost invincible. There didn't seem to be any weight that would slow him up or any horse that could match him for speed. Misrule, in the meantime, wasn't distinguishing himself over fences but when he was put to flat racing it was a different story. By degrees he began (*Continued on page 31*)

The Rolling Rock Hounds parade on the course at the hunt race meeting in Ligonier, Pennsylvania

GUNS & GAME

Deer Problem . . . Autumn Stirrings

Game Birds . . . Pheasant de Luxe

COL. H. P. SHELDON

MY GROUND scouts and peepers who are stationed in regions where they can gather authoritative information on game conditions have been showing signs of a timid sort of optimism lately. This, I believe, is an unusual mood for people to be in who observe the status of game birds, animals, and fishes. They're a volatile, mercurial lot, being at one season drenched in awful gloom over the lack of game and at the next twittering with joy like a white-throated sparrow on a May thorn over its abundance.

They now report that grouse seem to be fairly abundant, although these birds must still run the gauntlet of the period in late August and early September when "grouse disease" is most virulent and destructive. Pheasant, quail, doves, and woodcock have had a good season and deer are so numerous in some regions as to be almost a nuisance. The improved condition of the waterfowl is reflected in the Federal shooting regulations allowing an open season of forty-five days instead of thirty.

DEER PROBLEM. The Pennsylvania authorities are in a hell of a mess with their deer problem. Throughout the years when they were building up the deer supply they lectured convincingly that it was most immoral to shoot does. The first they knew they had so many does that the deer were in danger of starving to death—many of them did, in fact—and the authorities very sensibly decided that some of the does must be killed to relieve the situation. Would the sportsmen do it? No. Moreover, they wanted to shoot the commissioners for suggesting such a wicked thing. It would seem to indicate that if one intends to preach reform it would be wise to have a preliminary test of the power of one's propaganda, or else to leave opportunity for a little convenient backsliding. It reminds me somehow of the English gentleman who drank so heavily that he completely lost his mind and with his mind gone he completely forgot to drink and so completely recovered his mind.

The Pennsylvania officials in an effort to remedy a very bad situation have prescribed a five-day open season on does for this year but none on buck deer. And we may hope for the good of the animals themselves that sportsmen won't be too sportsmanlike this season. In states having deer populations and a "bucks only" open season the problem of surplus does is not a new one. In spite of the poachers and the careless hunters who shoot first and look for horns afterward the females increase until there is a shortage of food. Young deer starve because the larger animals have eaten all the low browse and the youngsters can't reach the higher stuff. Deer invade the farms and a wholly unsatisfactory and unnecessary condition results. In most cases the administrators in charge of the wildlife resources of a state can estimate very closely how many does should be taken each year to prevent overcrowding and to keep the herd balanced. The commission should be authorized to issue the required number of licenses to shoot does. That would put an end to the miserable business of finding winter yards strewn with the wasted bodies of deer.

AUTUMN STIRRINGS. As this is written the weather is as hot as love in the Philippines but the amenities attending that sort of tropical adventure are totally lacking. It's just hot. Yet even now there are signs of better, livelier, and more robust times nearly at hand. The morning and evening skies have a different appearance than they had a week ago—some subtle change has taken place. Early in the morning there are likely to be soft pads of mist lying in the hollows of the fields. A pair of blue jays who have gone about all summer with an air of decorous, God-fearing industry have suddenly decided that the rewards of virtue are empty as compared to the unseemly profits of mischief and have reverted to their old, irreverent, jeering, mocking ways. The squirrels are eating the pears—and welcome, the spry devils!—and the goldenrod is sporting greenish bronze fronds which will burst soon to disclose the unalloyed metal. On every hand there are signs to be seen. I feel better myself, and since I am unaware of any moral or financial advancement to furnish occasion for this lighter, more ebullient mood, I know that it must be because autumn has blown the first faint dust of its magic upon the land and that some of it has fallen upon my shoulder. At luncheon there is now much talk of guns and shooting clothes and boots and plans. "Has So-and-so any doves on his place this year?" "Do you recall those old stumps hard by the Marsh where we used to sit to watch the twilight after we'd finished the Beaver Meadow Cover?" So goes the conversation.

Another gentleman farther down the table rouses from a dreamy, introspective trance to announce with apparent irrelevancy that there's nothing like good Vermont spring water to mix with Canadian Club. Two others are hotly engaged in argument as to the best all-around shot size. I think this sort of thing indicates a wholesome quality still flourishing among us. We are plagued by a thousand responsibilities; tormented by as many annoyances, and we fly into crying rages over daily injustices, but when we realize that groups similar to this described are assembling all over our fair country, it gives reassurance that the Union will somehow be preserved. Of a wide acquaintanceship with murderers, assassins, thugs, footpads, rapists, firebugs, and lesser scoundrels I cannot now recall any who would sit down and intelligently discuss bird guns and trout flies. Long, long ago some sad-eyed philosopher, probably returning from Niagara Falls, worked out an aphorism that expressed his doleful conclusion that the joys of realization are anticlimactic; that all the real fun in life is to be found in the anticipation of pleasures deferred. It may be so of most of our little flutterings about the candle flame of happiness, but daggoned if it's true about shooting and fishing. Even a bad day on a stream or in game cover is infinitely better than any sort of day spent otherwise.

Re-reading the preceding paragraph brings the conviction that philosophy should have been my trade rather than that of arms and the pen. I may wind up yet in a pair of sandals and a bed sheet, sitting on the portico of the Supreme Court Building with a pipe of mellow, old Valerian and a plate of grapes beside me, giving seemly instruction to the young, and the absolute colly wobbles to certain old enlisted men who might pass by and recognize me.

GAME BIRDS. There are among us those who sneer at the ringneck pheasant as a game bird. They depose and say that the pheasant's habits are demoralizing to wellbred bird dogs; that he's too difficult to get on the wing and too easy to hit when he isn't; that he's a gaudy, noisy so-and-so and mightily out of place in the classic glades where abide the grouse, woodcock, and quail. But there are others, and I am one of them, who regard the pheasant as a sporting asset of increasing value. There are but three upland game bird species so far known to be suitable for large scale restocking. These are the bobwhite quail, the pheasant, and the Hungarian partridge—one native son and two immigrants. Others may be added to the roster as game management methods develop but if some catastrophe were to wipe out all our upland game birds it would still be possible to restore the pheasant and the partridge. The pheasant does well in the northern tier of states, the partridge in the northwest and eastward into Ohio.

It is true that a cock pheasant will make trouble for a bird dog who has majored on grouse or quail, but there are the Spaniels to handle him. A Setter of mine, trained on quail, afterward learned how to work on grouse and woodcock and after that on pheasant—all with equal skill and acumen. According to the identi- (*Continued on page 98*)

★ ★ ★

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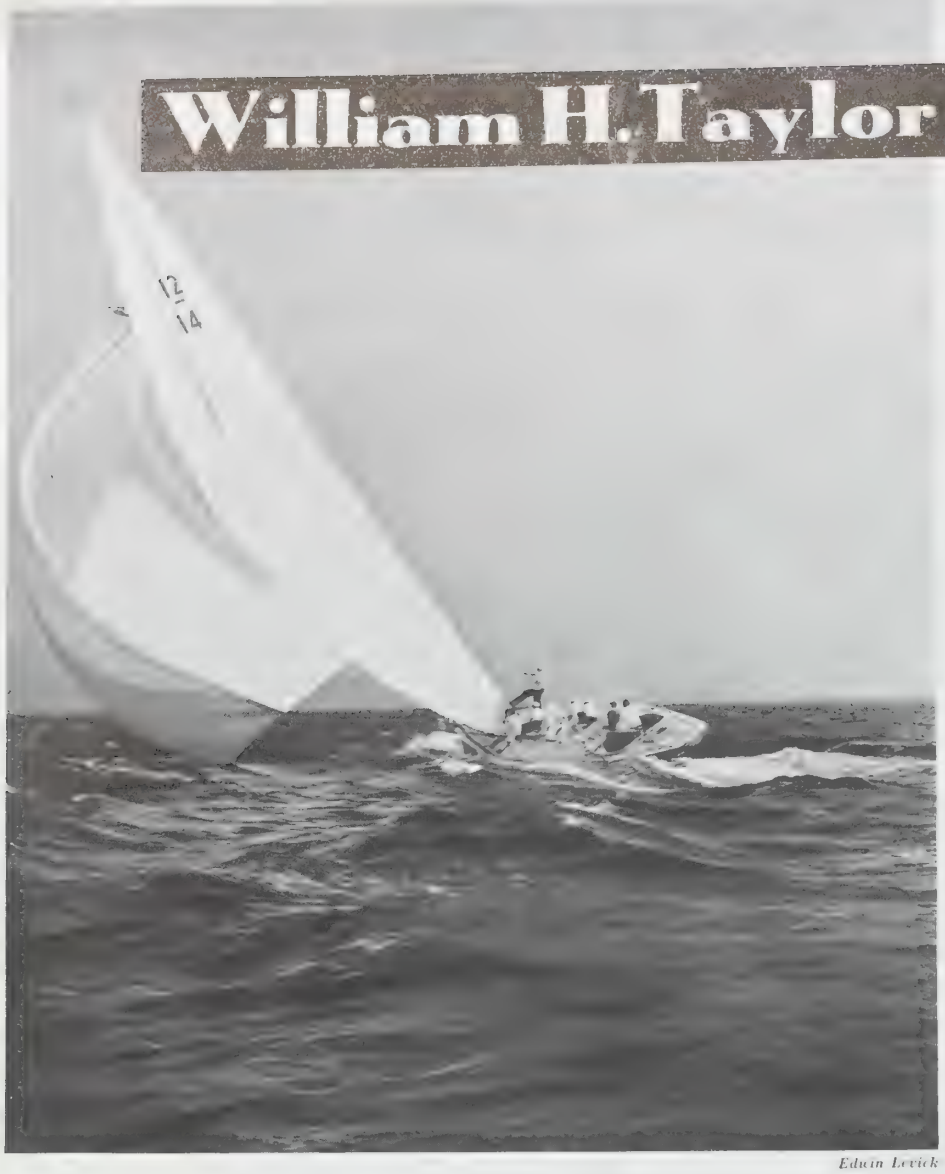
William H. Taylor on Yachting



Edwin Levick

Alfred L. Loomis's "Northern Light"

Scandinavian Gold Cup Races . . . British-American Races

Gold Cup Races . . . Vineyard Lightship Race . . . Marblehead

THE Scandinavian Gold Cup series and the British-American Trophy team races, the latter of which are in progress off Oyster Bay at this writing, confirm the notion that has been growing on most of us for several years that, for one reason or another, Americans have faster boats, or sail them faster, or both, than the yachtsmen of most other countries.

George Nichols, veteran big-yacht skipper who is equally at home in smaller craft, took out his new six-meter sloop *Goose* with a crack crew of Bob Bavier, their two sons, and Rod Stephens, and cleaned up the Scandinavian Cup series in straight races, against the best boats that Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, and Finland could send over. And except on the last day, when they gave him a little trouble for a while, he was always ahead of the others and by margins of as much as twenty minutes.

The British-American team series isn't over as this is being written, and of course miracles still do happen. But after the first half hour of the first team race none of the observers had much doubt as to the outcome of either that race or the series. The four American boats, *Goose,* Harry Morgan's *Djinn,* Paul Shields's *Rebel,* and Briggs Cunningham's *Fun,* each picked an opponent at the start from among the one Bermuda and three Scottish sloops that made up the British team, and within a few minutes each of the American boats had her chosen victim right under her thumb, and kept her there from then on during the rest of the race. Something like a gale of wind might upset the complacency of the Americans, temporarily at least, but under average conditions they are definitely faster than their opponents.

It shows on the records, too. The Scandinavian Gold Cup had never been out of Scandinavian waters for more than a year until it was brought here in 1936 by Herman Whiton with *Indian Scout*. Since then it has been defended, last year by Cunningham in *Lulu* and this year by *Goose,* in what is termed a most decisive fashion.

The first British-American Trophy was retired by the British, who had the jump on us in six-meters back in 1922 when the series began. The second trophy was battled over for a while but eventually the American teams got permanent possession. The current one has been raced for three times in six years and, counting this year, America will have three legs on it, four being now required for permanent possession. I wonder if the sponsors of the trophies—the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club here and a group of five leading clubs in England and Scotland—will put up a fourth trophy when this is gone?

You may prate of Yankee seamanship and clippership traditions, but it's all hogwash. The Limeys and the Scandinavians were seamen centuries before the first boat was built in the Colonies and they are seafaring nations today, which we, essentially, are not. American supremacy in yacht racing is based on the American state of mind. American yacht designers have developed their art to a point of scientific achievement well beyond their British and Scandinavian contemporaries, largely because American yachtsmen demand faster and faster boats for competition among themselves. And American skippers and crews go at the business of racing just as scientifically as the designers go about designing. The front-rank American racing skippers get into that front rank, against tough competition, as a result of a single-minded determination to be winners. Whereas, from my observation, although the average foreign racing man likes to win as much as anybody, he refuses to take it quite as seriously and is more content with the fun of just racing, with no all-consuming purpose of being the only, sole, and outstanding winner in his class.

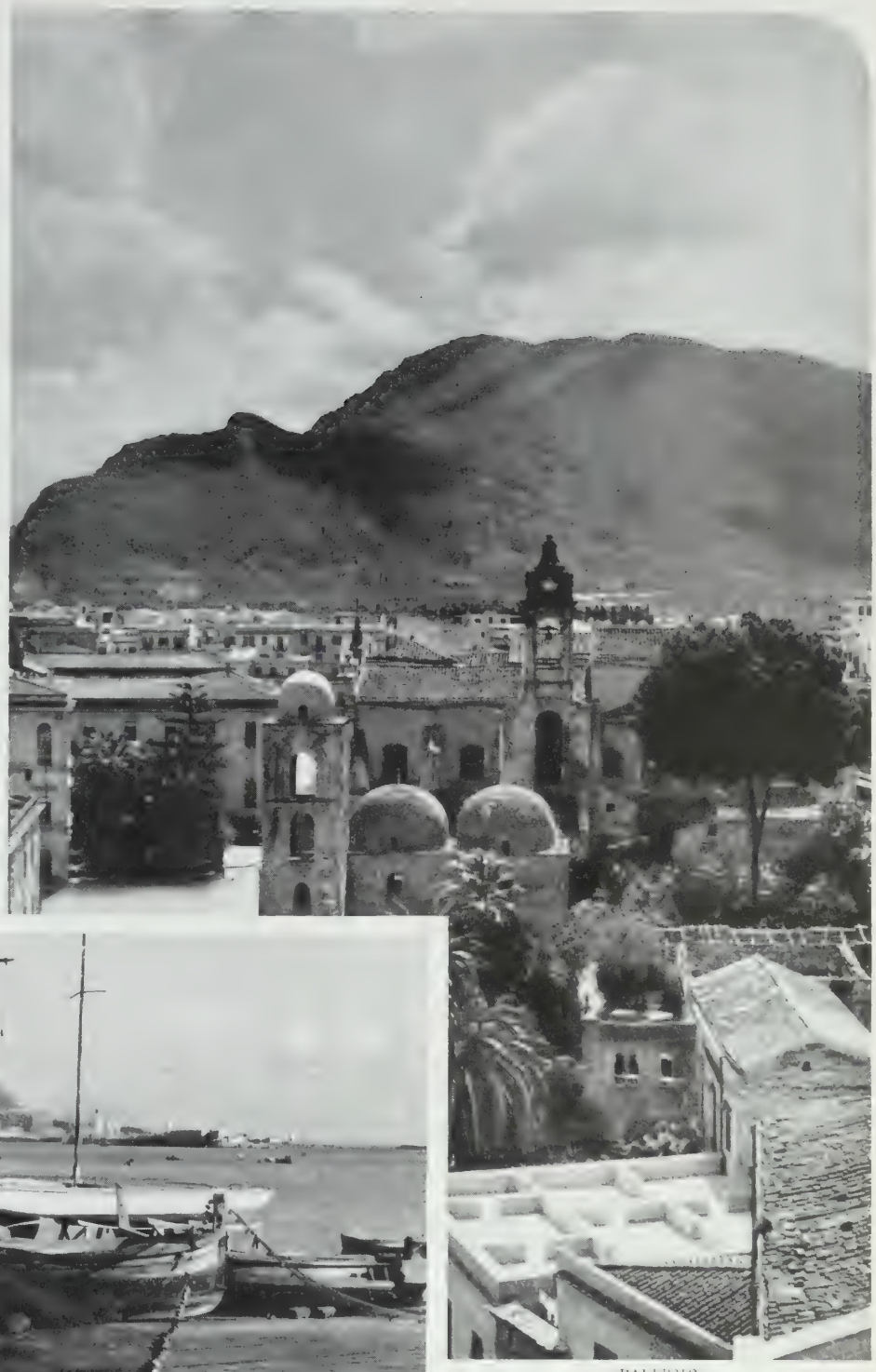
It may turn out that the one European exception to this state of mind which gives American intensity its advantage in competition will be Germany. The Nazi Star class sloop *Pimm* might turn out to be a forerunner of other and bigger German racing yachts that will give us a lot of trouble. Depending, of course, on how long Germany continues to be in a position to engage in such frivolities as International yachting.

GOLD CUP. What we said about the superiority of American sailing yachts doesn't apply to American speedboats, judging from the recent Gold Cup races at Detroit. There we had the distressing spectacle of American boats capsizing, falling apart, and breaking down in great profusion while Count Theo Rossi, in the one foreign entry, kept on rolling along and won the Gold Cup—the first time a foreigner has won it, I believe. Here again the explanation is similar. American speedboat enthusiasts have to struggle along by themselves, while in Italy and elsewhere fast motorboats are being developed by high-pressure scientific methods, largely through government aid based on naval interest in craft of this type.

VINEYARD LIGHTSHIP RACE. The quality of its entry list established the Stamford Yacht Club's 232-mile race to Vineyard lightship and back as second only to the Bermuda race among this year's long distance events. Henry Taylor's Bermuda race winner, *Baruna,* outstanding ocean racer of the year, set a new course record but was beaten on corrected time by Dick Reynold's *Blitzen,* which reversed the order between these two in the Bermuda event, and Bob Baruch's interesting little sloop *Kirawan II* took third place among the thirty-six starters. The class B boats were out of the money, owing to weather conditions, which made it impossible to save their time on the early finishers, but two boats that have made outstanding records in the past topped the class, F. S. Bissell's yawl *Dorothy Q* taking first place and Bob Leeson's sloop *Narwhal* second.

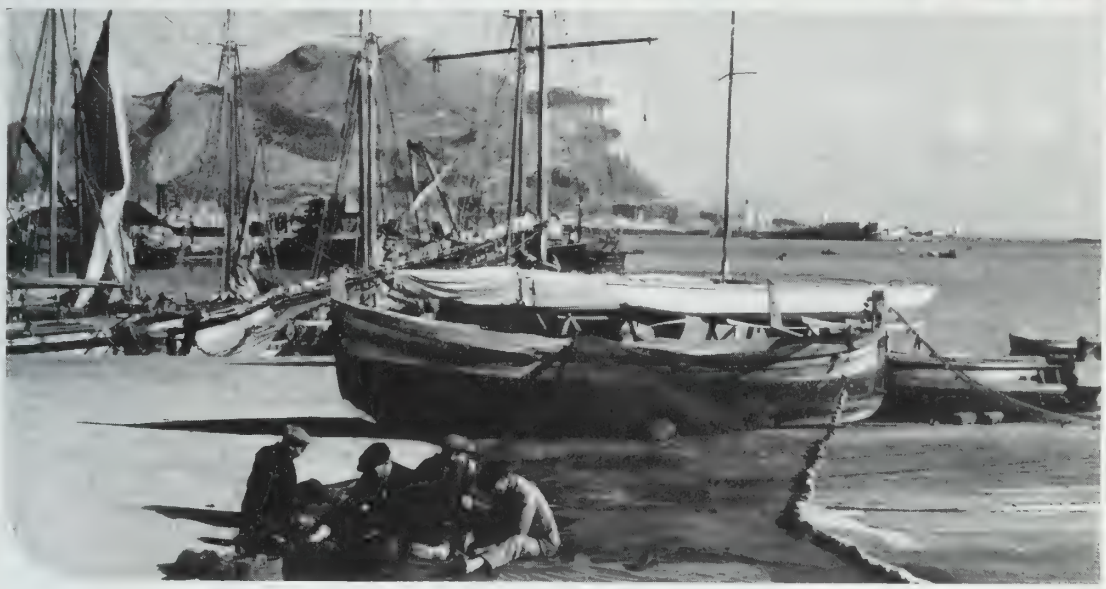
MARBLEHEAD. John S. Lawrence, of Boston, has won many high honors in yachting in the past half century, and he is one skipper who refuses to give (*Continued on page 33*)

. . . this is the SUN-BLESSED Isle of Sicily



IT'S ALWAYS THE SEASON - IN

ITALY



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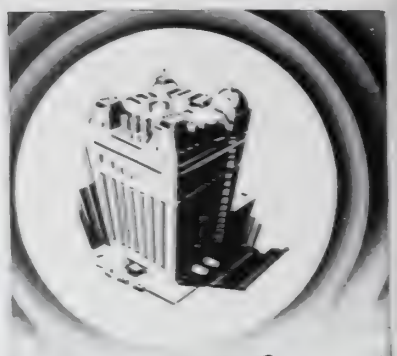
Sail	From	To	Line	Steamer
			Cunard White Star	
	New York			St. Louis
	New York			
	New York	Antwerp		
October 1	New York			Gripsholm
	New York			
	New York			
	New York			
	Boston			
October 5	New York			
October 5	New York			
October 6	New York	London	Star	Samaria
		Liverpool		
October 8	New York			
October 8	New York			Roma
October 8	New York			
	New York			
	New York	Rotterdam		
October 11	New York			
	New York			
	New York			
	New York	Havre		
October 12	New York	Gdynia		
October 12	New York			President Roosevelt
	New York			
October 14				Seanwork
October 14				Aurania
				Duchess of York
October 14				
October 14	New York			
October 14	Montreal			
				Noordam
	New York	Liverpool		American Shipper
October 15	New York	Antwerp		Pennland
	New York			
October 15	New York			
	New York			
October 19	New York			
	New York			
		Oslo		
October 20	New York			
er 21	New York			
	New York			
	New York			
October 22				
October 22	New York		Cunard White Star	
			American Export	
October 25	New York			
	New York			
	New York			
October 26	New York			
October 26				
	New York			
October 28	New York			
October 28	New York			
			Cunard White Star	
October 28				
October 28				
October 28				
October 29				
October 29				
	New York			
October 29	New York			

To Central and South America

	New York			Eastern Prince
	New York			
	New York			
		Cristobal	United Fruit	Jamaica
				Brazil
October 12				
October 15				
October 15				
October 19				
	New York			
	New York	Cristobal	United Fruit	
		Buenos Aires	American Republics	
				Western Prince

Pacific Sailings

		Kobe		
			Canadian Pacific	
Oct ber 27			Matson	



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THE GIDEON PUTNAM
AT SARATOGA SPA
In Beautiful Geyser Park

Horse notes and comment

(*Continued from page 25*)

to be considered a better and better horse but it wasn't until the Rolling Rock meeting, where he gave Toolbox three pounds and was beaten by only a nose, that people began to realize that here was a horse that *might* take the gray's number. "The Derby of the hunt meetings," the Peapack at Essex, was their next encounter. Each horse was assigned 160 pounds and they both had plenty of backers, though Toolbox was the favorite and odds on as usual. But the Peapack turned out to be one of the most disappointing races anyone has ever seen. Of the nine horses that faced the starter, five were left at the post and among them were Toolbox and Misrule. Three days later, at the United Hunts at Belmont Park, they met again. Misrule beat Toolbox but he had five pounds the best of the weights so the end of the season left them just about even after all. This year both horses have gone on to better things. Toolbox has been a success over brush fences where Misrule failed, and, carrying the colors of Mr. C. R. Fleischmann, Misrule has gone on improving his form on the flat at the big tracks. His best race to date saw him beaten only a head in track record time. He is one of the few horses that can really go a *long* distance. I wonder what the month of October is holding up its sleeve for an extra added interest this year.

A BOW. Much was said and printed about the Saratoga steeplechase course last year and the year before. There was, most decidedly, something radically wrong with it because in race after race serious falls were the rule rather than the exception as they should be. But now that the mystery has been solved and the course altered so that accidents are very rare indeed no one has a word to say on the subject. "The evil that men do—" But I would like, on this occasion, to give praise where praise is due and congratulate and compliment, on a good job, well done, those who attended to this important and difficult business.

NATIONAL CHANGES. A glance through the tentative timetable in the National prize list suggests that the management is aiming at a better balanced program than they have offered in the past. Of recent years the afternoons have been taken up with horse shows and the evenings with exhibitions, but the evening crowds this fall will see many of the best classes as well as the sensational International Military jumping and the mounted drill of the Royal Canadian Dragoons. Six stakes, as well as the hunter championship and a grand championship for three-gaited saddle horses, are included in the evening performances and almost every night there are good classes scheduled in each division. Three of the military classes will be shown over a course that, appropriately, includes almost everything connected with war except a battleship and an airplane. There is a pup tent, a camouflaged cannon, a guidon resting on the bayonets of stacked rifles, a huge suspended shell and various battlements. I guess the horses will jump it; they seem to negotiate everything else that is thought up to put in front of them, but it will be a difficult course to imitate for home schooling at that. Nor will the afternoon audiences be neglected. Many of the classes of the especially technical appeal that delights the expert have been left to their lot and on several occasions they will get a chance to see the Royal Canadian Dragoons, which will perform at every evening session. Having seen this outfit at the Toronto Show I can wholeheartedly endorse it as being quite the finest thing of its kind that it has ever been my privilege to observe.

One of the greatest innovations at the National this year will be the addition of a practically new division in the saddle horse section. Two classes and a $2,000 stake have been offered for three-gaited horses with "natural tails." This means, in case anyone should think that the tails are not to be trimmed, horses with tails that have not been "nicked" and set up in the loop that curves high above their quarters. The classes are sponsored by a group of humane people in an attempt to discourage this rather useless fashion. These classes, I feel pretty sure, will serve another important purpose as well, because they can't help but promote interest in a less artificial and more useful type of hack than has been seen in the shows lately. It is a little early yet to predict whether or not these classes will become a challenge to the present three-gaited classes. Nowadays, barring two gaits and a good many hairs in their tails and manes, there is but very little difference between the three- and the five-gaited horses. The addition of the new classes to the National program suggests that the future might see a swing of the balance towards an entirely different type of animal and it is to be hoped that it will be one that will be of some use outside the ring and that owners will be able to derive some personal pleasure from their horses other than watching them parade under the capable hands of expert professional riders. Long experience seems to prove that the interest of the exhibitors who can take some active part in the game themselves is the sort that lasts the longest and does the most all-around good.

EL CHICO. The followers of flat racing have already accepted Mr. William Jr.'s El Chico as the two-year-old champion and are now

(*Continued on page 33*)

The Bath House, heart of The Homestead's Spa, seen from a neighboring hillside

When You Speak Again

OF SPAS

WOULDN'T you like to have in your mind a clear and dependable idea of just what spa-treatments are, for just what kinds of disabilities and discomforts they're most frequently—and most successfully—administered? Wouldn't you like to know you're right in your thought of public vs. private Spas, and in your attitude toward American vs. European Spas?

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The Homestead has prepared a little booklet, written for laymen by a layman, which undertakes to inform an inquirer as to what the modern Spa has and does; it is quite possible that it may have some information, some hints, which you would find desirable, and valuable to you personally

May we send you a copy? It's free, of course.

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Incoming Steamships

From Europe and the Mediterranean

Steamer	Line	From	To	Due
Duchess of Richmond	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	October 1
Paris	French	Havre	New York	October 1
Samaria	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	October 2
Andania	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	October 2
Alaunia	Cunard White Star	Havre	New York	October 2
Caledonia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	October 2
Nova Scotia	Furness	Liverpool	Boston	October 3
Europa	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	October 3
American Trader	United States	London	New York	October 3
Volendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	October 4
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	October 5
Berlin	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	October 5
Kungsholm	Swedish American	Gothenburg	New York	October 5
Gerolstein	Red Star Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	October 6
Roma	Italian	Genoa	New York	October 6
Scanyork	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	October 6
Empress of Britain	Canadian Pacific	Southampton	Quebec	October 6
Ile de France	French	Havre	New York	October 7
Hamburg	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	October 7
Noordam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	October 7
Statendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	October 8
President Roosevelt	United States	Hamburg	New York	October 8
Pilsudski	Gdynia-America	Gdynia	New York	October 8
Duchess of York	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	October 8
Athenia	Donaldson Atlantic	Glasgow	Montreal	October 9
Aurania	Cunard White Star	Havre	Montreal	October 9
Georgic	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	October 9
American Merchant	United States	London	New York	October 10
American Shipper	United States	Liverpool	New York	October 10
Normandy	French	Havre	New York	October 10
Scythia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	October 10
Transylvania	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	October 10
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	October 10
Pennland	Red Star Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	October 11
Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	October 12
Excambion	American Export	Alexandria	New York	October 13
Scanmail	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	October 13
Vulcania	Italian	Trieste	New York	October 13
Washington	United States	Hamburg	New York	October 13
Oslofjord	Norwegian America	Oslo	New York	October 13
New York	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	October 16
Duchess of Atholl	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	October 17
Nieuw Amsterdam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	October 17
Drottningholm	Swedish American	Gothenburg	New York	October 18
Antonia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	Montreal	October 19
Ascania	Cunard White Star	Havre	Montreal	October 19
Cameronia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	October 19
Laconia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	October 14
American Farmer	United States	London	New York	October 15
Queen Mary	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	October 15
Champlain	French	Havre	New York	October 16
Europa	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	October 16
Conte de Savoia	Italian	Naples	New York	October 15
Empress of Britain	Canadian Pacific	Southampton	Quebec	October 20
Kongstein	Red Star Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	October 20
Hansa	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	October 20
Newfoundland	Furness	Liverpool	Boston	October 20
Gripsholm	Swedish American	Gothenburg	New York	October 22
President Harding	United States	Hamburg	New York	October 22
Batory	Gdynia-America	Gdynia	New York	October 22
Duchess of Bedford	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	October 22
Ausonia	Cunard White Star	Havre	Montreal	October 23
Letitia	Donaldson Atlantic	Glasgow	Montreal	October 23
Brittanic	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	October 23
American Banker	United States	London	New York	October 24
American Importer	United States	Liverpool	New York	October 24
Franconia	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	October 24
Tuscania	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	October 24
Aquitania	Cunard White Star	Southampton	New York	October 25
Ile de France	French	Havre	New York	October 25
Saturnia	Italian	Trieste	New York	October 25
Westernland	Red Star Bernstein	Antwerp	New York	October 25
Veendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	October 25
Rex	Italian	Naples	New York	October 26
Exochorda	American Export	Alexandria	New York	October 27
Scanpenn	American Scantic	Gdynia	New York	October 27
Montrose	Canadian Pacific	Antwerp	New York	October 27
Manhattan	United States	Hamburg	New York	October 27
Bremen	North German Lloyd	Bremen	New York	October 28
Deutschland	Hamburg-American	Hamburg	New York	October 28
Duchess of Richmond	Canadian Pacific	Liverpool	Montreal	October 29
Statendam	Holland-America	Rotterdam	New York	October 29
Andania	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	Montreal	October 30
Alaunia	Cunard White Star	Havre	Montreal	October 30
Caledonia	Anchor	Glasgow	New York	October 30
Samaria	Cunard White Star	Liverpool	New York	October 31
American Trader	United States	London	New York	October 31
Stavangerfjord	Norwegian America	Oslo	New York	October 31

From Central and South America

Santa Inez	Grace	Chanaral	New York	October 3
Western World	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	October 5
Santa Clara	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	October 10
Western Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	October 12
Santa Barbara	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	October 17
Southern Cross	American Republics	Buenos Aires	New York	October 19
Santa Rita	Grace	Chanaral	New York	October 24
Southern Prince	Furness Prince	Buenos Aires	New York	October 26
Santa Lucia	Grace	Valparaiso	New York	October 31

From the Orient—East Bound Transpacific

Empress of Japan	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	October 4
Monterey	Matson	Melbourne	San Francisco	October 4
Hie Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Seattle	October 4
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	October 7
Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	October 11
Tatutu Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Los Angeles	October 14
Empress of Asia	Canadian Pacific	Manila	Vancouver	October 17
Matsonia	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	October 21
Niagara	CanadianAustralaisian	Sydney	Vancouver	October 21
Lurline	Matson	Honolulu	San Francisco	October 26
Heian Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Seattle	October 28
Taiyo Maru	Nippon Yusen Kaisha	Kobe	Los Angeles	October 29

Editor's Note:

COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN will publish the annual Cruise Calendar in the November issue. As usual, this calendar will give a complete listing of the important winter and spring cruises—from week-end trips to the West Indies to the four-month round-the-world cruises. Reprints of this annual calendar will be available at cost.

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Horse notes and comment

(*Continued from page 31*)

trying to decide what kind of a three-year-old he will make. Consensus of opinion, backed up by the law of averages, allows him little chance of being the best. Consider, for a moment, some of the best two-year-olds of recent years. Singing Wood, Tintagel, Pompoon, Menow—a long list of them could be made without uncovering a Kentucky Derby, Preakness, or Belmont winner, although Pompoon ran second in two of them—or a colt that could carry his speed for a mile and a quarter and over with any definite degree of consistency. Nor, conversely, did any of the recent three-year-old champions, Omaha, Granville, and War Admiral, amount to much as two-year-olds, and this year there are Stagehand, Thanksgiving, Dauber, Lawrin, and Pastuerized to carry on the custom. Added to all this is the example of El Chico's full sister, Miyako, which although not a top two-year-old, has made even less impression on the few occasions when she has raced this year. So much against El Chico's chances.

But on the other side of the scales let's throw in Man O'War, beaten but once as a two-year-old and not at all at three—that name weighs plenty—and Blue Larkspur. Equipoise would certainly have been the three-year-old champion of his year had not unsoundness prevented, so might Colin have been, and, should you want an ounce or two more for balance, El Chico's sire, John P. Grier, ran second to Man O' War at two and *almost* beat him at three. As a matter of fact, John P. Grier might have been the three-year-old champion of his year had not Man O' War prevented.

Apparently a really great horse can be that way at any and at every age. Maybe El Chico is one of these but no one can say so yet with any conviction because that is something that only time will tell. There are plenty of hopes for him, anyway, even if the percentage is against him.

William H. Taylor on yachting

(*Continued from page 28*)

in to age and infirmities. At sixty-five, partially crippled and in none too robust health, he sailed his *Moose* to two first, four second, and one third places in the Marblehead Race Week series, and was awarded the Leonard Munn Fowle Trophy which goes each year to the boat and skipper whose performance is adjudged by the trustees of the Cup as the outstanding one of Race Week. Runner-up to Lawrence in the consideration of the trustees of the Fowle Trophy was a youngster, Stanley Ogilvy, who is the outstanding Star class sailor of the season on the Atlantic Coast. In the unfamiliar waters of Marblehead, in a fleet of twenty-four Stars, the young Larchmont skipper took two first, a second, and four third places to win the series.

SAMUEL C. PIRIE. A grand old class of racing yachts probably came to an end—at least as a class—when Samuel C. Pirie dropped dead on a Newport pier during the New York Yacht Club cruise. At seventy-four Sam Pirie was the youngest man, in spirit, in the old thirty-foot class. Besides having been its champion for several years he was the man who had kept the class going, by his enthusiasm and his example, and spurred them on so that even this past summer, the class's thirty-fourth racing season, he always had two or three competitors. He won a race against one of them, *Banzai,* the day before he died, which is a thought that would have pleased him immensely. Some of the Thirties are still going strong, and doubtless they'll be sailing in overnight races and handicap classes for years to come, but it's doubtful if, as a class, they can survive his loss.

RACING ABROAD. America will be well represented in racing abroad next summer, if present plans are carried through. At least three owners of outstanding ocean racers of this season are planning to take a crack at the Fastnet race, we hear—Henry Taylor with *Baruna,* Dick Reynolds with *Blitzen,* and Harry Sears with *Actaea,* and there may be others. They may ship their boats over, or they may sail them. There might even be a trans-Atlantic race.

The twelve-meter skippers are still talking England enthusiastically, too, thought of course it's a long time from now until May and you never know how much this twelve-meter talk amounts to. Fred Bedford with *Nyala,* and A. L. Loomis with *Northern Light,* are all for it. Clinton Crane would like to go but feels there's no use going with *Gleam* as the 1938 boats are faster and he'd have to build a new one, which he isn't prepared to do. Van Merle-Smith probably will build a new boat to replace *Seven Seas.* There will be some new blood in the class for 1939, including the redoubtable Mike Vanderbilt, and at this writing there seems to be a very excellent chance of three or four boats going abroad.

KING'S CUP AND ASTOR CUP. Vanderbilt won his sixth King's Cup off Marblehead during the New York Yacht Club cruise under rather depressing circumstance. *Prestige,* his class M sloop which he brought out this season just for the cruise, led three slower boats, two of which were much larger, all the way around the course. In fact, the cruise must have been quite a disappointment to Vanderbilt, who likes keen competition and certainly didn't get it in the M class. There were other class M boats, but none of them geared up to give *Prestige* any sort of a race. She won one squadron

(*Continued on page 94*)

At top, The Kruger Memorial in Pretoria
Above, A mountain pass in Drakensberg National Park
Right, A corner of the famous Snake Park at Port Elizabeth
Below, Bowling on the Green at Bloemfontein

SOUTH AFRICA lures with fascinating sights and unforgettable thrills: Majestic Victoria Falls, Kruger National Park (world's greatest game reserve), the Zimbabwe Ruins, Natal (the "Garden Province"), the Valley of a Thousand Hills, native life in Zululand, the gold mines of Johannesburg and diamond-famed Kimberley. The Cape Province, too, has many attractions, among them the aerial ascent of Table Mountain, the 100-mile Marine Drive, the scenic "Garden Route", and the Cango Caves. And there are glorious mountains and miles of sunny beaches! Nor would one wish to neglect visiting Pretoria, seat of the Government, with its impressive Union Buildings; Bloemfontein, rich in historical associations, and thriving Port Elizabeth. Sunny South Africa, with its blue skies and wonderful climate, is a land of all-year-'round outdoor sport; and modern transportation facilities, by air, rail, or motorbus—take you anywhere with comfort. The hotels are excellent, and South African hospitality is renowned.

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Fox Hunting

A Department by W. NEWBOLD ELY, Jr.,

M. F. H.

Four great bird states are Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas, and Missouri. It is therefore interesting to note what authorities in these states have to say about foxes.

Mr. Charles Morgan, supervisor of the Georgia Game Protectors, endorsed Sheriff Turner's report: "There's not the slightest evidence to support the theory that foxes are destroying quail life. So-called hunters have their automatic shotguns. With them, no thought is given to leaving a portion of a covey 'for seed.' They believe in killing quail for 'meat' to take back home where they can boast of their prowess as hunters. Sportsmanship with them is an unknown word. Of course there may be exceptions, the sheriff added, but a great majority of these away-from-home hunters are what we call 'pot hunters.'" The game protector went on to say that stray cats take a heavy toll of quail life, and recently, he found another culprit—a six-foot coachwhip snake which had driven the mother quail off her nest and had swallowed 11 eggs out of the total 16. He listed quail enemies in the following order: Wild dogs, stray cats, hawks, crows, and snakes. He omitted fox entirely from the list. In Baker County are a number of large game preserves. These preserve owners maintain superintendents whose duty it is to see that the birds on the respective farms are not only protected, but fed. Large patches of feed peculiar to the likes of Bob Whites are planted. Bounties are offered for snakes, crows, hawks, skunks, and other animals that prey on bird life, but no bounty has been offered for fox.

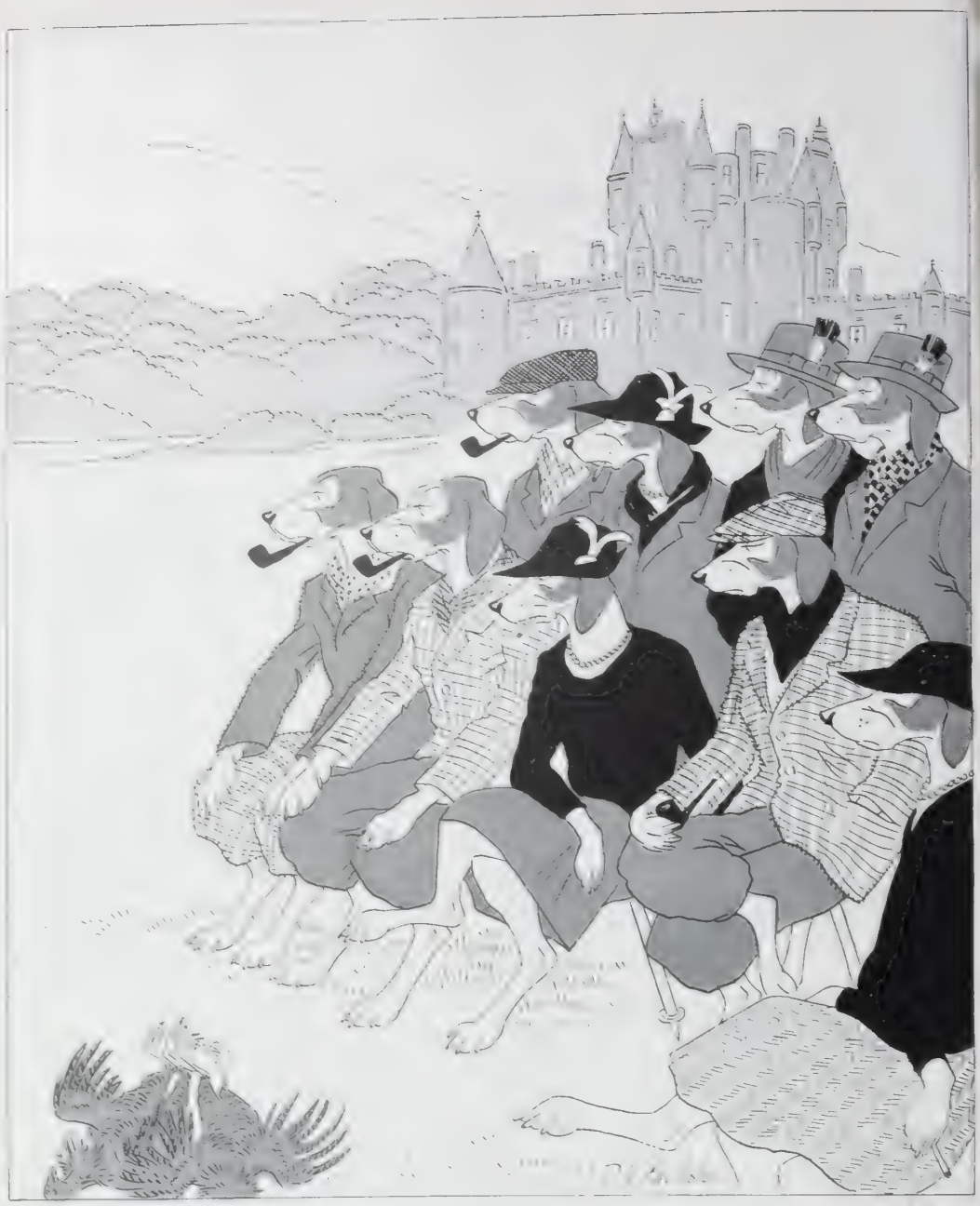
In Alabama, Mr. Quinn, Commissioner of Game, says in his department's official pamphlet: "The bobwhite perhaps has more natural enemies than any known bird throughout its Southern range. About some of these there appears to be a wide difference of opinion. A fixed opinion, honest though it be wrong, is hard to change. We must, therefore, be guided by the results of scientific research and investigation and by honest observation and actual experience. From trustworthy sources of information it is known that the house cat which is allowed its freedom not only takes a heavy toll of birds but actually destroys the eggs of nesting quail. Likewise, we have plenty of evidence to convict the roving dog for his predatory habits on young quail and eggs in the nest. The skunk, especially where they appear in abundance, prey heavily upon quail nests. The cotton rat, of all rodents, is highly destructive of the eggs in the nest, usually eating the eggs as fast as they accumulate. The opossum, which is abundant throughout Alabama, takes a surprisingly high toll of quail eggs. The blue jay also is convicted of this same offense.

"Usually the fox is charged with every offense where there appears to be a scarcity of quail. There have recently been collected nearly one hundred gray fox stomachs, and thirty-six dens of red foxes have been under observation during the early spring and summer in Alabama with the following results: Of 87 stomachs of the gray fox which have had a laboratory examination, trace of one quail was found in one stomach. Of the 36 dens which have been visited regularly since March 1, 1938, traces of one quail in each of these three dens have been recorded. All of these observations have been made and a number of the fox stomachs have been collected in the Union Springs district where the heaviest quail population in the state exists."

Both of these experts it will be observed refer to the destruction of game by the roaming house cat. This is a menace which was emphasized in our August issue by our colleague Mr. Sheldon's most excellent department, in which he advocated licensing all cats.

G. B. Oliver, chairman of the Arkansas Game and Fish Commission tells of the commission's long-range program of conservation and reproduction. He states that when the program is completed "Arkansas will rank at the top in hunting." Mr. Graves, the commission's secretary, offered a man for distribution of fox to the Arkansas Fox Hunters Association, stating that most of the destruction attributed to the fox is caused by other animals. Then Dr. Dellinger, head of the Department of Zoology of the University of Arkansas, said that investigations by the Department of Agriculture showed that fox eat wild berries, insects, field rats, and mice mostly, and that they rarely eat fowl, wild birds, young pigs, or lamb. Dr. Dellinger urged elimination of steel traps and strict regulation of trappers. Next, Guy Amsler, former secretary of the commission, urged a legislative program to protect fox and an educational program to acquaint hunters with the value of wild life conservation in general.

In the next state—Missouri—Mr. Clevenger plans to distribute literature to teach the farmer and the coming generation of the good the foxes do in protecting the crops, and keeping farm land from being washed in hollows and gulleys because of the field moles and groundhogs.



D. T. Carlisle

THE BELVIDERE HOUNDS ABROAD

Rose [illegible] the British sporting papers before the modest box they took during the Grease

SOFT MOUTHS. My good friend Gilbert Mather recently sent me a copy of "A Sale Bill of 1849" the original of which is in the possession of Mrs. Harold Glenn of Bowling Green, Kentucky. (When the California gold fever spread over (*Continued on page 99*)

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Vittoria *St. Sebastian* *Nive* *Peninsula* *Niagara* *Waterloo*
Nagpore *Maheidpoor* *Ava* *Alma* *Inkerman* *Sevastopol* *Taku Forts* *Pekin, 1860*
South Africa, 1899-1902 *Le Cateau* *Marne, 1914, '18* *Ypres, 1915, '17, '18*
Loos *Somme, 1916, '18* *Arras, 1917, '18* *Lys* *Struma*
Gallipoli, 1915-16 *Palestine, 1917-18*

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Country Life Sports Calendar October, 1938

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday

1

Adjacent Hunts Race Meeting, Port Chester, N. Y.
Huntingdon Valley Hunt Race Meeting, Jenkintown, Pa.
Laurel, Md., Horse Race Meeting (until Oct. 29th).
Associated Field Trial Clubs of Connecticut (Pointers and Setters), Enfield, Conn.
Devon Dog Show, Devon, Pa.
Los Angeles County Fair Dog Show, Pomona, Calif. (until 2nd).
Mid-Continent Kennel Club Dog Show, Tulsa, Okla.
Piping Rock Horse Show.
Montclair, N. J., Horse Show.
Minnesota Field Trial Assn. Field Trial (Retrievers) Winona, Minn. (until 2nd)

2

Mill Creek Hunter Trials, Millburn, Ill.
St. Louis National Horse Show (until 8th).
Country Club of Detroit Skeet Tournament, Detroit, Mich.
North Shore Skeet Club Tournament, Huntington, L. I., N. Y.

3

Jamaica, L. I., Horse Race Meeting (until Oct. 15th).
Mid-Continent Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Yates Center, Kans.
Piedmont Kennel Club Dog Show, Charlotte, N. C.
Fall Tennis Tournament, Hot Sorings, Va. (until 8th).

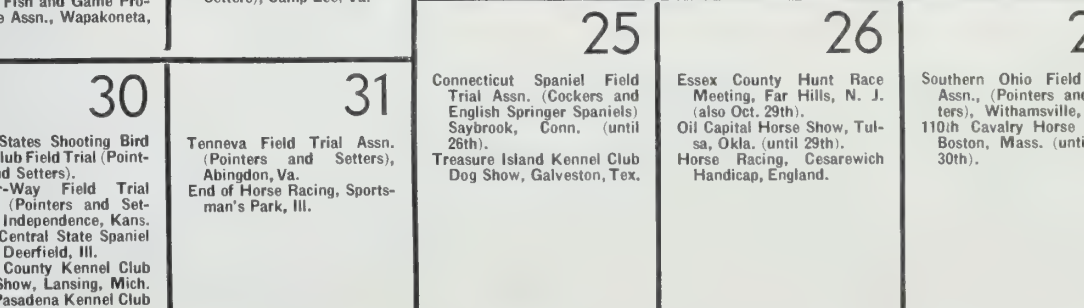
4

Oklahoma City Kennel Club Dog Show.
Charleston Kennel Club Dog Show, Charleston, S. C.
Danbury Agricultural Society Dog Show, Danbury, Conn.

5

Rolling Rock Hunt Race Meeting, Ligonier, Pa. (also on Oct. 8th).
Mountain State Forest Festival Horse Show, Elkins, W. Va. (until 8th).
Long Branch, Canada, Horse Race Meeting (until 12th).

6



7

Fifth Pheasant Dog Futurity Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Buffalo N. Y.
Jockey Hollow Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Clinton, N. J.
Albany, N. Y., Horse Show (until Oct. 8th).
Stratford Shoal-Prices Bend Sailing Race, New Rochelle Y. C.
Carolina Kennel Club Dog Show, Greensboro, N. C.

Orange, N. J., Horse Show.
End of Albany, N. Y., Horse Show.
Treasure Chest Hunt Sailing Race 45-foot Class, Los Angeles, Cal.
End of Fall Tennis Tournament, Hot Springs, Va.
Nassau Trapshooting Club Skeet Tournament, Mineola, N. Y.

8

Irish Setter Club of America Field Trial, Enfield, Conn.
Missouri Valley Retriever Field Trial, Omaha, Neb. (until 9th).
Women's Field and Bench Club Field Trial (Pointers' and Setters), Middletown, N. Y.
Pine Knot Rod and Gun Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Keyport, N. J.
Connecticut Valley Field Dog Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Springfield, Mass.
New Kensington Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), New Kensington Pa.
Albany Field Trial Club (Cockers and English Springer Spaniels), Feura Bush, N. Y.
Kennel Club of Wilmington, Del., Dog Show.
Hunt Race Meeting Rolling Rock, Ligonier, Pa. (also on Oct. 5th).

9

Rocky Hill Fish and Game Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Hartford, Conn.
Horse Racing Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe, Paris, France.
Twin Pike Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Ambler, Pa.
Chemung County Rod and Gun Club Skeet Tournament, Elmira, N. Y.
North Branford Skeet Club Tournament, North Branford, Conn.
Berks County Kennel Club Dog Show, Reading, Pa.

10

National Pheasant Championship Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Buffalo, N. Y.
Shenandoah Valley Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Winchester, Va.
Narragansett, R. I., Horse Race Meeting (until Nov. 12th).

11

Keeneland, Ky., Horse Race Meeting (until 22nd).
Durham Kennel Club Dog Show, Durham, N. C.

12

Bath County Field Trial Assn. (Cocker and English Springer Spaniels), Hot Springs, Va. (until 13th).
Rose Tree Hunt Race Meeting, Media, Pa. (also Oct. 15th).
Horse Racing, Cambridgeshire Handicap, England.
Sleepy Hollow Horse Show, Scarborough-On-Hudson, N. Y.
Canadian Women's Seniors Golf Tournament, Seigniory Club, P. Q. (until 14th).
Wichita County Kennel Club Dog Show, Wichita Falls, Tex.

13

Amateur Field Trial Clubs of America Amateur Pheasant Championship Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Buffalo, N. Y.
Roanoke Kennel Club Dog Show, Roanoke, Va.

14

National Capital Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Germantown, Md.
Chicagoland Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Addison, Ill.
Mid-Jersey Field Dog Club Trial (Pointers and Setters), Clinton, N. J.
Maui Kennel Club Dog Show, Kahului Maui, Hawaii.

Old Dominion Kennel Club of Northern Va. Dog Show, Fort Myer, Va.
Westmoreland Kennel Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Latrobe. Pa.
Manchester Sportsmen's Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Manchester, Conn.
Cranston Fish and Game Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Foster, R. I.
Great Barrington Fish and Game Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Great Barrington, Mass.
Sullivan Field Trial Club, (Pointers and Setters), Sullivan, Ind.
Texas Kennel Club Dog Show,
Maine Kennel Club Dog Show, Portland, Me.

15

Monmouth County Hunt Race Meeting Red Bank, N. J.
Duffern Park, Canada, Horse Race Meeting (until 22nd).
American Royal Horse Show, Kansas City, Mo. (until Oct. 22nd).
Irish Water Spaniel Club of America Field Trial (Retrievers and Irish Water Spaniels), Stratford, Conn. (until 16th).
Mississippi Valley Kennel Club Retriever Field Trial, Peruque, Mo.
English Springer Spaniel Field Trial Assn. of Illinois, Barrington (until 16th).
Sedalia Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Sedalia, Mo.
Delaware Setter and Pointer Club Field Trial.

16

St. Margaret's Hunt Club Dog Show, Annapolis, Md.
Santa Ana Kennel Club Dog Show, Santa Ana, Cal.
Staten Island Kennel Club Dog Show, Oakwood, S. I., N. Y.

17

Empire City Horse Race Meeting Yonkers, N. Y. (until Oct. 29th).
Oriole Amateur Field Dog Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Towson, Md.
Southwest Va. Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Blacksburg, Va.

18

Fort Worth Kennel Club Dog Show, Fort Worth, Tex. (until 19th).

19

20

Inter-American Horse Show, Washington, D. C. (until 23rd).
Missouri State Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters).

21

English Springer Spaniel Field Trial Assn. (Cockers and English Springer Spaniels), Fishers Island, N. Y. (until 23rd).
English Setter Club of America Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Medford, N. J.
Ohio Valley Bird Dog Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Portsmouth, Ohio.
Northern Indiana Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Winimac, Ind.
Western Pennsylvania Kennel Assn. Dog Show, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Queensboro Kennel Club Dog Show, Flushing, L. I., N. Y.
San Antonio Kennel Club Dog Show, San Antonio, Tex.

22

Cumberland Valley Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Hagerstown, Md,
Black Forest Grouse Trial Club (Pointers and Setters) Coudersport Pike, Pa.
Sewickley Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Sewickley, Pa.
Central Pa. Field Trial Assn., Hollidaysburg, Pa.
Ohio County Wild Life League Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Wheeling W. Va.
Dugger Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Dugger, Indiana.
Brookhaven Game Protective Assn. Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Manorville, L. I., N. Y.
Elkridge Harford Hunt Race Meeting, Monkton, Md.

23

Ak-Sar-Ben Horse Show, Omaha, Neb. (until Oct. 29th).
Horse Racing, Prix du Conseil Municipal, Paris, France.
Western Illinois Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Macomb, Ill.
Auglaze Fish and Game Protective Assn., Wapakoneta, Ohio.

24

West Virginia Amateur Field Trial Assn., Tri-State Amateur Field Trial Assn. Joint Field Trial (Pointers and Setters), Point Pleasant, W. Va.
Rappahannock Amateur Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Camp Lee, Va.

25

Connecticut Spaniel Field Trial Assn. (Cockers and English Springer Spaniels) Saybrook, Conn. (until 26th).
Treasure Island Kennel Club Dog Show, Galveston, Tex.

26

Essex County Hunt Race Meeting, Far Hills, N. J. (also Oct. 29th).
Oil Capital Horse Show, Tulsa, Okla. (until 29th).
Horse Racing, Cesarewich Handicap, England.

27

Southern Ohio Field Trial Assn., (Pointers and Setters), Withamsville, Ohio.
110th Cavalry Horse Show, Boston, Mass. (until Oct. 30th).

28

Eastern Amateurs Pointer and Setter Winners Assn. Field Trial, Oneida, N. Y.
Tri-State Field Trial Club (Pointers and Setters), Williston, Pa.

29

Jaxon Kennel Club Dog Show, Jackson, Mich.
Houston Kennel Club Dog Show, Houston, Tex.
Pasadena Kennel Club Dog Show, Pasadena, Calif. (until 30th).
St. Louis Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Warrenton, Mo.
Kankakee Valley Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Morocco, Ind.
Ambraw Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Lawrenceville, Ill.
Essex County Hunt Race Meeting, Far Hills, N. J.

30

United States Shooting Bird Dog Club Field Trial (Pointers and Setters).
Out-Our-Way Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Independence, Kans.
End of Central State Spaniel Trial, Deerfield, Ill.
Ingham County Kennel Club Dog Show, Lansing, Mich.
End of Pasadena Kennel Club Dog Show, Cal.
End of 110th Cavalry Horse Show, Boston, Mass.

31

Tenneva Field Trial Assn. (Pointers and Setters), Abingdon, Va.
End of Horse Racing, Sportsman's Park, Ill.

Harold Haliday Costain

Natural beauty glorified by man. A prize-winning brush-form chrysanthemum plant from the greenhouses of Mrs. Harold I. Pratt, New York

October, 1938

Country Life
AND THE SPORTSMAN

Humanitarians *and* Sportsmen

ROBESON BAILEY

"You're a sadist!"

"I am not. You're a sentimentalist!"

'I am *not!*"

"You are *too!*"

A couple of kids in an I-am-not-you-are-too debate? Oh, no. Just a pair of grownups, who have had the best of education and background. Just two otherwise sensible people talking about something that gets them both unreasonably hot under the collar. The man had said that he hoped his children would grow up to love the woods so that they might, therefore, love shooting as much as he loved it. Then they began calling each other names. Both names are absurd. The man is a kindly man. The woman is a forthright and sensible woman.

The world is divided into three kinds of people: those who shoot, those who don't shoot, and those who detest the idea of killing anything in the name of sport. (All these divisions of the world are, of course, quite meaningless, but the temptation is forever upon us. My real favorite is this: the world is divided into two kinds of people, and nobody can tell 'em apart. I think that one makes more sense than all the rest!) Our discussion concerns those who like shooting and those who detest it, and the things that are written by both sides.

Only in the pages of this magazine have I read tempered and sensible discussions of our subject. Elsewhere, I am confronted by oceans of distilled nonsense. Here, for example, are some purest gems from the October, 1936, "Field & Stream." The article from which these paragraphs were taken was published as an editorial under the title of "What Sportsmen Bring Home." It was written by Mr. Archibald Rutledge, who is an author of sporting tales.

"And when you come back from a hunt or from a fishing trip, you feel more of a man, not necessarily because of what you have killed or caught, but because you have put yourself to the test against those forces against which only real men will enter the lists. Your confidence in yourself is restored. You can take it. And the appetite you bring home makes your wife wonder whether she has not, after all, married the caveman of her most secret dreams.

"But you bring home more than a better body. You bring back a mind keen, alert, hale and wholesome; a mind that refuses to accept sofa-lounging and tap-dancing as forms of manly endeavor; a mind reconciled to the daily grind, and ready to tackle the next problem with courage and confidence. You bring back a better husband and father; or, if you haven't gone so far as that, you bring back a better lover. Show me the girl who loves a sportsman, and I'll take off my hat to her. She knows more than some of her elders, and her natural devotion is deepened by an ancestral preference for a mate who has some hardihood in him. Every community is better for the sportsmen in it; every woman is better for having married a sportsman; and every child is fortunate who has a sportsman for its father."

Wow! The temptation to recall other connotations of the word "sport" is strong, probably vulgar. But as a matter of fact, Mr. Rutledge is a good writer, a fact that has been attested by editors of "quality group" magazines, and the publication of a number of books by front-rank publishers. He can, and often does, write enthralling tales of shooting and fishing for the outdoor magazines. Further, Mr. Ray P. Holland, the editor of "Field & Stream," is quite probably the best man at his job in the country. Wherefore, then, in the name of all that's reasonable, this printed braying?

Well, for these reasons. The man who goes forth to slaughter in the name of sport, goes forth today with a thousand curses on his head. He suffers the revilements of poets, novelists, amateur naturalists, professional old ladies, birdlovers, anti-vivisectionists, and contributors to all sorts of magazines. Even his best-intentioned efforts toward conservation are often threatened or actually blocked. For example, Mr. Seth Gordon, Commissioner of Fish and Game for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, has been enjoined (in the name of Humanity) from enforcing a special deer season on does only. (Pennsylvania normally has a season on bucks only.) Mr. Gordon had issued this order (in the name of Humanity) because there were too many deer in the state and not enough browse for them to get through the winter. To (*Continued on page 109*)

THE SPORTSWOMAN

Golf. Miss Katherine Wiman, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dwight D. Wiman of Greenwich, Connecticut, at Kebo Valley Club in Bar Harbor

Riding. Left, Miss Rosamond Roberts, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Roberts, carries carrots to her horse before an Easthampton hunt

Yachting. Ready for a sail at the Southampton Yacht Club. Miss Pauline Timmins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jules R. Timmins of Montreal

Tennis. Right is Mrs. Quincy S. Cabot, formerly Genevieve Fox, in the finals of the tennis tournament at the Meadow Club in Southampton

MRS. JORROCKS

EARLY morning, *very* early morning at the old Oklahoma track in Saratoga Springs and two gentlemen, whose minds should have been on the race horses at work there, were breathing the misty air appreciatively. It was late in the meeting and the dim hour lent the sharp, keen tang of autumn to a day which the sun would later turn into summer.

"Puts you in mind of a hunting morning, doesn't it," said one.

The other moved his shoulders comfortably in his tweed coat. "I heard some hounds working back in the woods last night and wondered what they were about."

Both of them were suddenly very remote from their surroundings. Their eyes looked into great distances, as mariners do, but they weren't seeing vast stretches of water; rolling meadows, more likely, timber fences, and hounds on a hot scent.

The first man spoke again, quietly and with deep respect. "A great sport."

"The greatest," said the other and wishing, because of his affection, to add something more, "It's so—so satisfactory."

Groping as he was, I think he hit the right word. What other sport can possibly offer quite as much as foxhunting does in such adequate doses? Exercise, gosh yes! Physically, and mentally too for those who wish to use their heads. Interest of the most absorbing sort and

Driving. Miss Georgiana Maclay at the Dutchess County Show

Below: Miss Polly Gillespie, daughter of Mrs. James Gillespie of Wichita, Kansas, aboard the "Kungsholm" with two Copenhagen Great Danes

Speed-boating at the Seawanhaka Club is Mrs. Haley Fiske 2nd.

Gay nineties. In the popular event at the Southampton show, Mr. Richard Newton's entry was awarded the first prize

Drag Hunting. Jacqueline Bouvier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John V. Bouvier 3rd, rides at Easthampton

Right: At the Southampton Yacht Club, Miss Jane S. Bowers of New York and Lawrence Hart

Equitation. Winner of the Maclay Trophy with her mount, Phyllis Haynes and "Overall" at the annual Easthampton Horse Show

competition in skill, ingenuity, and courage. The splendid companionship that comes only with the sharing of uncertainty and danger, the thrill of speed, and even hardship and boredom, sometimes, because in the variety and chance of hunting lies much of its charm. And there is often humor, too, and almost always beauty. The word was well chosen.

"After a good day's hunting I can't see how anyone would want anything more."

A plentiful meal, probably, and a reviving drink certainly. A warm fire and good company—but you could tell what he meant. In the contentment of complete relaxation there would be no need of theaters, night clubs, gambling, floor shows, and the other sedatives of the restless mind and body.

Now October is here with the air of the early mornings like dry champagne, the woods a blaze of color, coats and breeches are taken out of camphor, boots are polished, and hunting a reality instead of just a mere trick of the imagination. I hope they are happy.

RACING AUTOMOBILES. Even if it is curiosity that compels you to go to the midget automobile races at the Roosevelt Speedway in Westbury, a very real interest will probably urge you to stay until the last event is over. The big track is cut down to a small oval in front of the main grandstand and club house, a pool of brilliant light in the middle of acres of darkness. And fifty-five cents will buy a ticket, although for slightly more a space high in the air over the track may be had where the view, looking directly down on the scene, is better.

Two by two the tiny cars are pushed out on the track by their crews of pit boys and the broadcaster announces the drivers' names and their numbers. Then the pit crews take a hand again and push their cars into action—they won't start by themselves—and engines roar and exhausts pop as they take a lap or two around the track to warm up. When they have had enough of this the driver of the "pole" car gives the starter a "ready" signal. He shows the "line up" flag to the other drivers, they ease around the track once more in starting order, and then the green flag waves and they are off. A blue haze of burning oil settles over the track and the sound of screaming tires mingles with the terrific racket of the racing engines as with really admirable skill and courage the drivers strive to bring their little machines to the front of the field. The starter has no idle life either. Lap after lap—the races vary in distance up to

Below: Lead line class. Penelope Mann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Vernon Mann Jr., holds the pony Eliza Bayliss is riding at Smithtown

Dog Show. Mrs. Frank C. Butcher and three Great Pyrenees from her Cote de Neige Kennels at the Lake George Show

Scarecrow. Below: Miss Frances Gardiner in costume for the Riding Club Horse Show at Easthampton

Spectators at the Southampton tennis tournament. Miss Anne R. Benjamin, Miss Hazel Farr, Miss Mary Farr, and Miss Edith Fincke on the sidelines

Archery. Right is Miss Patricia Shewan shooting her bow and arrow over the Atlantic Ocean from the top of "Conscience Hill" on Mrs. Walter Hoving's estate in Southampton, L. I.

Photographs by Morgan, Rotofotos, and Levick-Jones

Sailing. Miss Colette Gay, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William O. Gay, with the jib. Philip Gay and Miss Wendy Ulman on the mainsail at the Southampton Club

Skiing. Above is Miss Patricia Roblee adapting a winter sport to summer sands, pictured at "The Port of Missing Men"

Shooting. Left: Mrs. Morrison Orr and Mr. Orr at the Nassau Trapshooting Club, Glen Cove

twenty laps—he has to keep in touch with the drivers through the medium of his many colored flags. "Pull over, car trying to pass," "trouble ahead," "last lap," and in case of really extreme danger he must stop the race completely.

Everyone has probably seen these midget automobiles, at one time or another, riding around on trucks and presenting, as a whole and for a very good reason, a rather battered appearance, but some of the newer ones are very beautiful, built on nicely balanced lines and shining with polished paint and metal. The backs of the seats and the cowl in front of the driver are so high that only his helmeted head comes above them, which proves thoroughly practical when the car turns over because then he can pull his head in like a turtle and, if he is lucky, avoid injury. These little "jobs," as the broadcaster calls them, I am told, cost in the neighborhood of $3,000 to build, so expertly must they be constructed.

When each race is over another kind of sport begins. With every entrance ticket a series of "Bingo" slips, which are something like "Loto" cards, are given out and the order in which the cars finish determines the numbers called. If you can check the first five numbers in a row on your card, either with or without the help of the "wild" zero in the middle, you can collect quite a considerable sum of money which, as it accumulates when nobody can claim it, is apt to reach quite impressive proportions as the evening wears on. Further numbers for lesser prizes are called after the first five. This game establishes a genuinely informal atmosphere which is encouraged by a band and various impromptu "skits." While waiting for one of the entries before a race, for example, one of the race drivers was pushed over to the microphone in his car and sang "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," in a very clear, true tenor. The audience loved it and when he asked for help on the second chorus they "gave" until the grandstand rocked to "I'm in love with you!"

The first few races are more or less in the nature of preliminaries. To the novice they look pretty exciting but later in the evening he begins to realize that he hasn't seen anything yet. During the longer, more important races in which the semi-finals and finals are contested the drivers run their cars wide open to win. At high speed, and if there is room, they skid around the turns at an angle that has to be figured to an inch, because if it is overdone the car will spin around like a pinwheel usually ending up dead across the track, helpless with a stalled engine in the path of the other cars. The race isn't stopped for a minor occurrence such as this. The other drivers, thinking like lightning and steering on the hair line that divides danger from safety, avoid the obstacle and in the meantime it is up to the pit crew to dodge between them, straighten out the disabled car, and get it started on its (*Continued on page 96*)

Polo. Below: Miss Rose Donnally of Los Angeles, a member of the Santa Barbara women's team

A Sportsman's Home

Hutfield, the home of
MR. AND MRS. E. H. HUTTON
Wheatley Hills
Long Island — New York

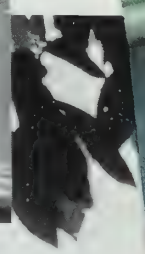
THE country home of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Hutton answers the need in all of us for comfort, livability, and beauty. Essentially the home of a sportsman, the house speaks in these terms, for trophies of all kinds surround one. Sporting paintings by eminent artists crowd the walls and practically every inch of space is devoted to guns, hunting horns, fishing tackle, mementos of sports which are ever dear in the memories of the owners. The house itself stretches out on either side of the wide hall, with an entrance at one end and another opposite which overlooks the terrace. Here luncheon is served on white wrought-iron furniture while one enjoys the re-

Steps leading to a garden retreat

The entrance and drive above; right, view of the swimming pool; and the wisteria covered terrace in center

Photographs by
F. M. DEMAREST

One of the bathhouse dressing rooms. The porch overlooking the gardens, and, below a terrace view of pool. The swimming pool in color. Bottom, servants' quarters and stable



flections of the round pool and a peaceful view of the paddock and surrounding rolling country, outlined by hedges of box. Down grass covered steps, over lush lawn and suddenly the pool and bathhouse appear. This much sought after shelter is fully equipped for the enjoyment of an afternoon. All kinds of inducements for relaxation and rest are offered, including the radio, dressing rooms and showers convenient in the bathhouse, and white wrought-iron furniture under large umbrellas for cocktails, tea, or luncheon. On the opposite side of the house are the stables.

Returning to the house, famous paintings meet the eye. One by John Wootton (dating 1677 to 1765) is of Warren Hill, New Market. It hangs above a black horsehair covered couch and either side are Staffordshire brackets, rare of their kind, surmounted by hunting horns. Mementos from old whaling vessels, polished and etched, are to be found throughout the study and hall. Hunting cups and horns used in the field rub elbows with other sporting trophies.

Altogether this is a country home of a country gentleman, comfortable and livable for those seasons devoted to outdoor living.

Photograph by Van Nes-De V

ON OPPOSITE PAGE: In the living room a fine portrait of the owner by Oswald Burley predominates. The "breakfront" was once owned by Sir Sackville West, and the American Queen Anne wing chair is an important piece of furniture. The powder room combines blue and white striped wallpaper with deep red carpet, a black and gold Empire chaise longue upholstered in blue-gray serge which is covered with bouquets of red roses. Draped with old embroidered batiste, the four-poster bed predominates in the master bedroom. Here too are to be found sporting prints of great beauty

Famous painters are represented. In the study, John Ferneley, J. S. Herring, J. Barenger over the lounge, four dogs by J. Wheeler. In the hall, carriage lamps, carved relics of old whaling days

THE WISE SPECTATOR PLANS FOR EVERY KIND OF WEATHER

STORM

RAIN

The spring was cold and wet, the fall may be colder and wetter. Horses race in any weather and you might just as well be comfortable when you go to see them. Rubber shirt and helmet from Oldin. Gokey boots

Hunter trials, hunt meets, field trials, hound trails; briars, bushes, mist, drizzle, rain. You'll be well protected in the reinforced slacks and coat from Oldin and hat from Brooks Brothers—and look well too

F. M. Demarest

VARIABLE

FAIR

Sharp north wind one minute, hot sun the next. Maybe those clouds hold rain, maybe they don't. Why worry. Oldin's showerproof gaberdine coat and leather cobbler will keep you warm and dry; with Brooks Brothers hat and slacks you'll look smart if it clears up

Sometimes a day dawns that stays clear, warm, and dry. You can't improve on Brooks Brothers tweeds under these circumstances, nor on Bausch and Lomb's 9 x 35 binoculars. With the wide field of vision you can sit still and see all

Photographs by the author

Above: Over four feet in height, with a four by six inch mesh and barbed wire along the top, this fence is impossible for hounds to get through and hard to get over or under. It ruins a section of good country. Right: If snug, dry, well-drained, with enough shade and water available, kennels need not be elaborate. Sun bench to lie on top of in winter and under in summer

NEW COUNTRY

Wherein the Business of Fox Hunting Is Incorporated

STERLING LARRABEE, M.F.H.

BAILY'S Hunting Directory for the season of 1922-23 listed only 46 active hunts in the United States, as compared to Baily's for 1937-38 which shows a total of 119 (of which 104 are recognized by the N. S. H. A.). Thus, in spite of two depressions and one recession, no fewer than 75 *new* hunts have sprung into existence during the past fifteen years—a gain of more than 160%. American interest in foxhunting has never been so keen as at present, and as its popularity is increasing day by day we may expect to see many more hunts organized in this country during the next few years.

Nearly all of the famous packs in England are slow outgrowths from small private packs, the trencher-fed packs, or the harriers, of a century or two ago. Unfortunately such antecedents have very seldom prevailed in America and in consequence most of our hunts have started from scratch, sometimes with Enthusiasm over-running the line ahead of Experience, with Harmony unable to own the scent, with Society babbling off to a flank, while Sousie skirks in covert. A knowledge of the art of hunting has always been difficult to attain, and to add to this difficulty, the encroachments of civilization together with our complex mode of living have made foxhunting in these days practically a business. Whence, if the establishment of a hunt be contemplated in order to avoid useless expenditure of money and effort, a great deal of preliminary investigation and research are necessary in an attempt to determine the probable chances for success or failure, as would be the case in any business venture.

The most important factor in foxhunting is the country hunted over, as evidenced by the fact that both here and in England the best sport is to be had in the best countries. So in starting a hunt, we must study the possibilities of the country as to the following aspects: Suitability of terrain, attitude of landowners, its size, supply of foxes, scenting conditions, length of seasons, fences.

A grazing or pastoral region (that is, a beef-cattle or sheep country), gently rolling, with wide turf fields, well watered and well drained, and interspersed with occasional woodlands, describes the ideal hunting country. High-priced land seldom affords good fox-hunting, as in consequence holdings are small. This expensive land implies either the ten or twenty-acre "estates" on the fringes of suburbia, crisscrossed every few furlongs by hard roads, or the small fifty to a hundred acre tracts of the intensive truck farmer, with most of the land under high cultivation. Likewise, an intensive dairying section usually makes a poor hunting country, as there is too much acreage under plow and the farmers object to hounds and horses running through their valuable cattle. Rocky or mountainous regions preclude galloping and thus hunting degenerates into hill-topping, whence most of the excitement of the chase is lost. But though not perfection, a heavily wooded area is by no means a bar to fox-hunting provided the hunt can afford to cut a sufficiency of wood rides. Nowhere has the art of venery reached a higher pitch than in Northern France where the *chasse à cerf* offers some of the best galloping in the world down the wide *allées* cut through the forests. Similarly, foxhunting is successfully carried on in the heavily wooded yellow-pine districts of the Carolinas.

Summing up, a first-class hunting country is one in which it is possible to stay with hounds, or at least on terms with hounds, during a long, hard run. As a rough guide to choosing a hunting country, the number of good runs will be in inverse ratio to the number of filling stations therein.

It is obvious that hunting is impossible unless a great majority of the landowners are favorably disposed, or at least tolerant, towards the sport. (Though it is to be expected that in every country there will be one or two sore-heads who hate themselves, everyone else, and hunting in particular—these may be disregarded, but

The huntsman settles a poultry claim. She will receive prompt compensation for the dozen fowls and ducks stolen by foxes

Left: The mule carries a saw, a hatchet, and an ax on each side, as well as grub for the crew cutting rides in the woods

A farmer's son shows the huntsman a newly cleaned out "raising" earth. The huntsman should know all the earths in the country

Left: Almost any sort of shack will serve as a temporary kennel while new country is being tried

Below: It is often easier to build a chicken coop panel at home and carry it to its destination

should always be treated in the most courteous manner possible with a view to winning them over very amicably in future years).

The attitude of the landowners will be governed largely by the reputations and personal popularity of the sponsors of the proposed hunt, and their degree of acquaintance and familiarity with the countryside. In sections where farmers' packs have hunted for years the people are accustomed to the sport and like to hear and see the "fox-dawgs" run—they will usually welcome a recognized pack with open arms. In places where hunting is an innovation, or where the farmers are mostly foreigners or of foreign descent, the proposition becomes more difficult. Under these conditions, or where the sponsors are more or less strangers to the community, it has frequently been the practice to hold a sort of mass-meeting at the grange or high school with the idea of explaining the hunting scheme to all. Personally, I am not in favor of this method, as farmers are slow to make up their minds and often loath to express their real opinions. Besides, a farmer, who with his forebears has farmed a thousand or more acres over a hundred years, sometimes resents being asked to a meeting with some chap who rents a forty acre place—yet the little man has to be considered from the hunting point of view. In every community there are always a few "key" men whom the people look up to, and who wield a good deal of influence in the neighborhood (they may be the banker, the sheriff, a prominent farmer, the county agent, the post-master, or a local *politico*). I believe it better to interest and quietly enlist the support of some of these men and let them talk the matter up and feel out the landowners. They should stress the economic advantages which will accrue from organized hunting—increase in land values, employment of local men and boys, purchases of grain, hay, and straw, etc., and, of course, explain that any damages will be promptly taken care of.

The size of a hunting country depends somewhat upon the size of the hunting establishment and the number of hunting days per week. Some of the big packs in England hunt four and five days a week, and their countries are often thirty miles by twenty-five, and some of our American countries are even larger. I should say that ten miles by ten, or twelve miles by eight, are about the minimum for a pack hunting twice a week, with perhaps an occasional bye day. These latter areas will comprise a little over 60,000 acres, and will afford a reasonable amount of variation for the field and should support some thirty foxes. It has been in my experience that a fox "uses over" (as they say in Virginia) some 2,000 acres, just as they say that a covey of bobwhite quail will "use over" 100 acres.

THE same hounds can fox hunt two, at the most three, days per week; if it be proposed to hunt four or five days a week it is necessary to have enough hounds to split the pack, hunting one day with the dog-pack, the next with the bitch-pack.

Nothing spoils sport more and causes more diminution of interest among the supporters of a hunt than a paucity of foxes with numerous blank days as a consequence. Fortunately, however, this situation may be overcome without much difficulty, and it is a fact that most of our important hunts have stocked their countries and continue to do so every year or so as conditions may warrant. Cubs may be put down in late spring or early summer, or older foxes in September or October—either way, about one third will survive and remain in the country. It is always better to get wild foxes trapped in mountain regions (and put them out immediately), rather than those feeble specimens raised on fox-farms. Every fox should be carefully examined for mange before it is turned loose.

A shortage of foxes may be due to an inadequate food supply which may be increased by putting out numbers of rabbits, either wild cottontails or tame brown ones, in the areas where foxes are scarce. The payment of a bounty of five dollars to the landowner each time a fox is started on his land will do much to encourage the protection of foxes and enhance the popularity of the hunt. Hunting bag foxes is not only disapproved of by the Masters of Foxhounds Association, but is considered a despicable practice by every sportsman worthy of the name.

In comparison with Northern Europe scenting conditions in America are almost invariably poor, but this fault has been in a measure overcome through using hounds with better noses and greater hunting abilities. In certain arid regions of the West, thanks to the dew and atmospheric changes, hunting at night after the "Bugle Annie" fashion may be possible, but orthodox hunting, that is riding to hounds during daylight hours, should most certainly not be attempted in those regions nor should it be tried in places where autumn and winter droughts prevail.

Maintaining a pack of hounds throughout the year is so much trouble and so expensive, with the upkeep (*Continued on page 100*)

RACING

SHOW

HUNT

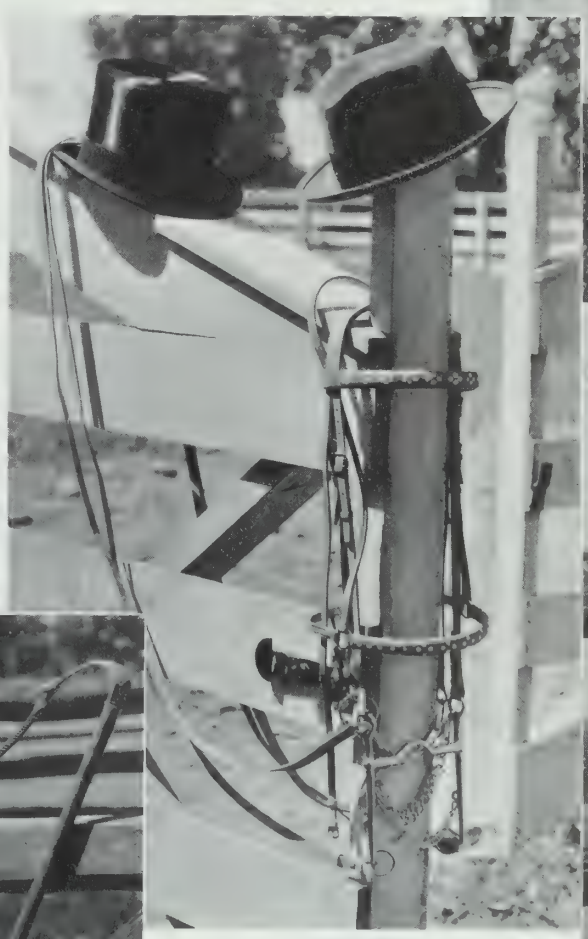
POLO

A STUDY IN SADDLES AND THE THINGS THAT GO WITH THEM

Photographs by F. M. DEMAREST

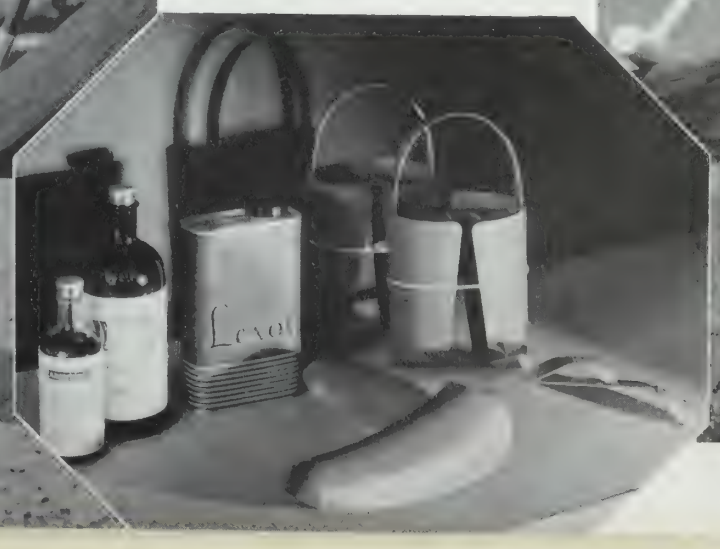
RACING fans seldom see a weight pad, because it is covered by the number cloth, but in this picture the pockets where the lead is carried can be plainly seen. To hold all this in place the tiny saddle, weighing only 1¾ lbs. has to be strapped on with both girth and surcingle. The skirt of the hunting saddle is built for a "forward" knee, the show saddle for a "backward" one and that of the polo saddle is designed to give both security and room, as is its deep seat. In contrast to the seats of the polo and hunting saddle that of the show saddle is almost flat. (Folded leather girths are customarily used for hunting and polo and on all saddles the ends of the stirrup leathers should be tucked back instead of as shown.) Under a jockey's silk cap goes the light cork helmet which tops the racing equipment on the gate, and polo and hunting also need protective headgear but the man who rides saddle horses may wear whatever is appropriate. Compare the racing bridle with that used for hunting and note the difference in weight, then look at the decorative, light show bridle and the strong, serviceable one for polo. The hunting equipment is that carried by a whip, hound couples, left, and wire cutters on the post. A blinker hood, that keeps a race horse's mind on his work, completes that picture. Racing and show equipment from "little joe" Wiesenfeld. Polo saddle and bridle, Stalker Mfg. Co. Hunting equipment, polo cap, whip, and mallet, Abercrombie and Fitch. Show hats from Brooks Brothers, and to keep everything in good working order, Absorbine Jr. for man, Absorbine for mount, Lexol for leather, and trees for boots from National Vulcanized Fibre Co.

RACING



SHOW

HUNT



POLO

Planting for Wildlife

RAYMOND S. DECK

The cards were stacked against me. I sat down a moment ago to list the shrubs, trees, and herbs which wild game seeks for food. The list was to be of the orthodox things acclaimed in agricultural bulletins. But, as I say, the cards unfortunately were stacked against me.

As I sat in the doorway of a log cabin on which trees cast welcome shade, I wooed the muse with one eye, and despite all good intentions appraised billows of petunias with the other. Then a chipmunk darted out from under a boulder. He stopped for a moment as he reached the path, and raised his tail aloft; looked at me in accusation. He emitted a barrage of whirring chirps. I sat very still and he quieted down. He whisked up the path to a big gray rock which is always strewn thick with cracked grain. He went past the corn, the oats, and wheat scattered there to ascend a red-rotting oak stump.

Ee-eep! eeep! Chipmunks do not utter notes like those I heard as I looked. I peered among the tufts of sprouted grain. A sleek deer-mouse darted out of a hole beneath a root. The sunlight glittered on her beady eyes. She flirted across a sunny place to glean a bear-oak acorn. Something moved a yard from her. It was another gray deer-mouse. Then another whisked out of a secret entrance to the family burrow. Three fine, fat deer-mice, no less, scurried around before my eyes gathering backwoods acorns which had chanced to fall among civilized grain.

Chipmunks and deer-mice indeed! Lowly pests not worth a grown-up's second glance. Not a second glance from just anyone, at least. But if you're on the lookout for ways to attract wild game to your woods and fields, it might pay to watch such petty things at their prowlings. For when you get a line on what they like to eat you're pretty sure to be finding out what larger wild things like too; and when you offer delectable victuals in generous quantity your wildlife rolls will increase. But a bit more about the chipmunk on the oak stump . . . .

It didn't eat my free grain, the little striped chipmunk didn't. Instead it stood erect on its hind legs, and using its forepaws like hands, pulled down the twigs of a chokeberry bush. The black-purple berries hung thick and sweet among the leaves, and it wasn't long until the chipmunk had his cheeks stuffed full of them. Then he let out a quavering chirp and flipped under the cabin. In a couple of minutes he was back for a second load; so, on and on while the deer-mice retrieved acorns and a noisy catbird stripped silverberries from a cabinside bush, and my typewriter leered at me, silent. (I'll plant a few more silverberry shrubs this fall, I thought, and set out some more Aronia.)

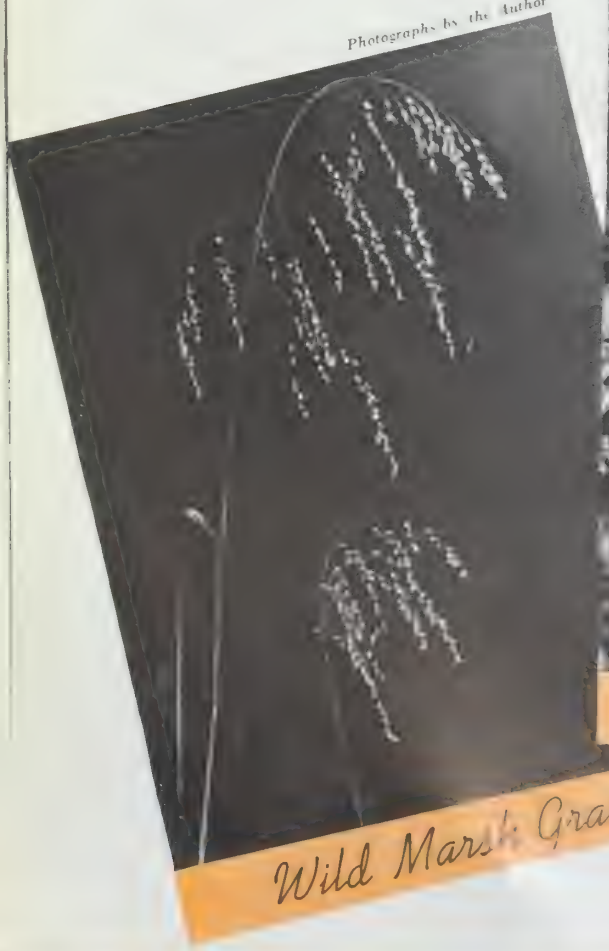
I plagiarize the savants' printed lists of wildlife foodplants? Not I! Well, not this morning, anyhow. Not while every copse and hedgerow in the countryside is laden with ripening berries; while stripling grouse are pecking up fruit from under my crab apple trees and hickory nut shells patter down like rain from heights where the gray squirrels play! Authorities? Bless you, my child, they don't know a tithe of what chipmunks do about what game likes to eat.

And thrushes. They're tipsters; and easier to watch at their banqueting than the tamest flock of pheasants you ever saw. I keep an eye on thrushes and such every fall, on days afield with the gun, to find out what fruits they fancy. Then, taking the cue, I plant a shrub or two of a favored kind in some appropriate place near the cabin. Black-alder or winterberry, for instance, today grows here and there all about the place. I got the idea from a band of hermit thrushes. I was hunting on a certain October day in a damp copse where game and small birds abound every year. An orange-tailed grouse had tumbled at my fire a few minutes before, and I'd shot two plump woodcock, both within the hour. Seated on a great mossy log I watched the sunlight darting here and there among the frost-fired leaves. A band of giant herons flew high overhead in a V, like migrant geese. It is always pleasant to be in a damp New England woodland in the crisp month of October.

Churp! chur-rrup! In throaty tones which reminded me of the big gray thrushes which dwell in Amazonian jungles, the hermit thrushes called. A teeming flock of them there was, darting this way and that through every shrub and tangled vine in the little wood. They came on the black-alder bush beside the trout brook. Three birds swooped onto the twigs of that giant of its kind. More thrushes flew in; and a wild-chirping robin whose gray-flecked breast spoke of danger on the journey south. The birds seethed through the black-alder bush. When they left the place the bright scarlet berries had vanished to the last of the lot. The bush which had looked so gay in the orange sun was bare save for green leather leaves. A buzzing flock of chickadees dropped down as though accustomedly. When they found the bush naked they flew on, disconsolate. A few minutes later I downed a clattering cock pheasant just a few rods along the way. His crop was stuffed full of the blazing berries of *Ilex verticillata*, which is the deciduous holly, the winter-berry, and the black-alder of autumn bouquets.

Plant common, friendly subjects whose fruit is relished by wildlife and you will simultaneously create lovely landscape effects

Photographs by the Author



Wild Marsh Grass

European Mountain Ash

Starlings! Anathema! If ever there were any unprincipled squeaky-voiced guinea pigs in feathers, they're they. But starlings will serve one worthy purpose if you keep an eye on them, from their very abundance and voracity. They'll point out better than any human expert, as well at least as the friendliest chipmunk, the berried trees and shrubs which best deserve planting in your local coverts. The swirling autumn flocks of starlings which now may be seen pretty well across the country, show a great predilection in my region, for the fruits of flowering crab apple trees. There are endless sorts of these handsome low-growing trees to be had from nurseries. (A trip through the nurseryman's rows, some of them still in fruit, perhaps, is the best way to pick them.) Their fruits are as varied, as brilliant in hue, and as attractive to hungry wild game as any more conventional things. Some crabs bear tiny apples no larger than peas. The branches of others bend low to earth with plump, colorful fruits almost as big as golf balls.

SCHEIDECKER's crab has proved one of the most attractive of all, on my place, to game birds. This popular horticultural form becomes a good-sized little tree, a gay sight indeed in May when its branches are buried under clouds of pink-tinged blossoms. No less handsome to my eye—and to that of hungry birds—is the tree in October when its limbs arch under loads of big waxy yellow apples. The Zumi crab is a somewhat smaller tree, and in my experience, of broader, bushier growth. It is a native of the mountainous country of Central Japan. While its bright red apples are only tiny things, like peas, they prove none the less welcome to wildlife on that account. Even the Japanese flowering crab (*Malus floribunda*) which nowadays graces the lawns of endless homes across the land, is well worth setting out in far places to brighten the slopes with its rosy flowers in the spring, to shower down little red apples autumn after autumn without attention.

Starlings are not alone by any means, in their flair for cold-weather feasting beneath flowering crab apple trees. Pheasants and ruffed grouse both seek out their bounty as soon as the fruits start to ripen—provided, of course, they are within reach of good cover. Squirrels and rabbits eat the fruits of the several sorts with which I have experimented. Deer wander in through the winter to dig them up from beneath the snow. By and large I'd rather have crab trees growing in my covers, I believe, than any woody things I know, except, of course, thorny, heavy-fruited hawthorns. I think it's time that landscape architects and gardeners be deprived of their monopolistic interest in crab apples. It's high time for them to be added importantly to the game-sponsor's kit.

I have a distressing weakness for another clansman of the genus Pyrus. It is *Pyrus longipes,* a wild pear from Algeria. Perhaps the numerous other wild pears of Persia and Southern Europe would prove as worthy for feeding game, but I have no first-hand knowledge of them. The Algerian wild pear, though, has become a very El Dorado for wildlife on my place. Gray squirrels and thrushes, starlings, and grouse feast among its twiggy branches from the moment the hard russet fruits start getting ripe. Down on the ground beneath it, terrestrial wild things glean the last fruit that falls. The stuff even passes up red haws and crab apples growing close to get at the gritty little "pears."

The hybrid beamtree, *Sorbus latifolia,* is another guest from the Old World which deserves consideration (*Continued on page 107*)

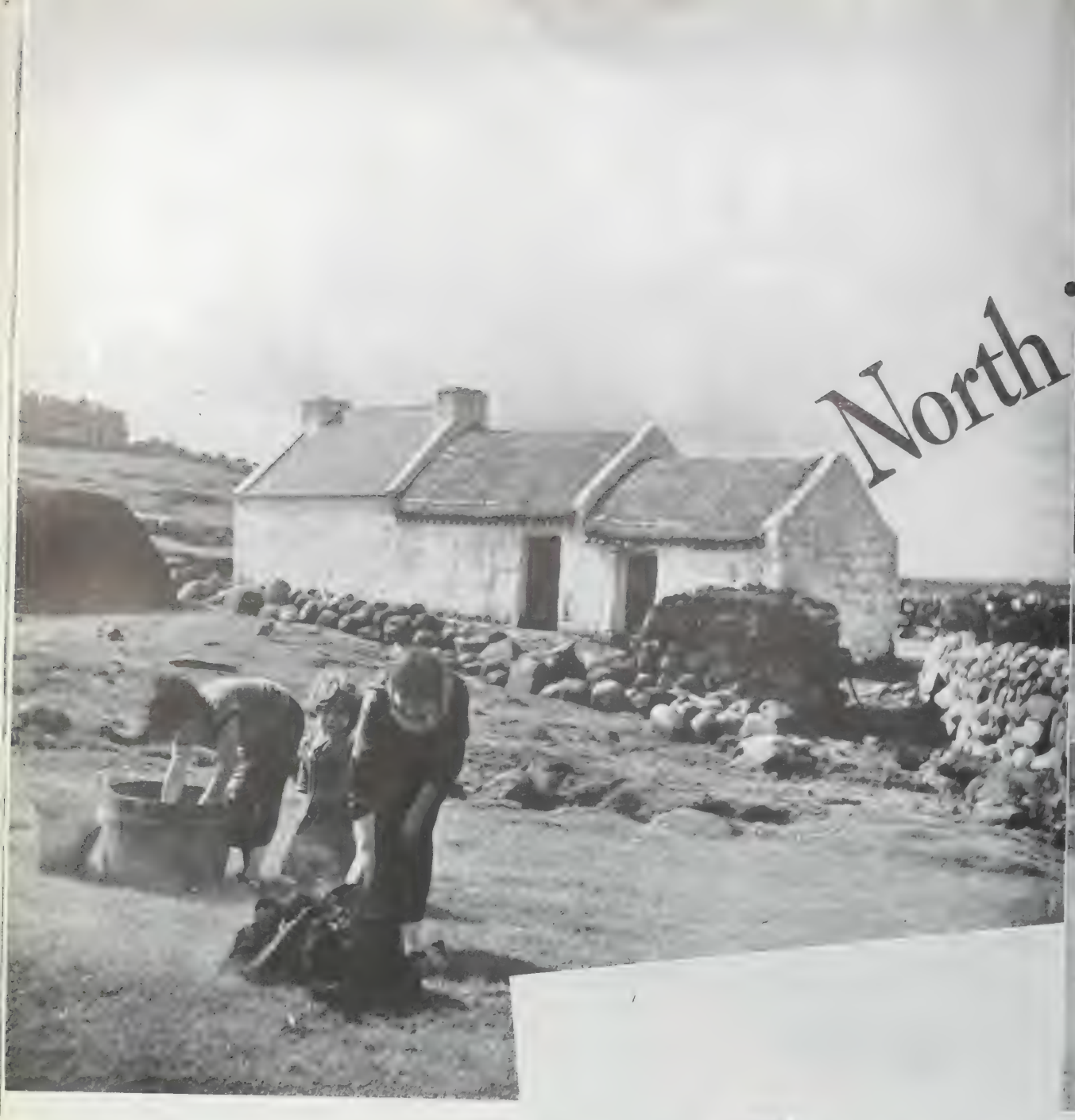
Sumac Berries

Viburnum Tomentosum

Crab Apples, Hawthornes, Etc.

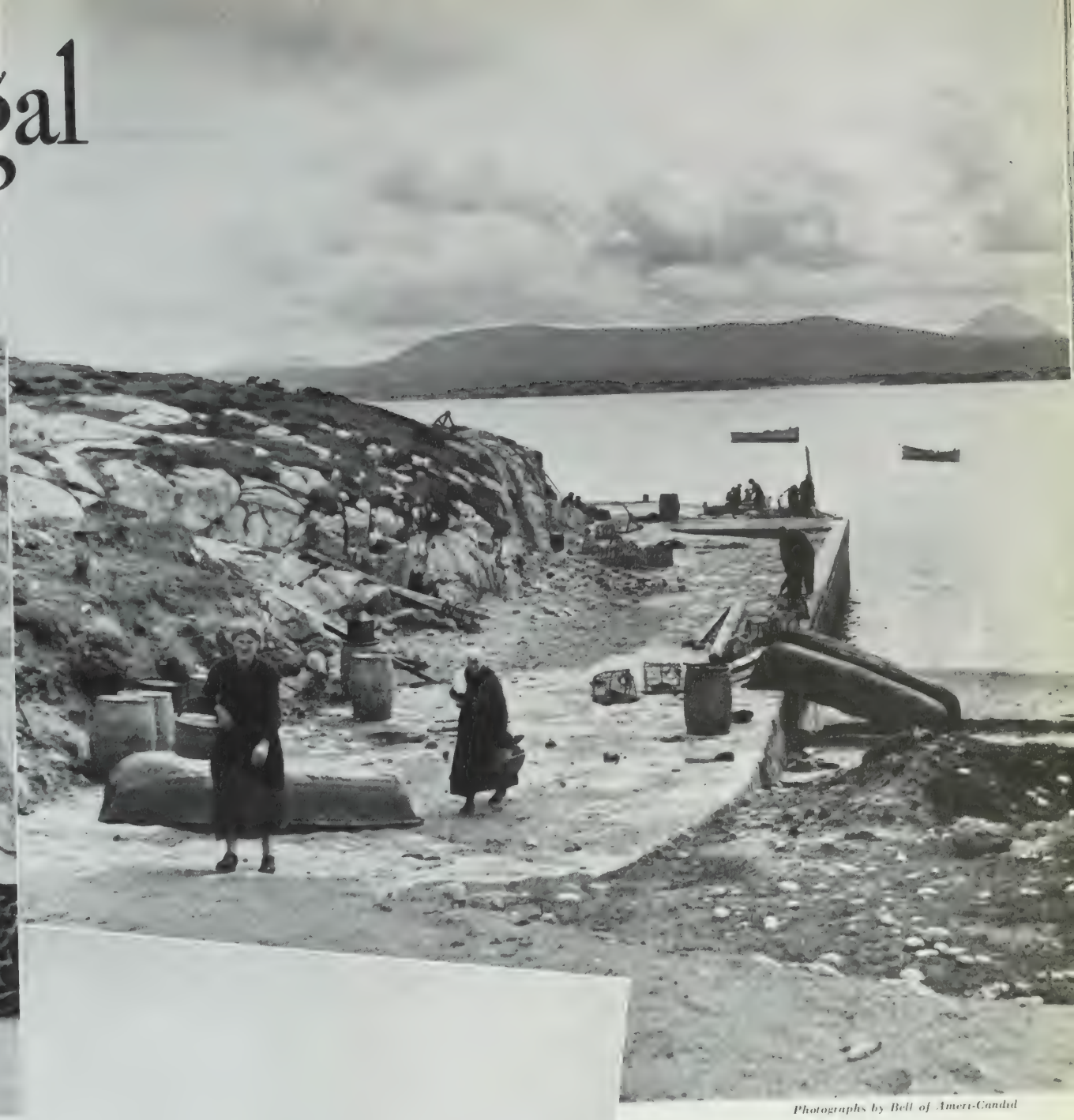
Flowering Dogwood

North in Ireland

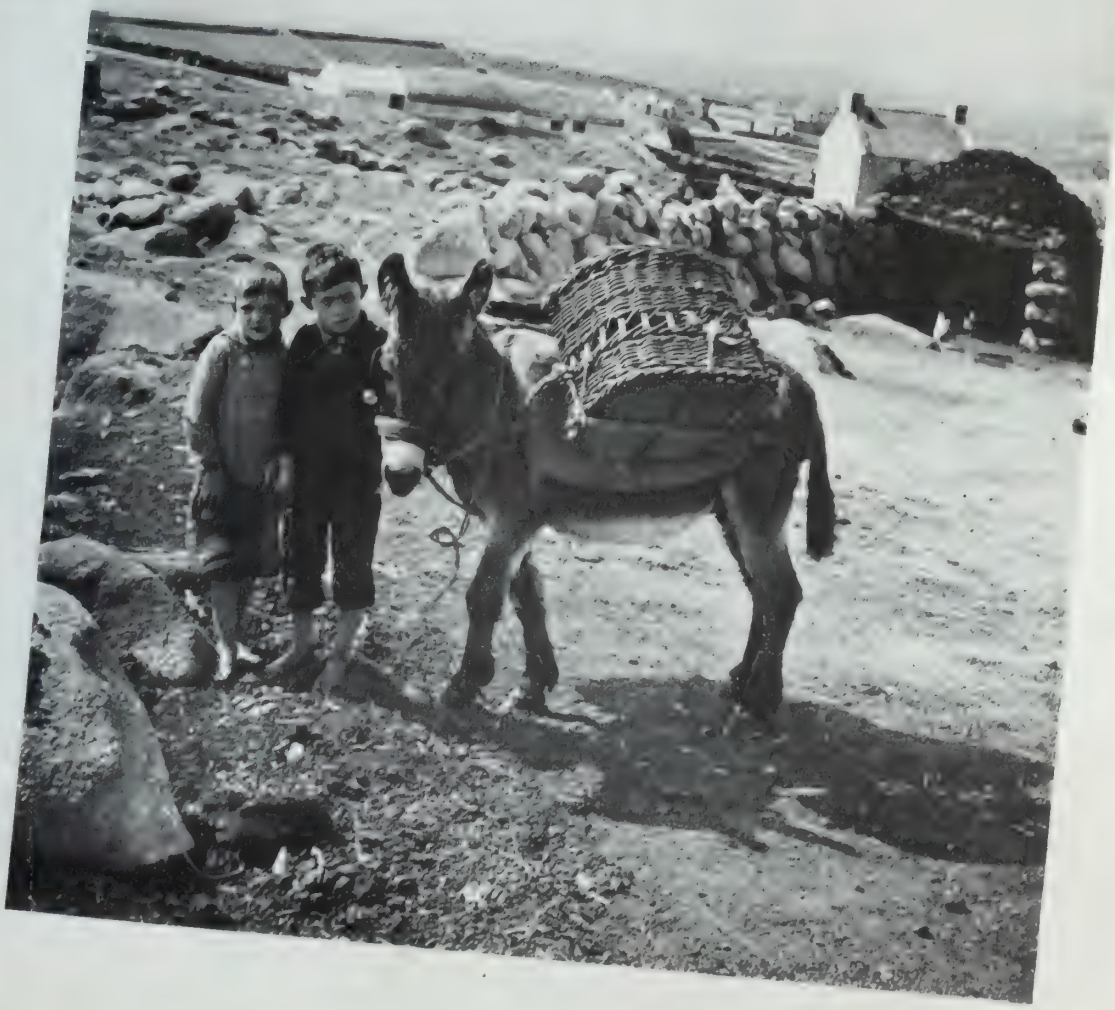


In the extreme northwest of Ireland, jutting out into the Atlantic, lies the County Donegal. On the right the Donegal natives gather peat from a bog in the shade of Errigal, the mountain landmark which can be seen from most parts of the county. Above, outside a Donegal cottage a peat fire is lighted for wash day. In the center above, a native of Gola, an island off the Donegal Coast, pays the grocer at the quayside market place

o Donegal



Photographs by Bell of Ameri-Candid



Above: On Gola Island on market day. In the distance on the left may be seen the flat outline of Muckish; at the right is the well-known Errigal. On shopping day the grocer comes over from the mainland and spreads out his wares on the landing quay—an open air market place. Here the women shoppers come to buy the food they need to last them until the next trip of the grocer. The boats, bottoms up, are homemade canvas Curragh boats. Left: Donegal boys with their donkey

POLO

from the Near-Side

ARTHUR W. LITTLE, JR.

RIGHT now—when you read this, both of you—the Eastern Seaboard, as far as sports are concerned, is once more football conscious. Throngs have been trekking through the turnstiles at the big stadia now for several succeeding Saturdays. The forthcoming week ends will find Palmer Stadium at Princeton, the Yale Bowl at New Haven, to say nothing of the massive concrete horseshoe at Cambridge packed to the top rows with enthusiastic pigskin fans rallying 'round from here, there, and everywhere. And they'll cheer so wildly for their dear old "Alma Mammy" that there is a good chance of most other sporting attractions being shoved far back in the public mind. Well, you find yourself pretty excited about it, too.

Yet, no matter how many times you tell yourself that by the time these lines see the light of day it will be October again—Phew! that summer went like a forward pass from the Yale backfield to Larry Kelley—your thoughts as you bang this out on ye old "portable" always have to do with polo. The sky may be gray, and the wind may be chill, and there may be a lot of hawkers on the streets yelling at you to "Get your winning colors here!" There may be a snap to the air; a smell of leaves burning; the bare branches overhead may be full of whisperings and stirrings . . . and the crowd may be winding cheerfully along in coonskins and expensive furs over paths and driveways cluttered with dried twigs. But one advantage of the mechanical difficulties of a magazine that make it necessary, in order to reach the subscribers on time, for a scribe to write his so-called copy a month ahead of time, is that while you are actually going into the fall schedule thirty days ahead of anyone else, when you get there you can still linger with summer sunshine—if you get what we mean.

In other words, at this point the writer refuses to admit that summer is over. As a matter of fact, it isn't, not as this is written anyway. If the Editor will permit us to give away a few more intra-mural secrets that have to do with the successful running of a beautiful magazine, we might as well break down and confess completely that the early pages of this are being done on the last day of August. The National Open Polo Championship hasn't even begun, though COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN has graciously consented to hold open its "run-over" columns, or back of the book space, for a brief reporting of the big tournament which should be completed by September 12th—with added comment on the Open and subsequent Monty Waterbury High-goal event in the November issue. So, if you'll bear with us a few lines further while we're in that silent pause when the footlights go on just before the curtain rises on the play of the year, and then turn to the final columns in the back of the book, you'll probably find out who won the Open—unless we have a deluge of rain and constant postponements, in which case you'll no doubt find us on a window ledge high up outside a Fifth Avenue hotel, if you look quickly.

In the meantime, as we write, these are the trying days of the bruising, hell-for-leather test matches in which players strive to keep their ponies in condition for the championship. Players, too, are careful during these final tune-up games to avoid injury, which is always a danger when the playing fields are soft from too much rain or hard and slippery from too much sunshine.

One of the ironies of polo is that playing schedules are hastily rearranged often so that the teams may compete on good playing surfaces and so avoid casualties. We've got our fingers crossed as we tell you, but so far this season has been an exception to the rule that some one of the kingpin players bearing down on the Open Classic is

The Old Westbury team. From left to right: Michael Phipps, Cecil Smith, Stewart Iglehart, and C. V. Whitney

From top to bottom in the circles at the right are three of the outstanding English players who arrived over here for the Open: Hesketh Hughes, The Hon. Keith Rous, and Pat Roark

Ivor Balding, in a pensive mood, on the sidelines during a recent match

The Greentree team. Left to right: Pete Bostwick, Roberto Cavanagh, Tommy Hitchcock, and Jock Whitney

Above: Spectators at Myopia. Mrs. Walter Sutter, Mr. and Mrs. George Swift, George Swift, Jr., Miss Lucille Smith, and far right, Theodore Chase

Left: Mrs. Spencer Tracy chats between matches in California with Mrs. Charles Jackson, Jr. (at right)

Below: Mr. Charles Grinnell of Ipswich, Massachusetts, chats with Richard Preston of South Hamilton on the Myopia sidelines

Photographs by Freudy, F. M. Natley, and Chester T. Holbrook

The Myopia polo team from left to right below: Mr. Neil Rice, Mr. Frederick Ayer, Jr., Mr. Charles G. Rice, 2nd, and Mr. Frederick Ayer, Sr.

usually rendered hors de combat, and as a rule on a dry field. A few years ago it was the greatest field general of them all, Devereux Milburn, veteran internationalist, who was expected to play Back for the then Old Westbury team, but was injured when his horse stumbled in the game with the visiting British Hurlingham team at Sands Point the last Sunday in August.

Until Milburn went down it appeared that the unfortunate tradition would be broken that year. Tommy Hitchcock was back in the saddle after being relegated to the sidelines both in 1933 and 1934, by injuries received in the East-West campaign. Broken bones, bruises, and other mishaps have conspired to keep outstanding players from showing their wares in the Open championship for several years past. Milburn had not figured in the big fall event since his injury in the hunting field at Aiken some years before that, and if he had any intention of playing in the Open the following year after his Sands Point spill, his course was charted otherwise for him when he suffered a nasty fall on the boards during a test game with the visiting West team on Hitchcock Field at the Meadow Brook Club.

Before that, in 1932, the championship was marred, as we recall, by the injury to Cecil Smith in Greentree's first game, which called for the substitution of Eric Tyrrell-Martin, later to be Great Britain's 1936 International captain, in the final against Templeton. Tyrrell-Martin is now playing the best polo of his career at Back on Winston Guest's imported Jaguars scheduled to open this year's 1938 Open on International Field at Meadow Brook on Sunday, Sept. 4th, against Greentree.

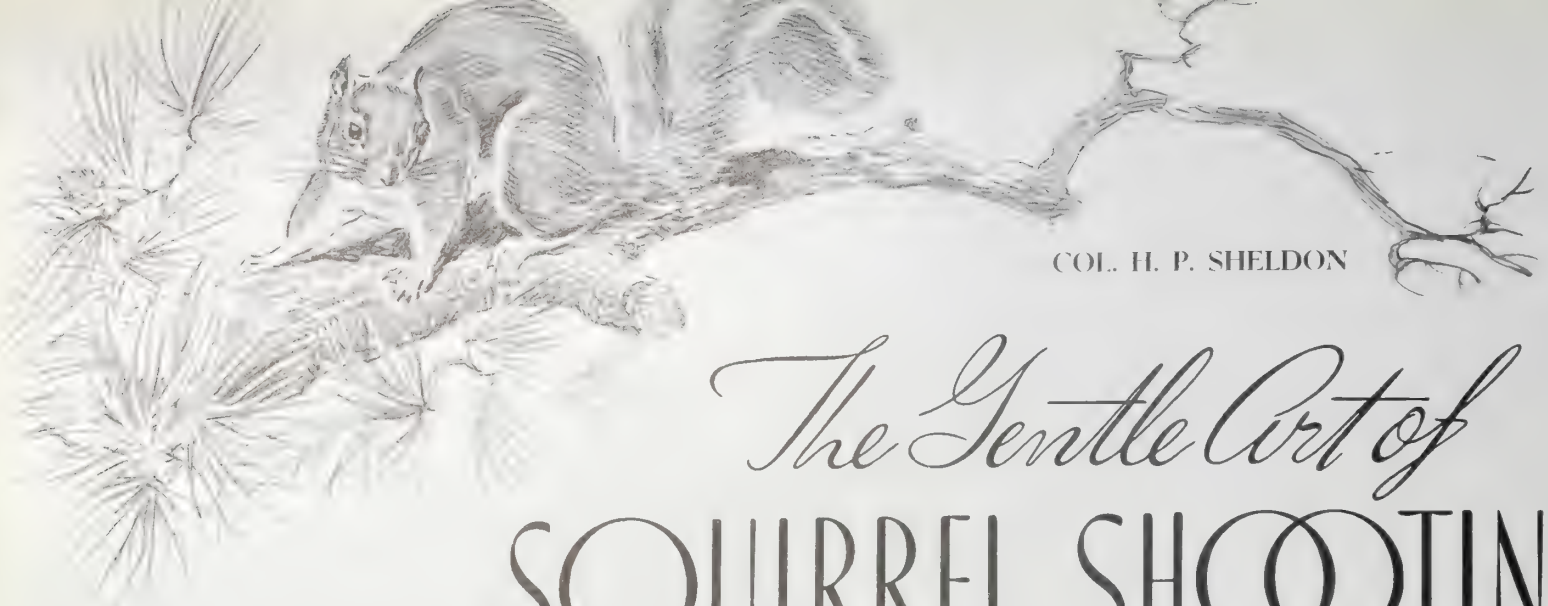
The Open of 1931, to go back even farther, was marked by a series of mishaps suffered by the invading Argentines. Manuel Andrada, captain of Santa Paula, which eventually won our championship, was injured in the practice period after playing a series of games in Chicago, Detroit, Rye, N. Y., and at Sands Point, so that Andres Gazzotti, today one of South America's great stars, though then only a "sub," went into the Santa Paula line-up in the initial game of the Open.

Later the team was further stricken when Alfredo Harrington was injured the day before the final round game, an injury, incidentally, followed by another in the Argentine the following season from which he has never completely recovered. Harrington at the time was showing a mount in the annual national polo pony show, when the thoroughbred bolted and rushed out of the ring gate. The Argentine's knee was smashed. Although Andrada had been carrying his injured arm in a sling, he insisted on rejoining the line-up and played heroically and brilliantly at Back, his side winning by an 11 to 8 score over Laddie Sanford's Hurricanes.

Taking the weight of the horses and the speed at which the game is played today, polo is, of course, one of the most dangerous of sports, and for this reason the frequency of accidents, even in the circle of the best players, is not surprising. That there haven't been more casualties lately—last year "Cocie" Rathborne injured his leg in the Junior Championship at Narragansett Pier and was kept out of the Open—is due in a measure to the excellent work of Devereux Milburn who is the usual chief referee in the stands at big important matches, and to the officials, often players themselves, chosen to umpire the games from the saddle on the field. There has been plenty of criticism of umpiring from the point of view of technicalities of the game, but you don't see much unnecessary rough stuff in Long Island play. That is one of the proud boasts of the United States Polo Association's sponsorship of the big tournaments. The parent body is firm in its resolve to rid the ancient game of its worst terrors by playing strictly according to the letter of the rules of this "Gentlemen's Game."

One of the most unpleasant repercussions from the East-West rivalry, from an official viewpoint, was the publicity given to the lusty mayhem committed on the field at Onwentsia Country Club, Chicago, where the bold Westerners spared neither themselves, their mounts, nor the opposition in proving that polo is a game not always distantly removed from the rodeo. The second East-West series, played at Meadow Brook a year later, was considerably tamer and resulted in no such procession of bumps and injuries as marred the Chicago interlude, when we saw Cecil Smith, who was stretched out cold on the ground for twenty minutes arise and wave an ambulance away. Tommy Hitchcock received the serious concussion in that Chicago series too that kept him out of polo for several years and dropped his rating to nine goals after being a ten-goal man, as he is now of course. At the time of his accident he courageously insisted on continuing play though afterwards he is reported not to have remembered the last six chukkers of that hectic eight-period game. Rube Williams also got a fractured leg in the Chicago fracas.

But enough digression—the stage is set now, the ball is in play for this year's Open Championship—and here'tis: (*Continued on page 105*)



COL. H. P. SHELDON

The Gentle Art of SQUIRREL SHOOTING

Squirrel shooting, like trout fishing, is one of the most peaceful and philosophical of the field sports. Yet the deadly wind that blew upon Pakenham's British regulars at New Orleans had its genesis in groves of hickories, pinoaks, and chestnuts, where men and boys hunted squirrels with long-barreled muzzle-loading rifles. These pioneers and settlers also took such other game as came their way—turkeys, deer, bear, and wildfowl—but the prolific squirrel had the uncomfortable honor of holding first place in the esteem of the riflemen of the time. There was good reason for this, as indeed there was good reason for about everything that these backwoodsmen preferred. A man had to be much better than a good rifle shot in those lively times when Indians and outlaws hid among the corn rows in the clearings, and in order to acquire the necessary skill he had to practice constantly. Powder and ball were costly items and the thought must have occurred to the practical rifleman that the abundant squirrel, small, alert, and agile, afforded an ideal target for rifle practice and also as a toothsome bit of provender gave him some return for the expenditure of ammunition. So everyone hunted squirrels and most of the men became so expert that an enemy's skull—be it that of an Indian, a redcoat, or some sorry fellow of a renegade white—was most remarkably likely to be fixed so that it wouldn't keep out water any more if the owner exposed it within a hundred yards of one of those riflemen. There is a legend, often heard, to the effect that the youngsters in those days were required to bring home a squirrel for every ball expended or take a licking, and another licking for every squirrel not shot properly through the head. I have always doubted the authenticity of that story for it would indicate a degree of harshness unusual even in those Spartan times. Certainly I would do little squirrel shooting if I risked having my jacket warmed for every miss or bad hit registered against me. "Barking" squirrels was another rifleman's trick. It was done by shooting the rifle ball into the bark of the limb or the tree trunk an inch or so beneath the squirrel's body with the result that the game was killed by the blow of the bursting bark and came to bag without a mark of a wound. No doubt it was done, although my own attempts to imitate this sort of shooting have never been very successful.

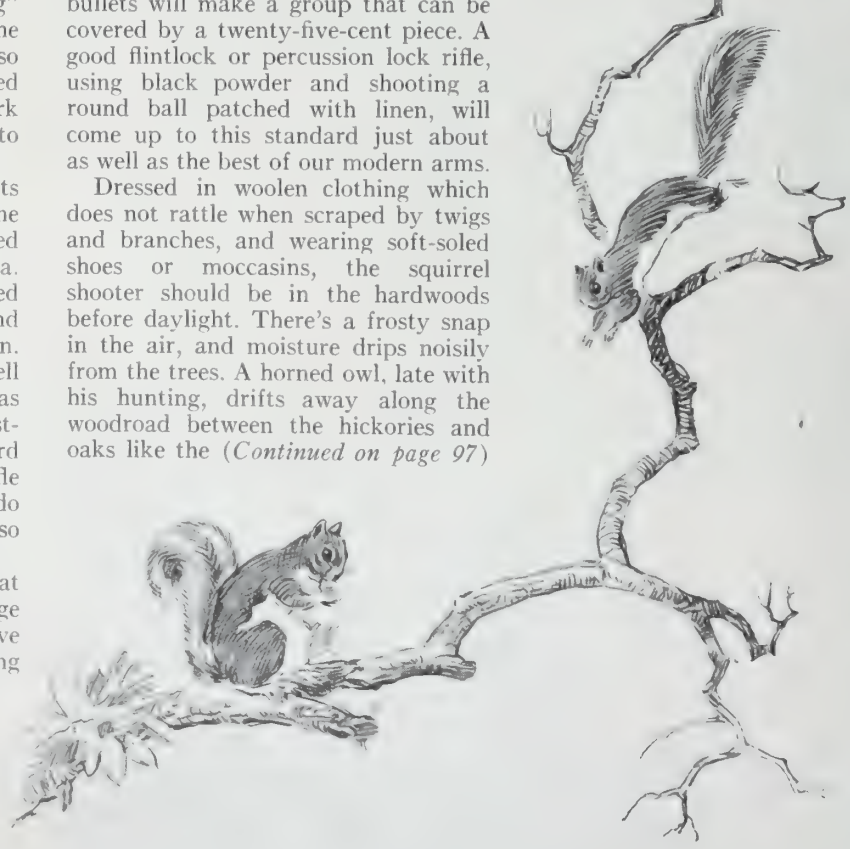
In more recent times squirrel shooting with the rifle has lost its place as a ranking rural sport. When the Indians went most of the bear, deer, and elk went with them and so the rifle gradually ceased to be an essential item of household equipment in Eastern America.

In the settled regions east of the Mississippi its place was usurped by the smooth bore, a useful gun for pot shooting small game and one that required none of the exquisite skill of the expert rifleman. When loaded with a round ball the smooth-bored gun shot well enough at short range to be effective on larger game when such was encountered. The rifle, the weapon of the frontiersman, went westward with him and the shotgun remained to become the standard sporting arm. A majority of present day sportsmen think of the rifle mainly as a weapon for big game shooting or target shooting and do not realize that they are losing opportunities to use it in a sport so keen that it fascinated men like Daniel Boone.

"Dan'l" was no amateur. We may suppose that any activity that he and his adventurous friends found amusing enough to engage their interest in the interludes between their "long hunts" must have been at least as much fun as any of our modern pastimes. According to all accounts "Dan'l" and his associates occupied their leisure with rum drinking and squirrel shooting. Rum drinking still flourishes in some American communities in a comparatively puerile sort of way, but squirrel shooting as a worthy sport has fallen upon times even more unappreciative and decadent.

In the first place, squirrels should not be taken with the shotgun. One is not likely to miss his squirrel but he certainly will miss most of the unique satisfaction of this sort of shooting if he blasts his game out of a tree top with an ounce or so of shot instead of trying to drill it cleanly with a single rifle bullet. The squirrel rifle should not be too light in weight and it is desirable to mount a telescope sight on it as an aid to finer, closer shooting. The 22 long rifle, the 22 Hornet with a low pressure load, the 25 rim fire, and the 32-20 all are cartridges suitable for squirrel shooting. Better yet, if one can pick up a flintlock or a percussion lock rifle in first-class condition he will be even more appropriately armed for this philosophical exercise. It is not difficult to obtain one of these old rifles today because in the past decade there has been a great revival of interest in the muzzle loaders and gunsmiths have been kept busy reconditioning worn-out pieces. Some are even making new rifles using similar tools and the same technique that the old artisans employed a century ago to make weapons as accurate as any that have ever been produced. The squirrel rifle should be accurate enough so that at sixty paces all its bullets will make a group that can be covered by a twenty-five-cent piece. A good flintlock or percussion lock rifle, using black powder and shooting a round ball patched with linen, will come up to this standard just about as well as the best of our modern arms.

Dressed in woolen clothing which does not rattle when scraped by twigs and branches, and wearing soft-soled shoes or moccasins, the squirrel shooter should be in the hardwoods before daylight. There's a frosty snap in the air, and moisture drips noisily from the trees. A horned owl, late with his hunting, drifts away along the woodroad between the hickories and oaks like the (*Continued on page 97*)



Sketches by THEODORE KELLER

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

IOWA AND CALIFORNIA

owa Day" at the Iowa
tate Fair Horse Show.
idge Turner Young is
interested spectator

Mrs. William T. Campbell, who with her husband owns Shoestring Stables, at the Iowa Horse Show

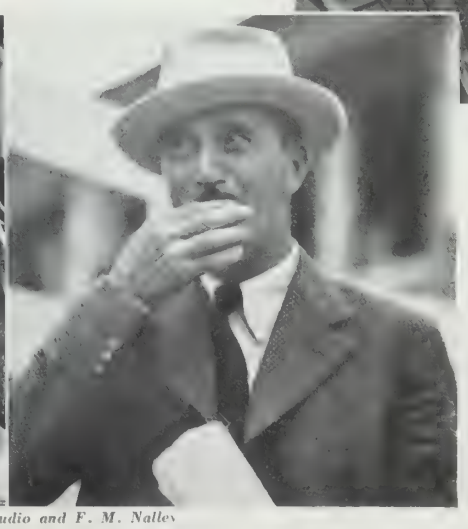
Ray Hopkins of Des Moines is driving for his own stable in the horse show at Iowa's State Fair

Mr. Herbert Woolf, the owner of Lawrin, with Miss Suzanne Guettel of Kansas City, in a box at the Hollywood Turf Club

At the Hollywood Turf Club are Mrs. Edwin Earl and Mr. Louis Rowan. Mr. Rowan owns several horses which race in California

Horse show enthusiasts at the Iowa Fair are Glenn Bown of Waterloo and Mrs. John McCoy of Oskaloosa

Above: Mrs. John Bradley Greene with Miss Marcia Umbsen at the Coral Casino and, right, Mr. Phil Sheridan and Mrs. Charles Perkins in Santa Barbara, Cal.



Mrs. E. Pillsbury with Mrs. K. W. Watters Jr. at Santa Barbara's horse show. Left: Mr. Charles Wright of Davenport a well-known exhibitor at the Iowa State Fair

Photographs by Woltz Studio and F. M. Nalley

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

WYOMING

Young people from the East enter a Western roping contest at Valley Ranch. Larry Larom, the owner, acts as secretary and arranges the turns

Returning to Valley Ranch from a thirty-day pack trip in the big game country. Ruth Porter, Dorothy Passmore, Caroline Gaskill, Suzanne De Lano, and Miss Adele Kauffman

Miss Frances Andrews, the aughter of Admiral Adolphus AndrewsWashington, D. C., is photographd on a tub at Eaton's Dude Ranch, Seridan

At Rapid Creek Ranch in Sheridan. Above, Mary Esther Duink, of New York City and, right, cowboy Arch King fits spurs on the brothers John and Bob Woods, also New Yorkers

Miss Virginia Schley of New York City at the Eaton Dude Rach and below, center, a Princeton senior, Landis Gores, tries out a roblem yearling in the Valley Ranc corral

P. A. B. Widener and Miss Elizabeth Pearson of Philadelphia. Richard Purnell of Baltimore. Earl Rogers and Justin Peak, both A Bar A cowboys

Miss Anne Layton, Wilmington, Delaware, Miss Patsy Kelley, and Miss Jean Manning of Chicago resting during an all day ride from the A Bar A

Photographs by W. Thomas McGrath and Stanley Kersha

COUNTRY GATHERINGS

SCOTLAND, BERMUDA, AND MASSACHUSETTS

Af r. H. L. Pratt's shoot on Pr law Moor, East Lothian, Sc and. Mr. Harold I. Pratt

The host, Mr. H. L. Pratt, riding a pony up a hill on the moor. Lawrence Van Ingen holds the stirrup to help him up the slope

Mrs. C. Barnes, of Valley Road, Manhasset, one of Mr. Pratt's grouse shooting party, takes aim

Mrs. McLane shown in her butt. She is one of Mr. Pratt's guests for the grouse shooting in Scotland

Miss Faith Winsor granddaughter of Mrs. Roland M. Baker of North Hampton, N. H., with two of Mrs. Baker's Sheepdogs

Me ers of Mr. Pratt's par Above: Mr. Schley retr ing a bird after a dri and, right, Bert Van Ing with his first grouse

Polo at the Myopia Club in Massachusetts. Mr. James Proctor, in dark glassses, his son Thomas Proctor 2nd. Miss Ellen Moseley and Mrs. B. P. P. Moseley. Mr. and Mrs. George N. Proctor and the Francis Kenneys

Left. Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer Clark of Dover who plan to show harness ponies in New England this autumn

Miss Leslie Blake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blake of Dedham, and Mrs. W. Paul Hamann at the Cohasset Show

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Armitage of Connecticut, on an heirloom in Bermuda

otographs by European, Chester T. Holbrook, and Scott Seegers

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Seen and Heard

RICHARD ELY DANIELSON

The present widespread enthusiasm for photography, combined with the perfection of the modern camera, is creating a very great number of excellent pictures everywhere. COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN wants pictures with new interest. Pictures of places, people, animals, sports, and scenes that have not become familiar through repeated publicity. There must be many such pictures in existence could we but reach them. The editors would be glad to consider pictures from our readers sent from any part of the world and would welcome each picture used for publication with a check for $5. This is not a contest. There is no time limit and there are no rules, but it is absolutely necessary that all photographs be accompanied by informative, legible, correctly spelled captions, and self addressed, stamped envelopes for their return.

THERE has been a distinct falling off in late years of the practice of saluting an individual or an event by firing off a certain number of guns. As a former assistant gunner's mate on the flagship of the Eastern Yacht Club, I deplore this tendency. In the early days of this republic, one gathers, it was difficult for a member of Congress to sneeze without a battery of field artillery going into action in honor of his wise and patriotic gesture. Everything is changed nowadays. A President of this great country can sail into a perfectly good harbor and be greeted by a dead silence. No warship or Coast Defense Unit acknowledges his presence, probably because they have nothing to acknowledge it with. A wise ordnance department has, it would seem, limited them to one shell per annum with which to repel hostile forays on our shores and/or salute the harvest moon. The harvest moon is highly thought of by the sturdy agriculturalists from Iowa who, along with the apprentice suspender salesmen from Newark, N. J., and Brooklyn, N. Y., man our battleships and maintain our clipper ship traditions. Whenever the harvest moon swings into our ken, late in September or early in October, we loose a salvo of one gun—this is known as "shooting the moon"—and then the wearied artillerists are allowed to rest.

Such practice seems to me, as an old assistant gunner's mate, positively atrocious. I well remember my sterling performance of duty on the schooner, *Queen Mab*, during the few days of service before we piled her up on Mattapoisett Ledge. These duties were arduous in the extreme. They involved, first of all, firing the eight o'clock A.M. gun, designed to tell the rest of the fleet that it was time to turn over and go to sleep again. This horrid performance took place in broad daylight when one was in pajamas and literally at one's worst, under the eyes of a Scandinavian crew engaged in squilching around the deck. It was bad enough at that time of day, and given the circumstances of the night before, to endure the concussion of a cannon firing. But the cannon itself was an unholy and perilous object. It was not a proper yacht cannon made of brass and handsomely mounted on a teak or mahogany standard with smart little wheels. This cannon was a breech loader of base ancestry and untrustworthy alloy. The cartridges, inflated shotgun shells, were always swollen by the dampness and stuck in the chamber, so that closing the breech mechanism was, in itself, an act of heroism. Moreover, this cannon had no arrangements for recoil. It was my duty, therefore, to lash the cannon to odds and ends of yachting impedimenta in the stern—at what I believe is called the taffrail.

About 9:30 A.M. I was generally able to complete these arrangements and prepare to tell the fleet that it was eight o'clock in the morning. Crouching in the cockpit or hidden behind the mast, I would pull a very long lanyard, thus exploding the wretched cannon which would promptly burst its bounds and hurtle hither and thither. "Dodging the cannon" was, if not a favorite sport, certainly a matinal occupation requiring skill and agility on our ship.

These thoughts on the decay of gun saluting are prompted by a recent newspaper story which told how a yachtsman fired his cannon so cleverly that the wadding took effect in the midriff of a rather prominent politician. The wound was not mortal but the incident went to show how full of chances and vagaries is the life of an assistant gunner's mate on a large yacht.

I can boast of no similar feat of marksmanship during my career as a gunner. There was rather a close thing one day when Mr. Charles Francis Adams, then Secretary of the Navy, passed us in his launch. In a laudable desire to show the proper courtesies to so distinguished a gentleman, a comrade and I rushed to the stern. Being somewhat hazy about the exact form of nautical etiquette required on such an occasion a certain confusion ensued. The comrade endeavored to "dip the ensign," a performance at which he showed ineptitude of a marked degree. Naturally I was in the act of firing a salute. The net result was that Old Glory became entangled around the muzzle of my cannon just at the moment that I pulled the lanyard and dived overboard. I suppose that no Secretary of the Navy has ever received a more sensational—even if unconventional—salute.

The sunset gun was an easier and more pleasant task. One had time during the day to lash the cannon into a condition of relative security and there were ceremonies connected with the setting of the sun which fortified one against the shell shock of artillery fire. Taken as a whole, the occupation, though hazardous, had its agreeable side and I lament that its practice on sea and ashore has fallen into a half-hearted lackadaisical condition. Let us get back to the days of firemen's parades, red flannel shirts, torch light processions, and above all, the booming of guns and the smell of saltpeter.

The Forty-Hour Week

As Mr. Dooley or Mr. Hennessey used to say, "I see by the papers," that Premier Daladier of France has come out against the forty labor hours per week law passed by his predecessor's government. He is against this law, which obtains only in France and Mexico, on the grounds of national defense and commercial competition. I am against the law too, but on different grounds. I cannot help feeling that forty hours are too many hours a week to be devoted to work. Let us divide them by ten and thus reduce them to four and see where we are. It is obvious to persons of the meanest intelligence that a normal Monday should contain no working hours whatever. One is too busy recuperating from the preceding Saturday and Sunday to have any time for work. When Tuesday rears its ugly head, it is sometimes possible to put in ten minutes of hard work by saying to one's secretary, "Tell them to go to hell," or "Write him that I am not interested, not interested at all!" So the constructive work of the world goes on until Wednesday rolls around. By this time one is thoroughly tired. The reflexes are slow and rather painful. Wednesday is one of the worst days in the week. There are shooting pains connected with it, which are rather difficult to explain to ordinary people.

But Thursday is different. Life begins again in a rather rudimentary way at about 1:15 p.m. on Thursday and one—to quote the old song—"greets the unknown with a cheer," a somewhat feeble cheer with a few flat notes, but it is still a cheer until approximately 1:16 p.m. when it becomes a groan. At this moment God intervenes. He comes disguised as a waiter carrying a double Tom Collins and He looks superb. With His help you are able to survive Thursday and maybe do your stint of thirty minutes' concentrated creative literature.

Friday rolls in rather grimly. By that time you realize that you have to put on your working jeans, spit on your hands, and tear into your work. You realize this but you do not do it. Instead, you say, "This has been a hard week, a really tough one. I honestly think it's time to call it a day and go down to the shore." And so, perfectly convinced in your own mind, you go, with the virtuous feeling that, by not spitting on your hands, you have conserved saliva. (*Continued on page 105*)

OPPOSITE: **For a lady of great dignity this Sheraton dressing table with drop leaves is perfect. Both it and the old gold mirror are from John G. Matthews, of Baltimore. Strahan's wallpaper resembles an old one**

Photograph by Paul Davis

Country Life Portfolio

Photograph by Paul Davis.

Sydney Brown has this gilt accessory table with black amorini supporting a twisted column

A Pembroke table from William A. Berkey has graceful tapering legs and comes in satinwood inlay

A new table with old ideas has a French approach to decorating with its mirrored and gold designed surface. Jacques Bodart

F. M. Demarest

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C. J. Ben-
Company in
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room combi-
on used with
scenic paper

Completely satisfying to the eye are the proportions, and grain of this lowboy. St. James's Galleries

Fields and Ford's Victorian inlaid table and chair tempt you to turn "period"

A DIVERSIFIED group of tables from many periods suits temperaments as far apart as the poles. First there is the Pembroke table with its tapering lines, suitable for an Eighteenth Century interior; then the mirrored and gold design treatment of the modern French table is proof that curves and interest are being introduced as a contrast to modern interiors. The Italian amorini resting against a gilt twisted column is a relief from the steady diet of English periods, and gives a lift to a room when rightly used. The lowboy does have a distinct appeal—its grace and proportions are very evident. Introducing pattern, color, interest, and novelty are the Victorian chair and table which are pictures in themselves. With choices like these there is no need for dull decoration.

Robert M. Damora

Frank Wilming

A very fine Chippendale two chair settee in faded brown mahogany with old needlework seat came from a celebrated Edinburgh collection dated 1730. W. and J. Sloane. Notice that the yellow chair from Dunbar has a lacquer red and yellow striped petticoat

MORE new furniture ideas and more fine collectors' pieces are to be had this fall than ever before. Whether you seek rare antiques or the smartest modern your search will be well rewarded, for the decorators and designers are ready with both. In this decorating portfolio you see some very choice things; they are but few of a great many from which to make your selection.

Beginning with the newest of the new, we find crystal and mirrors used as decoration for both pure modern and modern adaptations of period styles. One very fine example, from Richard L. Sandfort's shop, is the sofa with crystal legs, shown on page 67. Another handsome piece from the same place is an especially successful screen—a mirrored surface covered with vines and plants in carved woods. If you want a bit of modern fantasy for a period room there is, for one thing, Dunbar's new yellow silk upholstered petticoat chair shown at the left. It has the refined grace we associate with traditional furniture, as well as a contemporary flair.

There is much rare and lovely Eighteenth Century furniture, but if you are looking for a large pedestal dining table or a small tilt-top table, Mrs. Tysen's collection is exceptional. It is as choice as you will find, either here or abroad. A slipper bench of Dunbar's is one of that small variety easy to place, and a great comfort. The Statton bed with its unusual canopy would make your guest room more distinguished. A connoisseur's piece is the handsome Chippendale two-chair settee shown above. Brett, Gray and Hartwell, Boston decorators (page 70), show excellent taste in their choice of furniture for the Directoire room with deep slate blue walls to set off the gold mirror and ornaments. (In the same room notice the interesting clock and antique barometer.) Another type of setting emphasizes a striking combination of furniture: Pendleton's smart little buttoned chair with a Victorian festooned skirt and Cassard Romano's Italian wall console-dressing table.

F. M. Demarest

James Pendleton's pink satin Victorian buttoned chair and Cassard Romano's walnut wall console and stool are gracefully feminine. Glass Nubians from R. L. Sandfort

Handsome additions to the living room are the loveseat on crystal legs and a carved wood mirrored screen. From Richard L. Sandfort. A V'Soske rug is shown

The small but useful tilt-top table is a very beautiful and rare example from Mrs. Tysen. Perfectly proportioned, this would add more character to any Eighteenth Century room

Statton's unusually shaped canopy on a four-poster is shown with a really comfortable and attractively covered slipper bench from the Dunbar Company

Frank Waltming

Against a wallpaper screen, this distinguished Hepplewhite sofa in a fine old green-blue brocade completes a picture of graceful refinement. Both come from Mrs. Tysen's

Demarest

John H. Hutaff's Sheraton card table is rare, others being in collections. Candelabrum is by Matthew Boulton

The small French desk, ivory in color, and pink satin upholstered chair from Hale's are for a bedroom. Sloane's English porcelain lamp and accessories are perfect on it

Emil Stoppf

The rosewood Sheraton commode, dated 1790, has a concave front which makes it outstanding. Especially fine grain can be distinguished in the wood, and the wire grill is handmade. Vernay

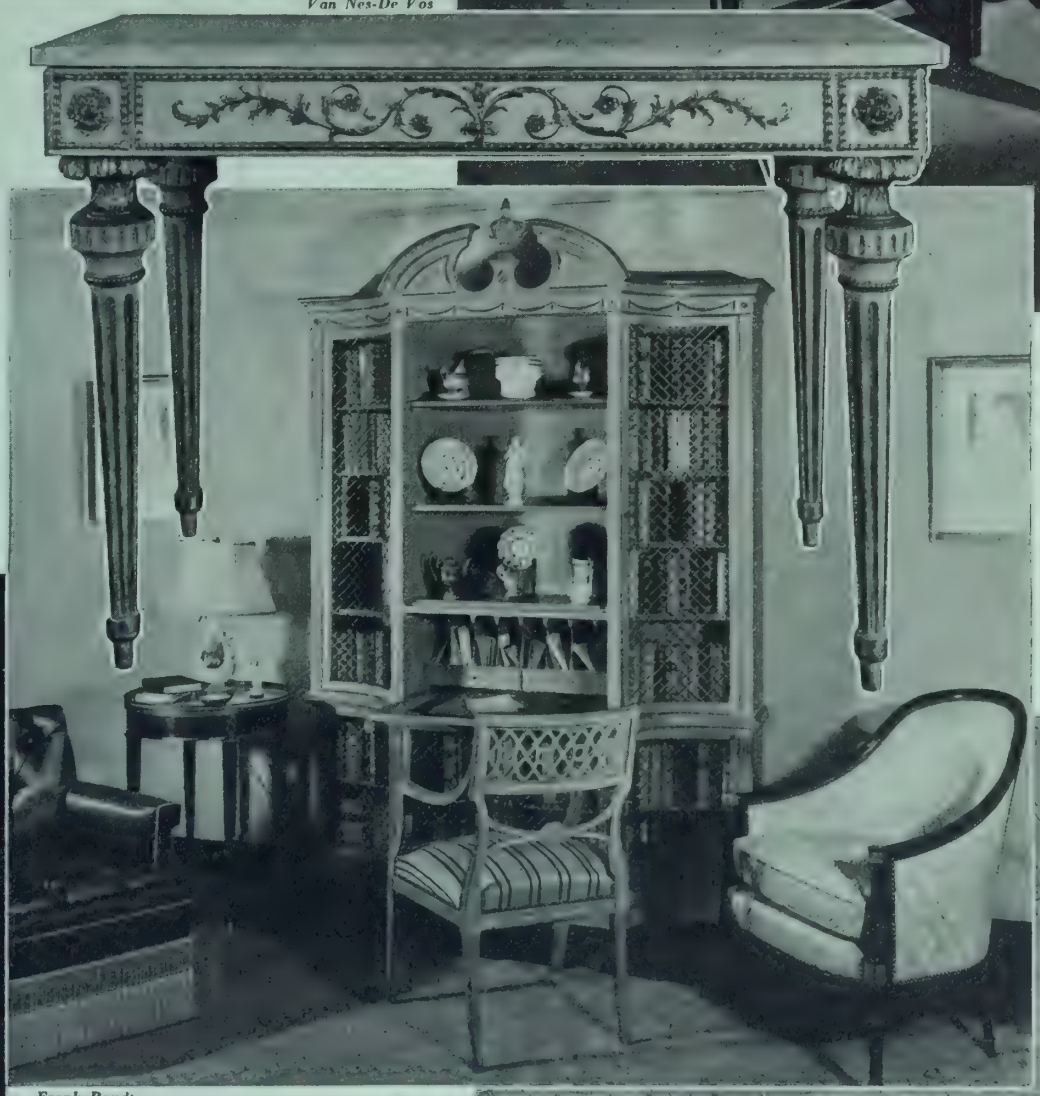
A nicely proportioned secretary made from old woods is French peasant in feeling. Its size makes it especially appealing for small apartments. Cassard Romano has both it and the chair

A French roll top desk in rosewood, with inlay of contrasting woods, features the fine gilded bronze handles appropriate with such pieces. It is a signed desk (N. Petit) from Jacques Bodart, worthy of the finest traditional room

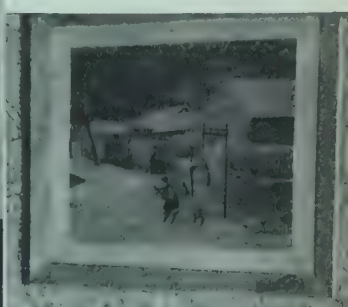
Demarest

Van Nes-De Vos

One of a variety of imported consoles at McMillen, this is a handsome Eighteenth Century Italian piece, white and gold with a marble top. Note especially that its decoration is light enough in feeling to be in harmony with almost any pieces of the period



The fine silver from Peter Guille Ltd. is heirloom material. John Crouch and Thomas Hannan did the tray (1794) and the service by Robert Emes and Edward Bonnard is dated 1813. A fine old tray was mounted on a stand by Alice Marks



Frank Randt

Corbett O'Hara's combinations of mahogany and bleached furniture are most successful. This Regency breakfront cabinet with grilled doors is one of the choice pieces shown in a room by Grosfeld House

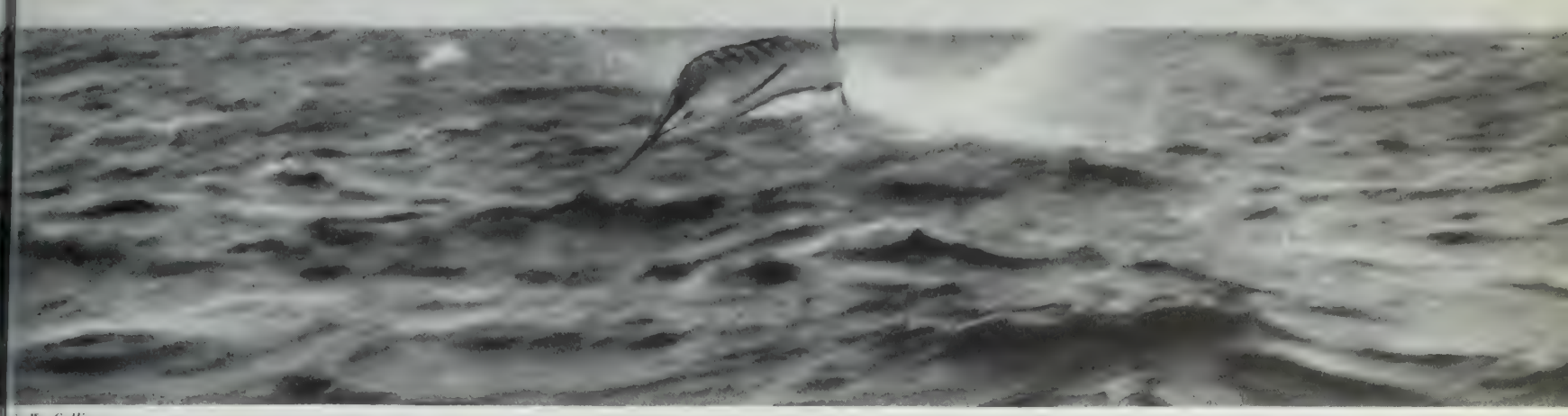
Charak shows Rena Rosenthal's designs by Tommi Parzinger. This is the famous Danbury extension table in pickled mahogany. A chair matches the linen which covers the entire breakfast room wall surface

A small lamp and table all in one is a unique combination. Rena Rosenthal has this with olive green leather covering the table surface

George H. Davis Studio

Deep slate blue walls make a perfect background for the gold-framed mirror and interesting antique clock and barometer in this Directoire room done by Brett, Gray and Hartwell, of Boston

Mako and Marlin from Down Under



. W . Collins

SANFORD ROSS

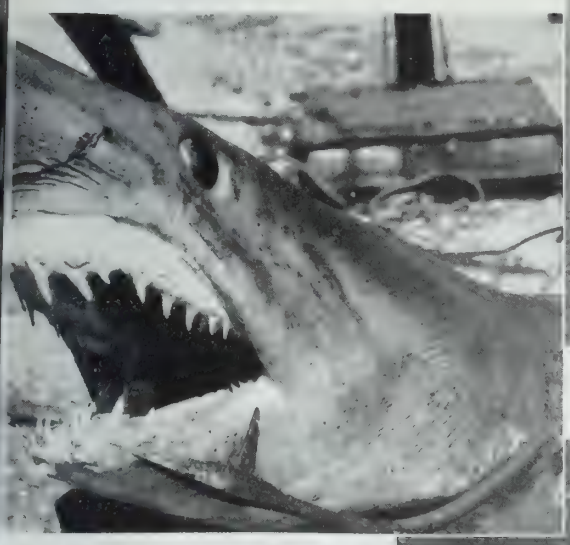
ANYBODY contemplating a big game fishing expedition will consider one of half a dozen places. Most touted, right now, is Bimini, and, for the giant tuna, Nova Scotia is the spot in late summer. It really all began off California, and certainly there must be great fish all the way down the west coast of North America, off Mexico, as far down as Chile, where we know there are many broadbill. Having fished from Montauk Point, New Jersey, and Nova Scotia without much success, I made up my mind to go after big fish seriously, so I decided on the country that every angler dreams of at one time or another—New Zealand.

For United States anglers, the big disadvantage of New Zealand fishing lies in the fact that it is so far away. From Panama the trip over the Pacific takes three weeks; from California ports, on faster and more expensive steamers it takes a fortnight or more. However, inasmuch as the season there for big game fishing covers the bad winter months in this country, the long boat excursion presents a few of the diversions that—say, a cruise on the Caribbean would offer. The liners from the West Coast touch at several South Sea islands; those from the Canal make the long trip without a stop, with the possible exception of Pitcairn Island. But the New Zealand Shipping Company boats are comfortable enough for this particular kind of trip and comparatively inexpensive.

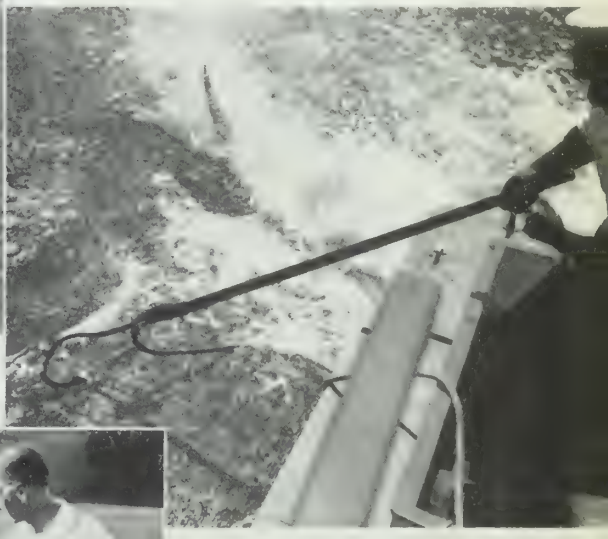
In the 1925-6 season Zane Grey pioneered and developed big game fishing off Cape Brett in the North Island of New Zealand, and that year marked a record for those waters that was tied or broken only in the season of 1936-7. While I was trout fishing in the Lake Taupo district in January, 1937, the Auckland papers were running accounts of big catches in the North, and were predicting a record year. Gouverneur Phelps of New York had hung a four hundred pound striped marlin among the many others caught, and Alma Baker, one of the true veterans of the game, had killed an eight hundred and fifty pound black marlin. Mrs. Ashley-Dodd was covering all the waters of the North Cape in an extensive trip, and John Hutton of London had innumerable striped marlin. So I quit trout fishing and went north.

Bay of Islands has without doubt been proved the greatest striped marlin grounds in the world. The trip from Auckland to Russell takes a day, and if you have hired a boat in advance, you can be at one of the two fishing camps for dinner. Both the camps at Otehei Bay and Deep Water Cove are comfortable, the food is reasonably good, with a daily charge of five dollars. The boats, if not so de luxe as those at Florida, are certainly adequate, and approximately sixteen dollars will cover the day's fishing expenses. It is advisable to bring your own tackle, although some of the boatmen have rigs for hire. The club does not award a certificate for any fish caught on a line stronger than thirty-nine thread, and a 12/0 reel is ideal. The Bay of Islands Swordfish and Mako Shark Club, at Russell, will send further particulars on request. There is probably no place in the world where fishing facilities and living accommodations are so compact and inexpensive, where the scenery is more exciting, where there is a better crowd of anglers from many countries. Subtropical islands dot the blue bay, and beyond the bay stretch the hills of the mainland, neatly patterned in nicely cultivated sheep stations. The main point is, (*Continued on page 103*)

Above: The author with his boat and his captain and a nice day's catch of fish



Above: Portrait of a Mako shark, approximately 600 pounds, an ugly customer



Left: Weighing a marlin at the camp. Above: The captain about to gaff a beautiful striped marlin

Driven Ducks

Pen-raised Mallards can be as hard to hit as wild fowl. A few angles on developing your own pass shooting

REALLY good duck shooting is a pretty uncertain gamble these days, especially in the vicinity of New York or any of the large cities. Only on private game preserves, where the birds are allowed to rest during the greater part of the season and poaching is practically non-existent, can you be sure of a good day's sport. Since the price of owning and operating such a preserve is so great many sportsmen are faced with the alternatives of joining some good—and probably far-away—shooting club where the cost per bird is high or spending a quiet and also expensive day at some inferior shooting place. No one enjoys the thrill of really good duck shooting any more than I, but a while ago, looking back over my actual results on the last type of shooting I decided that the difference between the anticipation of a fine day's sport and its realization was far too great. My experience has been that the number of duck brought down did not balance with either the time spent in transit or the expense, and that, in other words, I had been paying chiefly for the *atmosphere* of duck shooting. I made up my mind that something would have to be done about it, and as I have found a solution that suits my purpose admirably and as I feel that there must be many other duck enthusiasts of the same opinion and faced with the same problems, the purpose of this article is to show them briefly what I've been able to do—an idea that ought to work out equally

A row of breeding pens in which a drake and two ducks are placed; the wooden partitions between keep drakes from fighting

A corner of the trap showing the board that is let down to enclose the ducks; they are fed inside so they have no fear

JOHN W. MACKAY

Photographs by the author

well for others who may be interested and wish to try it out.

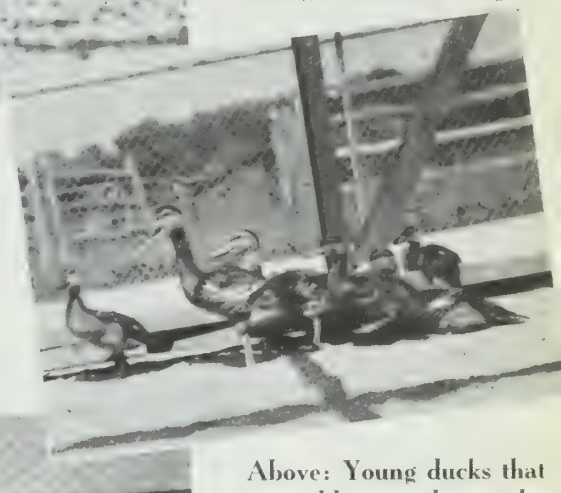
To my way of thinking driven duck are the answer, for it seems to me the loss of atmosphere is more than compensated for by less cost per bird, minimum time spent in traveling and more birds killed —or at least more birds to shoot at. At this point I hasten to add for the benefit of some readers who may have had unpleasant experiences with driven birds that there is a vast difference between most duck drives and those in which the birds are just as difficult to hit as wild duck flying over a strip of land on their way to a secluded pond a half mile away. I do not think the average owner takes sufficient trouble in the selection of his breeders, neither does he give enough thought to the topography of the ground over which he shoots his birds. Quite naturally this has led to just criticism of duck drives by experienced shots who have found them too easy and therefore not sport. It is my contention that driven duck can and should be as sporting and hard as pass shooting for wild duck.

By means of inexpensive equipment, careful selection of stock, close attention to the feeding of both breeders and ducklings plus a steep hill with a good stand of high trees one can have some really fine shooting. Anyone who can raise chickens can raise Mallards for they are not difficult, and to rear to maturity several hundred duck—enough for a season's sport—requires surprisingly little time. From the standpoint of expense a syndicate of perhaps four men would be an efficient method of handling this type of shooting. One member would be in possession of the land where the drives are to be conducted, would provide the necessary equipment to rear the duck, and would be responsible for all the details of management throughout the year. The remaining three men would divide the entire annual expense between them. Two guests could be invited for each of the shoots under this arrangement and when the drives became "thin" toward the end of the season the four syndicate members would still have several good drives all to themselves. Obviously the above plan could be amended to meet individual conditions and is suggested only as an example to show how splendid shooting could be had for the least amount of trouble and expense.

Most important of all details connected with a successful duck drive are the birds themselves. Mallards, even from wild stock, will become heavy and sluggish if you are not careful about feed and exercise. After a couple of generations these birds will turn into "barnyard ducks" and if they fly at all will struggle over the guns slowly and at low altitude, offering a disappointingly easy shot. By bringing new blood into my strain every third year, by proper feeding, and by forcing the birds to exercise I have been able to keep my birds streamlined. For instance, my drake and duck breeders measure respectively 23½ and 22½ inches from tip of bill to end of tail-feathers and 36¼ and 36 inches respectively from wingtip to wingtip. These birds at the time they are placed in laying pens —about the first of the year—weigh about 2¾ pounds (drakes) and 2¼ pounds (ducks) and are therefore exactly the same as wild birds in every way and will produce offspring that are just as strong on the wing as if they had grown up in the wild state. It is interesting to note that these birds walk and stand with breasts parallel to the ground and their necks and heads appear long and lean—sure signs of trim, strong flyers. Mallards that have become heavy and domesticated walk in a more erect position, tails toward the ground and heads high in the air.

All the equipment you need for your breeders are eight-foot square pens, each containing water pans large enough to hold two birds at the same time, a nesting box, a dish for laying mash, clean sand, and a small supply of oyster shell. The pens are made of wire netting for protection against vermin and for ventilation and have wood partitions between so that two drakes in adjoining pens cannot see each other and consequently spend most (*Continued on page 93*)

Above: These streamlined Mallards stand with their breasts parallel and not at an angle to the ground, showing that they are from wild stock and therefore strong and swift in flight



Above: Baby Mallards can be raised as easily as chickens; the eggs are hatched in an incubator and the ducklings put in brooder houses until they attain six weeks of age

Above: Young ducks that are old enough to be put into a holding yard

Left: Note the good wing spread on this young drake; he is 36¼" from wingtip to wingtip and 23½" from tip of bill to end of his tail

Right: A profile view of a pair of Mallards shows the slim necks and trim heads that denote wild blood in strain

Ducklings are not allowed to swim until six weeks old; without a natural mother they'd chill

One of the brooder houses with a flock of ducklings around it. They are given only fresh water to drink, and are "fed hungry"

New Sculpture

by Gertrude V. Whitney

Guild Hall, Easthampton, L. I.

TRIUMPHING in the execution of commissions for heroic memorials here and abroad, this notable sculptress only at long intervals permits a viewing of other works, smaller in scale, yet no less masterful, such as recently occurred at this charming country gallery. From an assembly of figure subjects and portraits in bronze, marble, and plaster, eloquent of diverse vital impulses, are here illustrated: "The Nun," "Pan," "Woman and Child," and "Group In Tennessee Marble." The verities of life and nature find deft embodiment in sculptural forms that speak eloquently through action and attitude of emotions pagan, religious, maternal, sexual. Extremely remarkable is the admirable restraint, so essential to fine sculpture of any period, but especially sought after today, which tempers these freshly revealed communications of this world's tragi-comedy.

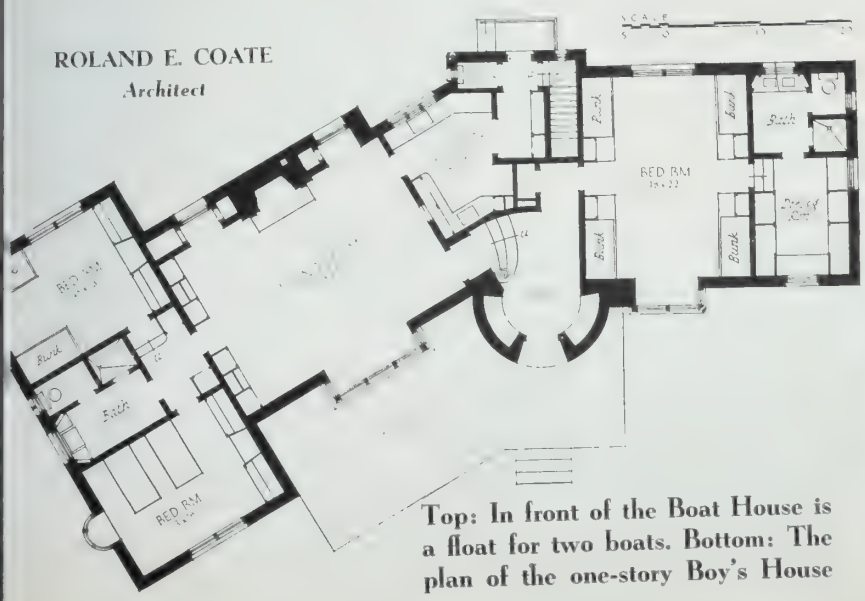
Knox Hall Montgomery

CALIFORNIA LAKE ESTATE

The home of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Battson
Arrowhead Lake

THE Boat House, the Boy's House, and the Garage and Servants' House have been completed on this estate above California's Lake Arrowhead, and the site selected for the Main House is a high point overlooking the lake. Designed for recreation, the property includes excellent facilities for swimming and boating and for summer and winter sports. The buildings are simple in character, in a distinctive style which derives from the farmhouses of France and which is an agreeable mixture of the rustic and the urban. Concrete stone painted white and redwood siding form the walls, battened shutters are at the casement windows, and weathered gray shakes are on the roof. All three buildings have the picturesque effect of a cottage but they provide facilities for most hospitable country living; the Garage includes servants' rooms and baths, a living room, kitchen, and a four-car garage and five-car motor shed; the Boy's House has three bedroom suites, a living room, hall, kitchen, and open dining terrace and barbecue. The Boat House has a boat room, well-equipped dressing rooms and showers.

ROLAND E. COATE
Architect



Top: In front of the Boat House is a float for two boats. Bottom: The plan of the one-story Boy's House

A Modern Mt. Vernon in Missouri

Photographs by Anderson

Broadacres Stable on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Bruening

HALLIE McKEE BARROW

THE hospitable buildings at Mt. Vernon have furnished the general pattern for the buildings on Broadacres Farm, the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Bruening at Liberty, Missouri. Here in the Mt. Vernon tradition is Broadacres stable, housing one of the most outstanding assemblies of Clydesdale horses in America. Because of the interest George Washington took in the fine stock he imported, judging from the daily entries in his farm journal, he would understand the Bruenings' pride and satisfaction in the achievements of their horses in the show ring. He, too, would be interested in the future expected from this colorful draft breed brought from the Clyde River Valley in Scotland to this horse paradise—natural bluegrass pastures over a lime subsoil.

The barn plans are the result of months of planning on the part of specialists in several fields. It measures 150 feet from east to west and about half that from north to south, accommodating fifty head of the flashy drafters in modern stalls. It is painted white and the shutters are green; the windows are small paned and the inviting porches on the north and south run the full two stories.

Inside, every modern precaution against loss from fire has been installed. The roof is tiled; the ample loft space is entirely of concrete, the concrete between the loft and stalls below is six inches in thickness. A metal stairway connecting the two floors has its own fire door. In the loft, each opening is (*Continued on page 103*)

From top to bottom: Spacious box stalls occupy one end of the stable, while below may be seen the tie-stalls at the other end. The stallion, imported from Scotland in 1934 is Fearless Black, champion Clydesdale. The group of foals, left to right, are Shirley Temple, Sampson, Clyde, Cherrystone, and Black Bess of Broadacres

Courtesy of The Sporting Gallery & Bookshop

THE FOX HUNTER'S DREAM

with apologies to A. C. Havell

THE ORGANIZED HUNTS OF AMERICA
1938 OFFICIAL ANNUAL ROSTER

1st Vice President, James W. Appleton; *2nd Vice President,* A. E. Ogilvie; *Secretary-Treasurer,* W. Plunket Stewart. *Executive Committee:* Howard Bruce, Algernon S. Craven, Amory L. Haskell, C. Wadsworth Howard, Elton Hoyt, 2nd, Walter M. Jeffords and William P. Wadsworth, together with the president and other officers of the organization. *Clerk:* C. H. Sampson.

President, Henry G. Vaughan

Honorary Vice Presidents, A. Henry Higginson, Harry I. Nicholas

Compiled and published by COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN *for the*

MASTERS OF FOXHOUNDS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

ABINGTON HILLS HUNT CLUB

Scranton,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1922.
Recognized 1929.

Club, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, maroon collar piped in white, [illegible] scarlet, maroon collar piped in white, with white lapels. *Joint Masters:* (1930) Mortimer B. Fuller, Jr., and (1936) Mrs. M. L. White. *Honorary Secretary:* Maj. L. White. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) Mortimer B. Fuller, Jr. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) E. A. Cusick and F. Emmett Kearney. *Foxhounds:* 7½ couples crossbred, 4 couples American. Kennels at Clarks Summit. *Fox and drag hunting:* August 16 to February 15, weather permitting, three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation. Hotel accommodations at Scranton, 10 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Horse Show in June; Hunter Trials in October. Hounds went out 48 times last season.

Country is about 20 miles square, farm land, wooded sections, and hilly. Jumps are stone walls, paneled wire, post-and-rail.

AIKEN DRAG HUNT*

Aiken,
South Carolina.
Established 1914.
Recognized 1918.

Private pack, supported by Hunt subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Dark green, with pale yellow collar. *Joint Masters* (1934) Mrs. Averell Clark and (1937) Rigan McKinney. *Honorary Secretary:* Bayard Warren. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) Rigan McKinney. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) (Tuesdays and Thursdays) Dunbar Bostwick, Miss Lily Warren, Howard Fair. *Foxhounds:* 6 couples English. Kennels at Aiken. *Drag hunting:* January 1 to April 1, three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; if more than once, they usually subscribe. All hotels in Aiken are convenient. Hunters can be rented from Mrs. Chipchase and Glover's Riding School, $6 on Saturday drags and $10 on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Horse Show and Race Meet in March.

The radius of the country is 16 miles, with about 18 miles of drag lines—wide "allees" cut through the woods, with timber fences built with brush on either side making the fence about 8 feet wide. These drag lines meet at different points so they can be interchanged and run either way with great variation.

ALBEMARLE HOUNDS

Greenwood,
Virginia.
Established 1841, 1935.

Successor to Albemarle County Hunt country. Supported by subscriptions. *Hunt livery:* Grey Melton. *Master:* (1935) John T. Carpenter. *Honorary Secretary:* Harrison Waite. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Whipper-In:* (professional) Robert Bailer. *Foxhounds:* 10 couples American. Kennels at Greenwood. *Fox hunting:* October 1 to April 1. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, voluntary subscription. Hotel accommodations at several inns within easy reach of kennels. Hunters can be rented from Fox Brothers at Greenwood. Hounds went out 80 times last season.

Rough, hilly country. Rail fences, some paneling in wire. Area—average 15 by 20 miles.

ARAPAHOE HUNT

Route 1, Box 62,
Littleton,
Colorado.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.

Club supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet; evening—scarlet, with cactus-green lapels. *Master:* (1932) Lawrence C. Phipps, Jr. *Honorary Secretary:* Maj. H. R. K. Tompkins. *Huntsman:* (professional) George Beeman. *Whippers-In:* (professional) Jack Beeman, and Stuart Morrelli. *Foxhounds:* 23 couples English. Kennels on Diamond K South ranch, 2 miles south, one mile east of Accquia. *Fox and coyote hunting:* October 1 to April 1, two days a week. Visitors welcome; no cap. Hotel accommodations at Denver, 20 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from riding school in Denver. Hounds went out 43 times.

Country is approximately 12 by 10 to 15 miles. The north half of the Hunt territory is rolling plains; the south half is rather rough. Along watercourses there is some timber and scrub oak. The boundary fences are barbed wire in which panels and gates have been installed by the Hunt or by property owners.

ARTILLERY HUNT

Fort Sill,
Oklahoma.
Established 1926.
Recognized 1927.

Supported by dues and subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, with black collar, yellow waistcoat, white breeches; evening—scarlet, black collar and facings, black trousers and waistcoat. *Master:* (1935) Lieut. Col. Archibald V. Arnold. *Honorary Secretary:* Maj. Rumsey Campbell. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) Major Rinaldo Coe. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Maj. N. J. McMahon, Capt. W. A. Samduce, Capt. E. L. Andrews, Capt. J. C. Oakes, Lt. Col. J. McCallum, Capt. Bryan Conrad, and Major Onslow Rolfe. *Kennelman:* Sergeant Townsend M. Zink. *Foxhounds:* 20 couples American, some of English cross. Kennels at Fort Sill. *Coyote and drag hunting:* October 1 to April 30, two days a week. Strangers and visitors permitted to hunt, on invitation; members of other Hunts always welcome. Accommodations, Midland Hotel, Lawton, 6 miles from Kennels. The Hunt will mount all guests. Horse Show or Race Meetings held between May 15 and June 10; Hunter Trials December and April. Hounds went out 62 times last season.

Country 15 by 20 miles, hills, plains and river bottoms, wooded and open. Jumps are streams, hedges, and panel fences.

BATH COUNTY HOUNDS

Hot Springs,
Virginia.
Established 1932.
Recognized 1934.

Private pack, supported by the Master, with about $200 of checks toward a paneling fund and a $2 capping fee from any guests. *Hunt livery and colors:* Woodsman green, scarlet collar and waistcoat for fox hunting; scarlet, with canary collar and waistcoat for drag; no evening dress. *Master:* (1932) Mrs. Fay Ingalls. *Huntsman:* The Master hunts the drag hounds; Cecil Tuke the fox hounds. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Cecil Tuke, Walter Phillips, and Miss Susie Ingalls. *Foxhounds:* 13½ couples American; 1½ couples English; 8 couples crossbred. Kennels by the Master's house, Hot Springs. *Fox and drag hunting:* October to December and March 15 to May 1, Mondays fox, Wednesdays and Saturdays drag; December 1 to March 15, Mondays and Saturdays fox, Wednesdays, drag. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation, and they pay a $2 capping fee. Accommodations at The Homestead, Hot Springs, about a mile from kennels. Hunters can be rented from the Virginia Hot Springs Co., who keep about 50 horses, at $10 per hunt, or from the Independent Livery. Horse Show every August. Hounds went out 48 times last season.

Rough fox-hunting country approximately 17 by 5 miles; mountainous, rocky, and steep, with many gray foxes, some reds; beautiful drag country with natural rail fences, post-and-rail panels, logs, ditches. Very few chicken coops or stone walls.

BATTLE CREEK HUNT

Battle Creek,
Michigan.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.

Supported by subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, dark-blue collar; evening—scarlet, white silk facings. *Joint Masters:* (1929) Stuart Pritchard, M.D. and (1937) Frank E. Bechmann. *Honorary Secretary:* I. K. Stone. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) L. J. Sarvis. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Dr. LeRoy Street, Dr. Emory Morris, Glenn Cross. *Foxhounds:* 14 couples English. Kennels on Riverside Drive, Battle Creek. *Fox and drag hunting:* Three days a week, from September 6 until cold weather (end of November); fox hunting throughout winter months when weather permits. Visitors are welcome through invitation of Hunt members. Accommodations at W. K. Kellogg Hotel or Post Tavern, both at Battle Creek, short distance from club. A few hunters may be rented from the club. Horse Shows and Hunter Course racing are planned at club grounds in late spring and early fall.

Hilly, rough country approximately 20 by 15 miles; including sandy, low, thickly wooded portions and open woods, much of which is entirely uncultivated and with few roads across it. 12,500 acres paneled and about 14,000 or 15,000 more unfenced and wild, make excellent hunting country for both fox and drag hunting.

BEAUFORT HUNT

R. D. 2, Harrisburg,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.

Supported by membership dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Blue, buff trimmings; evening—scarlet, with buff facings and blue collar. *Master:* (1929) Ehrman B. Mitchell. *Honorary Secretary:* Fred C. Morgan. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Field Master:* Dr. George R. Moffit. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Farley Gannett, Capt. Wm. S. Bailey, Paul R. Gable and Drew Hiestand. *Foxhounds:* 20 couples American and some crossbred. Kennels at Beaufort Farms, 3 miles northeast of Harrisburg along the Linglestown Road. *Fox and drag hunting:* September 20 to March 1, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation. Members of other Hunts are welcome. See Secretary or Master. Accommodations at Harrisburger Hotel or Penn-Harris Hotel, 5 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from several renting stables recently established. Harrisburg Horse Show held in September. Beaufort Fox Hound Pack Trials in October. Hounds went out 40 times

Country is about 26 by 15 miles, divided between open, rolling country and woodland. Paneling consists of timber and chicken coops; there are many original rail fences.

BLOOMFIELD OPEN HUNT

Bloomfield Hills,
Oakland County,
Michigan.
Established 1917.
Recognized 1920.

Organized as club pack; supported by Hunt subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, plum color with ⅛-inch buff piping; evening—scarlet, buff lapels and plum collar. *Joint Masters:* (1934) W. O. Briggs, Jr. (1938) John L. Lovett. *Honorary Secretary:* H. M. Smith. *Assistant Secretary and Treasurer:* C. E. Wilson. *Huntsman:* The Masters. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Richard Shepherd, William Tracy and John Palmer; (professional) John Adams. *Foxhounds:* 12 couples American. Kennels at Bloomfield Hills. *Fox hunting:* August 15 to April 1, three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, on hunting membership, with introduction. Accommodations at Fox and Hounds Inn, Bloomfield Hills, ½ mile from kennels. Hunters can be rented from the club. Horse Show first week in June. Breeders Show September. Hounds went out 62 times last season.

Country is approximately 10 miles square, rolling, with good drainage. Largely grass, with some plow and woodland. Paneled with a variety of snake fences, post-and-rail, and chicken coop.

BLUE RIDGE HUNT CLUB

Millwood, Clarke County,
Virginia.
Established 1880.
Recognized 1904.

Club, supported by dues from landowners and subscriptions from nonlandowners. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, light-blue collar; evening—scarlet, light-blue collar and facings. *Master:* (1931) William Bell Watkins. *Honorary Secretary:* George H. Burwell. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Graham Douzherty and (professional) Howard Gardner. *Foxhounds:* 30 couples American. Kennels at Boyce, Clarke County. *Fox hunting:* Cubbing starts September 15, card of fixtures starts November 1, season ends February, last day; meets three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt if acceptable to Master or Board of the club; $15 a day, $150 a month, $300 a season. Hotel accommodations at Winchester, 12 miles from kennels, and Berryville, 4 miles from kennels. For renting hunters, consult Master. Horse Show at Carter Hall in May. Hounds went out about 50 times last season.

Country is approximately 12 by 15 miles; rolling farmland, large blue-grass pastures. Jumps are stone walls, post-and-rail, chicken coops.

BRANDYWINE HOUNDS

"Brandywine
Meadow Farm,"
R. D. No. 5, West Chester,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1892.
Recognized 1901.

Private pack, owned and supported by the Master. Contributions toward a fencing fund accepted. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, old-gold collar, but have always hunted in brown uniform; evening—scarlet, old-gold collar and facings. *Master:* (1929) Gilbert Mather. *Huntsman:* The Master and (professional) James McNair. *Kennel Huntsman:* (professional) Jonas Lund. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Miss Mary Mather and (professional) Frank Turner. *Foxhounds* 30 couples American. Kennels at Lenape, Chester County. *Fox hunting:* October 1 to April 1, three days a week and bye days. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt by invitation. Hotel accommodations at Mansion House, West Chester, 5 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from Michael Doyle, West Chester, and Thomas Clark, Lenape. Hounds went out 79 times last season.

Hunting country is in the southern part of Chester County and Delaware County. Approximately 15 square miles. It is a rolling agricultural country with medium-size coverts, timber fences, and post-and-rail panels in wire.

BRIDLESPUR HUNT

Huntleigh Village,
St. Louis County,
Missouri.
Established 1927.
Recognized 1929.

Club pack, supported by Hunt subscriptions, dues, and capping fees. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, robin's-egg-blue collar, yellow waistcoast; evening—scarlet, robin's-egg-blue collar and facings. *Master:* (1938) Mrs. Henry J. Kaltenbach, Jr. *Honorary Secretary:* Milton G. Kahle. *Huntsman:* Henry Rhode. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Hart Vance (1st), Harry Langenberg (2nd), Donald Scott Sharpe and Jane Johnson. *Foxhounds:* 30 couples American; 5 couples English. Kennels on Squires Lane, approximately 2½ city blocks west of clubhouse. *Fox hunting:* August 20 to March 1; cub season August and September, three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt. Subscription fee $100 per family. Capping fees as follows: First hunt, free; second hunt, $5, third hunt, $10, fourth hunt, $15; after which the regular subscription fee of $100 must be paid, allowing, however, for the capping fees previously paid. Nearest hotel accommodations, Park-Plaza and Chase Hotels, 14 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from the Westwood Country Club, Conway Road, at $5 per day. Annual Race Meet, October, Huntleigh Downs, Huntleigh Village. Annual Horse Show in May. Hounds went out about 53 times last season.

Country covers 37.05 square miles at foothills of Ozark Mountains, particularly rolling with good coverts; jumps are post-and-rail, chicken coops, washes, and plank fences (majority coops). Also, 7.25 square miles—Belleau country, in general very flat; inhabited by all forms of wild game; particularly adapted to fox hunting in late fall.

CAMARGO HUNT

Winding Creek Farm,
Madeira,
(P. O., R. F. D. 10,
Station M. Cincinnati),
Ohio.
Established 1925.
Recognized 1928.

Private, voluntary subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, with gray collar and yellow piping; evening—scarlet, gray silk facings and collar. *Master:* (1925) Julius Fleischmann. *Honorary Secretary* Wm. Hayden Chatfield. *Huntsman:* Charles Samways. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) O. DeGray Vanderbilt, Jr., and Leonard Smith, Jr.; (professional) (1st) Fred Patterson and (2nd) Russell McKee. *Foxhounds:* 1 couple Americans; 7 couples English; 27 couples crossbreds. Kennels at Winding Creek Farm, Madeira. *Fox hunting:* September 1 to March 15, three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt. Hotel accommodations at Mariemont Inn, Mariemont, 5 miles from kennels. Hunter trials held middle of October at Mr. Warner Atkin's farm. Hounds went out about 64 times last season.

Approximately 20,000 acres rolling country; post-and-rail jumps; chicken coops.

CAMDEN HUNT

Camden,
South Carolina.
Established 1926.
Recognized 1929.

Supported by subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Black, cream breeches, black and white vest, orange collar. *Joint Masters:* (1926) Mrs. Dwight Partridge and (1937) Mrs. David R. Williams. *Honorary Secre-*

** Indicates no changes reported since 1937. The date preceding the name of Master is year in which office was entered.*

tary: Mrs. Charles Du Bose, Jr. *Kennel Huntsman:* (professional) William Thompson. *Whippers-in:* (Honorary) J. North Fletcher, Mrs. Charles Du Bose, Jr., R. Watson Pomeroy, Gerard W. Smith; (professional) Carl Lightfoot. *Foxhounds:* 15 couples American. Kennels 4 miles from town of Camden. *Drag and Fox hunting:* Two days a week in December and January, three days a week in February and March. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation; guests of subscribers, three hunts without subscribing—$5 cap. Accommodations, Court Inn, Kirkwood Hotel, Hobkirk Inn, Camden; 3½ miles from kennels. Good hunters can be rented from Bramlett Stable, $10 per hunt. First Race Meeting February 22; Hunter Trials February 23; Horse Show March 22; Carolina Cup race (not run under the Camden Hunt) in March. Hounds went out about 60 times last season.

The country lies in Kershaw County and is 33 by 27 miles. Flat country, fields, pine woods, and swamps. Jumps are panels, post-and-rail, and Aiken fences; 3 feet, 6 inches to 3 feet, 9 inches.

CARROLLTON HOUNDS

Upperco,
Maryland.
Established 1936.

Private pack, supported by subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, royal blue collar. *Joint Masters:* (1936) Harry L. Straus and (1937) Charles W. Williams. *Honorary Secretary:* Samuel S. Murray. *Huntsman:* (professional) Henry Moland. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Edward Murray, (professional) William De Moss and W. E. Coe. *Foxhounds:* 15 couples American and 12 couples crossbred. Kennels near Emory Church in Carroll County. *Fox hunting:* Three days a week from October through March. Guests of subscribers are permitted to hunt three times a season; $5 cap. Accommodations in Baltimore 25 miles from kennels. A limited number of hunters can be rented through the huntsman. Race meeting to be held in April, 1939. Hounds went out 63 times last season.

A rolling, hilly country about fifteen miles square; traversed by streams; partly fenced throughout with wire, snake and timber fences.

CARTER HOUNDS*

Orange,
Virginia.
Established about 1905.
Recognized 1933.

Private pack. *Hunt livery and colors:* Oxford gray, blue collar piped with scarlet. *Master:* (1905) Manley W. Carter. *Honorary Secretary:* Mrs. Manley W. Carter. *Huntsman:* Savoy Beck. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Mrs. Allen Gray Dunnington, Mrs. August C. Wambersie. *Foxhounds:* 15 couples American. Kennels 2 miles west of Orange. *Fox Hunting:* September 15 to March 15, three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation. Accommodations at James Madison Hotel, Orange, 2 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented.

Country is about 20 by 10 miles, mostly rolling, about 50 per cent wooded country, fences mostly snake and rail.

CASANOVA HUNT

Casanova,
Virginia.
Established 1909.
Recognized 1910.

Club, supported by dues, subscriptions and capping. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, old blue collar; evening—same. *Master:* (1937) Miss Dorothy V. Montgomery. *Honorary Secretary:* Miss C. St. G. Nourse. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) Oscar Beach. *Whipper-In:* (Honorary) Thomas Beach. *Foxhounds:* 10 couples American. Kennels at Casanova. *Fox hunting:* October 1 to March 1, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; subscription and cap. Accommodations at Warren Green Hotel, 7 miles from kennels; other accommodations and stabling may be arranged by writing secretary. Hunters can be rented from Oscar Beach, P. O., Warrenton. Hounds went out 60 times last season.

Country is approximately 15 miles north and south and rather less east and west. It is chiefly an open grass country, with considerable bodies of woodland here and there. Fences are almost all timber, with some ditches, streams, and a few walls. A horse of quality that can gallop is required, thoroughbreds being much favored.

CAVALRY SCHOOL HUNT

Fort Riley,
Kansas.
Established 1921.
Recognized 1923.

Club pack, supported by Cavalry School Club, of which Hunt Club is part. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, yellow collar, yellow waistcoast; evening—scarlet, cavalry-yellow lapel, white waistcoat. *Master:* (1936) Lieut. Col. Charles B. Hazeltine. *Honorary Secretary:* Miss Edna M. Bayless. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) Lt. Col. W. M. Grimes. *Kennel Huntsman:* Sergt. Alonzo G Teasley. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Lt. Col. J. M. Tully, Maj. H. T. Allen, Jr., Maj. I. C. Walker, Capt. G. H. Noble, Capt G. B. Rogers, Capt. S. P. Walker, Lt. P. D. Harkins, Lt. J. O. Curtis; (professional) Pvt. Isaac Ross, Pvt. Alonzo E. Shearer. *Foxhounds:* 25 couples English-American crossbred. Kennels at Cavalry School, Fort Riley. *Drag and coyote hunting:* October 15 to April 15, two days a week. Strangers or visitors welcome to hunt, on invitation of the Master or a member. Hotel accommodations at Bartell House, Junction City. Hunters cannot be rented, but visitors can always be mounted. Horse Show and Race Meeting held near the end of May each year. Hounds went out 68 times last season.

Military reservation, 20,000 acres rolling country. Natural ditch and log jumps. Artificial jumps consisting of stone walls, post-and-rails, fences, and hedge. All fences well pancled. Mostly open country with many canyons. Very little woods. Splendid turf and good galloping country.

CHAGRIN VALLEY HUNT

Gates Mills,
Ohio.
Established 1908.
Recognized 1909.

Club pack. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, white breeches, green collar; evening—scarlet, green lapels, black silk breeches and stockings. *Master:* (1934) Ralph T. King. *Honorary Secretary:* Courtney Burton. *Huntsman:* (professional) Jack Smith. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Courtney Burton and Lewis C. Williams; (profesional) Tom Perry. *Foxhounds:* 27 couples Engish. Kennels at Gates Mills. *Fox hunting:* August to January, three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, on invitation. Nearest hotel accommodations at Cleveland, 20 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Horse Show middle of September. Hounds went out 67 times.

Country is approximately 20 by 25 miles; fairly open in parts interspersed with steep wooded ravines. Jumps are mostly panels and chicken coops put in by the Hunt.

CHESTNUT RIDGE HUNT

Uniontown,
Fayette County,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1905, 1932.

Club, supported by dues and capping. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, white collar; evening—scarlet, white facings. *Joint Masters:* (1938) Miss Fredi Thompson, and (1937) Mr. G. Fred Rieman. *Honorary Secretary:* Mrs. W. B. Parshall. *Huntsman* (professional) B. C. Cence. *Kennelman:* John Diggs. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) J. V. Kirk Thompson, Miss Evelyn L. Thompson and Wendell Stone. *Foxhounds:* 5½ couples American; 2 couples English; 4½ couples crossbred. Kennels at Lazy Hour Ranch, Dunbar. *Drag hunting:* October 1 to January 1, later weather permitting, eight hunts a month, and holidays. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, upon invitation. Accommodations at Lazy Hour Ranch. Hunters can be rented from Lazy Hour Ranch.

Country is approximately 22 by 28 miles. Rolling farm land, post-and-rail and worm fences, chicken coops.

COBBLER HUNT

Delaplane,
Virginia.
Established 1920.
Recognized 1929.

Club, supported by subscriptions, dues, and caps. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, with black collar; ladies, black with scarlet collar; evening—scarlet, with black collar. *Master:* (1935) Dr. Edmund Horgan. *Honorary Secretary:* C. Edward Strother. *Huntsman* (professional) Teddy Rose. *Foxhounds:* 18 couples American. Kennels 2 miles west of Delaplane. *Fox hunting* (Cubbing September 1 to November 1.) November 1 to April 1, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt on invitation by day, month, or season. Accommodations in private houses in the neighborhood. Hunters can be rented at times. Hunter Trials are held at the close of the hunting season.

The area hunted is approximately 10 by 15 miles; a farming, grazing, and wooded country, lying in the foothills of the Blue Ridge mountains. Fences are of rail and stone. Coops are placed where the fences are of wire.

COHASSET HUNT

Cohasset,
Massachusetts.
Established 1930.
Recognized 1932.

Club pack, supported by subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, black collar, white waistcoat; evening—scarlet, black collar, white waistcoat. *Joint Masters:* (1930) Mrs. Thomas M. James and (1935) Hugh Bancroft, Jr. *Honorary Secretary* Mrs. Stafford Johnson. *Huntsmen:* The Masters. *Kennelman:* Marshal Grigsby. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) H. J. Langlois, Marjorie Kimpton, and John Good; (professional) Marshal Grigsby. *Foxhounds:* 10 couples American. Kennels at Hingham. *Drag hunting:* Two days a week, August 15 to December 15, also spring runs. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt only if invited by a member of the club. Hotel accommodations at Black Horse Tavern, Cohasset. Hunters can be rented from Dan Lyons and Marshal Grigsby. Cohasset Horse Show middle of August. Hounds went out 62 times last season.

Country is 15 by 6 miles; largely made country, woods and fields; jumps are stone walls, post-and-rail, chicken coops.

DEDHAM COUNTRY AND POLO CLUB HOUNDS

Dedham,
Massachusetts.
Established 1922.
Recognized 1926.

Club, supported by Hunt subscriptions and by capping. *Hunt livery and colors:* Green, white collar, yellow waistcoat; evening—green, yellow collar, white facings. *Master:* (1932) Mrs. Robert B. Almy. *Honorary Secretary:* Miss Eleanor Williams. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Kennel Huntsman and Whipper-In:* (professional) John Ahern. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Herbert B. Shaw and Miss Clara Jackson. *Foxhounds:* 5½ couples red American. Kennels at Dedham Country and Polo Club, Dedham. *Drag hunting:* August and September one day a week; October 1 until Christmas, one day a week and holidays; junior drag one day a week from Labor Day to Thanksgiving. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; capped three times, full subscription after that. Hunters can be rented from Powers Riding School, ¼ mile from Hunt stables. Accommodations at Wellesley Inn, Wellesley, 5 miles from kennels. Gymkhana for children in September and Children and Hunter Show May 29 and 30. Hounds went out 32 times last season.

Country is approximately 10 by 5 miles and consists of pasture, woodland, small fields; jumps are stone walls, chicken coops, few rail fences, and some ditches.

DEEP RUN HUNT CLUB

Richmond,
Virginia.
Established 1887, 1923.
Recognized 1905.

Club pack, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, Confederate-gray collar; evening—scarlet, Confederate-gray facings. *Master:* (1934) Dr. John M. Hughes. *Honorary Secretary:* O. J. Sands, Jr. *Hunstman* H. L. (Pat) Miller. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Col. Edwin P. Conquest, Frederick S. Campbell. *Foxhounds* 10 couples American, 5½ couples crossbred. Kennels one mile west of Richmond; Broad Street Road. *Drag and fox hunting:* October 15 to April 1, one day a week and bye days. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, as guests. Members of all hunts are invited. Notify the Master. Accommodations at William Byrd Hotel, one mile from kennels. Hunters can be rented from stable manager at club stables, $5 per hunt. Race Meeting in April, at Curle's Neck Farm, 15 miles east of Richmond; Horse Show last week in May or first week in June; Hunter Trials in March. Hounds went out 56 times last season.

Country is approximately 25 by 40 miles. It is a rolling, open and woodland country. Jumps consist of post-and-rail, chicken coops, Aiken.

DILWYNE HUNT

Montchanin,
Delaware.
Established 1928.
Recognized 1935.

Private pack. *Hunt livery and colors:* Royal blue, with black velvet collar, buff breeches; evening—same. *Joint Masters:* (1928) R. R. M. Carpenter and (1928) Mrs. Louisa Carpenter. *Honorary Secretary:* R. R. M. Carpenter. *Huntsman:* (professional) R. O'Neal. *Whipper-In:* (Honorary) Patricia du Pont. *Foxhounds:* 13 couples English harriers. Kennels at Montchanin. *Fox hunting:* Various days and seasons. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation. No hotel accommodations. Hunters cannot be rented. Hounds went out about 70 times last season.

Country about 4 miles square; rolling farm and woodland; jumps are post-and-rail.

DU PAGE HUNT

Wheaton,
Illinois.
Established 1928.
Recognized 1936.

Club, privately supported. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, yellow collar; evening—scarlet, yellow collar. *Joint Masters:* (1931) Mrs. Robert R. McCormick (1938) Deering McCormick. *Honorary Secretary:* Maxwell Corpening. *Huntsman:* Albert Cox. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Anne Bryant, Bradford Ripley, William Sauer; (professional) Peter Jensen and Ernest Edwards. *Foxhounds:* 18 couples American. Kennels 2 miles southwest of Wheaton. *Drag hunting:* August to December, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation. Accommodations at Hunt Club, ½ mile from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Hounds went out 31 times last season.

Country 20 by 25 miles. Rolling country. Post-and-rail and Aiken jumps.

EAGLE FARMS HUNT

R. F. D. 2, West Chester,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1915.
Recognized 1916.

Private pack, supported entirely by owners. *Hunt livery and colors:* Oxford gray, or scarlet, with tan or white breeches; evening—scarlet. Continental blue collar and facings. *Joint Masters:* (1929) Joseph Neff Ewing and (1935) William H. Ashton. *Honorary Secretary:* Mrs. Anne A. Ewing. *Huntsman:* Walter Hill. *Whippers-In:* (professional) Albert Hague and Bayard Hoffman. *Foxhounds:* 30 couples American. Kennels at Eagle Farms, Uwchland. *Fox hunting:* September 1 to April 1, every hunting day. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt on application made to Masters personally. No hotel accommodations. Hunters cannot be rented. Hounds went out 112 times last season.

Country is approximately 10 by 12 miles, rolling, well wooded, but with plenty of open country for galloping. Jumps are post-and-rail, board fences, chicken coops, and stone walls.

EAST AURORA HUNT

East Aurora,
New York.
Established 1930.
Recognized 1932.

Club, supported by Hunt subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, green collar, orange piping; evening—scarlet, grosgrain ecru silk facings. *Joint Masters:* (1932) Mrs. Seymour H. Knox and (1932) Mrs. Reginald B. Taylor. *Honorary Secretary* Lieut. Henry B. Sheets. *Huntsman:* (prof.) Frederick Yull. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) J. Hazard Campbell and James Carey Evans; (professional) Paul Yull. *Foxhounds:* 4 couples American; 2 couples English, 18

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couples crossbred. Kennels at East Aurora. *Drag hunting:* From September as long as weather permits, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, as guests. Hotel accommodations at The Roycroft, East Aurora, one mile from kennels. Hunters can be rented from Troop I, Orchard Park. Hunter Trials October 17th, East Aurora. Hounds went out 30 times last season.

Country is 20 by 30 miles, farm land, pastures, meadows, small wooded areas, rolling in character and cut by some small ravines. Jumps are mostly post-and-rail and a few stone fences and chicken coops.

EGLINTON HUNT

Toronto,
Ontario.
Canada.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.

Club, supported by club subscriptions and dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, Copenhagen blue collar; evening—scarlet, Copenhagen blue facings. *Master:* (1936) H. Rupert Bain. *Honorary Secretary:* O. D. Robinson. *Huntsman:* M. Charles Webb. *Whipper-In:* (professional) William Cross. *Kennelman:* S. V. Abbott. *Foxhounds:* 21½ couples English (some with Welsh strain). Kennels at Todmorden. *Drag hunting:* Middle of August until stopped by frost, usually about the end of December; three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; cap fee. Accommodations in Toronto, 5 miles from the kennels. Limited number of hunters, owned by Eglinton Hunt Club and other boarding stables in district can be rented. Horse Show held under auspices of Toronto Horse Show Association in May; Point-to-Point meetings in October and November under auspices of Canadian Hunt & Steeplechase Association; Hunter Trials September or October. Hounds went out 30 times last season.

Country is about 18 by 20 miles. Rail fences predominate, but occasional formidable pine-root fences and stone walls are encountered.

ELKRIDGE-HARFORD HUNT CLUB

Monkton,
Maryland.
Merged 1934.
Recognized 1934.

This is the merging of the Elkridge Hounds and the Harford Hunt Club as of December 1, 1934. Club, supported by Hunt subscriptions, dues, and capping. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, white collar; evening—scarlet, white facings. *Joint Masters:* (1934) Harvey S. Ladew (1938) S. Bryce Wing. *Honorary Secretary:* Alfred J. Smithwick. *Huntsmen:* (Honorary) Alfred J. Smithwick, (professional) Dallas Leith. *Whippers-In:* (professional) (1st) Raymond Swift, (2nd), Jake Robinson. *Foxhounds:* 50 couples crossbred. Kennels at Taylor. *Fox hunting:* Cubbing starts about the end of August, and thereafter four days a week. Strangers and visitors permitted to hunt on invitation and payment of capping fee of $15. Hotel accommodations at Bel Air, 11 miles from kennels, and at Baltimore, 20 miles from kennels. Hunters can occasionally be rented locally. A Horse Show and Race Meeting are held in the fall. The races are on Mr. Ladew's farm. The hounds went out 104 times last season.

Country about 14 miles square, and is rolling farm land. Jumps are post-and-rail.

EL PASO COUNTY HOUNDS

Colorado Springs,
Colorado.
Established 1933.

Club, subscriptions and dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, buff collar; evening—scarlet, buff facings. *Master:* (1936) Proctor Wallace Nichols. *Honorary Secretary:* Willard B. Hanes. *Huntsman:* Miss Edith Kearney. *Whipper-In:* (Honorary) William Hunt. *Foxhounds:* 13½ couples American. Kennels at Broadmoor, Colorado Springs. *Coyote and fox hunting:* Two days a week, and bye-days, November 1 to May 1. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt on invitation; no cap. Accommodations at Broadmoor Hotel or Antlers Hotel at Colorado Springs. Hunters can be rented at the Broadmoor Hotel Stable or the William Irvine Stable at $3 to $5 per hunt. Horse Show and Race Meeting held annually.

The country is approximately 40 by 55 miles; timber and brush, open and rolling, some flat country with natural arroyas and water gates. Jumps are post-and-rail, chicken coops, gates, and few natural hazards.

MR. NEWBOLD ELY'S HOUNDS

Ambler, R. D. 1, and
Pennsburg, R. D. 1,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1931.

Private. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, brown collar, buff piping; evening—same. *Master:* (1929) W. Newbold Ely, Jr. *Honorary Secretary:* Joseph L. Eastwick. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Joseph S. Myers, (professional) Paul Kolb and Thomas Carrigan. *Foxhounds:* 50 couples Welsh, American and crossbred. Kennels at Ambler, R. D. 1, and Pennsburg, R. D. 1. *Fox hunting* (native red and gray): August to April, three days a week and occasional bye days. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation of the Master. Hunters cannot be rented. Hounds went out 124 times last season.

Country is 20 miles square. Lower country: rocky pasture land, farm land, and woodland; stone walls, post-and-rail, snake fences, chicken coops and brush paneling. Upper country: rolling grass, very large fields, practically no wire, stone walls and snake fences.

ESSEX FOX HOUNDS

Peapack,
New Jersey.
Established 1912.
Recognized 1912.

Supported by subscriptions and cappings. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, orange collar; evening—scarlet, apricot silk facing. *Joint Masters:* (1929) Kenneth B. Schley and (1938) Anderson Fowler. *Honorary Secretary:* Frederick S. Moseley, Jr. *Huntsman:* (professional) William Thomas. *Whippers-In:* (1st) Nat Brown; (2nd) George Connor. *Foxhounds:* 50 couples American. Kennels at Peapack. *Fox Hunting:* October to February, three days a week and bye-days. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt on payment of fixed subscription or capping. Hunters can be rented from Wm. Cleland and John Beyster, Far Hills. Race Meeting late October, at Far Hills. Hounds went out 126 times last season.

Country very varied; approximately 25 by 20 miles; hilly, with plenty of coverts and fair amount of grass; fences all post-and-rail.

FAIRFAX HUNT

Vienna, (Route 1),
Virginia.
Established 1927.
Recognized 1933.

Club supported by dues and capping. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, old-gold collar. *Joint Masters:* (1937) Dr. William McClellan and (1938) C. Reed Thomas. *Honorary Secretary:* R. W. Wilson. *Foxhounds:* 15 couples American (Virginia and Walker). Club and Kennels are located on Hunters Mill Road near Brown's Chapel, Fairfax County. *Fox hunting:* October 15 to March 15, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt when properly recommended by a member; $5 cap fee. Accommodations at Hotel in Herndon, 3 miles from kennels; Washington, D. C., 20 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented locally, $5 per day. Horse Show last Saturday in April. Hounds went out 36 times last season.

Country approximately 15 miles square; rolling plains, with post-and-rail, and panels. Considerable woods.

FAIRFIELD COUNTY HOUNDS

Westport,
Connecticut.
Established 1924.
Recognized 1926.

Foxhunting Association of the Fairfield County Hunt Club. Supported by subscriptions and capping. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, with blue collar, gold edging; evening — same, with gold lapels. *Master:* (1937) Alfred G. Allen. *Honorary Secretary:* Mrs. Donald G. Perkins. *Huntsman:* (professional) George Thomas. *Whipper-In:* (honorary) Raymond Burr. *Foxhounds:* 25 couples American. Kennels at Clubhouse, Westport. *Fox hunting:* Two days a week, September 1 to March 15. Visitors permitted to hunt on payment of capping fee. Accommodations at Open Door, Westport, 3 miles from kennels; Pequot Inn, Southport, 2 miles, Stratfield Hotel, Bridgeport, 5 miles, and at other hotels. Hunters can be rented from the club. Horse Show near end of June; Race Meeting in September. (Adjacent Hunts). Hounds went out 72 times last season.

The country is about 30 square miles and has rolling hills with stone walls and post-and-rail jumps.

FAIRFIELD & WESTCHESTER HOUNDS

Stanwich Road,
Greenwich,
Connecticut.
Established 1913.
Recognized 1914.

Club pack, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, orange collar, canary waistcoat; evening—scarlet, orange facings and white waistcoat. *Master:* (1936) George L. Ohrstrom. *Honorary Secretary:* Richard I. Robinson. *Huntsman:* Alton C. Gover. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) William W. Brainard, Jr., (professional) (1st) Herman Chadwick. *Foxhounds:* 20 couples American. *Draghounds:* 10 couples American for junior drags. Kennels on Stanwich Road, Coscob. *Fox hunting:* Two days a week from September 1 until weather conditions prohibit hunting. *Junior drag hunting:* One day a week in September until weather conditions prohibit hunting. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt as guests; capping fee. Nearest hotel accommodations at Greenwich. Hunters can be rented from Round Hill Club Stable Co., Peck's Land Road, Greenwich. Greenwich Horse Show in September; Hunter Trials in October; Race Meeting in May. Hounds went out 55 times last season.

Approximate area of country, 20,000 acres in Fairfield County, Connecticut, and Westchester County, New York. Mostly stone-wall country, practically no wire, with large woodland coverts and intervening grasslands. Style of horse, three-quarter-bred or better.

FARMINGTON HUNT CLUB

Charlottesville, (Box 1),
Virginia.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1932.

Club pack, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, Belgian-blue collar; no evening dress as yet. *Joint Masters:* (1935) Rodger R. Rinehart and (1929) Mrs. J. P. Jones. *Honorary Secretary:* W. A. Rinehart. *Huntsman:* Grover Vandevender. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Dr. J. P. Jones, A. M. Keith, and Llewellyn Miller. *Hounds:* 12 couples American foxhounds; 12 couples American draghounds. Kennels, Garth Road, 7 miles northwest of Charlottesville. *Fox and drag hunting:* October 1 to April 10; fox two days a week, drag one day a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; capping $5 a day. Accommodations, Farmington Country Club, Charlottesville, center of hunting country. Hunters can be rented from Grover Vandevender, at kennels; Mrs. A. M. Keith, University; or G. N. Watson, Birdwood. Club Horse Show October 8th; Junior Show in May. Hunter Trials in April. Hounds went out 89 times last season.

Country has about a 25-mile area; fairly rolling and open. Plank and rail, pole and chicken coops.

FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION HUNT

Fort Bliss,
Texas.
Established 1933.

Club pack, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, cavalry-yellow lapel and artillery-red collar; evening—military uniform. *Master:* To be elected. *Honorary Secretary:* Lt. Col. Harding Polk. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) To be appointed. *Foxhounds:* 11 couples English; ½ couple Welsh. Kennels at Fort Bliss. *Coyote, gray fox, mountain lion, bobcat and drag hunting:* November 1 to March 30, one day a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, as guests of the members. Hotel accommodations at El Paso, Texas, 6 miles from kennels; Guest House, Fort Bliss, one mile from kennels. Hunters are not rented, but can be procured from horses available at Fort Bliss. Horse Show annually in October. Hounds went out 41 times.

The hunting territory available is practically unlimited. The Fort Bliss reservation comprises about 15,000 acres, generally level to rolling. Thirty miles east, within easy vanning distance, lies the Hueco Mountain Plateau and Mr. Helm's ranch of six hundred sections which has been made available for hunting. This land is rolling to rugged. Adjoining Fort Bliss to the north and northeast is Mr. McIlroy's ranch of indefinite extent, but certainly not less than fifteen miles wide by thirty miles long, with all kinds of going from smooth level plains to the foothills of two mountain ranges. All of this section of the southwest is covered with desert growth and is inhabited by coyotes, rabbits, mountain lions and bobcats, with an occasional gray fox. Jumps mostly timber.

FORT BELVOIR HUNT

Fort Belvoir,
Virginia.
Established 1935.

Military organization; supported by appropriations from Engineer Mess. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, white collar, white waistcoat. *Joint Masters:* (1936) Maj. Alex. B. MacNabb and (1937) Lt. Col. Creswell Garlington. *Honorary Secretary:* 1st Lt. John P. Buehler. *Huntsmen:* The Masters alternate in hunting the pack. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Capt. Doswell Gullatt, Capt. Thomas North, Capt. Charles W. McCarthy, 1st Lt. James R. Hagan and 2nd Lt. A. E. White. *Foxhounds:* 11 couples English, American and crossbred. Kennels at Fort Belvoir. *Drag hunting:* October 15th to April 1st. Two days a week. Strangers and visitors permitted to hunt on invitation of the Master or a member. Accommodations at Penn Daw Hotel and George Mason Hotel, Alexandria. Hunters cannot be rented, but invited guests of the Hunt can be mounted. Three Horse Shows annually, sponsored jointly by the Engineer School and the Hunt. Hounds went out 31 times last season.

About 20 square miles of gently rolling seaboard country with thick woodlands and broad meadows. Jumps are small natural ditches, post-and-rail, and chicken coops.

FORT LEAVENWORTH HUNT

Fort Leavenworth,
Kansas.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1931.

Club pack, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, green collar, yellow waistcoat; evening dress—as prescribed for U. S. Army, or scarlet with green facings. *Joint Masters:* (1938) Lt. Col. F. Gilbreath and (1938) Lt. Col. Paul Davison. *Honorary Secretary:* Capt. Frederic deL. Comfort. *Huntsmen:* The Masters. *Kennel Huntsman:* Sergeant Brice Stafford. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Major M. H. Ellis, Capt. F. deL. Comfort, Capt. J. P. Willey, Capt. H. M. Zeller, Lieut. Col. T. G. Taylor, Capt. R. G. Lowe, Capt. R. D. Palmer, Major W. N. Todd and Lieut. R. H. Harrison. *Foxhounds:* 13 couples American, 1 couple crossbred. Kennels at Fort Leavenworth. *Coyote, wolf, fox, and drag hunting:* Three days a week, October 9th to April 16th. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, as guests of members of the Hunt. Accommodations at Officers' Club, one mile from kennels. Hunters are furnished to invited guests. Spring Race Meeting about May 20th. Hounds went out 75 times last season.

Country 16 miles square, comprising rolling wooded hills, river bottoms, and farm lands, lying in Missouri and Kansas, adjacent to the military reservation of Fort Leavenworth, paneled with post-and-rail.

FORT OGLETHORPE HUNT

Fort Oglethorpe,
Georgia.
Established 1909-1935.

Club, supported by Fort Oglethorpe Officers' Club. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, yellow collar. *Master:* (1938) Major Hans E. Kloepfer. *Honorary Secretary:* Charles B. Coleman. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Kennel Huntsmen:* Pvt. Linder and Pvt. Lee. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Capt. William P. Withers, Lieut. William R. Prince. *Foxhounds:* 8½ couples American and 1½ couples crossbred. Kennels at Fort Oglethorpe. *Fox and drag hunting:* October 1st to April 1st, two days a week. Strangers or visitors are permitted to hunt as guests of a member. Accommodations at Chattanooga, Tennessee, nine mines from the Kennels. Hunters are furnished to invited guests. Hunter Trials and Horse Show in October. Annual Point to Point in April. Hounds

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went out 52 times last season.

The country is 11 by 9 miles. Rolling to hilly with open woods. Jumps are natural ditches with rail fences.

FOXCATCHER HOUNDS

Fair Hill (P. O., Elkton),
Cecil County, Maryland.
Established 1912.
Recognized 1926.

Private pack. *Hunt livery and colors:* Black, blue and gold striped collar; evening—scarlet, blue and gold striped collar. *Master:* (1912) William duPont, Jr. *Honorary Secretary:* John K. Garrigues. *Huntsman:* (professional) Kemp B. Furr. *Whippers-In:* (professional), (1st) Cecil Gregg, (2nd) Fred Davis. *Foxhounds:* 40 couples American. Kennels at Fair Hill. *Fox hunting:* Four days a week, weather permitting, November to March. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation. Accommodations at du Pont Hotel, Wilmington, Delaware, 18 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Race Meeting, Horse Show Sept. 9th and 10th at Fair Hill.

Rolling country approximately 20 by 10 miles with small coverts and good open galloping; a good number of passable ravines and brooks. Jumps are mostly natural wood fences.

FOX CHAPEL HUNT

R. F. D. 2,
Fox Chapel District,
Sharpsburg,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1926.
Recognized 1927.

Incorporated club, supported by annual dues: formerly called Pittsburgh Hunt. *Hunt livery and colors:* Green, canary-yellow collar; evening—scarlet, canary-yellow collar and facings. *Master:* (1933) John W. Lawrence. *Honorary Secretary:* Mrs. George M. Laughlin, III. *Huntsman:* (prof.) John Potter. *Whippers-In:* (professional) Harold Ridley and John Beach. *Foxhounds:* 17 couples American; 2 couples English, 2 couples crossbred. Kennels at Bakerstown. *Fox and drag hunting:* October 1 to February 1, two days a week and all holidays. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation of the Master or by arrangement with the secretary. Accommodations at Pittsburgh hotels, 15 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from stables of Ben K. Carr, 3 miles from kennels, or of John W. Beach, few miles from kennels. Annual Horse Show middle of June for juniors under 21.

Country is approximately 10 by 12 miles, rolling to hilly, mostly uncultivated. Jumps are post-and-rail, board fences, chicken coops, with some worm fences.

FRANKSTOWN HUNT

Altoona,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1933.
Recognized 1938.

Club, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, yellow collar, yellow waistcoat; evening—same. *Joint Masters:* (1937) Paul T. Winter and (1937) Charles E. Maloy, Jr. *Honorary Secretary:* Major B. I. Levine. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) Charles E. Maloy. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Carl E. Davies, Richard Shaffer and Major B. I. Levine. *Foxhounds:* 12 couples American. Kennels at Plank Road, Altoona. *Drag Hunting:* October 10th to March 31st; two days a week and all holidays. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, on invitation of member and payment of cap. Accommodations at Penn Alto Hotel, 5 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from Highland Hall Stables, Hollidaysburg, three miles from kennels, at $5 per hunt. Annual Horse Show held on Labor Day; Hunter Trials on Decoration Day. Hounds went out 44 times last season.

Country is approximately 12 by 15 miles with rolling hills, some high ridges with steep slopes and considerable wooded country in parts. About forty per cent is waste land and pasture. Considerable wire but country well paneled, mostly with post-and-rails, some original fences.

GENESEE VALLEY HUNT

Geneseo,
New York.
Established 1876.
Recognized 1894.

Supported by subscriptions, by invitation. *Hunt livery and colors:* Dark blue, buff collar; evening—scarlet, Nile-green facings. *Master:* (1933) William P. Wadsworth. *Honorary Secretary:* Lockwood F. Youngs. *Huntsman:* (professional) Harry Andrews. *Whipper-In:* (professional) Frank Haines. *Foxhounds:* 29½ couples Genesee Valley. Kennels 2 miles from Geneseo on Geneseo-Avon Road. *Fox hunting:* September until weather conditions make it impossible to hunt, three days a week, and occasional bye days. Visitors permitted to hunt, as house guests of subscribers. Hotel accommodation at Big Tree Inn, Geneseo, 2 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from Troop M Farms at Troop I Armory, Geneseo; $15 single day, reduction by week or month, groom service to meets included. Race Meeting at kennels in Geneseo. Point-to-Point in Livingston County.

Country is approximately 20 by 30 miles. Rolling pasture and farm lands with plenty of woodland; chicken coops, post-and-rail, snake fences.

GLENMORE HUNT

Staunton,
Virginia.
Established 1930.
Recognized 1935.

Supported by subscriptions and dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, Yale-blue collar; evening—not yet adopted. *Master:* (1938) Forest T. Taylor. *Honorary Secretary:* Miss Ann M. Loth. *Huntsmen* Honorary: Fox—John Robson; Drag—Moffett Black. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Miss Agnes Sproul, C. E. Bush, Jr.; *Alternate*—John Robson. *Foxhounds:* 12 couples American; 9 couples crossbred. Kennels on farm of John W. Todd, Jr., 2 miles southeast of Staunton. *Fox and drag hunting:* October 9 to April 30, inclusive; drag hunt one day a week and fox hunt one day a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation of members of the club, as guests of the club or of individual members. Hotel accommodations at Stonewall Jackson and Beverley Hotels, Staunton, 2 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented. Hunter Trials last of April of each year on farm of John W. Todd, Jr. Hounds went out 69 times last season.

The country is approximately 25 by 20 miles. Both mountainous and open country; natural rail and paneled fences.

GOLDENS BRIDGE HOUNDS

Goldens Bridge,
New York.
Established 1924.
Recognized 1925.

Supported by subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, black collar. Ladies—black, scarlet collar; evening—scarlet, black collar, white silk facings. *Master:* (1933) Mrs. James C. Clark. *Honorary Secretary:* H. Duncombe, Jr. *Huntsman:* (professional) John Hughes. *Whipper-In:* (professional) Morris Fell. *Foxhounds:* 40 couples American. Kennels at Goldens Bridge. *Fox hunting:* September 8 to January 15, three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt only three times per season, then only if introduced by a member, and on payment of $10 cap fee. No hotel accommodations. Hunters can be rented from Waccabuc Stables, Waccabuc Lake. Hounds went out 94 times last season.

Country is approximately 18 by 22 miles; practically all stone walls, hill-and-dale country, good coverts, with very fair rides, good-sized grass fields, used for many years as a grazing country; type of horse needed is good-sized three-quarter-bred as walls are big, with large fields to gallop over and it is quite hilly in some sections.

GREEN MOUNTAIN HUNT

Esmont,
Virginia.
Established 1931.
Recognized 1932.

Private pack, privately supported. *Hunt livery and colors:* Dark gray, with blue piping; evening—none. *Master:* (1933) Ray Alan Van Clief. *Honorary Secretary:* Mrs. Horatio L. Small. *Huntsman:* (professional) Thomas Wood. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Mrs. Horatio L. Small, Miss Elizabeth Coles, Miss Margaret Bradley; (professional) William Garfield. *Foxhounds:* 15 couples American. Kennels at "Nydrie," Esmont. *Fox hunting:* October 15 to March 1, two days a week. Visitors permitted to hunt, as guests. Nearest hotel accommodations at Monticello Hotel, Charlottesville, 17 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Hounds went out 40 times last season.

Country approximately 10 by 16 miles; hilly, heavily wooded. Rail jumps, chicken coops.

GREEN SPRING VALLEY HUNT

Glyndon,
Maryland.
Established 1892.
Recognized 1904.

Supported by Hunt subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, green velvet collar; evening—scarlet, green facings. Masters, ex-Masters, and members and ex-members of the honorary staff wear green velvet collars. *Master:* (1937) John K. Shaw, Jr. *Honorary Secretary:* George Carey, Jr. *Huntsman:* (professional) Odes E. Hayes. *Whipper-In:* (professional) Ernest Boblits. *Foxhounds:* 35 couples crossbred. Kennels at Worthington Valley, Baltimore. *Fox hunting:* (Cubbing September 1 to October 1) three days a week and all holidays from October 1 to April 1. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt by invitation, and contribution to the Master's fund. Hotel accommodations at Cockeysville, Towson, and Baltimore, 5, 10, and 15 miles from kennels, respectively. Hunters can be rented occasionally, but only a very few are available. Maryland Grand National Point-to-Point in April; Maryland Hunt Cup in April; Maryland Hunts Horse Show, first Friday and Saturday in October. Hounds went out 82 times last season.

The country extends about 25 by 12 miles. The home country is open and rolling, with a great deal of grass. Outlying districts are rough and heavily wooded. Post-and-rail and board fences predominate. Strongly made hounds with a great deal of note and able to persevere without help are necessary for the country; this has been accomplished by the judicious crossing of American and English foxhounds. On the east side the country adjoins the Elkridge-Harford Hunt Club country.

GROTON HUNT CLUB

Groton,
Massachusetts.
Established 1922.
Recognized 1923.

Club, supported by subscriptions and caps. *Hunt livery and colors:* Blue, buff collar; evening—scarlet, blue collar, buff facings. *Joint Masters:* (1936) Mrs. Richard E. Danielson, (1937) Frederick H. Lovejoy. *Honorary Secretary:* Samuel E. Peabody. *Huntsman:* (professional) Fred Armstrong. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Bigelow Crocker, W. O. Luscombe, Jr., (professional) Matthew O'Connor. *Foxhounds:* 20 couples English, cross-bred and Welsh. Kennels at Groton. *Drag hunting:* Two days a week, *fox hunting:* One day. September 1 to December 1. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, on payment of cap fee of $5 or subscription if hunting regularly. Accommodations at Groton Inn, 3 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from Mrs. June Brainerd, Groton.

The country hunted is approximately 20 miles square, in Massachusetts and in New Hampshire. It is a wooded and open rolling country. Jumps are stone walls and panels.

HEADLEY HUNT

Zanesville,
Ohio.
Established 1935.
Recognized 1936.

Club, supported by dues, subscriptions and fees. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, gentian collar with light-blue piping; evening—same. *Joint Masters:* (1935) Trafford Tallmadge and (1937) Mrs. James J. Sexton, Jr. *Honorary Secretary:* Edward Durell. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) William M. Summer. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Claude C. W. Middleton, Samuel L. Black, (professional) John Parker and James U. Wray. *Foxhounds:* 17½ couples English, ½ couples American. Kennels at Zanesville. *Fox hunting:* Three days a week and bye days from September 1 until weather prohibits. Strangers and visitors permitted to hunt on invitation and payment of capping fee. Accommodations at Hotel Zane, Zanesville, 5 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Pleasure Guild Charity Horse Show and a private Hunt Race. Hounds went out 57 times last season.

Country about 10 by 12 miles, rolling and part hilly; part heavily wooded. Jumps post-and rail-panels, and natural worm fences

HARMONY HOLLOW HOUNDS

Harbourton,
New Jersey.
Established 1931.
Recognized 1937.

Private pack. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, yellow collar; evening—scarlet, yellow facings. *Joint Masters:* (1931) Col. E. C. Rose and (1931) Joseph M. Roebling. *Huntsman:* Master, Mr. Roebling, carries the horn. *Kennel Huntsman:* Jack Smith. *Whippers-In:* (professional) J. McNamara. *Foxhounds:* 17 couples English. Kennels on property of Mr. Roebling, outside Harbourton. *Fox hunting:* Three days a week and bye days, from September 15 as long as weather permits. Visitors and strangers welcome to hunt. Accommodation at Stacy-Trent Hotel, Trenton, about 10 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Hounds went out 21 times last season.

Country 8 by 15 miles. Jumps mostly panels erected by the Hunt, with some natural post-and-rail, snake fences, and stone walls.

HILLSBORO HOUNDS

Brentwood,
P. O. Box 941, Nashville,
Tennessee.
Established 1932.

Supported by subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet. *Master:* (1932) Mason Houghland. *Honorary Secretary:* John Sloan. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) John Sloan, (professional) Felix Peach. *Foxhounds:* 28 couples American, strain developed by Joseph B. Thomas. Kennels at Brentwood. *Fox hunting:* November 1 to April 15, two days a week. Any visitor who sincerely likes to hunt needs no further introduction. Hotel accommodations at Nashville, 10 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented at Nashville, $7.50 per day. Annual Oglesby Horse Show (heart of the country). Races, "Green Pastures" in May.

Country is quite extensive, rolling to hilly, with the good part of it liberally wired and the poor part of it is all in rail.

HOWARD COUNTY HUNT

Ellicott City,
Maryland.
Established 1930.
Recognized 1932.

Club pack, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, canary-yellow collar. Master wears circular button with gold tint. *Master:* (1930) Augustus Riggs, 3rd. *Honorary Secretary* Charles Carroll, Jr. *Huntsman:* (professional) Benjamin F. Funk. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) M. L. Dawson Lee, Kenneth Hobbs, R. G. Harper Carroll; (professional) Stuart E. Myers. *Foxhounds* 20 couples American. Kennels at Glenelg, Howard County. *Fox hunting:* September 15 to April 1, three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, upon invitation of member; $5 cap. Hotel accommodations at Baltimore or Washington, 25 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Hounds went out 70 times last season.

Country about 10 by 20 miles. Agricultural country mostly, rolling, with sections hilly and wooded. Jumps are natural post-and-rail fences, with post-and-rail panels where there is wire.

HUNTINGDON VALLEY HUNT

Ivyland,
Bucks County,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1914.
Recognized 1914.

Club, supported by dues and subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, blue collar; evening—same. *Master:* (1921) Wharton Sinkler. *Honorary Secretary:* H. Douglas Paxson, *Huntsman:* Clifford R. Brumfield. *Whippers-In:* (professional) George Null. *Foxhounds:* 27 couples American. Kennels at Jacksonville, Bucks County. *Fox hunting:* (cubbing in August) October 1 to April 1, three days a week and occasional bye days. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation only. Nearest hotel accommodations at Philadelphia. Hunters cannot be rented. Race Meeting first Saturday in October. Hounds went out about 105 times last season.

Country hunted is Bucks County. Approximately 15 by 38 miles.

** Indicates no changes reported since 1937. The date preceding the name of Master is year in which office was entered.*

[illegible] S. HOUL

(1938) Major Harry C. McC. Henderson. *Honorary Secretary.* 2nd Lt. Frederick H. [illegible] Searby, 1st Lt. David H. Buchanan, 2nd Lt. Fred'k H. Gaston. Mrs. Wendell H. [illegible] and 1 couple English. Kennels at Fort Benning. *Fox, bobcat, boar and drag hunting:* October to March inclusive. One day a [illegible] hunt, by arrangement with the Master. [illegible] may be provided to guests of Officers [illegible] Master. Spring and Autumn Horse Shows in May and November. Hunter Trials in December. Hounds went out 47 times.

[illegible] ditch and water jumps, also post-and-rail, and chicken-coop jumps.

[illegible] HUNT & POLO CLUB

Kentucky.
[illegible]
Inactive 1914-1926.
[illegible]

[illegible] scriptions. *Hunt livery and colors* Scarlet, [illegible] with blue piping. *Master:* (1931) Edward F. Spears. *Honorary Secretary:* L. B. Shouse, Jr. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) W. F. Pursley, and Byron Hil- [illegible] (Walker). Kennels at Grimes Mill, Fayette County. *Fox hunting:* (Cubbing through October) October 1 to April 30, or until weather gets too hot, two days a week and holidays. Strangers or visitors permitted [illegible] Lafayette Hotel and Phoenix Hotel, Lexington, 12 miles from kennels. By notifying the Master, mounts can be arranged. Horse [illegible] 42 times last season.

The country is approximately 20 miles [illegible] coop panels and stone walls, with numerous broad and deep creeks, with firm banks.

JACOBS HILL HUNT

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] scriptions. *Hunt livery and colors* Scarlet. [illegible] Knowles. *Honorary Secretary:* Maj. H. Stanford McLeod. *Huntsman:* Either Joint [illegible] bred and English. Kennels at Seekonk. *Drag* [illegible] cember 25, three days a week and holidays. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt by [illegible] can be rented from W. J. Rancourt stables. [illegible]

Country is 12 by 15 miles, meadow, pas- [illegible]

MR. JEFFORDS' HOUNDS

[illegible]
Pennsylvania.
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

The 1938 Official Annual Roster of the Organized Hunts of America

MIDDLEBURG HUNT

Middleburg,
Loudoun County,
Virginia.
Established 1906.
Recognized 1908.

Supported by subscriptions and capping. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, apple-green collar; evening—scarlet, with scarlet velvet collar, apple-green facings. *Joint Masters:* (1912) Daniel C. Sands and (1932) Miss Charlotte H. Noland. *Honorary Secretary:* Miss Laura Sprague. *Huntsman* (professional) Robert M. Maddux. *Whippers-In:* (professional) Charles George. *Foxhounds:* 40 couples American. Kennels 3 miles north of Middleburg. *Fox hunting* November 1 to March 15, three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; $15 per hunt or $300 per season. Hunters cannot be rented. Race Meetings second Saturday in April and in November; Horse Show last week in October. Hounds went out 69 times last season.

Country approximately 10 by 15 miles, three fourths of which is grazing and one fourth grain-growing. A portion is rolling and hilly and remainder is very level. Stone walls and rail fences predominate and the entire area is extensively paneled.

MILLBROOK HUNT

Millbrook,
Dutchess County,
New York.
Established 1907.
Recognized 1909.

Supported by subscriptions of landowners. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, black collar with green piping; evening—scarlet, with black velvet collar, green facings. *Joint Masters:* (1932) Frederic H. Bontecou and (1936) William J. Knapp. *Honorary Secretary:* Heman Gifford. *Huntsman:* (professional) Elias Chadwell. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) R. Watson Pomeroy; (professional) Aubrey Chadwell. *Foxhounds:* 50 couples American (Virginia). Kennels at Millbrook. *Fox hunting:* August to December, four days a week. A limited number of strangers or visitors permitted to hunt upon application to Executive Committee. Accommodations at Red Pheasant Inn, 6 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from E. C. Bowden. Hounds went out 71 times last season.

Country is approximately 18 by 23 miles. A grass country, with some woodland and little plow. Fences are of timber, composed of posts and rails, snake fences, and stone walls (mostly with riders).

MILL CREEK HUNT

Millburn
(P. O. Wadsworth),
Illinois.
Established 1902.
Recognized 1920.

Formerly Onwentsia Hunt of Lake Forest until November 30, 1933.

Supported by dues and subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, blue collar with yellow piping; evening—same. *Joint Masters:* (1921) Austin H. Niblack and (1936) S. Prentice Porter. *Honorary Secretary:* Prince Michael Cantacuzene. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) S. Prentice Porter. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) James Simpson, Jr., (professional and kennel huntsman) Joseph Jasper. *Foxhounds:* 25 couples English harriers. Kennels at Millburn. *Drag hunting:* Four days a week; occasional bye days, from Labor Day to Christmas. Strangers and visitors permitted to hunt three times, $10 cap per hunt. Accommodations at Deerpath Inn, Lake Forest, 15 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Lake Forest Horse Show middle of June; Hunter Trials in October. Hounds went out about 55 times last season.

Country consists of a south country approximately 5 miles by 3½ miles, directly west of Lake Forest and a north country, approximately 9 miles by 3½ miles. Rolling country, good proportion of grass. Fences mostly rail, board, and chicken coops, some stone walls and Aiken fences.

MILLWOOD HUNT

Framingham Centre,
Massachusetts.
Established 1870.
Recognized 1924.

Private pack supported by dues and capping. *Hunt livery and colors:* Green, old-gold collar; evening—green, old-gold collar and facings. *Master:* (1930) George H. D. Lamson. *Honorary Secretary:* Roland M. Baker, Jr. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Whipper-In:* (Honorary) John Hopewell and Mrs. W. B. Long. *Foxhounds:* 8 couples English, 15 couples crossbred and 6 couples American. Kennels on Edmands Road, Framingham Centre. *Drag hunting:* September 1 to December 1; three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, on payment of $5 cap fee. Hotel accommodations at Crane and Kettle; and at Wayside Inn, 1¼ miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from the Hunt, $10 per hunt. Hounds went out 47 times last season.

Country is approximately 10 by 15 miles. Very wooded and cut up. Some good galloping in certain runs. A good deal of paneling; coops, rails, stone walls with riders.

MILWAUKEE HUNT CLUB

Milwaukee Country Club,
Station F, Box 157,
R. R. 10.
Milwaukee,
Wisconsin.
Established 1924.
Recognized 1926.

Club pack, supported by Milwaukee Country Club. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, with black collar and gold piping; evening—same. *Master:* (1937) Chester D. Baird. *Huntsman:* (professional) Capt. A. C. Elliott. *Whipper-In:* (Honorary) James Kieckhefer. *Foxhounds:* 12 couples crossbred. Kennels at Milwaukee Country Club. *Drag Hunting:* August 15 to December 15, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; cap. Accommodations at Milwaukee Country Club, from which hunters can be rented. Milwaukee Country Club Horse Show between July 1 and 15. Hounds went out 45 times.

Country about 7 by 8 miles. Rolling hills, river crossings. Timber and stone jumps.

MISSION VALLEY HUNT

Johnson County,
(P. O., Box No. 316,
Overland Park),
Kansas.
Established 1927.
Recognized 1930.

Club, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, navy-blue collar, canary-yellow pipings; evening—same; canary-yellow waistcoat worn with field uniform. *Joint Masters:* (1933) James Kemper and (1937) Mrs. Jay V. Holmes. *Honorary Secretary:* Byron Spencer. *Huntsman:* (professional) Joseph Mackey. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) O. G. Bitler, Byron Spencer, and W. W. Guernsey. *Foxhounds:* 13½ couples American (Walker), 2½ couples English, 3½ couples crossbred. Kennels on 83rd Street, between Shawnee Mission Road and Nall Avenue. *Fox, coyote and drag hunting:* (Cub hunting September 15 to October 10); regular season October 10 to April 1, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, if from recognized Hunts and by invitation; cap, $3. Nearest hotel accommodation at Kansas City, 4½ miles from Kennels. Hunters can be rented at Somerset Place Stables one half mile from kennels. American Royal Horse Show October 15-22. Steeplechase first Saturday in May. Hounds went out 92 times last season.

Country is 15 by 20 miles; mostly rolling, practically all blue grass. Plenty of timber and small coverts. Jumps are post-and-rail, stone walls, and hedges; completely paneled.

MONMOUTH COUNTY HUNT

Box 588, Red Bank,
New Jersey.
Established 1885.
Recognized 1904.

Public pack, supported by subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* (Foxhounds) scarlet, maroon collar; (harriers) green, maroon collar with yellow piping; evening—scarlet, maroon collar, scarlet facings. *Master:* (1933) Amory L. Haskell. *Honorary Secretary:* Edwin Stewart, III. *Huntsman:* (professional, for both packs) Albert Smith. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Bourne Ruthrauff, Edwin Stewart and E. Gaddis Plum, (professional) Lee Van Brunt. *Foxhounds:* 3 couples English; *harriers,* 60 couples. Kennels at Woodland Farm, Red Bank. *Hare hunting, (occasional fox):* October 1 to February 1, four days a week, and all holidays. Members of other Hunts cordially invited; cap. Hotel accommodation at Molly Pitcher Hotel, Red Bank, 5 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from William Foales, Shrewsbury and Thomas S. Field, Middletown. Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association annual meeting third Saturday in October at Woodland Farm, Red Bank, estate of Amory L. Haskell. Hounds went out 80 times last season.

Country is approximately 30 by 35 miles; mixed hilly and lowland country, under cultivation. Rail fences. Can be reached from New York in one hour and a half.

MONTPELIER HUNT

Orange,
Virginia.
Established 1924, 1927.
Recognized 1926.

Private. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, with blue collar; evening—same. *Joint Masters:* (1927) Mrs. G. Randolph Scott and (1933) Morris S. Clark. *Honorary Secretary* M. S. Clark. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) Morris S. Clark; (professional) Link Brooking. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) (1st) James H. Blackwell, (2nd) W. W. Sanford, Jr., and C. T. Neale. *Foxhounds:* 24 couples American (tricolor and red). Kennels at Montpelier Station. *Fox (red and gray) hunting:* (Cubbing middle August to October 1) October 1 to March 1, two packs six days a week, weather permitting. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by calling up, or by coming out with some of the regular riders. Accommodations at James Madison Hotel, Orange, 5 miles from the kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Race Meeting at Mrs. Scott's at Montpelier Station; Hunter Trials at Mr. Clark's. Hounds went out 60 times.

Country is approximately 30 by 15 miles. Heavily wooded, rough and hilly country. Virginia worm fences predominate; some chicken coops, post-and-rail and log jumps.

MONTREAL HUNT

Fresnière,
Province of Quebec,
Canada.
Established 1826.
Recognized since its inception.

Supported by annual dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet; evening—scarlet, dark-blue collar and facings. *Master:* (1937) W. W. Ogilvie. *Honorary Secretary:* A. O. Mackay. *Huntsman:* (professional) Will Woodward. *Whipper-In:* (professional) G. Mondou. *Foxhounds:* 28½ couples English. Kennels at Grande Fresnière. *Fox hunting:* Three days a week, from the first Saturday after September 15 until permanently stopped by frost, usually about the middle of November. (Cub hunting begins mid-August). Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; cap of $5 per hunt. Hotel accommodation at St. Eustache, 3 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Open-Air Horse Show early in June; Point-to-Point and Hunter Trials in October.

Country is approximately 25 by 30 miles and consists of part of the County of Two Mountains, part of the County of Terrebonne, and Bizard Island; Arable and pasture predominate; inclosures small, fenced with timber, rails, and stone walls with a ditch; much woodland. There is wire.

MOORE COUNTY HOUNDS

Southern Pines,
Moore County,
North Carolina.
Established 1914.
Recognized 1920.

Private pack. Contributions toward a fencing fund are accepted. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, navy-blue collar; evening—scarlet, bright-blue collar. *Joint Masters:* (1914) James Boyd and (1914) Jackson H. Boyd. *Honorary Secretary:* Jackson H. Boyd. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) Jackson H. Boyd. *Kennel Huntsman:* (prof.) Cicero Carpenter. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Almet Jenks, Wm. Stratton and Merrit Sugg. *Foxhounds:* 2½ couples American; 35 couples crossbred; 1½ couples English harriers. Kennels at Southern Pines. *Fox and drag hunting:* One fixture a week fox, with an occasional bye day; two fixtures a week drag; November 1 to March 1. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation. There are several good hotels in and near Southern Pines. Hunters can be rented, terms as arranged with renter. Hounds went out 78 times.

Country hunted is approximately 20 miles square in the southeastern part of Moore County; a gently rolling woodland country, some parts of which are pastures and plow; sandy soil. While not stiffly fenced, this country requires a stout, clever horse.

MYOPIA HUNT CLUB

Hamilton,
Massachusetts.
Estabilshed 1882.
Recognized 1894.

Club pack, supported partly by dues and partly by subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, canary-yellow collar; evening—scarlet, canary silk facings. *Master:* (1936) Gordon C. Prince. *Honorary Secretary:* Edward F. MacNichol. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Kennel Huntsman:* (professional) Jack Grant. *Whippers-In:* (professional) (1st) Jack Grant; (2nd) E. A. Haley and (Honorary) Bayard Tuckerman, Jr. and Francis B. Chalifoux. *Foxhounds:* 10 couples English and Welsh; 16 couples American and crossbred. Kennels at Hamilton. *Fox and drag hunting:* Fox two days a week, and drag three days, September to January; fox hunting through the winter as conditions permit. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation. Nearest hotel accommodations at Salem, 10 miles from kennels. A few hunters can be rented. Horse Show on Labor Day; Hunter Trials in October. Race Meeting in November. Hounds went out about 96 times last season.

Country hunted is Essex County, Massachusetts, and into New Hampshire and is approximately 20 by 17 miles. Pasture, and some large woodlands. Stone walls with riders, post-and-rail and board paneling.

NANTUCKET HARRIERS

Nantucket Island,
Massachusetts.
Established 1926.
Recognized 1931.

Subscription Hunt. *Hunt livery and colors:* Green, chamois-yellow collar; evening—same. *Master:* (1935) Mrs. Rebecca Lanier Trimpi. *Honorary Secretary:* The Master. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Miss Peggy Trimpi (professional) William Thompson, Jr. *Foxhounds:* 9½ couples beagles. Kennels on Cato Lane, Nantucket. *Hare (established native) hunting:* July, August, and part of September, four days a week, and bye days. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation of the Master, on payment of cap. Hotel accommodations at The Breakers, The White Elephant and The Sea Cliff Inns. Hunters can be rented from Nantucket Hunting Stable, Theodore Wahl, Mgr. Hounds went out about 48 times last season.

The country hunted is the entire island of Nantucket, about 14 by 4 miles. A fine galloping country of open moors and run-out farms. A few post-and-rail and board fences. Some paneling has been done around inclosures. About the only place in America where one can get a gallop behind hounds in July, August and September.

NORFOLK HUNT CLUB

Medfield,
Massachusetts.
Established 1895.
Recognized 1903.

Club; dues and hunting members must pay a regular subscription to the hounds. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, apple-green collar; evening—scarlet, apple-green facings. *Master:* (1933) Mrs. I. Tucker Burr, Jr. *Honorary Secretary:* Harold Amory. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Richard Saltonstall and Paul C. Cabot; (professional) Bragdon MacGregor. *Foxhounds:* 20 couples American. Kennels at Medfield. *Fox and drag hunting:* From the end of August to middle of December, longer if ground and snow conditions permit; three days a week: bye days on holidays. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt by invitation of the Master or executive committee. Hotel accommodations at Medfield Inn, Medfield, 2 miles from kennels. Local Hunter Trials in October. Hounds went out about 50 times last season.

The country is approximately 12 by 13 miles. Small fields, stone walls topped by riders; very few post-and-rail; some ditches.

OAKS HUNT

Great Neck,
Long Island, New York
Established 1931.

Private pack, supported by subscriptions and capping. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, yellow collar; evening—scarlet, scarlet collar, yellow facings. *Joint Masters:* (1936) Herbert E. Duck and (1937) P. J. Knickerbocker. *Honorary Secretary:* Mrs. P. J. Knickerbocker. *Honorary Field Master:* Aubrey V. Gould. *Huntsman:* Herbert E. Duck (Joint Master). *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Miss Mary Maxwell, Carl Muller and Ryder Henry. *Foxhounds:* 12 couples American, 2½ couples English. Kennels at Great Neck. *Drag hunting:* Three days a week

** Indicates no changes reported since 1937. The date preceding the name of Master is year in which office was entered.*

from October to April. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, capping or guests of subscribers. Accommodations at The Colony Hotel, Great Neck, one mile from kennels. Hunters can be rented from James Rice Stables at Great Neck; five to ten dollars. Horse Show held the middle Sunday of May. Hounds went out 72 times last season.

Country approximately 8 by 4 miles; hilly with open fields, little woods. Jumps are post-and-rail, some brush.

OCONOMOWOC HUNT

Oconomowoc,
Wisconsin.
Established 1928.
Recognized 1929.

Supported by subscriptions and capping. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, royal-purple collar; evening—scarlet, royal-purple reveres. *Joint Masters:* (1935) Robert E. Pabst and (1935) Clement Hackney. *Honorary Secretary:* Clement Hackney. *Huntsman:* Frank Cox. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Mrs. O. L. Prime and Wm. B. Chester (professional) Pat Dixon and Roy Lavender. *Foxhounds:* 6 couples English and 2 couples crossbred. Kennels at Oconomowoc. *Drag hunting:* From August 15 to November 30, two days a week and bye days. Strangers or visitors are permitted to hunt; $5 cap. Accommodations at Majestic Hotel and Draper Hall, Oconomowoc, three miles from the kennels. Hunters can be rented from Fred Pabst, Pabst Farms, Oconomowoc, and Frank Cox, Delafield. Horse Show held every other year at Oconomowoc last week in June or first week in July. Hounds went out 40 times last season.

Country is approximately 25 by 20 miles; generally rolling and well wooded, but hilly in the southern part. Some natural fences of stone walls and snake, but much of it is wired and has been paneled.

OLD CHATHAM HUNT*

Old Chatham,
Columbia County,
New York.
Established 1928.
Recognized 1930.

Club, supported by subscriptions and dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, canary-yellow collar with green piping; evening—scarlet, canary-yellow facings, green collar. *Hunt Committee:* Chester A. Braman and W. Gordon Cox. *Honorary Secretary:* R. N. Murray. *Huntsman:* (professional) Thomas Thornton. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) W. Gordon Cox, John A. Rand; (professional) Edward Burgess. *Foxhounds:* 20 couples American. Kennels at Old Chatham. *Fox hunting:* Three days a week, September 1 to January (until weather prohibits). Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation of subscriber; $10 cap. Accommodation at Old Chatham Inn, Old Chatham, one mile from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Hunter Trials in October, at Old Chatham.

Country is approximately 25 by 15 miles. Center of country surrounding kennels rolling pasture, meadow and plow lands, with small coverts. Fences post-and-rail, stone wall, stone wall with rider, chicken coops.

OLD DOMINION HOUNDS

Crest Hill,
Virginia.
Established 1924.
Recognized 1925.

Private, supported by the Master and subscriptions from invited friends and landowners. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, red collar; evening—scarlet, red collar and facings. *Master:* (1924) Sterling Larrabee. *Honorary Secretary:* The Master. *Huntsman:* (professional) Will Putnam. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Miss Anne Kenyon; (professional) Robert Kines. *Foxhounds:* 25½ couples American. Kennels near Rock Ford Bridge, Rappahannock County. *Fox hunting:* October 15 to March 15, three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt by invitation of the Master or landowners or subscribers to hounds. Accommodations at Warren Green Hotel, Warrenton, 20 miles from kennels; Rickett's Hotel, Flint Hill, 4½ miles. Hounds went out 61 times last season.

Country approximately 12 by 16 miles. Most of the country is in large grazing farms, about four fifths being in grass and the remaining fifth in woodland and plow. Fences are all big stone walls and rails, with very little wire. Requires a well-bred horse, that is an exceptional jumper.

** Indicates no changes reported since 1937. The date preceding the name of Master is year in which office was entered*

ORANGEBURG HUNT

Orangeburg,
New York.
Established 1933.

Private pack, supported by subscriptions and capping. *Hunt livery and colors:* Bottle green with emerald collar. *Joint Masters:* (1933) Gregory W. Spurr and (1933) Douglas R. Coleman. *Honorary Secretary:* Everett Martine. *Huntsman:* (professional) Frank Hawkins. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Miss Joyce Childs, Miss Phyllis Childs and Sanford Potter. *Foxhounds:* 14 couples American. *Kennels:* Orangeburg. *Drag (occasional fox), hunting:* Two season; October 15th to December 31st, two days a week and February 12th to May 1st, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt upon proper introduction by a subscriber in good standing who must request the Master's permission in advance. Accommodation at Hotel St. George, Nyack, three miles from kennels. A limited number of hunters can be rented. advance booking advisable; Shannon Stables or Bluefield Stables, Blauvelt; $10 per hunt. A horse show is held annually on October 11th. Hounds went out 40 times last season.

The country hunted is approximately ten miles square. Large coverts; considerable plough and rough abandoned farmland. For the most part a blind country; interspersed with low swampy spots which are treacherous. Fences are stone walls and wire which has been panelled with chicken coops; almost no post-and-rail.

ORANGE COUNTY HUNT CLUB

The Plains,
Virginia.
Established 1903.
Recognized 1903.

Club; Hunt expenses are met by the members, and subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet; evening—scarlet, white corded-silk facings. *Master:* (1920) Fletcher Harper. *Huntsman:* (professional) Sterling Leach. *Whippers-In:* (professional) Douglas Burgess. *Foxhounds:* 40 couples American, (medium size, of the Madison Virginia type). Kennels at The Plains. *Fox hunting:* November 1 to April 1, four days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt by invitation only; season subscription $300; cap per hunt $15 (up to four hunts). Hounds went out about 91 times last season.

The boundary of the country is irregular, but averages about 16 by 12 miles. A rolling country; fences are stone, plank and rail.

OX RIDGE HOUNDS

Temporarily inactive.
Darien,
Connecticut.
Established 1914.
Recognized 1929.

Private, supported by subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Dark green, orange collar, orange waistcoat; evening—scarlet, orange facings, green collar. *Master:* (1938) P. M. Browne. *Honorary Secretary:* Donald F. Bush. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Lawrence L. Bevans. *Foxhounds:* 3 couples English; ½ couple crossbred; 16 couples American. Kennels at Darien. *Drag and fox hunting:* About September 30 until permanent frost, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by securing card from Secretary and $10 cap. This privilege limited to 3 Hunts per season. Hunters can be rented from Charles Danforth, West Norwalk; Mrs. Sidney B. Self, New Canaan, and Mrs. Frank Thompson, Wilton. Accommodations at Tokeneke Inn, Darien—2 miles from kennels; Roger Smith Hotel, Stamford—4 miles from kennels. Horse Show in July, Ox Ridge Hounds, Darien. Adjacent Hunts Race Meeting in September at Purchase, N. Y., and Hunter Trials in October at New Canaan.

Country is 12 to 15 by 8 to 10 miles; woodland, mostly open fields; trappy. Stone walls and panels.

PERKIOMEN VALLEY HUNT CLUB

Collegeville,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1924.
Recognized 1926.

Club pack, supported by Hunt subscriptions and caps. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, dark-green collar. *Master:* (1931) Dr. Clarkson Addis. *Honorary Secretary:* Charles A. Belz. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Mrs. Clarkson Addis, Charles Allen and Jason Regar; (professional) Harry Mangold. *Foxhounds:* 30 couples American. Kennels on Tally-Ho Farm, Collegeville. *Fox hunting:* September 1 to April 1, three days a week, and all legal holidays. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, on invitation, by appointment. Accommodations at Perkiomen Bridge Hotel, one mile from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Farmers' Day held on Thanksgiving Day. Hounds went out 62 times last season.

Country covers L-shaped territory approximately 10 by 40 miles, over natural hilly country, including woods and streams.

PICKERING HUNT

Valley Forge,
(P. O. Phoenixville),
Pennsylvania.
Established 1911.
Recognized 1911.

Club supported by dues and subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet or Oxford gray, white or tan breeches; evening—scarlet, Continental blue and old-gold collar. *Master:* (1911) William J. Clothier. *Honorary Secretary:* Samuel McCreery. *Huntsman:* (professional) Edward M. Mooney. *Whipper-In:* (professional) George Leaver. *Foxhounds:* 35 couples American. Kennels at Williams Corner. *Fox hunting:* Every hunting day from September to April. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt only when invited by members; cap. Accommodations at Washington Inn, Valley Forge. Hunters cannot easily be rented. Race Meeting on Mr. Clothier's estate every fall.

A rolling country, approximately 12 by 18 miles; well wooded, but plenty of open country for galloping.

PIEDMONT FOX HOUNDS

Upperville,
Fauquier County,
Virginia.
Established 1840.
Recognized 1904.

Private pack, with fifteen proprietary members living in the country. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, old-gold collar; evening—scarlet, old-gold collar and waistcoat, and black breeches. *Master:* (1931) Dr. Archibald C. Randolph. *Honorary Secretary and Treasurer:* Richard Peach. *Huntsman:* (professional) Josh Craun. *Whipper-In:* (professional) I. Beavers. *Foxhounds:* 28 couples American. Kennels at Upperville. *Fox hunting:* October 15 to March 15, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation; subscriptions and caps printed on reverse side of Hunt cards. Fall Race Meeting. Hounds went out about 65 times last season.

Country is situated at the northern end of the Piedmont Valley, about 60 miles from Washington, D. C. It is about 20 by 12 miles. It is a grain-growing and grazing country made up of large farms. Fences are stone and wood. Large section of country is now paneled with post-and-rail. It is a big galloping country.

The Hunt was established about 1840 by Colonel Richard H. Dulany of Welbourne, as a private pack. There is a legend in the Piedmont country of a fox with two brushes that only runs on the full of the moon and has never been killed. This probably is a negro tale, but it accounts for the crossed brushes under the mask on the button.

POTOMAC HUNT

Frères Farm,
Rockville,
Maryland.
Established 1910.
Recognized 1931.

Formerly Riding and Hunt Club, name changed June, 1938.

Club pack, supported by Hunt subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Colonial colors—scarlet, blue collar with buff piping; evening same. *Joint Masters:* (1933) Dr. Fred R. Sanderson and (1937) Harry H. Semmes. *Honorary Secretary:* Dr. James N. Greear, Jr. *Huntsman:* (professional) Phil Bowen. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Claude W. Owen, Fenton M. Fadley, Jr., Marshall Exuicios, (professional) Ray Glacken. *Foxhounds:* 25 couples American and crossbred. Kennels at Frères Farm, Rockville. *Fox hunting:* November 1 to April 1, two days a week, and all holidays. Visitors permitted to hunt on invitation of member. Nearest accommodations at Congressional Country Club through courtesy of member, 5 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from C. H. Carrico, Bradley Farms, Potomac. Hounds went out 57 times last season.

Country is about 12 by 6 miles; consisting of rolling farm country with considerable woods and number of stream lines. Usual natural rail fences as well as chicken coops, sets of bars, etc.

PRINCESS ANNE HUNT

Norfolk,
Princess Anne County,
Virginia.
Established 1927.
Recognized 1937.

Club, supported by Hunt subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, with green collar; evening—none. *Joint Masters:* (1927) K. C. Johnson and (1937) Mrs. Lester T. Hundt. *Honorary Secretary:* Major Paul W. Kear. *Huntsman:* The Masters. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) R. R. Richardson, Jr., Edward Hofheimer. *Foxhounds:* 11 couples American. Kennels just northwest of Virginia Beach. *Fox and drag hunting:* October through March three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation of members. Accommodations at Cavalier Hotel, Virginia Beach, 1 mile from kennels. Hunters can be rented from Cavalier Stables. Hounds went out about 58 times last season.

Country is approximately 14 by 16 miles. A rather flat country, with a great many ditches and some rail fences.

QUANSETT HOUNDS

South Westport,
Massachusetts.
Established 1920.
Recognized 1922.

Club, supported by subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, with azure-blue collar; evening—scarlet with azure-blue facings. *Joint Masters:* (1932) William Almy, Jr., and (1935) Bayard Tuckerman, Jr. *Honorary Secretary:* Dr. Charles A. Bonney. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) William Almy, Jr. *1st Whip and Kennel Huntsman:* (professional) M. Pettey. (Honorary) Alexander S. Pierce. *Foxhounds:* 25 couples American. Kennels at South Westport. *Fox hunting:* Two days a week from November 1 to April 1. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, $150 per season. Accommodations, New Bedford hotels. Hunters can be rented from W. M. Boyden, Dartmouth. Hounds went out 75 times.

The country is hunted within a radius of 25 miles from kennels. Mostly stone-wall country, with considerable thick woods and swamps lying along seashore and inlets.

RADNOR HUNT

White Horse (P. O. Malvern),
Chester County,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1883.
Recognized 1894.

Club, supported by dues and Hunt subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, gray collars; evening—same, with gray silk facings. *Master:* (1929) M. Roy Jackson. *Honorary Secretary:* William Wright. *Huntsman:* (professional) James O'Neal. *Whipper-In:* (professional) Joseph Bird. *Foxhounds:* 70 couples American and 4 couples crossbred. Kennels at White Horse. *Fox hunting:* September 1 to April 1, four days a week. Friends of members may hunt by invitation of any member. Hotel accommodation at Bryn Mawr, 8 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from Mr. Hunter Lucas and Holly Ashby, Paoli. Race meeting held in May at Chesterbrook Farm near Phoenixville. Hounds were out 123 times.

Country is approximately 5 by 6 by 15 miles and is rather rolling with good galloping. Principally fenced with post-and-rail.

RAPPAHANNOCK HUNT

Korea and Washington,
Rappahannock County,
Virginia.
Established 1926.

Public, supported by dues and caps. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, cobalt-blue collar. *Joint Masters:* (1937) R. M. Menefee and (1937) Oliver Durant. *Honorary Secretary:* W. A. Miller. *Huntsman:* (professional) Brown Smith. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) W. F. Moffett, W. A. Miller. *Foxhounds:* 9 to 12 couples Americans. Kennels at Korea and Washington. *Fox hunting:* November 1 to March 1st, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; cap and subscription. Accommodation at Rose Hill Tourist Home, Washington. Hunters can be rented at $10 per day; for information apply to Hunt Secretary. Horse Show middle of July. Hounds went out about 48 times.

Stock country, 25 miles; high stone walls, post-and-rail fences; rolling pastures, enormous fields; great galloping.

REDLAND HUNT

Rockville,
Maryland,
Established 1932.
Recognized 1938.

Private pack, supported by subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, old-gold collar with black piping; evening—scarlet, old-gold collar. *Master:* (1932) Thomas T. Mott. *Honorary Secretary:* H. T. Cole. *Huntsman:* (professional) Frank Fraley. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Tom Mott, Jr., and William O. Lasell; (professional) Joe Fraley. *Foxhounds:* 22½ couples American. Kennels on the farm of John Fraley, Derwood. *Fox hunting:* November 1 to March 1, two days per week; bye days on call of Master. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by payment of subscription of $10 per day per horse. For more than three days, a minimum seasonal subscription of $70 per person. For information as to hotel accommodation and renting of hunters apply to secretary. Point-to-Point meeting at close of hunting season. Horse Show in September. Hounds went out 46 times last season.

Country consists of 15 square miles of rolling, good open galloping country, some rivers, and two creeks. Stone fences, chicken coops, post-and-rail.

RIDGEWOOD HOUNDS

Sterling Junction,
Massachusetts.
Established 1933.

Private pack, supported by the Masters, with contributions to fencing fund accepted. *Hunt and livery colors:* Scarlet, purple collar. *Joint Masters:* (1933) Mr. and Mrs. Calvin B. Farnsworth. *Honorary Secretary:* Clifford Sweet. *Huntsman:* The Master (Mr. Farnsworth). *Whipper-In:* (professional) Clarence LaPearl. *Foxhounds:* 7½ couples American and crossbred. Kennels at Sterling Junction. *Drag hunting:* Twice a week from September 15 to December 15. Strangers or visitors are permitted to hunt on invitation and payment of a cap. Accommodations at Worcester, 10 miles from the kennels. Hunters can be rented from Harry Good, West Medford, at $10 per hunt.

The country is approximately 10 by 20 miles, of rolling farm land, with occasional wooded sections, fenced largely with stone walls, chicken coops wherever wire occurs.

ROCKY FORK HUNT

Gahanna,
Ohio.
Established 1925.
Recognized 1927.

Club, supported by Hunt subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, with black velvet collar, green lapels; evening—same. *Master:* (1937) Dr. Wells H. Teachnor. *Honorary Secretary:* Albert M. Miller. *Huntsman:* (professional) Leonard Street. *Whippers-In* (Honorary) J. H. Hislop and M. G. Woodhull; (professional) Charles Strait. *Foxhounds:* 13 couples English and 5 couples crossbred. Kennels at Gahanna. *Fox hunting:* August 15 to March 1, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by introduction. Hotel accommodations at Columbus, 7 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented, call secretary. Hunter Trials in October. Hounds went out 58 times last season.

Country is approximately 8 by 16 miles. Mostly flat, with rough places adjacent to numerous creeks. Worm fences and wire paneled with post-and-rail.

ROLLING HILLS HUNT CLUB

Palos Verdes Estates,
California.
Established 1937.

Private pack, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, black collar; evening—same. *Master:* (1937) J. A. Gough. *Honorary Secretary:* Albert Lee Casey. *Huntsman:* (professional) Miss Barbara I. L. Hall. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Cortlandt T. Hill, Miss Catharine L. Van Wart; (professional) Donald Jacobs. Kennels at Palos Verdes Estates. *Foxhounds:* 10 couples English. *Drag hunting:* Two days a week from April 15th to December 15th. (Occasional Jack Rabbit). Visitors permitted to hunt by invitation through the Board of Stewards. Accommodations at Redendo and San Pedro both about 12 miles from the kennels. Hunter can be rented from the Inglewood Riding Academy for $7.50. It is expected to hold Horse Show, Hunter Trials and Race Meeting next summer. Hounds went out 25 times last season.

The country is approximately 12,000 acres of gently rolling country with valleys and plateaus. Jumps are board fences and Aikens.

ROLLING ROCK HUNT

Ligonier,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1921.
Recognized 1922.

Private pack, supported by Hunt subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, with blue collar; evening—scarlet, with blue facings. *Master:* (1921) Richard K. Mellon. *Honorary Secretary:* Herbert A. May. *Huntsman:* (professional) Fred Hedges. *Whippers-In:* (professional) (1st), O. Newell; (2nd), E. Newell. *Foxhounds:* 53½ couples English. Kennels at Rolling Rock Club, Ligonier. *Fox hunting:* (Cubbing during September). October 1st until February; two days a week and holidays. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation and $10 cap. Accommodations at Rolling Rock clubhouse 1 mile from kennels; also hotels in Ligonier. Hunters can be rented from Hunt stable, near club and other riding schools near town. Two Horse Shows are held near our country (Allegheny Country Club Horse Show at Sewickley and Westmoreland Hunt Horse Show at Greensburg). Rolling Rock Hunter Trials in September, 2 days Race Meeting in October. Hounds went out 54 times last season.

The country is approximately 14 by 16 miles. A rolling country, with post-and-rail fences. It has more flat country than any in western Pennsylvania, and is filled with native foxes. 3000 acres added during past summer.

ROMBOUT RIDING AND HUNT CLUB

Poughkeepsie,
New York.
Established 1925, 1929.
Recognized 1931.

Club, supported by dues and hunting subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, French-blue collar, gray piping; evening—scarlet, cutaway yellow vest, blue lapels. *Master:* (1929) Homer B. Gray. *Field Master:* M. G. Folger. *Honorary Secretary* George D. Campbell. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Kennelman:* (professional) William Lucas. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Wm. E. Schermerhorn, F. Grosvenor Jacobs, M. R. Grahame, and John M. Melville. *Foxhounds* 32 couples American and crossbred. Kennels 3 miles east of Poughkeepsie at Greenvale Farm on Wappingers Creek. *Fox hunting:* Three days a week, from August until the ground freezes, and then occasionally, if weather permits, until March 15. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; must be introduced by a member. Accommodations at Vassar Inn, 1½ miles from kennels, or at Mrs. Foster's, ½ mile. Hunters can be rented from Edward G. Gray or O. B. Hill, $10 a day. Horse Show in May; Hunter Trials in October. Hounds went out 108 times last season.

Country is about 15 by 20 miles. Southeast country, much coverts, some hills; northeast country rolling, with small coverts. Post-and-rail jumps, chicken coops, stone walls, many natural fences.

ROSE TREE FOX HUNTING CLUB

Media,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1859.
Recognized 1904.

Club, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Gray melton, dark-brown collar, with yellow piping; evening—scarlet, brown collar, buff facings. *Master:* (1938) James R. Kerr. *Honorary Secretary:* J. Gordon Fetterman. *Huntsman:* (professional) Edward Quigley. *Whipper-In:* (professional) Millard Heller. *Foxhound* 30 couples American. Kennels at Media. *Fox hunting:* September 1 to March 17, four days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; charge fixed by Hunt Committee. Hotel accommodations at Philadelphia, 12 miles from kennels. Race Meetings at Media, May and October.

It is a rolling country, approximately 10 by 20 miles; fences are post-and-rail and stone walls, principally.

SANDY RUN HUNT

Pinehurst,
North Carolina.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1934.

Private pack, supported by Master. Contributions to panel fund are accepted. *Hunt livery and colors:* Green, sulphur-yellow collar with scarlet piping; evening—same. *Master:* (1929) Verner Z. Reed, Jr. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) D. K. Kerr. *Foxhounds:* American. Kennels at Sandy Woods Farm, 4 miles southwest of Pinehurst. *Hare and drag hunting:* Hare two days a week, drag one day, November 15 to March 1. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by arrangement with the Master. Accommodation at Pinehurst hotels, 4 miles from Kennels. Hunters can be rented from Thomas & Alexander, Pinehurst Livery Stables; W. A. Laing, Southern Pines; $10 a day.

Country is about 15 by 8 miles. Mostly woodland, some farming country, and some abandoned farms. A number of creeks, some of which are swampy. Post-and-rail and plank fences; a few wire fences, nearly all paneled.

SEWICKLEY HUNT

Sewickley,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1922.
Recognized 1924.

Club, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors: Scarlet,* pearl-gray collar; evening—same. *Joint Masters:* (1922) Mrs. J. O. Burgwin, and (1934) W. C. Robinson, Jr. *Honorary Secretary:* Charles A. Wood, Jr. *Huntsman:* (professional) Kenneth Smith. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Frank E. Richardson, Jr.; J. O. Flower. *Foxhounds:* 25 couples American. Kennels at Little Sewickley Creek, Sewickley. *Drag hunting:* Two days a week, and holidays, October 1 to January 1, and thereafter weather permitting. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt upon invitation by members, no cap. Accommodation at Elmhurst Inn, Sewickley, 2½ miles from kennels. A few hunters can be rented. Allegheny Country Club Horse Show, Sewickley, first week in June. Rolling Rock Race Meeting, Ligonier, first week in October. Hounds went out 25 times last season.

The country is approximately 12 by 18 miles, hilly and rolling in the neighborhood of Sewickley. Post-and-rail and worm fences, with chicken coops and panels in wire.

SHELBURNE FOX HOUNDS

Shelburne,
Vermont.
Established 1900.
Recognized 1907.

Private pack, owned by J. Watson Webb. *Hunt livery and colors:* Green, black collar; evening—scarlet, black collar, yellow facings. *Joint Masters:* (1900) J. Watson Webb, (1932) Dunbar W. Bostwick and (1937) Samuel B. Webb. *Huntsman:* (professional) Fred Ingleson. *Whippers-In:* (professional) Clayton Shortsleeves and Kenneth Muzzy. *Foxhounds:* 25 couples English, with Welsh blood. Kennels at Shelburne. *Fox hunting* August 20 to December, three days a week; occasional bye days. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation of the Masters. Various accommodations at Burlington, 8 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Hounds went out 45 times last season.

Country is about 12 by 20 miles, open and rolling, on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain; small coverts. Pack was started in 1900 (as beagle pack, and later harrier), a drag, changed to fox hunting in 1912.

SMITHTOWN HUNT

Syosset, Long Island, N. Y.
Established 1900.
Recognized 1907.

Club supported by dues and subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, purple collar, canary-yellow waistcoat; evening—scarlet, purple collar and facings. *Master:* (1935) Randall E. Poindexter. *Honorary Secretary:* Ward Melville. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Raymond W. Bristol; (professional) Gustave Mollet. *Foxhounds:* 10 couples crossbred and Welsh. Kennels at Syosset. *Fox and semi-weekly drag hunting:* Two meets per week with occasional bye days, weather permitting, September to May. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; cap $5 a day. Hotel accommodation at Three Village Inn, Stony Brook. Hunters can be rented from Patrick McDermott, Brookville, George M. K. Hudson, Smithtown and Harold W. Plumb, East Norwich. Hounds went out 42 times last season.

The country hunted is rolling, with very large coverts. What fences there are, are of timber, very little wire; soil rather sandy. Roughly, the country is about 12 by 30 miles.

Through reciprocal agreement with the Meadow Brook Hounds, the Smithtown Hunt hunts also the territory of that Hunt, the combined available area therefore comprising practically all of Long Island east from the New York city line to the Peconic Bay at Riverhead, being 60 miles in length and 15 miles in width.

SOUTHDOWN HUNT

Kirtland Hills Village,
Mentor,
Lake County,
Ohio.
Established 1923.
Recognized 1928.

Private pack. *Hunt livery and colors:* Green canary-yellow collar; evening—green coat, canary-yellow collar. *Joint Masters:* (1923) Elton Hoyt, 2nd, and (1923) Ralph Perkins. *Honorary Secretary:* Elton Hoyt, 2nd. *Huntsman:* (professional) Edward Read. *Whipper-In:* (Honorary) James H. Hoyt, 2nd. *Foxhounds:* 14 couples American. Kennels at Southdown Farm, Mentor. *Fox hunting:* Two days a week, August 1 to January 1, weather and ground permitting. Members of other Hunts or guests or friends of Masters always welcome. Hotel accommodation at Cleveland, 25 miles from kennels, or Kirtland Country Club, 3 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Hounds went out about 44 times last season.

Country usually hunted approximately 10 miles square. Hilly, divided equally between woods and open fields. Fences principally post-and-rail.

SPRING BROOK HUNT

Toledo,
Ohio.
Established 1926.
Recognized 1930.

Club pack, supported by Hunt subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet; evening—scarlet, chamois-yellow facings; ladies—chamois-yellow collar. *Master:* (1926) Frank D. Stranahan. *Honorary Secretary* Capt. John L. B. Bentley. *Huntsman:* (professional) Jack Long. *Whipper-In:* (professional) (1st and kennel huntsman) George Bass. *Foxhounds:* 14½ couples black-and-tan Kerry beagles. Kennels at Carranor Polo Club, Perrysburg. *Drag hunting:* Two days a week from August 15 to close of season. Members may bring out visitors as their guests. Accommodations, Commodore Perry Hotel, Toledo, 5 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Horse Show, two days in June.

Country is approximately 10 miles square; slightly rolling, with some woodland and a good many ditches. Jumps are mostly post-and-rail panels, two to five abreast, and some snake fences; also, brush fences and chicken coops.

SPRING VALLEY HOUNDS

New Vernon,
New Jersey,
Established 1915-1935.
Recognized 1938.

Supported by Hunt subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Green, claret collar, white breeches; evening—scarlet, green collar, claret facings; *Joint Masters:* (1935) Manning Jacob and (1938) J. Spencer Weed. *Honorary Secretary:* Dr. Frederick T. van Beuren, Jr. *Huntsman:* Manning Jacob (Joint Master). *Whippers-In:* (professional) (1st) Robert Ford, (2nd) H. Ashenback. *Foxhounds:* 22½ couples American. Kennels at New Vernon. *Fox and drag hunting:* From October to February, three days a week through November; two days a week to February. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt on invitation and $7.50 cap. Accommodations, Morristown, 2½ miles from the kennels. Hunters can be rented from Sand Spring Stables, Morristown (when available) and from stables at Green Village. Regular Horse Show, held in September at New Vernon. Regular Hunter Trials held in October at Redgate, Morristown. Hounds went out 47 times last season.

Rolling country with pastures, plow, and woodlands. Mostly post-and-rail fences.

** Indicates no changes reported since 1937. The date preceding the name of Master is year in which office was entered.*

MR. STEWART'S CHESHIRE FOXHOUNDS

Unionville,
Chester County,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1914.
Recognized 1914.

Private pack, owned by the Master. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet; evening—scarlet, scarlet facings with scarlet velvet collar. *Master:* (1914) W. Plunket Stewart. *Honorary Secretary:* W. Plunket Stewart. *Huntsman:* (professional) Charlie Smith. *Whipper-In:* (professional) Frank Taylor. *Foxhounds:* 50 couples homebred English. Kennels at Unionville. *Fox hunting.* (Cubbing September 1 to November 1) November 1 to April 1; four days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation. Accommodations, Mansion House at West Chester, 10 miles from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Race Meeting held at varying times. Hounds went out 102 times.

A post-and-rail country approximately 17 by 25 miles; open galloping, small covers.

STONY BROOK HUNT

Rosedale Road,
Princeton,
New Jersey.
Established 1928.
Recognized 1931.

Club, supported by Hunt subscriptions and dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, with orange collar; evening—scarlet, with orange facings. *Master:* (1933) Ferdinand R. White. *Honorary Secretary:* DeWitt C. Poole. *Huntsman:* (professional) Thomas Spinks. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Philip Worden and Thomas S. Dignan. *Foxhounds:* 20 couples American. Kennels on Rosedale Road. *Fox hunting:* September to February, two days a week and holidays, occasional bye days. Strangers or visitors, permitted to hunt, by invitation. Accommodations, Princeton Inn, Princeton, 4 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from Mrs. Doris Kellogg, Cedar Grove Road; Stony Brook Riding Academy, Bayard Lane; and Claude Robeson, Bayard Lane. Hounds went out 34 times last season.

Country is approximately 18 by 25 miles; flat fairly open country interspersed with some woods. Jumps are post-and-rail, chicken coops, and board panels.

SUFFOLK HOUNDS

Southampton,
Long Island,
New York.
Established 1908.
Recognized 1908.

Supported by subscriptions, $50 per season. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, mauve collar; evening—scarlet, mauve collar, mauve satin facings. *Master:* (1908) Richard Newton, Jr. *Honorary Secretary:* Richard Newton, Jr. *Huntsman:* (professional) M. J. Aylward. *Whippers-In:* (professional) Thomas Murphy and Edward Simmons. *Foxhounds:* 12 couples English and crossbred. Kennels at Southampton. *Drag hunting:* Two days a week from July 1st to November 1. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; $5 cap. Accommodations at many hotels in Southampton and East Hampton. Hunters can be rented from the huntsman, $15 a hunt. Horse Shows: Southampton Horse Show Association and East Hampton in August; Race Meeting in September.

A flat fast country over grass, approximately 40 by 5 miles. Post-and-rail jumps.

SUMMIT HUNT CLUB

Macedonia,
Ohio.
Established 1926
Recognized 1928.

Club, supported by dues and subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, black collar; evening same. *Master:* (1938) Col. William Frew Long. *Honorary Secretary:* Edward B. Neff. *Huntsman:* (professional) Andrew Martin. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Edward B. Neff; (professional) Wm. A. Hardesty. *Foxhounds:* 15½ couples English. Kennels at Macedonia. *Fox and drag hunting:* August 20 to January 1, two days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt by being put up by a member or communicating with the secretary; if privileges are extended for any length of time, by paying such fees as the committee might decide upon. Hotel accommodations at Cleveland or Akron, both approximately 20 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from Club stables. Horse Show in either August or September at Macedonia. Hounds went out 36 times.

Country is 15 by 18 miles, rolling, with much grazing and pasture land. Jumps partly post-and-rail, and partly old-fashioned snake fences. Replacements being made by open-faced chicken coops, brush, logs, and Aikens.

TORONTO AND NORTH YORK HUNT

Aurora,
Ontario,
Canada.
Established 1843.
Recognized in Canada since inception.

Club, supported by subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, navy-blue collar, primrose-yellow waistcoat; evening—scarlet, navy-blue collar, white waistcoat, black satin breeches and black stockings, or black trousers. *Master:* (1935) Æmilius Jarvis. *Honorary Joint Secretaries of Hunt Committee:* Malcolm D. Richardson and E. Jas. Bennett. *Huntsman:* (professional) William LeVett. *Whippers-In:* (professional) (1st) Robert Hollingsworth and (2nd) Robert McDowell. *Foxhounds:* 30 couples English, bred in Canada. Kennels at "Beverley Farms," Aurora. *Fox and drag hunting:* (Cubbing last week in August (September 1st to about December 30; one day a week drag, and one day a week fox. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, $5 cap. Accommodations, Aurora. Hunters can be rented with difficulty, but possible on sufficient notice. Prince of Wales Cup Race annually in October, also Hunter Trials. Hounds went out 46 times.

Country is about 15 miles square. Cultivated rolling pasture land, chiefly grass or light stubble. Post-and-rail, snake, and root fences, with rail panels over wire.

TRADERS POINT HUNT

R. R. 1, Zionsville,
Indiana.
Established 1931.
Recognized 1934.

Private pack, supported by subscriptions and capping. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, with burgundy collar and robin's-egg-blue piping; evening—scarlet, robin's-egg-blue facings; burgundy velvet collar. *Master:* (1937) Cornelius O. Alig. *Honorary Secretary:* Ralph G. Lockwood. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) Burford Danner, (professional) Marion Hume. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) (1st) Russell Fortune, Sr., (2nd) A. Kiefer Mayer. *Foxhounds:* 20 couples crossbred. Kennels on Hill Road near Zionsville. *Drag hunting:* October 15 to February 22, one day a week and holidays. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, by invitation; cap. Hotel accommodations at Indianapolis, 10 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented from Dr. Bonham, Algonquin Stable, 3050 Kessler Blvd., Indianapolis. Hounds out 20 times.

Rolling country, 6 by 10 miles; jumps are post-and-rail, log, gate and chicken coops.

TRYON HOUNDS

Tryon,
North Carolina.
Established 1926.
Recognized 1935.

Club, supported by contributing members. *Hunt livery and colors:* Forest green, burnt-orange collar, and rust breeches; evening—no formal dress. *Master:* (1936) John R. Kimberly. *Honorary Secretary:* M. B. Flynn. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) Carter P. Brown. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Austin Brown and Carter Wilkie Brown. *Foxhounds:* 15 couples American. Kennels at Godshaw Hill. *Fox and drag hunting:* December 15 to April 20, three days a week. Visitors permitted to hunt, cap. Hotel accommodation at Oak Hall, Thousand Pines, Mimosa, and Pine Crest Inn; kennels adjacent. Hunters can be rented. Hound Show and Horse Show on second Wednesday of April each year, Tryon. Hounds went out 70 times last season.

Rolling country, about 10 miles square; much woodland, with numerous "rides" through it; post-and-rail Aiken, chicken coops, ditches, and stone walls.

VICMEAD HUNT CLUB

Wilmington, R. F. D. 1,
Delaware.
Established 1921.
Recognized 1924.

Club, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, green collar; evening—scarlet, white facings, green collar. *Master* (1930) J. Simpson Dean. *Honorary Secretary:* W. J. Kitchell. *Huntsman:* (professional) Charles Carver. *Whippers-In:* (professional) Fredus Vansant and Thomas Smith. *Foxhounds:* 45 couples American. Kennels on Owl's Nest Road 6 miles west of Wilmington. *Fox hunting:* November 1 to March 15, three days a week. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt when accompanied by member; cap. Nearest accommodations, duPont Hotel, Wilmington, about 6 miles from club. Hunters cannot be rented

Country is approximately 45 miles by 20 miles; large open fields, some rolling; good galloping; numerous small coverts; post-and-rail fences. Wire in part is paneled.

WARRENTON HUNT

Warrenton,
Virginia.
Established 1887.
Recognized 1894.

Subscription pack. *Hunt and livery colors:* Scarlet, white collar; evening — same. *Master:* (1932) Amory S. Carhart. *Honorary Secretary:* Capt. Richard J. Kirkpatrick. *Huntsman:* (professional) R. Bywaters. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) William B. Streett; (professional) (1st) S. Grimsby and (2nd) T. Conroy. *Foxhounds:* 40 couples American, 2 couples crossbred. Kennels near Warrenton. *Fox hunting:* November 1 to April 1, three days a week and occasional bye days. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt by invitation, $15 cap per day for three days, $300 annual subscription. Accommodations at Warren Green Hotel, Warrenton, 6 miles from kennels. Hunters can be rented; apply to Honorary Secretary. Virginia Gold Cup Association Race Meeting in May; Warrenton Horse Show in September. Point-to-Point Races in March. Hounds out 91 times.

Rolling grass country 24 by 10 miles. Stone walls, plank, and rail fences; wire paneled chicken coops, post-and-rail.

WATERTOWN HUNT

Watertown,
Connecticut.
Established 1930.
Recognized 1931.

Club pack, supported by subscriptions and dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, Hunting green velvet collar with yellow piping; evening—Scarlet, green facings, scarlet collar. *Master:* (1934) Walter Howe. *Honorary Secretary:* Miss Margaret Bruce Howe. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) Jack Prestage. *Whippers-In:* (professional) Joseph Lovrinovicz and Edward Drever. *Foxhounds:* 20 couples American and 10 couples crossbred. Kennels at Guernseytown Road, Watertown. *Fox hunting:* September 1 to January 1, two days a week with occasional bye days. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; $5 cap. Accommodations at Hotel Elton, Waterbury, 6 miles from kennels and McFingle Inn, Watertown. Hunters can be rented from Tipperary Stables, Watertown, $10 per hunt. Horse Show in June. Hounds out 40 times.

Country is 10 by 20 miles: rolling, open. Mostly stone walls, few post-and-rail and snake fences, some chicken-coop panels.

WESTMORELAND HUNT

Greensburg,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1916.
Recognized 1923.

Supported by Hunt subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Melton gray, purple collar; evening—scarlet, purple collar with facings. *Master:* (1932) Miss Margaret Coulter. *Honorary Secretary:* Joseph D. Wentling. *Huntsman:* (professional) Geary Albright. *Whippers-In:* (professional) F. Emery and Archie Leone. *Foxhounds:* 19 couples American. Kennels at Greensburg. *Drag hunting:* October 1 to March 1, two days a week, with bye days. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, as guests of members. Accommodations at Penn Albert Hotel, Greensburg, about one mile from kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Horse Show in September, Race Meeting during October, Hound Trials in February. Hounds went out 30 times.

The country, about 10 miles square, is a good farming district; hilly, fairly well wooded, fair amount of pasture land. Fences are principally post-and-rail, with some board fencing and an occasional worm fence of the old type, and paneling, owing to encroachment of wire in last few years.

WHITELANDS HUNT

Whitford,
Chester County,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1914.
Recognized 1919.

Club, supported by dues and subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet with dark-blue velvet collar; evening—scarlet, light-blue moiré silk facings, dark-blue velvet collar. *Master:* (1937) Wikoff Smith. *Honorary Secretary:* John Randolph Young. *Huntsman:* (professional) John W. Bray. *Whippers-In:* (professional) (1st) George K. Hill and (2nd) William Bray. *Foxhounds:* 20 couples American. Kennels at Whitford. *Fox hunting:* November 1st to April 1st, three days a week, and all holidays. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt, $2 cap, except for landowners and tenant farmers over whose land the Hunt goes and the Masters of Recognized Hunts. Accommodations at Swan Hotel, Downingtown and Mansion House, West Chester, about 3 and 7 miles respectively from Kennels. Hunters can be rented from Exton Meadows Stables, Exton at $5 per hunt. Hounds went out 57 times.

Country approximately 20 by 5 miles intersected by Pennsylvania Railroad; some rolling country with coverts large and small. Territory north of the railroad is hilly, with large coverts; on the south of the railroad land is rolling, comparatively small coverts. Jumps are post-and-rail and stone walls.

WHITE MARSH VALLEY HUNT CLUB

Flourtown,
Montgomery County,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1903.
Recognized 1905.

Club, supported by dues. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet, white collar; evening—scarlet, white collar and facings. *Master:* (1935) Henry B. Coxe, Jr. *Honorary Secretary:* Owen J. Wister. *Huntsman:* The Master. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Perry Benson, George Strawbridge, John Strawbridge, Jr. and Wm. L. Disston. *Foxhounds:* 15 couples crossbred. Kennels at Flourtown. *Drag hunting:* Three days a week, October 1 to April 1. Strangers or visitors permitted to hunt; the Master uses his discretion as to capping. Accommodations, Fort Side Inn. Hunters can be rented from Patrick Delaney, Welsh Road, Ambler; (moderate terms, depending on circumstances). Race Meetings in May and September, Widener Track, Erdenheim. Hounds went out 78 times.

Country is approximately 15 miles square; open and rolling; fences 4 feet, post-and-rail.

WICOMICO HUNT

Salisbury,
Maryland.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1937.

Club, supported by subscriptions and dues. *Hunt livery:* Scarlet, green collar and lapels; evening—scarlet, green collar, white lapels. *Master:* (1934) H. J. Vander Bogart. *Honorary Secretary:* Jackson McVander Bogart. *Huntsman:* (professional) E. S. Furbush. *Whippers-In:* (Honorary) Vaughn M. Richardson, W. H. Jackson. *Foxhounds:* 10 couples American, (Eastern Shore); 1 couple English. Kennels on property of Club, 3 miles south of Salisbury. *Fox hunting:* September 15 to April 1, three days a week, weather permitting. Strangers or visitors are permitted to hunt on invitation. Accommodations at Wicomico Hotel, Salisbury, 3 miles from the Kennels. Hunters cannot be rented. Spring Horse Shows held annually at Club. Hounds went out 97 times.

Heavily wooded country, about 10 by 15 miles. Jumps of the Hitchcock type being constantly constructed in unused roads.

WOODBROOK HUNT CLUB

Tacoma,
Washington.
Established 1926.

Club, supported by dues and subscriptions. *Hunt livery and colors:* Scarlet and black collar. *Joint Masters:* (1934) Hill Hudson and (1938) Major J. E. Matthews. *Honorary Secretary:* Miss Iris Bryan. *Huntsman:* (Honorary) Miss Iris Bryan. *Whippers-In* (Honorary) A. Burwood Kennedy and Miss Donalda Mahon. *Foxhounds:* 6 couples American. Kennels at Fort Lewis. *Drag hunting:* September to May. Strangers and visitors permitted to hunt on invitation of a member. Accommodations, Hotel Winthrop, Tacoma, eleven miles from Kennels. Hunters can be rented from stables near clubhouse, $3. Horse Show in Fall; also Hunter Trials. Hounds went out about 18 times.

Country consists of 70,000 acres of rolling prairie and woods—Fort Lewis U. S. Military Reserve. Snake rail-fences and brush.

** Indicates no changes reported since 1937. The date preceding the name of Master is year in which office was entered.*

The years add Lustre to these Treasures

• Below, JOHNNIE WALKER Black Label, a rare and mellow Scotch, laid away many years ago. To the right, The Belt and The Sword of State, formerly used by Scottish Kings at State functions, now displayed under guard in Edinburgh Castle.
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OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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Country House in Minnesota

Estate of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Steiner

HERE is a charming house with a garden and pool approached from the dining room. The rear walls of the house are banked with tall cedar trees and the pool with many flowery plants —especially appealing to those who love the outdoors.

The living room (next page), has walls and woodwork of beige, mouldings outlined in cocoa brown and gold, while the curtains of a rich green damask hang straight and simply from a plain valance of the damask. An Aubusson rug with soft faded colors—always associated with this type—and the French chair in flowered damask are, of course, the suitable choice here. For contrast there is an overstuffed chair grouped with a round, two-tiered table which is comfortably low for magazines, ash trays, and the necessary articles for a pleasant afternoon of leisure. Another view of the living room, illustrated at the bottom of the next page, shows the mantel in pink tones, with its lovely mirror and delicate landscape in one of the typical French mirror combinations. The marble bust of a fair mademoiselle of the French 18th century is lovely with the other bibelots—twin chairs, accessory tables on the Aubusson rug, and pots of ivy on the mantel. The broken line of screen

The flower-bordered lily pool and part of the garden

Wedding Gifts of Silver

The extensive selection of wedding gifts in silver now being shown at Mr. Guille's Galleries offers many fine Old English period pieces and Modern Reproductions. One of the many appropriate suggestions on view is the above illustrated Silver Inkstand, made in London during the reign of George III in 1792 by Henry Greenaway. You are cordially invited to visit the showrooms.

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From painting by J. F. Herring, Sen.

From a series of 24 water colors by Lionel Edwards, R.A.

Spode

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Lionel Edwards, R.A. is ranked today as the foremost artist of sporting scenes in all England. The artistic merit of his painting is acclaimed by the art critics and lovers of horses are quick to appreciate the accuracy of his observation. An ardent sportsman himself, he has ridden most of the hunts in England and recorded them for posterity with his facile brush. For Spode he painted a series of twenty-four water colors showing twelve of the most famous English hunts. These pictures are appropriately reproduced on sturdy Spode earthenware with a border design of oak. The Lionel Edwards Hunting design is rightly regarded as an outstanding achievement. Complete dinner, luncheon and breakfast services are available together with a variety of other useful and decorative items.

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Right: A pleasant living room group with curtains and valance of rich green damask

Pine panels invite rest and relaxation as do the study's color scheme

MISS CLOW
Decorator

HENRY ELLEBY
Photographer

and cabinet at the left with picture placed above it shows intelligent balance without the monotony of too many like accessories.

The bookroom shown in the center of the page is paneled in pine, which is a quiet background for such a room. For pattern there are deep crimson hangings at the windows and rich colors in the Oriental rug. Glass curtains are eliminated to permit the maximum of light and air to penetrate.

In the dressing room at the top of page 92 there is a fascinating color scheme. Louis Bouché has done the mirror panels depicting the pleasures of summer with flowers, fruits, birds and fountains, and other designs significant of the garden. The woodwork is bright blue with curtains of matching taffeta, while the dressing table is in plum color. It is a gay little room, full of sparkle and light. The guest bedroom has wallpaper of gray with bronze flowers, while the curtains are of brown flowered chintz; bedspreads and canopy utilize light brown taffeta with scalloped bands of bright blue. There is a fireplace grouping too which adds to the comfort of any guest. A large

The mantel group interests all with its balanced plan

FRAMED TRIPTYCH (48x22 inches) NORTHERN UPLAND GAME BIRDS By William J. Schaldach, $200. Companion Triptych, SOUTHERN UPLAND GAME BIRDS (mourning dove, wild turkey, bob-white) also $200

MINIATURE GAME-BIRD HABITAT GROUP modelled by Dr. George H. Childs exclusively for The Sporting Gallery. Size 5″ high by 3½″ in diameter. Above, *Ring-necked pheasant and hen*, $75.00.

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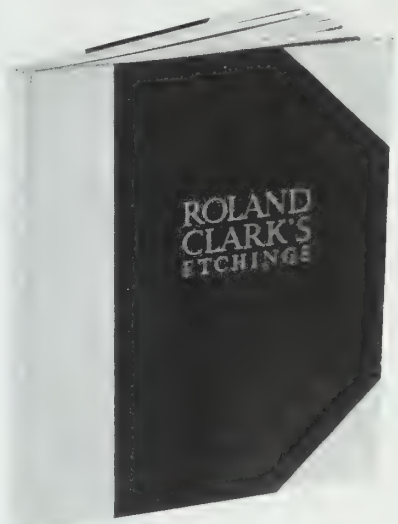
ANOTHER GROUP—*Wild Turkey and hen*—exquisitely detailed natural model under glass, $75. Size 5″ high by 3½″ in diameter. (Other groups include quail, woodcock, grouse, etc. at $60.00.)

ROLAND CLARK

SANCTUARY (Green Wing Teal)—signed, hand-coloured artist's proof by Roland Clark. Plate size 15¾x19¾, with generous margins. Limited edition, each $25.00.



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THE SCOUT (Mallard Drake)—signed, hand-coloured artist's proof by Roland Clark. Uniform with *Sanctuary*, shown at the left, each $25.00.

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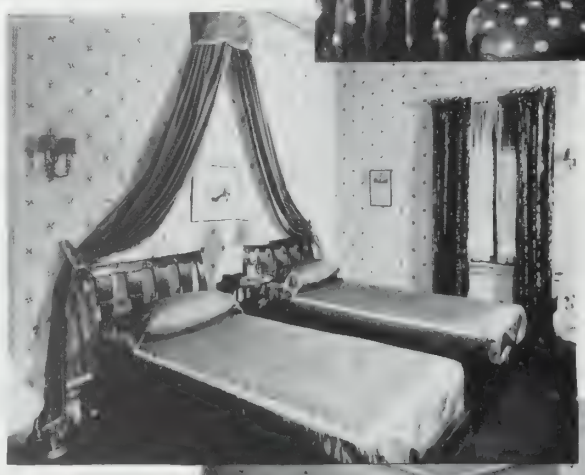
mirror occupies a position of importance over the mantel, while a chest and mirror group, well lighted, also are evidences of the hostess's thought for her guests. Draping the canopy over the two beds, thus pulling the group together, adds interest also.

The bedroom at the bottom of this page has a gay color scheme with all the walls and woodwork of peach, and curtains of peach moiré taffeta with full shirred valances of the taffeta. There is an Oriental rug on the floor with ivory and turquoise accented. The chaise longue is peach chintz quilted. A hand-painted secretary with its commodious interior invites correspondence. Flower decorations pick up all colors in the room and give pattern. This also is emphasized by the three-fold screen in the corner. A gay, colorful but restful room for whomever may be fortunate enough to occupy it.

Mrs. Steiner's dressing room. Bright blue and plum color are combined here



Draped valance of light brown taffeta with edging of blue

In the guest room the owner has given thought to the complete comfort of its occupants

Peach, ivory, and turquoise make a delightfully feminine color scheme in this bedroom. Floral motifs on the screen and chair give pattern

Driven ducks

(*Continued from page 73*)

of their time trying to fight. One drake and two ducks in each pen have produced eggs 90% fertile over the last four years. The eggs are hatched in an incubator and the young birds started in brooders. They are given plenty of cool fresh water for drinking only during the first six weeks. They are not permitted to swim until this age because without the natural mother's oily wings to make them waterproof they chill easily.

When the young ducks are six weeks old they are removed to the duck yard, a pen 32 yards long by 10 yards wide enclosed by a six-foot fence which has fine mesh wire extending up two feet from the base. The foundation of this yard is field stones and between these are smaller stones and cinders with a thick layer of sand as a top dressing. Several inches of this sand are removed and replaced with fresh sand three times each year to keep it fresh and clean. The homemade pond, 5 yards long by 4 wide is 2 feet deep at the deep end and gradually tapers up so that the young ducklings can come out easily. A willow tree provides shade over the pond only, the rest of the yard being exposed to the rays of the sun. The result of all this is a compact almost verminproof enclosure providing good drainage, grit for the birds' digestion, fresh water and a suitable amount of shade and sun to keep the yard and its occupants healthy. It is used as a feeding and roosting pen for the breeders after the laying season is finished, as well as for the young stock from the age of six weeks until shot. It has held successfully between 300 and 400 birds each year since 1935.

Ducks being released from trailer

When the first hatch of young birds is two and a half months old they are walked about 150 yards away from the pond in the late afternoon just before feeding time. As long as they can see their yard they will take to the air and fly back in the right direction. By repeating this operation every few days and gradually increasing the distance, the duck learn to fly without being forced to attempt too much too soon. As the remaining hatches reach the age of two and a half months they are given the same treatment with the result that by September 1st even the last hatched birds are making several laps around the fields before lighting in the pond. During the first week in September the ducks, including the breeders, are loaded from the duck trap where they are fed each afternoon into a trailer which transports them to the point on the hill from which they are to be released during the shoots. As I stated above, Mallards become domesticated quickly and therefore get lazy and lose their ability to fly well unless they are exercised constantly. It is for this reason that the breeders are always flighted with the young stock except, obviously, during the shoots. By carrying them in a trailer the birds do not become crowded, good ventilation is assured, and the duck take off by themselves—three important points to remember.

For sixteen mornings at intervals of twice a week the birds are flighted over our course before the first shoot which takes place on the first Sunday in November. From then on they are flighted once during the week and shot at each Sunday. On leaving the trailer they have roughly 110 yards open flying space in which to get up enough speed and altitude to clear a stand of exceptionally high trees on the opposite side of which, and at a much lower elevation than the position of the trailer, is the line of guns. The distance from the trailer where the birds are released to the center of the line of guns is roughly 270 yards and the result is that the birds, two at a time, come over at top speed. It is about 390 yards from the center of the line of guns to the duck yard so the duck do not begin to slow down and lower altitude until long after they have been shot at.

I have six shoots between the first week in November and Christmas and they take place on Sundays. Four guns are invited for twelve o'clock and by the time they have arrived and unpacked a very miscellaneous assortment of clothes, for we shoot in any weather, it is time for lunch. Afterwards, while having coffee, we make up a pool and everyone writes down his or her guess as

S. O. Walding

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GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

to the number of birds about to be killed. It is amusing to see how experienced duck shots who have never shot before in one of these drives will pick high numbers invariably! To give you an idea of the difficulty of the shooting: for every five ducks shot at during the 1937 season only one was brought down and this included hard hit birds able to reach the duck yard.

We walk from the house to the bottom of a hill about a half mile away and the six of us line up approximately forty yards apart facing the high trees. The whistle blows and the drive is on. Over come the duck, at an average speed of about 45 miles per hour and an average height of approximately 50 yards! Added to this height and speed are all the tricks of flying that the truly wild duck uses so successfully. They are twisting, flaring feathered bullets that can be brought down only with the aid of a keen eye and a big lead, no matter how powerful the gauge or how strong the shell. And so the shoot progresses, sounding like a Fourth of July celebration, punctuated by many exclamations and a few falling birds. Even the flight of duck reared in captivity depends on wind and weather to a great extent and this brings in a change of pace which raises the quality of the shooting to an even higher plane.

When half the birds have been released, the whistle stops the shooting and the pick-up begins. I have two retrievers, one a Curly and the other an Irish Water Spaniel and between them they do all the work. This gives everyone a few minutes to pick up the birds that have fallen near by, enjoy a cigarette and indulge in some friendly leg pulling about the birds that were missed before we move on to the second and more difficult drive. Here the guns find themselves completely surrounded by high trees and, since the openings at the top of the woods are small, extremely sporty shooting is afforded. In passing over the line of guns the duck appear for only a few seconds before they flash out of sight behind. I have seen people fresh from the moors of Scotland miss these with ease! Afterwards, the pick-up again takes place and the birds are then brought back to the house in a station wagon to be counted and tagged according to the law of the Conservation Department. This job is completed by the time we have arrived home on foot. Except for a brace of duck for each gun all the birds are sold and delivered to restaurants on the following day. This helps to decrease the annual cost.

On arriving back at the house, the winner of the pool collects his money and, after a round of drinks and a succession of shooting stories, the day's sport is over. The result is that every one has had a good time, since each gun has fired at least fifty shells at some high, wide, and handsome birds, and the usual great expense to the host has been lessened materially.

William H. Taylor on yachting

(*Continued from page* 33)

run and the King's Cup, but on other occasions she not only lacked competition in her own class but was beaten on corrected time by the twelve-meters, which would seem to indicate that the Twelves of 1938 are faster for their Universal Rule rating than the Twelves of a few years ago. Vanderbilt had Olin Stephens aboard on the last day of the cruise, and subsequently ordered a twelve-meter sloop for 1939.

Ironically enough the two older Twelves, Crane's *Gleam* and Merle-Smith's *Seven Seas,* though they've proved not quite equal to the new *Nyala* and *Northern Light* throughout the season, each won a squadron run prize on the cruise while neither of the new ones did, indicating the difference between afternoon triangle sailing and port-to-port runs, or something of the sort.

Walter Wheeler, Jr., covered himself and his class Q sloop *Cotton Blossom II* with glory when he won the Astor Cup off Newport. *Cotton Blossom,* only 31 feet on the waterline, is the smallest boat ever to take an Astor Cup, though a good many of them have tried, and with the heavy seas and variable breeze of that day she certainly earned it. *Cotton Blossom* (ex-*Lenore*) was considered one of the slower class Q sloops when she raced at Marblehead. Wonder what a really fast one would do on the cruise. Probably at least as well as Johannes Schiott's eight-meter *Sunny* did when she was cleaning up the runs regularly a few years ago.

In the cruising classes *Baruna* started out like a whirlwind on the cruise, but met her match when *Mandoo II* joined up and took two runs, including the 104-mile one around the Cape from the Vineyard to Marblehead. That, incidentally, was a fine run and thoroughly enjoyed by the more seagoing of the skippers and crews, though it was a bit slow toward the end. Several skippers remarked that it was the first time they'd ever made the run down Nantucket Sound and over the Shoals in completely clear weather.

Going back to that King's Cup, how long will it be before the New York Yacht Club's flag officers exercise their privilege of lowering the length limit for boats eligible for that trophy? It was obvious a year ago that there wasn't going to be a real live racing class larger than the twelve-meters this season, yet they let the minimum waterline requirement stand at fifty feet for sloops and sixty for yachts of more than one mast. Will they do something about it, or is the King's Cup going to join a number of other famous trophies collecting dust in the club's vaults because the great yachts that originally raced for them have gone out of fashion?

(*Continued on page* 96)

A CONTEST for a MODERN AMERICAN COUNTRY STYLE of INTERIOR DECORATION

JAMES BLAUVELT & ASSOCIATES, Interior Decorators of New York, and COUNTRY LIFE AND THE SPORTSMAN are to continue Mr. Blauvelt's contest of last year for the nation's students of interior decoration. The purpose of last year's contest was to encourage students in developing a modern American style of interior decoration, and the problem was the design of a modern city apartment living room.

THE problem this year is to design a dining room in a medium-sized country house. The dining room could be eventually turned into a living room or used as an extension to a living room. This dining room should also be adaptable for small or large parties, hunt breakfasts, buffet suppers, etc.

MR. STANLEY MCCANDLESS of Yale University, leading lighting consultant, is going to head the jury that will determine the winning design. The appointment of Mr. McCandless indicates that lighting as a fundamental element in interior design will play an important part in the jury's decision.

THE contest will again be open to students throughout the country enrolled in schools and colleges having a regular course in interior decoration, and entries must be in the hands of the jury by January 1, 1939.

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"Master-Etchings" by Fostoria

ATKIN TEAM. Herc Atkin and his brother John, who sailed *Jubilee* to victory in the Star class Atlantic Coast championships, aren't old men by any means but they had a combined sailing experience of eighty years, between them, in *Jubilee*. Couple that experience with the agility and enthusiasm they still retain for all the acrobatics of Star boat sailing, and it's no wonder they're among the hardest teams in the class to lick.

The sportswoman

(*Continued from page 42*)

way again without losing any more time than is absolutely necessary. It seems incredible that this could ever be accomplished without an accident of some sort and occasionally it isn't. Sometimes an oncoming racer crashes into the dead car carrying them both into the path of a third and a general pile-up ensues, but it is even worse when they *almost* get by but not quite. On one occasion a passing car caught another in the middle of a spin, the impact started it rolling and over and over it went —first its wheels and then its engine uppermost until it finally brought up against the outside rail. An awed hush fell over the audience. They thought the driver, who had been inside his car all the time, had been killed but, although they took him to the hospital in a slightly damaged condition later, he stood up before anyone could reach him, waved both arms to the crowd to show that he was not badly injured and jumped from his car under his own power. The race was stopped.

COIFFEURS. The burning question among the ladies at the moment is "Have you put your hair up yet?" and, if so "How does it look?" It works like magic on almost any group of bored girls. They leap to life as if electrified and conversation immediately becomes a general swapping of experiences and opinions. Lots of girls have put their hair up already. You see them everywhere, elaborately curled and combed with their hats, if any, worn either over their shoulders or in their hands lest a ringlet become displaced. But the big question in my mind at the moment is "What are they going to do when winter comes?" The new hats, even when worn on the head, protect only a very small area of temple and forehead and to my way of thinking, nothing is much more uncomfortable than a blast of Arctic air in the naked ear. Necessity, however, will probably by then have mothered the invention of some sort of woolly cap for overhead and underhat wear.

YACHTS. The international races for the six-meter yachts are truly attractive affairs. The exquisite little craft themselves are quite inspiring when you consider how perfect they and their crews have to be. They almost put it over the J boats in that respect, because, after all, the winning six-meter is the best of a great many six-meters while the best J boat is better than only six other J boats. The six-meters are almost like miniatures of the giant J's and the races for the Scandinavian Gold Cup are like little contests for America's Cup because, although there are more boats racing, the triangular courses are shorter and the spectator fleet, though varied as to quality, is, naturally, considerably smaller in quantity than it was off Newport. This has the advantage of offering a real view of the racing yachts as well as allowing for room to move around and inspect their followers. Ever so many different kinds of yachts were represented. Small motor-driven boats, cruisers, commuters, and steam yachts. Cutters of many designs from the old-fashioned clipper bow, gaff and elongated boom to the "perfect thirty-two's" with their neat hulls and high Marconi masts. Yawls and ketches, small and medium sized, two-masted schooners, and large three-masted ones and dominating the whole fleet, towering over them in gigantic dignity, was the majestic *Seven Seas*. It was a fine thing to see her like that. Wrapped in the romance of the places she had been and the things she had seen, she made all the other yachts seem like a bunch of precocious children. Biding their time, this impressive floating caravan watched from the sidelines while down the lane in the middle the brave little ships of five nations decided which was the fastest boat and which was manned by the ablest crew. It has all happened before. It will, I hope, all happen again. And it will always be worth seeing and remembering.

THE POULTRY BUSINESS. I'm all encouraged about the youth of this era and through them I begin to see the dawn of bigger, if not better, business. The mother of a young friend of mine, surprised at the sudden affluence of her offspring, made searching inquiries as to its source and uncovered a financial scheme worthy, I think, of the subtle mind of Charlie McCarthy.

"We're in the chicken business, Mom, me and Sammy Shaw. We find lost chickens and then we get them a good home. Of course we have to charge something for all our trouble but people who want chickens don't mind that."

"Lost chickens, Jack?"

"Sure. They get lost just like dogs do and cats. One of us catches the poor chicken and the other puts it to sleep."

"Puts it to sleep?"

"Yea, you stick its head under its wing and swing it around and then it isn't frightened any more and won't squawk or nothing."

"But don't people ask where you find your chickens, Jack?"

"Oh you know how people are, they get inquisitive but we've got that fixed to save our time. We tell 'em we got the chicken down at Ned Hardy's. Old Miss Miller was

thinking a chicken we found near her place looked like one of hers and so we told her about Ned and about how most Rhode Island Reds looked like each other and just then old Ned himself came into the yard so all she had to do was ask him."

"What happened, Jack, what *did* he say?"

"Why he told her we were telling the truth, of course. 'That's where that chicken came from, Ma'm' he said 'right off'n my place.' You see he planned that with us in the beginning because he thought if he did maybe we wouldn't find any of his chickens if they got lost."

A shame to have to put a stop to such an ingenious financial enterprise. Perfect protection, no overhead, no taxes—nothing but clear profit.

The gentle art of squirrel shooting

(*Continued from page 58*)

symbol of silence itself. And that is about what the squirrel hunter himself will have to do, for his game is alert, keen of eye, and sharp of ear and must be stalked soundlessly and smoothly. That was another thing that the old squirrel shooters learned from this sport—or at least it kept them practiced in it—the art of going silently in the woods. When they traveled they moved with a sort of easy, rhythmic pace that had no abrupt motions to catch the eye of an enemy or of game. There are few who have the craft today—that balanced ease, that silent surefootedness, and the perfect coördination of eye and muscle of the wilderness hunter who had to move rapidly, yet so quietly that his passage would be unheard by listening ears a few paces away.

It is good strategy and pleasant after entering the woods to stop for awhile and discover what creatures are abroad, and on what errands. There are many interesting matters never seen or heard by one who plunges along regardless. Perhaps the rifleman has a glimpse of a vixen trotting denward with her litter of half-grown pups trailing her, each one of them obviously trying dutifully to do everything just as the mother does it—except the two mischievous ones who must stop for a bit of playful wrestling until they draw the old girl's rebuke. She's had the whole lot of them over in someone's orchard teaching them how to catch mice, a fine neighborly act that the farmer knows not of and will therefore fail to give credit for when Sister Fox comes and takes a hen from the poultry yard to help her through a spell of hard winter weather.

Half a score of crows come flapping out of the upper vapors and alight in the top of a dead tree near by. It may be a mutual sense of guilt that moves them to sit there in surly silence. Just so the Doone men must have looked when, returning from an unsuccessful cattle-reiving raid, they paused to unsaddle and draw breath before resuming their flight from an aroused countryside to the sullen safety of their own stronghold.

After the crows have departed there ensues a long silence broken at last by the swish of branches high among the hickories and there is the game, a sleek, graceful fellow moving with assurance along the lofty paths, stopping now to shuck a hickory nut or to send out his rasping squall. Whatever the occasion for the pause it is the rifleman's opportunity.

The time to shoot is the instant when the bead or cross hairs of the rifle sight first centers on the butt of the squirrel's ear. He who hesitates or waits for a better occasion may never have another so good, in which case he experiences the humiliation of seeing his game vanish unshot at after he has followed it futilely here and there in the tree tops with the rifle muzzle. That was another useful thing that the earlier rifleman learned from squirrel shooting, to "tech her off" the first time the sights came on. For this reason a set trigger is a helpful device on a squirrel rifle inasmuch as it requires only a touch to fire it instead of the time-consuming squeeze necessary to take up a three-pound pull. Practice is required before one can use a set trigger safely, for some of them are as sensitive as thought.

Perhaps some motion from the ground betrays the rifleman's presence to the game and then, if there is no hollow tree trunk near by, the squirrel will flick to the opposite side of a limb, press his body flat against the bark and undertake a desperate game of hide-and-seek with the earth-bound enemy. When the latter moves to bring his game in view the squirrel moves too, and more than one would-be squirrel shooter has abandoned the field in disgust and humiliation and gone away with a stiff and aching neck after an hour or more of this tantalizing effort. If he had known the trick of tossing a stick to the squirrel's side of the tree he might have bagged his game. The sudden sound of the falling missile will often deceive the besieged into thinking that the besieger has stolen a march and got around to his side. So around he comes in turn, only to get a bullet in his mistaken brain.

I have said that squirrel shooting is a philosophical sport. It is a leisurely one, too, and I recommend a day of it now and then as affording opportunities to relax and rest in between more arduous gunning activities. In my own case I derive little satisfaction from taking a day from the desk to shoot, knowing that I must return to it on the following day. On the shooting day one's mind is full of work when it should be concerned with the sport; the next day in the office it is apt to be engaged with thoughts of yesterday's sport

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when it should be on business. The result is that two whole days are partially lost for the purposes to which they were dedicated. So I manage my leave of absence to allow at least two solid weeks of upland shooting. Each night, then save only the last one, I can turn in with the comforting reflection that I can, if I wish, shoot again tomorrow. After three or four days of hard tramping after grouse, woodcock, pheasant, or quail it is very pleasant to pick up the squirrel rifle and devote a day to a sport that doesn't make such terribly violent demands on stiff muscles.

Instead of tearing along through brush and briar, panting up hillsides and floundering through swamps you find yourself moving slowly and quietly through the glowing woods, making frequent restful stops in order to examine the surroundings thoroughly and to listen for the light patter of nutshell fragments falling from a tree where a squirrel is feeding. Or you sit with your back against a tree trunk; you smoke, and think, and admire the color and pattern of the sunlit world. From far off you hear the creak of a farm wagon drawing corn from the field to the barn and the voice of the driver speaking to his horses, and you feel a kinship for poor Rip Van Winkle who loved so to retire to the squirrel woods and so escape eating the bitter fruit of complete respectability. You may also be moved to appreciate the curious resourcefulness of an Arkansas squirrel shooter who, one September afternoon, hoisted himself from his hickory splint chair beside the cabin door and spoke to the favorite one of his numerous minor offspring.

"Come, son. We all air a goin' squirrel shootin'. You all air to seek out the squirrels an' I'll do the shootin'."

The pair fared forth to a pinoak bottom and very soon the boy pointed to a fat fox squirrel sitting in the fork of a tree. His sire leveled the rifle, took careful aim, and then, lowering the weapon from his shoulder, said:

"Son, go 'long now an' spy out 'nother on o' the critters fo' me."

The boy was puzzled, but did as he was bid without question for his Pappy was a servigorous person and apt to resent inquiries as to his acts and decisions.

A second squirrel, even larger than the first, was presently found and again the hunter took careful aim, returned the unfired rifle to the position of trail and ordered his son forward on a new quest. The pantomime continued throughout the afternoon. The bewildered boy found squirrel after squirrel and all of them were left unscathed until finally at sundown he pointed to one high in the topmost branches of a tall hickory.

That time the rifle spoke and the squirrel came to earth with a moribund thump.

"Pick hit up, son, an' we'll be gittin' back to the cabin."

Years after when the boy had become a grown man and no longer stood in awe of parental displeasure he sought an explanation of that completely incomprehensible afternoon.

"Pappy, do you all remember the occasion we went a huntin' in Yancey's woods an' I spied out all them squirrels an' you all pinted Ol' Tack Driver at 'em but didn't shoot airy one ontwell the very last one I found? He warn't no bigger'n any o' the yuthers an' he was cleavin' to the top of a big hickory an' you all ups an' drilled him? An' he was the onliest one we kilt. I been right curious about that evenin'."

The old man shifted in the hickory chair and drove a spurt of tobacco juice accurately at the head of a game rooster which was strutting in the yard.

"Son, I'll tell yo'. You all know how much I love squirrel huntin'. Ceptin' fer a jug o' good likker, a fight, or a hoss race, or a pow'ful preachin' to a camp meetin' I reckon there ain't nothin' in the whole worl' I pleasure more than squirrel shootin'." He paused, "Son, that pertikler evenin' I didn't have airy thing but one, single ca'tridge for Ol' Tack Driver! An' that's Gawd's truth!"

Often enough to keep you from emulating Irving's ragged hero by going asleep in the sunshine you get a shot and the woods echo to the sharp crack of your rifle. Perhaps you add a grouse or two to your bag or, in some regions, even a turkey. Before you know it the sun is down. As you cross the hill and turn for one more look at the twilight landscape there is a chill in the air. There'll be another frost tonight and no doubt another fall of woodcock in the covers in the morning. The tiny yellow lights twinkle cheerfully in the farmhouses in the valley below and the gracious melancholy of an autumn evening possesses you. But not for long, because something compels you to reflect on the comfort of an open fire, a goblet of sound Burgundy, and a half dozen tender squirrels smoking from the grid and dripping with juices of the last basting. So you set your feet to the slope and make your way downward to the nearest cluster of lights.

Guns and game

(*Continued from page 26*)

fying odor that came to his nostrils he shifted into grouse, quail, woodcock, or pheasant gear without clashing and went ahead.

The ringneck is an easy target —sometimes. In thick cover where he occasionally resides in company with grouse and woodcock he offers difficulties sufficient to satisfy any brush shot. The strident war whoop, so long familiar to the reedy marges of Asiatic streams sounds strange, but not so alien or disagreeable to the Yankee ear as many of the dialects employed by human arrivals to our shores.

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And while I hold for the classic, subdued beauty of the raiment worn by our native birds, I still must admire the splendor of the pheasant's mandarin coat as seen against the dun pattern of a strip of swale.

Frank Forrester was wont to complain against the pernicious activities in the game fields of what he called the rag-tag and bob-tail gunners who know far less than enough to appreciate the sport of shooting or to have any consideration for the game, the landowner, or the law. I don't like that sort of thing, either, but since these cockneys can't be stopped I prefer to see their noisy groups harmlessly engaged in trying to run down a wily pheasant than in the fearful invasion of the native game covers.

Good sportsmen usually feel some twinge of compunction whenever by means of a shotgun they "reduce a wild native game bird to possession" as, with dull accuracy, the law describes a thrilling colorful episode. One must realize that with his own hand he has destroyed a thing that he cannot replace. When the game is pheasant there is consolation in the reflection that for a dollar or two another bird can be put down to replace the one in the game pocket. When he comes rattling and rocketing up out of a thicket the pheasant is an inspiring spectacle. I think none the less of his appearance when the cover of the casserole is lifted off and we find our alien friend flat on his poor back and sunk to the Plimsoll line in rich bubbling savory juices. The strident cackle is silent now and the vivid plumage gone, but there is an appetizing whisper of sound—the veriest echo of a cackle—as the cook bastes the bird, and we also observe a fine golden brown color to him that must most certainly win his instant proud approval in that ornithological paradise to which your load of 7's but lately wafted him.

PHEASANT DE LUXE. Take, as Dr. Elisha Lewis would say, one plump pheasant, or more if you have them. Pluck, draw and wipe dry. Split down the back, rub with salt and butter and broil over coals for five minutes. Then place in a covered pot with a cup of cold water, salt, a goodly lump of butter about half the size of a small dog's head, a half cup of cream, and a pinch of mustard if you like it. Put the covered pot in a medium oven and let the mystery proceed. Baste frequently and just before taking the birds out of the oven add a glass of sauterne. Let the birds stay in the oven from forty-five minutes to an hour. Then roll back the Persians in the dining room and admit your guests, each of whom should be armed with a sharp knife, a fork (optional equipment), and a hunk—not a slice—of bread for gravy-sopping purposes. Have at hand beakers of a good sound Burgundy and a crock of currant jelly—nothing else. Then carve and serve your birds and "stand clear."

If you like you can sprinkle the birds with bread crumbs, I suppose, but I've always regarded the practice as utterly effete, an unnecessary ceremonial exercise of no virtue, a hindrance and a deterrent to the gustatory activities of serious people.

There may be signs of jealousy and scornful snifflings among our gentler companions in COUNTRY LIFE at this my invasion of their acknowledged domain. Dame Jorrocks, for example, may be heard to exclaim: "What a recipe, forsooth! The man made it up himself, I'll warrant! And what wretched table manners!" And to that I'll reply that I didn't make it up—I picked up that recipe while campaigning in Egypt with Napoleon some years ago. And the table manners at the same time.

VILLAGE TALE. From a neat New England village comes a tale of shuddering horror. The regular P. W. A. sewer project was under way. Workmen under a foreman were dallying with the ditch in front of a spinster's residence, and now and again one or another of them, quite careless of the cloistered peace of the neighborhood, would swing his pick and strike a pebble a sharp blow with the tool. The mistress of the house presently emerged and viewed her Colonial front walk with distaste. She then identified the supervising foreman, who had no pick.

"Mister," said she, "I do wish you'd make your men stop expectorating tobacco juice on my walk. What with your men and the sparrows it's in dreadful condition."

"Ma'am," replied the foreman, "I guess I c'n make the boys stop spittin' tobaccer juice, but danged if I believe I c'n diaper all the sparrers fer ye!"

Fox hunting

(*Continued from page 34*)

the country, many persons sold their property and hurried West to get rich.)

"SALE: Having sold my farm and I am leaving for Oregon Territory by ox-team, will offer, March 1, 1849, all of my personal property, to wit: All ox teams except two teams, Buck and Ben and Tom and Jerry; 1 pair of oxen and yoke; 1 baby yoke; 2 ox carts; 1 iron foot of poplar weather boards; plow with wood mole board; 800 to 1,000 three-foot clap-boards; 1,500 ten-foot fence rails; 1 sixty gallon soap kettle; 85 sugar roughs made of white ash timber; 10 gallons of maple syrup; 2 spinning wheels; 30 pounds of mutton tallow; 1 large loom, made by Jerry Wilson; 300 poles; 100 split hoops; 100 empty barrels; 1 32-gallon barrel of Johnson Miller Whiskey, seven years old; 22 gallons of apple brandy; 1 40-gallon copper still, of oak-tanned leather; 1 dozen real books; 2 hanhandle

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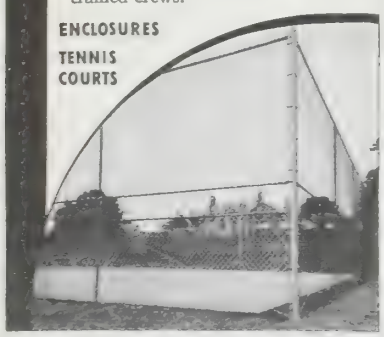

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"At the same time I will sell my six negro slaves—2 men, 35 and 50 years old; 2 boys, 12 and 18 years old; 2 mulatto wenches, 40 and 30 years old. Will sell all together to one party, as will not separate them.

"Terms of sale, cash in hand or note to draw 4 per cent interest with Bob McConnell as surety.

"My home is two miles south of Versailles, Kentucky, on the McCouns ferry pike. Sale begins at 8 o'clock A.M. Plenty to drink and eat.—J. L. Moss."

(We may only trust that not only a musical eared foxhunter but an all-round sportsman as well was the successful bidder.—Ed.)

REARS HER UGLY HEAD. Dr. Deem of the American Hound Journal writes of a friend who was applying for a city veterinary job. He was handed an application blank and filled it all out according to Hoyle until he came to the question "sex." He pondered over this word for sometime, then gripped his pen and wrote opposite the word sex, "Occasionally."

FULLER BRUSHES. Apparently the Llangibby hounds of Wales have been pushing their foxes so hard that in order to give the trophy seeking field a sop, Nature and mutation are supplying the foxes with extra brushes. This Welsh pack killed a fox last season near Usk whose brush had two brushes in its posterior section. And recently a two-tailed gray wolf was killed near Cheyenne, Oklahoma, by a famous black and tan pack.

PUPPY MULTIPLICATION. You could have two million hounds from one bitch in ten years. One bitch has say six puppies, allowing for losses. Three of them are bitches. The second year they and their mother make four to breed from, the third year twelve, and so on, until at that rate the number of hounds would be 2,097,150. This is from an arithmetically minded correspondent. We haven't checked it.

SPORTING GENTRY. The heights to which the sporting blood of our country can reach is shown by an account of a "periodic old-fashioned fox drive in Clay township, Indiana, to raise money for the town's four churches. Almost every resident in Clay township takes part in the hunt. They meet early in the morning and comb the farm country. Armed with clubs, yelling, ringing bells and beating tin cans, the line moves in, until shoulder to shoulder, they form a ring within which the fox is trapped. When the hunters trap a fox they let the poultry killing animal run itself almost to death. When too exhausted to run any more, small boys move in and beat them to death with clubs."

This account is typical of ones which appear each week in the newspapers through several states in the Midwest, and it seems a pity that some of the hunts, nearest these cankerous sections of the countryside, cannot dispel the clouds of superstition and ignorance from these addlepated clubmen, proving to them that foxes in reasonable numbers are a benefit to a countryside, not a curse. Such articles as the one just quoted can be picked up by newspapers which may be published in sections where real foxhunters wish to have their sport, and, unless the pro-side of the story is kept before the people, this Clay county fanatical attitude may grow, and win new converts in sections where their increased numbers might prove really embarrassing.

DEATH BY GAS. The Indiana Department of Conservation has found that the greatest enemy of rabbits is the automobile which kills several thousand rabbits a month in that state alone. This of course makes their losses by so-called predators in each state infinitesimal compared with that by one of those engines of destruction which today rank with excessive taxes as America's white man's burden.

New country

(*Continued from page 50*)

of horses an added difficulty, that it seems hardly worth while to start a pack unless five or six months of hunting is available. However, there are some notable exceptions. For example, one Canadian Hunt and one in Michigan have splendid countries and show really excellent sport during a very short season.

In some parts of the country rail and plank fences or stone walls still hold a majority over wire, and certain of these localities are also eminently suitable for development into hunting countries. But any district consisting of small fields fenced with wire, and especially woven wire, is unsuitable for foxhunting. Such a country requires endless paneling, which is monotonous to ride over, the galloping is choppy, and no matter how much paneling is done, hounds have the greatest difficulty in getting through, over, or under, these fences. But in the West where only three or four strands of wire are used, and the fences are a mile or more apart, a few panels will open up the country and it is possible to gallop fast and stay with hounds.

The more simple the organization of a hunt, the better. A Master and an Honorary Secretary are the only officials really neces-

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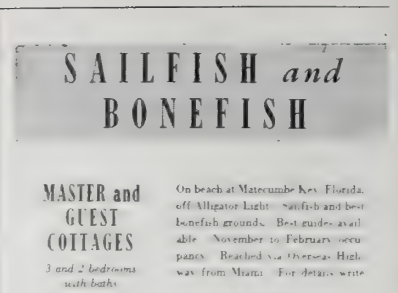

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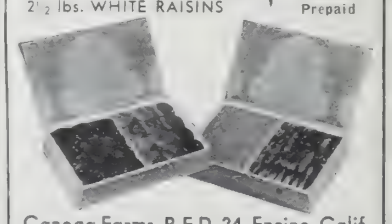

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sary—they can hold a meeting of the subscribers, supporters, and interested landowners once or twice a year to discuss matters germane to the hunt. Personally, I see no advantage in having a "Hunt Club" (I believe none exist in Great Britain), and in America the Club often becomes a case of the stern wagging the hound. Committees are usually useless, as all the work and responsibility will devolve upon the Master and Secretary anyway, and well-meaning but perhaps over-zealous novices on the paneling or other committees sometimes get the hunt in trouble with farmers.

The prime qualification for a Master is to love hunting with his whole heart and soul. If this love he have not, he and his hunt will never emerge from the slough of mediocrity. The most important duty of the Hunt Secretary is to take the financial burden off the Master—his pleasing personality should make the extraction of large sums for the hunt practically painless, even under the New Deal.

The Hunt Staff should consist of the huntsman and at least one paid whipper-in (for if the Master be capable of hunting a pack himself, this article is certainly not written for him). When possible it is always best to get as huntsman a local boy who is fond of hunting and who has had some experience either with a regular pack or night hunting with local hounds. If he is keen on hounds and hunting, has an eye for country, and gets along with the community, we can for the time being overlook his deficiencies as to kennel management, "style" in hunting, and even horsemanship, as these faults may be abated through proper training. He should be taken to see kennels of other hunts, to hound shows, and most important of all, he should be given the opportunity of watching some really first-class huntsman handle and hunt his pack—often much can be seen by following in a car. Size is a consideration in employing both huntsman and whip, as light men are easier and less expensive to mount. To a novice Master it may seem more impressive to hire an English lad—the ex-huntsman to Sir Giles Gamecock of the North Wilts—who will hunt with considerable "dog," much horn music, and a lot of weird "yoicks" and other hunting jargon thrown in, but it will carry more weight with Farmer Whittlestick to know that it's Neighbour Bill Brown's boy who wants to put in a couple of panels in the forty-acre meadow and cross his land.

The functions of the whipper-in are not generally understood in America, and the importance of his position is especially stressed by Beckford who stated that he could show better sport with only a *moderate* Huntsman supported by a *superlative* whip, than with the reverse. There are about an even hundred Honorary Whippers-in amongst the various hunts in the United States (some packs rejoicing in as many as four or five of these adornments), and of the entire lot I sincerely doubt that there are more than seven or eight who have even the foggiest notion as to their work, and *work* it is. While many of these honorary gentlemen are enthusiastic, hard riding, and hell-bent for big fences, they seldom know hounds by name (to say nothing of knowing their individual characteristics, as to which they should equal the huntsman); the huntsman hesitates to order them about; they seldom stay out when hounds are lost, and they nip off to Palm Beach when most wanted. Whence it is advisable to start off with at least one paid whip, preferably one with experience as such with a good pack.

Developing a good pack of hounds is a slow process—some of our hunts have been at it for ten, twenty, or thirty years, and in England and France over much longer periods. Due to the death of a Master or from some other cause, once in a blue moon a first-rate pack of hounds is offered for sale *in toto,* and such an opportunity should be made the most of. But unless a pack is being given up, it is a safe bet that no Master will dispose of any of his really good entered hounds. He may, however, part with some of his older hounds which have slowed up a little too much for his pack, but which may be invaluable in a new organization both for teaching the young entry to hunt and for breeding purposes. Most of the long established packs have a surplus of puppies each year some of which, though of the best breeding, will be drafted for faults of color, size, or type, before having been tried in the field. Of these unentered drafts some 50% should make satisfactory hounds for a new pack. So it is well to shop around among several of the more famous packs and select a few good past-their-prime hounds from each, and some of the most likely drafts of unentered hounds as well, sticking as much as possible to the same type and size, but disregarding color and markings at first.

Sometimes it is possible to purchase a few hounds locally from farmers—these will know the country, which is almost as important for a hound as for the huntsman, and thus make good "strike" hounds, and also render good service for the first few years. Usually it is not advisable to get too many of these farmers' hounds, however, as they are generally deficient in conformation (splay-footed, weak loined, or light of bone), sketchy as to blood lines, and having been turned loose and hunted at night, they may be inclined to skirt or babble and be whip-shy and impervious to discipline. But perhaps one out of fifty of these "night-dawgs" may prove to be a knockout both in its work or in the stud. From twelve to fifteen couples will be enough to start with, out of which one can count on ten or twelve couples to hunt with, as always

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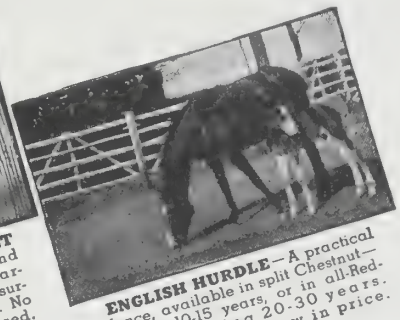

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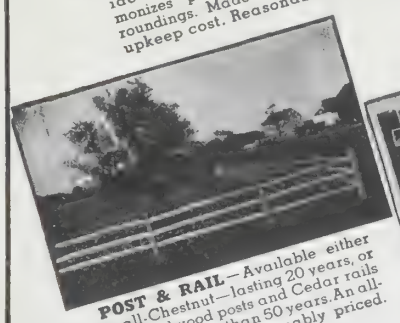

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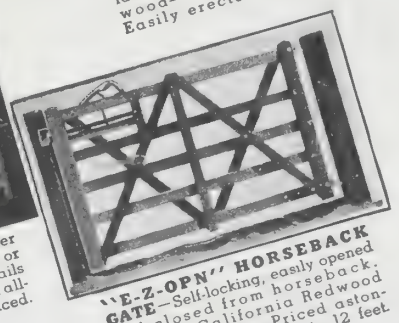

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some hounds are laid up. In a small pack it is a mistake to have a preponderance of bitches, as they all may go in season at the same time, leaving a very short pack for the field.

It would take too long to discuss the relative merits of the different breeds — English, Welsh, Cross-bred, and American, or the various strains of the latter including Virginia, Maryland, Walker, July, Trigg, etc., all of which have their ardent supporters. Suffice it to say that Walker hounds, though high as to conformation and excellent for field trials and night running, are generally too fast and too unbiddable for hunting in the orthodox manner. On account of their bulk English hounds have great difficulty with woven wire fences; their use is precluded in dry regions owing to their deficiency in nose, and in forested areas owing to their lack of cry. Rough-coated Welsh hounds are chiefly useful for collecting burrs. Maryland hounds have splendid nose and great cry —they are very useful in constricted areas where great speed is not possible. The Virginia strain seems to be the most popular, but perhaps I am prejudiced in its favor. But whichever breed is showing the best sport among the hunts adjacent, or if there be none adjacent, in countries having similar climate and terrain—that breed will have the best chance of success in the newly established country.

As to horses, the huntsman and whips should be the best mounted men in the field—their horses have from 25% to 50% more work to do, and it is up to them to *stay with hounds* no matter what happens. The type of horse required is just a real hunter, rugged, sound (superficial blemishes of no importance), a good stayer, with a turn of speed. He must be an exceptional jumper and thoroughly schooled—the hunting field is no place for the hunt staff to be making colts or taking chances on ex-racehorses, and nothing discourages these men more than having to hunt a horse that is continually refusing, blundering, or otherwise misbehaving. It is the show ring animal which brings the fabulous price—good honest hunters can be found at from $500 to $1000, sometimes for even less. The best source is the sporting farmer who owns one—at most two—horses and who actually hunts them himself two or three days a week.

In a two days a week pack, the huntsman and whip can get along with three horses between them. More days per week require more horses in about that ratio. A competent veterinary surgeon should pass all hunt horses as "hunting sound." Whenever possible hunters should be purchased within the hunting country—it helps the hunt. Preference should be given to mares; if injured they make the best hunter broodmares and there is much satisfaction in raising your own hunt horses.

Nothing definite can be said as to the costs as conditions vary so much in different localities. In starting a hunt no capital investment should be made in land or buildings for a year or two, until the country has been thoroughly tried out, and pending recognition by the Masters of Foxhounds Association. Meanwhile kennels, stabling, and quarters for the hunt staff should be rented. A modest start might be made as follows:

24 hounds @ $50 ea.	$1200
3 hunt horses @ $750 ea.	2250
Saddlery and Tack	450
Hunt livery for 2 men	400
Remodeling henhouse for kennels	100
Building kennel yard	250
Stable and kennel supplies	50
	$4700

The annual expenses of running a hunt vary from about $5,000 in the bush league up to $50,000 or more in a few of the big hunts. In some places it is possible to run a medium-sized establishment of say twenty-five couples of hounds, eight or nine horses, hunting thrice a week, and employing four or five men on the hunt staff and in the kennels and stables, for about $10,000 a year. A budget should be carefully prepared at the beginning of each season estimating the probable costs of: Fixed charges (rent, or taxes and insurance, etc.), wages, hound feed, horse feed and straw, veterinary surgeon and medicines, shoeing, poultry and other damages, upkeep of country (paneling, cutting wood rides, etc.), restocking with foxes and rabbits. The cloth should be cut in accordance with the income available. It is very important to insure all employees under an Employers' Liability and Workmen's Compensation policy in accordance with State laws so that in case of any accident the injured person may have the benefit of good care and adequate financial aid while incapacitated.

An experienced hunting man clad in the traditional scarlet, correctly appointed, and mounted on a well-groomed capable hunter, is indeed a sight for the gods. But an enthusiastic beginner conspicuous in brand new pink, using a new and slippery saddle, mounted on a horse (perhaps over fresh) to which he is none too habituated, larking around a cover with no purpose in mind, and gulping from a flask whilst noisily chatting with the 1st whip, is only a pathetic object for ridicule. Farmers have a strong sense of the ridiculous, whence it is the part of wisdom to soft-pedal the dressy and social aspects of hunting until such time as the followers of the new hunt have earned the respect of the countryside as real hunting men and women.

Though complications will be many, and disappointments are to be expected, if the country proves suitable and the Master and sponsors persist in their determination to have good sport, the new venture will pay big dividends in recreation, pleasure, and in the satisfaction of having achieved an object well worth while.

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Yes—'trees must eat'—but conditions surrounding most shade trees today are such that the natural woodland methods of enriching the soil are largely lost. Nature's feeding balance has been destroyed. Trees growing on lawns and in other unnatural conditions in time exhaust the soil, with the result that—twig growth is less . . . foliage is smaller . . . limbs die off . . . disease strikes harder . . . beauty is lost . . . death may occur. Nearly 20 years ago Bartlett developed a feeding formula—Bartlett Green Tree Food—which has proven itself, under all tests of the laboratory and the field, to closely approximate Nature at her best in providing adequate supplies of proper food. Bartlett Green Tree Food is so formulated that a normal tree growth is assured—health and beauty restored—when trees are fed the Bartlett Way. Also, Bartlett Green Tree Food has proven itself a superb food for lawns and flowers. You may economically make a feeding test of Bartlett Green Tree Food on the most undernourished spots of your lawn and garden.

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A modern Mt. Vernon in Missouri

(*Continued from page 76*)

equipped with a specially designed fire door, so constructed that in case of fire, the latches melt and all the doors automatically drop into place, completely shutting off the destructive flames.

A wide runway of concrete runs the length of the building downstairs with stalls arranged on each side. The stalls, single, double, box, and tie-ups have dirt floors. Each stall is fitted with modern feed boxes and running water and so arranged that the attendant does not have to enter the stall to feed. Feed placed in huge bins on the upper floor is automatically mixed as it runs through the chutes, and conveyors relay the feed to convenient points. The entire interior of the barn is paneled and all of the stall divisions are ventilated. Every piece of wood throughout the barn which could be damaged either by horses, trucks, or carts is protected with steel. All the manger partitions and feed troughs are protected with cribbing strips.

The Bruenings now have sixty-five head on their farm and have won many coveted ribbons on an extensive show circuit during the past few years, including the International at Chicago, the American Royal at Kansas City, and many state fairs. Some of their horses have been imported direct from Scotland; while others come from Canada where this breed is very popular.

One of the most popular features of modern horse shows is the Clydesdale drafters shown in multiple hitches. The Broadacres stable has a special harness room for the equipment for a six horse hitch and a practice ring outside where the training, which requires a year, is given. But as they thunder into the ring, one team hitched in front of the other, with dark coats glistening, their heavy, brass-studded harness jangling, and their white legs flashing in unison as they trot, wheel, and turn in a limited space the result well justifies the year of effort.

Mako and marlin from down under

(*Continued from page 71*)

though, that there are monster fish half an hour away from all this.

Piercy Island, the mainland at Cape Brett, and Bird Rock form a basin at the mouth of the bay that is the popular fishing grounds. The headlands and the volcanic islands jut straight out of the deep water; the waves are always smashing the rocks. It would be dangerous for the novice to try to maneuver a boat near the shore lines, but the New Zealand boatmen know this stretch of water thoroughly. Here, within a few square miles of sea, lies your best chance to kill a big fish. Vast shoals of bait fish—kahawai and travalli and small yellow-tail are attracted, each summer, by a curious drift of marine food that sweeps around the North Cape of New Zealand into the Bay of Islands. So thick are these two to six pound fish that two in one cast can be jigged on a gang hook. On a ten-foot fly rod, a five-pound kahawai will put up a beautiful battle, hooked legitimately in the mouth with a cedar plug. This in itself is a fine sport—they struggle like small bonita—but obviously we wanted to get after the marlin, so we took most of our bait on hand lines.

There are half a dozen varieties of the big fish. The most common, and in many ways the best, is the striped marlin. The highest prized, except for the rare broadbill, is the black marlin, bigger than the striped, with a blunt snout of a bill, short thick body, and many of the fighting proclivities of the giant tuna. The Mako shark is a great game fish when he attains a weight of three or four hundred pounds or more, but on only two occasions did I see him do what I had read he could do. There are the other usual breeds of shark, most of which are to be avoided, and the kingfish, tuna-shaped, running up to one hundred pounds, and classified by Zane Grey as the yellow-tail. They sound and behave like a tuna that has dined too well; after you have caught a couple you'll keep away from the hole where they will always bite.

The striped marlin do not vary much in size. Nine out of ten taken weigh between two and three hundred pounds. More specifically, of the seventeen that we boated during those thirty-three days, the smallest was two-twenty-five and the largest two-ninety-six. Their behavior when fast differs enormously, however. I have seen them fight experienced anglers for two and a half hours; once I boated one in four minutes, hooked deep in the belly, so that he was choked and helpless with his stomach ripped out.

The black marlin are more predictable in their actions. After a few initial leaps, they are not apt to show, and the ensuing battle, considering their size, is not commensurate with that of the lightning-fast striped marlin. Anyone who has fished Bimini will tell you that the water there presents more difficulties than any other fishing grounds in the world. And they are undoubtedly right. New Zealand fishermen are not challenged by the prominent hazard of Bimini, and that is the hazard of sharks. I have never heard of a hooked fish being mutilated by sharks off New Zealand. Consequently, some of the nerve-straining, back-breaking suspense, necessary for horsing a giant fish to gaff quickly, is eliminated, and this may or may not make it a more pleasant place in which to fish. In any case, the cold water is deep off Cape Brett, and the marlin, coming from wherever they do to feed, are hungry and lean, in marvelous condition.

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3 HOURS FROM LOS ANGELES

Write for illustrated ... *Associates, Room 2,* ...

It seems to me that the most exciting way to catch a marlin is to hook it on skittered bait at a four or five mile an hour troll. Often as not you spot the fish before he sees the bait. Sometimes there will be two running along side by side, as close and even as a team of road horses. The game really becomes angling, then, and it is not exaggeration to say that a marlin will play along after you for an hour, before smashing the bait, or, shunting off to the side and down. Then, there is the method of drifting with the tide, wind, and current. The baits are deep, and when the marlin hits, there may be the surprise, but there is not the thrill of seeing the great purple shadow swing up, his bill sweeping out of the water, his strangled-looking, big, blue eyes rolling and bulging. On a slow troll, the third method, the fish will hit a little harder than on the drift, and you must strike back more carefully. We caught them all three ways, but the fish that I remember best are those we hunted and that cracked the trolled bait as it skittered over the water.

The first four days we fished nothing happened. The sharp black sickle tails, harbingers of hope, were cutting the top, and there were marlin and sharks caught all around us. On the fifth day, the first marlin I had ever felt hit me on the troll, off the tip of Piercy Island. He cleared the water twice, trying to throw the hook, and then, as they all eventually do, he headed north-east off the cape. He ran a long time but never showed again until we had him dead at the boat. The next day we had another from the same spot, on the drift. It is a curious sensation to feel a fish strike, then feel him strip off line, strike him back with the drag thrown, and see the fish jump near the boat, perhaps a hundred feet from where you had expected him to show. This one did better. He made a dozen or so clean-cut leaps like a mechanical toy and after that fought hard for half an hour. The two fish were somehow disappointing, however, even though the first one had taken over an hour to boat. I had seen Charles Stuart from Singapore, fished by the great Peter Williams, Zane Grey's old guide, fast to a marlin that jumped seventy-three times by actual count. That same day John Hutton came into camp with two striped marlin, and they had given him wonderful fights. Huntington White-Wickham, the famous English angler, had a Mako shark that repeatedly jumped as high as the masthead, to come down flat on its belly, great pectorals stretched out horizontally, the evil mouse-shaped face straining from side to side. But apparently the size of striped marlin had little to do with the spectacular way in which they fought.

There was a slow week after that, with only a marlin or two and some small Mako sharks, and one large hammerhead. Then there was a change of luck, and it seemed impossible to spend a day without boating a fish. Some days we came into camp with two marlin and a few odd sharks. We were only two on the boat, the master Captain Davis and myself, and we extravagantly fished two lines on the drift, one deep at about seventy feet, the other close and shallow at thirty feet. Twice we had double-headers, both fish striking simultaneously, but, of course, managed each time in boating only one, as there could be no one at the wheel to maneuver the boat. Except for those that got free on the double-headers, I lost only one striped marlin of the eighteen we hooked. What I did lose is another story and a thrilling one:

Fifteen minutes out of the camp at Otehei Bay, you can, in vague hope, put a line in the water. We always did this, and, on this day, before we were out of the Bay, right in view of the Deep Water Cove Camp, we hooked a marlin. The water was flat, and with the rocky islands close around us, the fish put up a beautiful fancy fight. It was a fine piece of luck, and it was good to start the day with a big fish already roped on the stern. Out on the grounds, towing two stale baits, the boatman's reel screamed and the rod was straining in the holder. Davis grabbed my rod from me, and I saw the big fish jump seven times while I pulled his rod from the holder. Then I was reeling in slack line, and the first black marlin we had fastened to was headed for Australia. The antiquated under-the-rod reel had frozen, and the line parted.

About two o'clock that day we got another striped marlin, and then a small hundred and thirty pound Mako shark. (These Makos, incidentally, usually cause more trouble on the boat than in the sea.) Bill Dowding, the well-known English wing and rifle shot was fishing a hundred yards off from us. We had trolled and drifted a few hours, when I heard Dowding yell, and saw the tip of his Hardy rod bent to the water, while his boat was getting under weigh. It was easy to see that Bill was into something very heavy. But then there was something at my bait—taking it out steadily. The line straightened out hard and I struck three or four times, and the biggest tail I ever saw showed in a slow, even roll—a spear fish tail, not a shark tail; or maybe it was a broadbill tail. Davis swung the boat; we were headed inland and about six yards from the rocks. "This is our fish," Davis murmured. "This is the hole where Carrie Fin got the women's world record. Give it to him—it's getting late."

But we couldn't turn the big fish. I set the drag as tight as I dared and he peeled off four hundred yards of line in a steady deliberate run. It wasn't jerky and it wasn't particularly fast, but the speed never changed, and I could not slow him up. The big fish made

a spectacular series of these long even runs out to sea. We would recover up to a hundred yards of line, and then it would begin all over again. I was taking no chances on breaking the line or the rod, and this show kept up for three hours. In another hour, for an instant only, I had the double line out of water, but he was off again, kidding us along. Not once had he shown, except for the slow-motion-picture glimpse of the giant tail when he took the kahawai. Davis managed, however, to grab the braided wire leader twice, but he couldn't hold it. The fish was too strong. The next time the double line came up I chanced breaking the rod or the line, or pulling the hook. The hook pulled. What's more it was flattened out absolutely straight.

It was dark on the long grind back and the lighthouse was growling in the mist on the cape. Everybody was out on the dock when we hit camp, and in a minute I saw why. There was a monster of some kind hanging from the scaffold where the fish are strung up to be photographed. I had forgotten all about Bill Dowding's fish, but there it was. It was a thresher shark, nine-hundred and twenty-two pounds, and the world's record.

We didn't get a black marlin. There was one chance left and we took it, but all we got was another striped marlin. On my last day we were the only boat out as there was a nasty sea. It was far too rough to look for tails, but on the way home we saw one, close to the boat. It was a black marlin —their tails are much bigger than the others and curve in a sudden hook at the tip. He simply refused to look at the bait. He disappeared, and, as I was reeling in, saying good-bye to New Zealand, two other tails showed. We presented the bait, one struck, he was on, and in the heavy sea it was one of the best battles I had had off Cape Brett.

Seen and heard

(*Continued from page 62*)

Our part of the world is suffering for the first time from a disease of horses which resembles sleeping sickness. The handy little name for it is "encephalomyelitis" and it is carried from beast to beast by flies or mosquitoes. Some two hundred horses in Massachusetts have died within a week of this disease. Fortunately there is a vaccine which is given a very good rating in veterinary circles as a preventive measure. However, its use involves taking horses out of work for a period which, at this writing, seems to be rather vaguely defined. Coming just at the beginning of the cub hunting season, it complicates life for hunting folk, as it does for polo players and racing men. Just one more headache for the harassed horseman. A careful study of the Department of Agriculture's large volume, "Diseases of the Horse" will leave the layman wondering how any four-legged equine can find time to totter to its nosebag. Horses can have more things wrong with them—and generally do—than should be permitted in a well-organized world. We have been more than fortunate in this country in being free up to date—touch wood?—of hoof and mouth disease. But that will come in time. We shall be afflicted with that as we are with Hitler and his pals and Mussolini and Stalin and other European statesmen—a pandemic of wrong thinkers and doers who, in the classic phrase, everytime they open their mouths they put their foot in it. (That seems to be doubtful grammar but the meaning is clear and perhaps it isn't a classic phrase anyhow. We writers and horsemen *do* suffer from complications which are completely unknown to the blameless bond salesman.)

As those things known to newspaper reporters as "War Clouds" obscure the horizon and as horses have a new disease, gloom encompasses me. This Department has no cheery word for you this month, dear brethren. If war comes in Europe, after what we have known, I think I shall stop wanting to be a human being and will retire into a kennel, and bark for my food and, on fine nights, bay at the moon.

Polo from the near-side

(*Continued from page 57*)

Old Westbury still is the champion. No question about that. When the smoke of battle finally cleared—before 37,000 enthusiastic spectators, as large a crowd as has packed the historic old robin's-egg blue stands of Meadow Brook's International Field in many a day—"Sonny" Whitney's great team (Michael Phipps, Cecil Smith, Stewart Iglehart, and Whitney) which is one of the smoothest working polo combinations of all time, once more rode triumphantly off the field of honor with their mallets at rest and the national U. S. polo championship tucked safely away in their celebrated treasure chest for the second year in succession.

Greentree ("Pete" Bostwick, Roberto Cavanagh, the imported Argentine ace; Tommy Hitchcock and "Jock" Whitney) proved to be the runners-up they had to beat. And Old Westbury walloped the 1935-36 champs by the convincing score of 16 to 7. And were going so strongly at the finish that it looked as if they could have defeated them by five goals more. If Old Westbury isn't the most magnificent polo machine that this casual observer has ever seen—and that includes the four-footed thoroughbred members, for they certainly "had the cattle," as they say along the picket lines—this new modern "Big Four" will have to do until another gigantic line-up rides into the picture.

In their final with Greentree, even the most minute binocular inspection, we think, couldn't have

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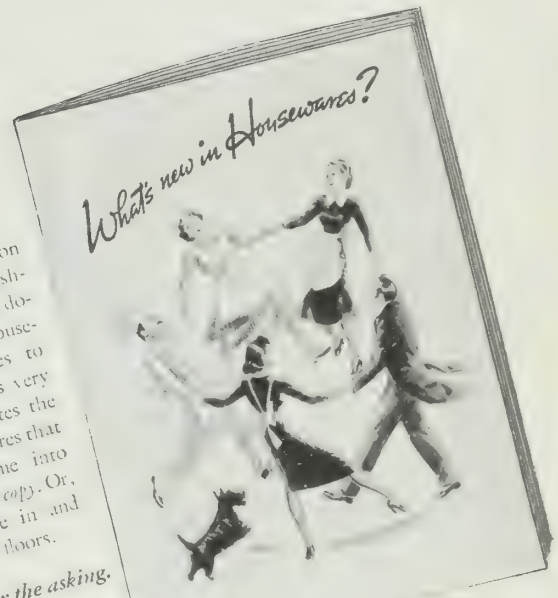

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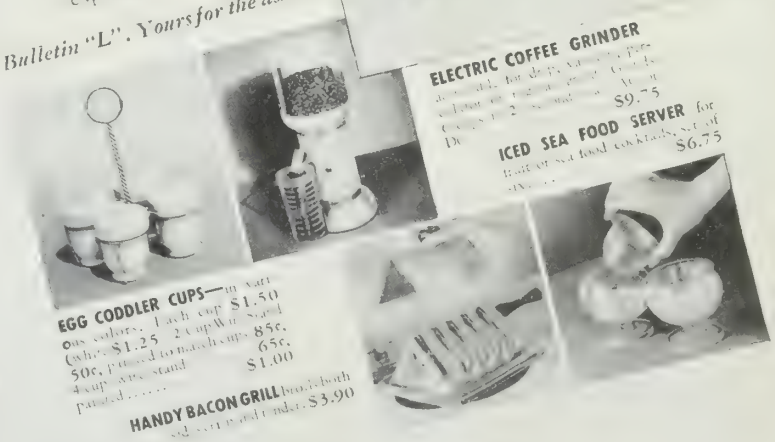

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found any weakness in that perfectly symphonized Old Westbury performance. Every man played his position beautifully; every horse responded gallantly. Greentree is not badly mounted by any stretch of the imagination. But they were outmounted over the wide emerald stretches of International Field on that day.

They'll tell you, some of those fans who saw the final of the Open, that Hitchcock was not the same old Tommy on that day; that Cavanagh didn't look like a good horseman; that Bostwick hung back in the game and failed to stay out at his No. 1 post as effectively as usual; and that Jock Whitney was outraced by Phipps continually.

All of which may be quite true. But there was a reason—four very good reasons indeed—who call themselves, collectively, Old Westbury, and play collectively, too. Hitchcock didn't dominate the game because Smith and Iglehart, curiously enough, had similar ideas. Two against one is often a fairly convincing argument. And so it proved. The latter two ten-goalers were "on top" of the "Lone Ranger" all afternoon. How they managed to do what they did besides, and how Tommy managed to do what he did besides—for he had many flashes of his customary brilliance—are three reasons why these men rate at the top, as the country's only ten-goalers.

As for the other members of the Greentree team—well, Bostwick probably became discouraged about "staying out there," since the balls were not booming up from the rear. And Sonny Whitney was always there ahead of him anyway. Jock Whitney, we thought, played well over his head—the best polo of his career. Cavanagh, we thought, must have been playing well over his head when he made his last visit to this country several years ago.

But Cavanagh was riding against Iglehart. Iglehart was superb. At the important pivot position of No. 3, he was literally here, there and everywhere—seemingly at once. He met occasional loose balls squarely on the nose, smacked them high, wide and handsome for tremendous wallops; then checked, whirled his mounts on a dime; staved off serious threats with many a heroic save, and sent flying back high over the heads of the onrushing players repeated off-side back shots that changed the whole direction of play with lightning suddenness. Best of all—he was using his head all the time—*and how he used his head!* so that his rifle-like hits, calmly directed, either rolled through the goal posts or went to a waiting team-mate . . . teammates, mostly Cecil Smith, who were always in the right spot, alert and quick to carry on and convert into a score or pass again to another on-coming Westbury rider where it would do most good.

But Iglehart couldn't have done it alone. Neither could Smith. Together they couldn't fail. Smith, too, who had a bad fall about half time, played marvelous polo, accounting for eight goals, five from the heat of battle—and from accurate passes from Iglehart—and three on beautiful, free penalty drives. But it wouldn't be fair to single out either Iglehart or Smith or anyone else in this great team victory. All on the Old Westbury side had a hand in it. Smith and Iglehart were outstandingly spectacular and dominated the game, yes, but behind them always was the dependable Sonny Whitney. He turned in the soundest kind of a game at Back. And this despite injuries in the second chukker, when struck above the eye by Jock Whitney's mallet, that would have sent a less courageous man to the hospital. . . . And ahead of them, too, was Phipps, who except for his back-shots being noticably weakened by a strained wrist, played a ten-goal No. 1 game.

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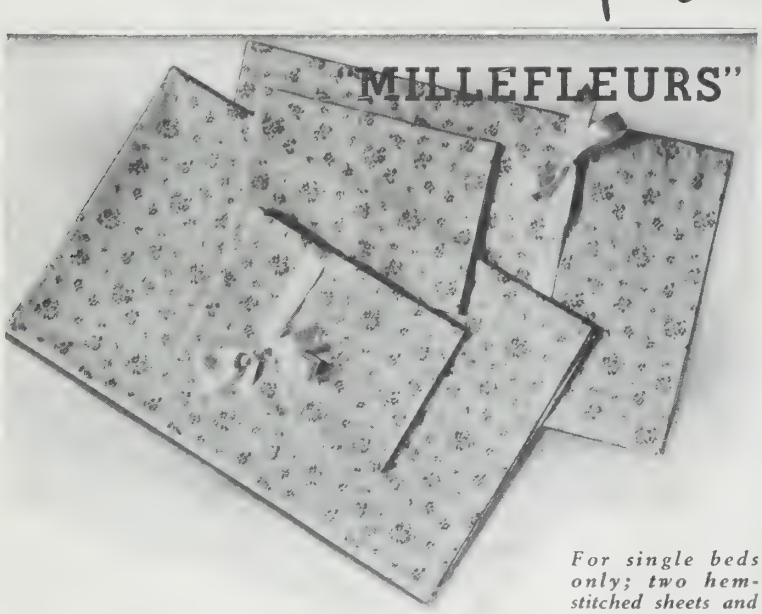

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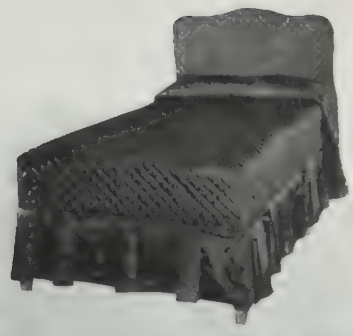
The earlier rounds of the Open ran along very true to form—except that the weather blessed the tournament committee this year, backing up their good judgment in having earlier playing dates to such an extent that not one game had to be postponed. Greentree topped the Jaguars, 15 to 9, in the opener; Old Westbury trounced Aknusti, 13 to 7; Greentree then defeated the Ramblers, 20 to 7, to reach the final, and Old Westbury had far too much power for Aurora, the score being 14 to 8, with Ivor Balding playing for Phipps on account of the latter's injured wrist.

Other Open Observations: Eric Tyrrell-Martin's tremendous knock-in, half the length of the field, in the Jaguars-Greentree opener, which proved to be the most exciting game of the tourney . . . The Jaguars, before the matches, changing its name and its No. 1 three times . . . First it was Templeton with Eric Pedley who couldn't come on from California . . . then Optimists with Hesketh Hughes, British internationalist, who dropped out owing to condition of mounts . . . Finally, Jaguars with Jimmie Mills . . . Tyrrell-Martin, the outstanding man on the field next to Hitchcock who played one of his greatest games . . . But Winston Guest and his team-mates disappointing . . . Guest, who had played sensational polo at No. 3 all season, switched to No. 2 and forgot one of the cardinal rules of the game—for a *two* to keep going, forward, forward, forward . . . He often checked, almost stopped dead when hitting . . . giving Hitchcock chance to turn and occasionally come back on the ball . . . After the first game telling one of the Jaguars "too bad such a corking game—such a big score" . . . and the reply . . . "just like you reporters, always thinking about goals scored!" . . . which is just about the difference in headwork between the two teams . . . The Greentree team certainly not clicking this year as they used to do with Gerald Balding in the line-up. Cavanagh, who replaced him, obviously not as good as Balding *can* be, although in this country the latter has not displayed anyway near the kind of form that made him a ten-goal man in England this season . . . In the Greentree-Ramblers game, Hitchcock's mount crashes through the tall hedge against the stands and refuses to come out . . . Tommy dismounts and leads it through the "woods" . . . Cavanagh's two great goals from about 100-yds. out . . . otherwise he appears but a shadow of his former brilliant self . . . In the Aknusti-Old Westbury clash, the most careless play of the tournament when Ray Guest fails to *"Leave it"* as "Pat" Roark yells at him to do so, 60-yards in front of goal . . . and Guest whales it wide of the posts with Roark free behind him . . . Roark's magnificent game throughout . . . They can't discount this veteran as a great player . . . what a No. 1 he would make for England's International Team, if you could get him to stay out there . . . but why waste him up front? Final Finale: Phipps is a shade better No. 1 than Bostwick . . . Cousin Sonny is a better player than Cousin Jock Whitney . . . Iglehart and Smith are an almost unbeatable pair . . . and Tommy Hitchcock is still the greatest player in the world.

Planting for wildlife

(*Continued from Page* 53)

in improving the food supply in wildlife covers. A close relative of the mountain-ash as its name implies, it is a wild cross between the service-tree and the white beam-tree of Central Europe. It is broad and shapely, attaining a height of fifty feet and better, more resembling a gigantic hawthorn than the spindly mountain-ash. The beam-tree's white springtime flowers are followed in fall by large quan-



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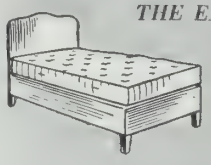

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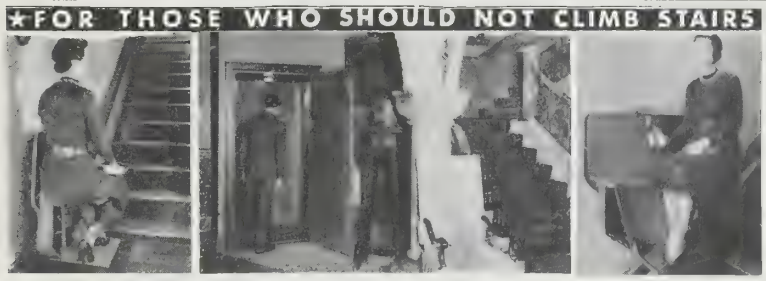

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tities of russet fruits the size of grapes. These shower down from the branches from early fall when they start to ripen until very late in the season. The tree should be given a place of honor on the game preserve because its fruit attracts a variety of game. It is rather a spare growing tree, though, which, to serve its purpose best, should not be planted off by itself. I would plant it among low, dense shrubs to offer cover to wary birds. It would serve its purpose even better if lanes of barley or other standing grain led in to it from fields and briery swamps.

If the beamtree is "spare" then its cousins, the American and European mountain-ashes, are quite gaunt. None the less I'd pick one of the pair as a proper invitation to wildlife on any lands. Perhaps I would choose the Old World form since it grows to a full sixty feet in its lustiest stature, and since the orange-red fruits are a full size the larger and borne in greater profusion. The American species never grows over thirty feet tall. Still, game shows no preference between the glimmering apples of the two. I have trees of both species growing among the tangled cover of rambler roses and Japanese honeysuckle. Ground game is always about there once the fat fruits start to ripen; and the bluebirds and robins chirp and feast among the lean branches every November through.

The grouse and pheasants trade back and forth between the mountain-ashes and the sumac much of the time in hunting season. I propose both plants for your game preserve, the jungly corner of your formal grounds set aside as a wildlife refuge, the far thickets of your country place where you like to gun now and then. Sumac of many species is a gratuitous wilding. Its gray wood cloaks the bare flanks of sunny hills, the cindery slopes along railroad rights-of-way. People aren't much given to planting wild things like sumac. They'd rather set out things that are weeds in far distant lands. But I know no more heart-warming sight in fall than a broad clump of staghorn sumac with its new twigs covered with velvet like the antlers of a summertime buck. Fragrant sumac, smooth sumac, and other sorts lack the novel "fur" of the staghorn form, but all of them flaunt handsome glossy leaves which grow redder than blood as autumn comes of age. Sumac's great spikes of red berries are brave highlights on the landscape long after other color is gone and the land is white with snow. Sumac and wildlife? Ask the quail and pheasants which find a bulwark against winter in its persistent fruits. Ask the covey of grouse I can flush any day now on a sunny hill a few hundred yards off. Take your evidence from the woodpeckers, the chickadees, and the wintering robins which spend every blizzardy day within feeding distance of its fruity wands.

The glowing foliage of the black haw tree is a familiar delight to gunners in fall over much of the country. It isn't really much of a tree; not tall; but its maze of twigs is very dense. Wild things like shelter such as that when they're feeding. They like it especially when it conceals sweet purple fruit in teeming abundance as the black haw does. But not purple fruit only. The moment September comes with its zest of autumn on the air, the tree's tufts of oval green berries turn pink. Slowly, just a berry or two at a time, these pink fruits wax purple, then black. I've seen a mighty lot of squirrels and other arboreal wildfolk on the branches of black haw trees in the years I've been poking around outdoors! And I've banged away at many a big brown-feathered bombshell which roared off from feasting on its fruit when I came about.

The familiar black haw, *Viburnum prunifolium,* has many kinsmen which merit digging holes and tamping down earth about roots for the sake of feeding wild game alone. Most viburnums bear fruit in great abundance. In the wild this holds winter game in many a bit of cover I know, which otherwise might be empty. The wayfaring-tree, arrowwood, and maple-leaved viburnum are common wild shrubs of the sort. The first with its scarlet autumn fruit, the latter two with copious blue-black berries, deserve a deal of attention from people who want live things about. And there are a couple of Old World viburnums which I would submit for your examination: the cranberry-bush of Europe which bears shining translucent red fruits sometimes made into sauce for human fare; and *Viburnum tomentosum,* an Asiatic shrub which produces dark red berries in amazing profusion. Various native viburnums appear to be more seductive to game than these immigrants are, but these latter have found great favor with horticultural folk, so I list them here. Be it recorded that their fruits are amazingly persistent, typically remaining on the shrubs till the next year's blooms appear. This is much in their favor where wildlife is concerned for it makes starvation fare available when staple food is sealed under crusted snow.

Everyone who has hunted on the broad slopes of our southeastern mountains knows the important role played by the glittering red fruits of the flowering dogwood in attracting and holding brown birds. *Whrr! Br-rrr! Bam! Bam!* Many's the martial air of roaring birds and exploding gunpowder that's sounding across the Blue Ridge as you read these words. From under the dogwoods the grouse and the quail whirr up. The blue tubes spit shot and pungent smoke. Feathers drift lazily on sunlit air. And day after day the game comes in to feast on dogwood berries. Plant the dogwoods in pairs and trios in your woodland coverts for the boon of

Cornus florida's white blooms and tasty red meat. Plant the other worthy members of the dogwood tribe the same way, for they're surer to fruit when cross-pollinated. There are plenty of these others. There's the cornelian-cherry for instance, bearing juicy red berries almost as big as plums; and the kinnikinnik of damp creekside places, with pale blue fruit in flat disks; white-berried *Cornus asperifolia,* a sparse shrub forming thickets on dry hillsides; and any number of others. Game likes the berries of all dogwoods; so do songbirds and small fry in fur. Unfortunately though, the shrubs and trees of the clan drop their fruit quite early in fall. Cornelian-cherries, the extreme example, tumbled off as long ago as late August, as soon as they were ripe. However, the brilliance and variety of color afforded by the gamut of dogwood fruits would make them worth planting even if no berry of the lot was ever eaten by a bird. For bright berries, like autumn leaves, blue skies, and the scent of burning leaves, are quite as fine a part of fall as hunting is.

Bright berries! That brings to mind the gayest of them all; the most colorful thing I've ever planted for game. Maybe I've planted it more for men to see than for the birds to eat. It's worthy enough for hungry game, but it's a riot of color when its fruits are ripe in autumn. It is not noteworthy at other seasons of the year, this elegant porcelain-ivy, or porcelain-berry, what with leaves like those of a dwarf grapevine, tiny greenish flowers and slim fountains of stems that die back to the ground during every Connecticut winter. But I wish you could look right now at a certain shaggy fence corner overgrown with porcelain-ivy. *Ampelopsis heterophylla,* long scientific name that it is, doesn't half do justice to the kaleidoscope of fruit that you would see. Pink, green, sky blue, yellow, and purple are only *some* of the extraordinarily beautiful colors that show on porcelain-berries today.

Many of my vines, shrubs, and trees are not noted on the experts' lists. But the chipmunks approve of them all—before I plant them. And grouse do; and squirrels and robins, and such. I guess I'll never be an expert. The first thing that experts do when they canonize a plant for wildlife use is to look up its scientifific name. I've planted more than one thing on my place for which I don't even know a farm boy's name: a full-seeded grass which now grows along the pond edge where wild ducks can strip off its grain; a certain odd yellow-flowered herb like partridge pea which bears loads of oily seeds. And every spring I plant a potpourri of mixed "pigeon feed" along with sunflower seeds, in sunny spots out in the woods. No expert that ever lived would do things like that. He'd made a *chart* of the place, reducing to mere blobs of ink the glade full of ferns where the woodcock nested last spring; the age-whitened chestnut trunk on which the grandest of all cock grouse drums on October evenings. And when he had a chart like that all made he'd draw up a list of long Latin names of things he'd plant just here, exactly there.

Somehow that little hunting ground of mine just isn't like that, and the game on it isn't either. I guess I'll just continue with setting out carmine crab trees, sumac, and nameless grasses wherever it suits my fancy. I'll gather wild berries in fall when I'm hunting; plant their seeds near the cabin door. I'll go right along, without doubt, setting pink-fruited ivy vines beside the stage-coach road. And as long as the scheme suits the pheasants, and squirrels, and the big thundering orange-tailed grouse. I'll go right on being satisfied.

Humanitarians and sportsmen

(*Continued from page* 39)

those who brought the injunction, Mr. Gordon and the gunners are barbaric bloodlusters. To Mr. Gordon and the gunners, those who brought the injunction and supported it are killjoys and professional sentimentalists who know nothing about matters of conservation. And in truth, Mr. Gordon and the gunners seem to have the best of this argument, for surely it is more humane (if the adjective can mean anything when applied to man's treatment of wildlife) to kill a doe with a bullet than to let her starve to death. Anyway, all this gets out in the press, and even, in this case, over the air, and people on both sides become furious and there is nothing but madness in most of them. It is this kind of bickering which explains, I believe, why Mr. Rutledge writes about better lovers in a shooting and fishing magazine.

You cannot very much blame him. Some people like to shoot for about the same reasons that other people like to stare at songbirds through field glasses, or break their legs skiing, or chase foxes on horseback, or take the kiddies on overnight camping trips, or indulge in any one of a dozen other amiable idiocies to which the race is heir. Simply, they enjoy their sport. It gets them out in the open, gives them an appetite and something to talk about, and thus becomes one of the pleasurable realities of existence. And many such people are gentle folk, who very much resent being called murderers and destroyers of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. When they are so called, they will try, in plausible defense, to put forth their own conception of the Good, the True, and the Beautiful. But they make this mistake: they put forth that conception in terms of their hobbies. The defense becomes, therefore, as painful and as mean-

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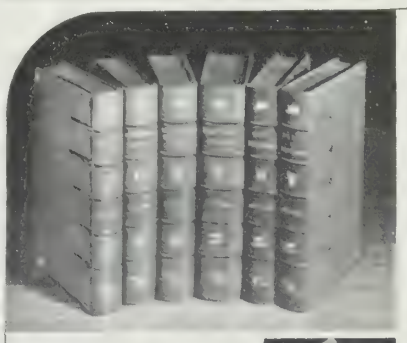

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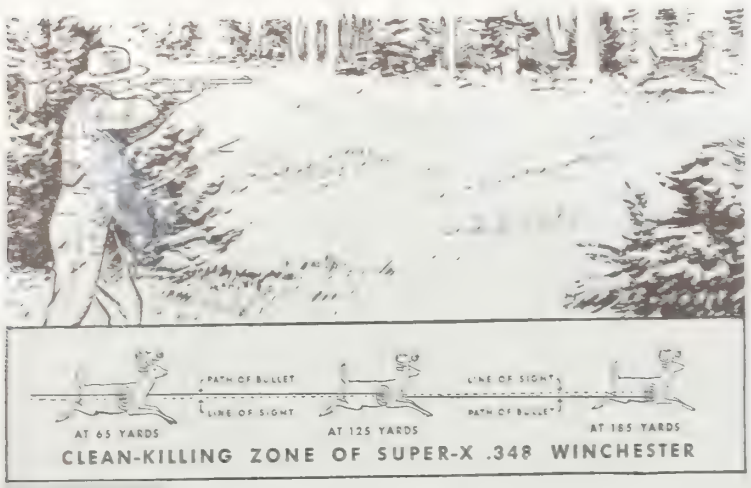

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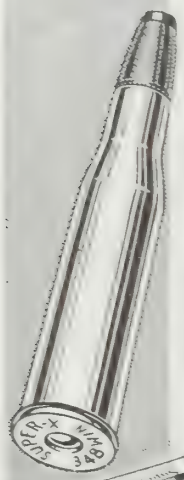

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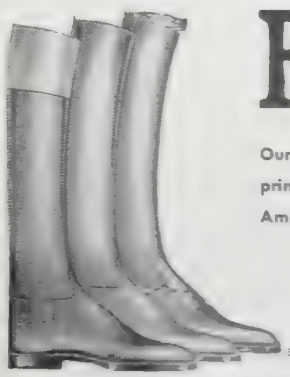

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ingless as the attack. For a hobby is a hobby; it is not a formula for perfecting the world, nor, even, for hastening along an amatory millennium.

Here is a poem about duck hunting that has been quoted before in these pages. It is so preposterously, so magnificently, so quintessentially terrible that it ought to be quoted again and again, if only to inject humor into a discussion which too often verges on acrimony. Now it happens that I am very fond of duck hunting, and such a lyric does astonishing things to me. For one, it makes me forgive Mr. Rutledge his lesser nonsense. The title of the poem is "Duck Hunting" and it was published in "The National Humane Review," the organ of the S.P.C.A.

A thousand ducks float
And sing their notes
On the surface of a pond
Preening at their plumage
Serene, happy, calm.

A mile beyond,
On the pond,
Is a boat with stealthy, stealthy men
Out for sport again.

Oars slowly swinging,
Nearer roughly bringing
A group of men and rifles;
Now all noise they stifle;
Let the ducks beware.
The men have set a snare.
It's done for a day's fun.
Those decoys there
With rubber breasts,
With staring lifeless eyes,
Ducks that do not feel nor cry.

The creatures on the pond
Just beyond
Feel something strange, unkind
On the wind—
The air is filled with feathers
Rustling up from the bourse
Cries are hoarse.
The scent is true,
Safety they woo;
"Quack," they say, on startled breath
Restless they begin to move.
Turning in startled spirals—
Alas! And then a din
Of rifle crack and bark
The brave men wait—but hark—
"Quack," they scream
And reel
And keel
And then 'tis death.

FLORENCE PIERCE REED

Tell me: wouldn't you forgive me, a duck hunter, almost anything in reply to that? Yet I, as a sportsman and therefore a lover of animals, have in common with Poetess Reed a high respect for the work of the S.P.C.A. The work, that is, which prevents what I consider to be unnecessary cruelty to animals. I do not understand it as cruel to shoot ducks, or rabbits, or deer, or elephants, or any other game birds and animals for sport. I consider it cruel to starve and beat and overwork a horse; to clip a dog for the sake of looks (*sic!* you poodle-eers!) or on the superstition that it helps him keep cool in the summertime; to under- or over-feed any animal knowingly; to allow a bitch in heat to run loose. I do not consider it cruel to starve an animal for medical experiment, or to vivisect him, or to cause rats and other animals to die, for purposes of research, of cancer, syphilis, or any other loathsome disease. I do not consider what goes on in an abattoir—even a Kosher one—cruel. The trouble between Poetess Reed and me, and between an uncountable number of people like her and at least 5,750,000 licensed gunners, is that we mean different things by the word cruel. And not for generations, probably, shall we be able to come close to meaning the same thing.

Or grant that I'm wrong in my distinctions between what is, and what is not, cruel. Here is Mr. Richard Ely Danielson discussing the matter in the January, 1937, "Sportsman." Mr. Danielson was prompted by the same lyric I have just quoted, and his remarks seem to me so calm, so sensible as to be startling.

"Alas, there is no more difficult and knotty problem for the sportsman than the almost metaphysical one of—where does sport end and cruelty begin? Most sportsmen are realists, which does not in any way mean that they are callous sadists. They face the facts of death and suffering as inescapable aspects of life—for them as well as for bird or beast. They argue that man is more important than other animals, and that for him to be dominated by *ferae naturae* would be absurd, and that unless he destroys a due proportion of such critters in as humane a way as possible, they will destroy one another and possibly him in a much more cruel fashion. The fact that he enjoys the pursuit and capture of game, while loving the thing he kills, is something which no out-and-out humanitarian can understand and which there's no sort of use trying to explain. The true sportsman is the best friend of dumb animals, yet he kills them without a pang.

"It is an unprofitable discussion. We are masses of inconsistencies. I, for example, get more pleasure out of living than out of dead birds. This is fortunate, as it excuses my inability to hit a barn door with a cannon at ten paces, but it does not mean that I am humane, but only selfish. I would gladly rid the world of cats because they are the arch enemies of birds. I think of them as cruel and thus I am also guilty of the pathetic fallacy. I happen to like birds, but humanitarians like cats quite as well. What seems to me rather dreadful about the humanitarians is not that they are inconsistent like the rest of us sinful men, but that they are horribly and inhumanly consistent. . . . Pursuing this stiff, unbending formula they must inevitably end up in exaggerations and absurdities which do poor justice to their kind hearts and good intentions. They *must* learn that life is compromise, and that its very essence is inconsistency."

Unhappily, the proportion between Mr. Danielson's kind of discussion and Mr. Rutledge's is almost as one to infinity. The humanitarians have a case that can be logically and effectively argued.

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